TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARIES

REFERENCE LIBRARY

M051.9.C1184

H 60276

TORONTO LIBRARY
MAR
17
1953
REFERENCE

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for November, 1907 No. 1.

COVER DESIGN by Noteware

Frontispiece Illustrating "The Masterpiece"		22
The Masterpiece. Fiction	**Floy Campbell**	23
The Welcome of the Cities. Verse	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	29
What the Railways are Doing in the West	**Charles F. Roland**	30
The New Neighbor	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	33
The Day that Puggy Won. Fiction	**Daisy Gertrude Corbett**	39
English's Last Vedette Illustrated with photographs	**Agnes Deans Cameron**	41
Better to Wear than to Rust. Verse	**Frank L. Beeby**	48
Babette. Fiction Illust. with drawing by E. C. Wilbur	**Nellie L. McClung**	49
Breeding Blue Ribbon Stock in Canada Illustrated with photographs	**Franklin J. Spencer**	53
The Open Road. Verse	**Mary Wheelwright Mitchell**	58
The Battlefords	**John V. Borne**	59
By Hill and Dale in Manitoba Illustrated with photograph	**R. W. Dunlop**	62
Sabo. Fiction	**Cy Warman**	65
Kipling in the Last West	**John Muirhouse**	68
The Furnace. Fiction Conclusion	**Philip Payne**	70
My Little Son. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	79
Homes Illustrated with drawings	**Hugh G. Holman**	80
Shop Talk	**The Editor**	82
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor		84

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscription, $1.00. Single Copy, 10 cents.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be re-printed without permission

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co., WALKER THEATRE BLDG.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

A NEW WESTERN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
CAPITAL $2,000,000

Strong **Vigorous** **Liberal**

OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT—J. T. GORDON, Winnipeg
President, Gordon, Ironside & Fares. *President, Standard Trusts Co.*

VICE-PRESIDENTS

1st—HON. R. ROGERS, Winnipeg. *Minister of Public Works (Manitoba)*
2nd—E. L. TAYLOR, Winnipeg. *Director Great West Permanent Loan and Savings Co.*

A. CARRUTHERS	Winnipeg
D. E. SPRAGUE	Winnipeg
NICHOLAS BAWLF	Winnipeg
R. G. MACDONALD	Brandon
HUGH ARMSTRONG, M.P.P.,	Winnipeg
DR. G. A. CHARLTON	Regina
GEO. LANE	Calgary
P. BURNS	Calgary
D. A. GORDON	Wallaceburg
COL. S. S. LAZIER	Belleville
A. J. H. ST. DENIS	Montreal
DR. E. S. POPHAM	Winnipeg
CAPT. G. F. CARRUTHERS	Winnipeg

THE MONARCH LIFE IS A GOOD COMPANY

GENERAL MANAGER, J. W.W. STEWART

GOOD RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

Head Office **Winnipeg**

Time Saved is All Profit.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS LIMITED
SYSTEM THE SECRET OF SUCCESS
TORONTO.

Business Systems will cut the book-keeping of any business in half.

Business Systems are proportionately as economical for a corner store as for the largest wholesale house.

▪▪ ▪▪ ▪▪

Our Monthly Account System posts your books and makes out your customer's accounts with one and the same movement of your pen.

Our Monthly Account System leaves nothing to change or recopy and prevents the possibility of anything being forgotten.

▪▪ ▪▪ ▪▪

Will you let us tell you more about this in detail?

Write us for full particulars.

It does not obligate you to buy.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS
LIMITED
100 SPADINA AVE.
TORONTO, CANADA

The Land of the Celebrated

Eagle Lake District

Saskatchewan

is unexcelled for

Investment
or Actual
Settlement

BECAUSE

Of the large area of clean, open, prairie wheat lands.

The fertility of the soil.

The splendid character of the settlement—Americans and Eastern Canadians.

Its position with regard to railways under construction.

To the Investor large returns are assured upon the completion of railways.

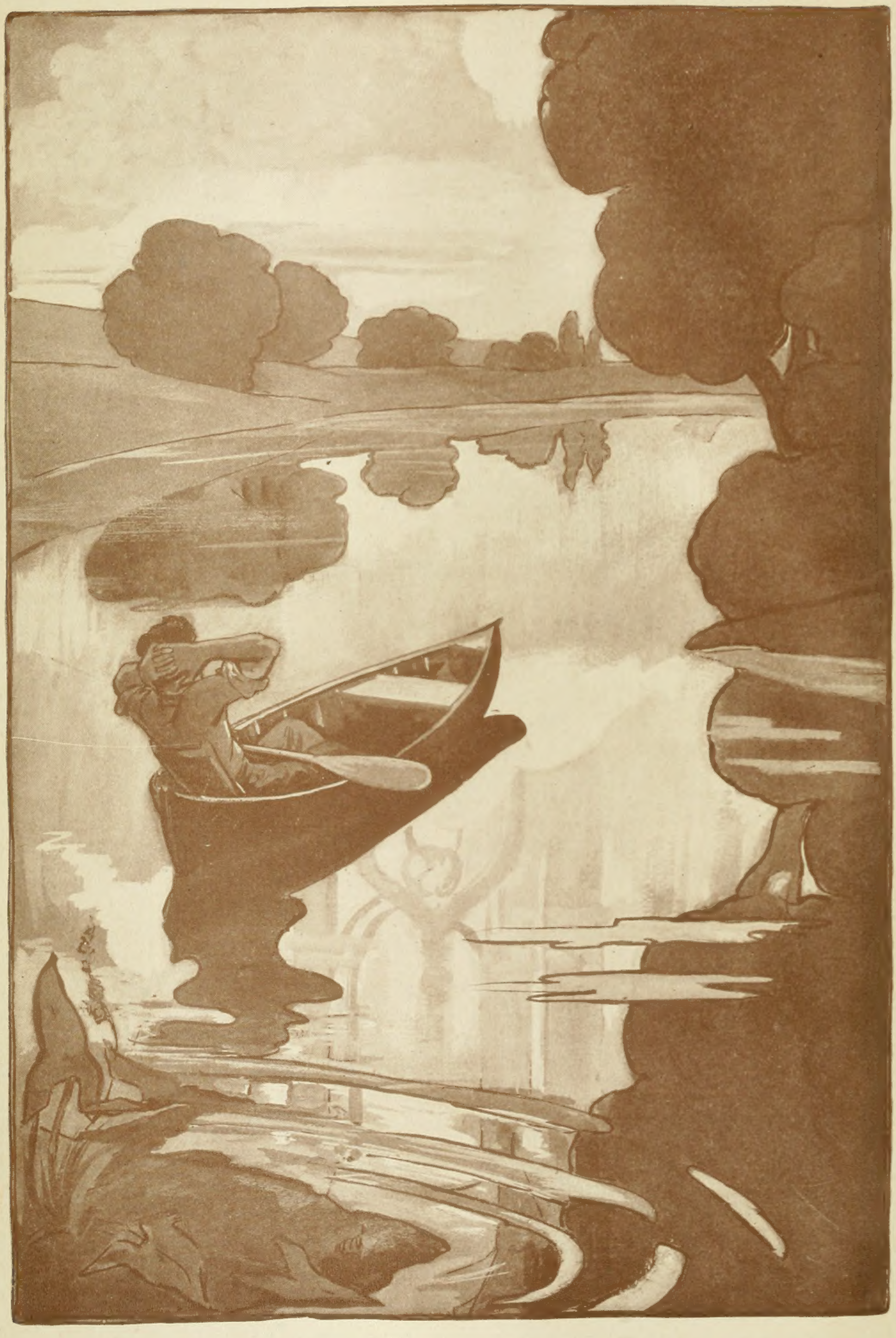
To the Settler the Government offers a free homestead.

We have the choicest selection of land throughout the district.

Correspondence invited.

Gundy & Gundy

426 427 Union Bank Building
Winnipeg, Man.



"It was my delight to drift downstream at sunset"

The Masterpiece—See Page 23

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1907

VOL. III.
NO. 1

The Masterpiece

By Floy Campbell

Author of "Girls of Camp Arcady," etc.

AS Robert Brent laid down the book, he swore softly and reverently. "Good!" he said. "O, damned good! The boy's won out—he's won!"

Then he remembered. The book, so vital, so full of the color and the glory of youth, had made him forget.

He looked drearily out into the gathering dusk. Beyond the grimy windows of the law office, in the darkening Winnipeg street dim orange lights were beginning to struggle through the darkness. He was still living in the book—the sun gleamed on the gleaming roofs under the deep Italian sky—and for a moment he saw his busy, utilitarian city through the dead boy's eyes.

He turned to the desk impatiently, switching on the electric light to shut out the unendurable winter dusk. The room leapt into cheerless brightness,—brown calf-bound lawbooks, worn carpet, dirty walls, two comfortless chairs, and Brent's huge cumbersome professional desk.

A most unprofessional litter covered the desk tonight—the book still open at *Finis*, the mass of clippings from papers and magazines, and the pile of the boy's crumpled letters, raked from a dusty pigeon-hole, beside them.

There were visions in these things that made his straight lips soften into a boyish smile under his short moustache. He saw again the overgrown university of ten years ago, the chapel, the library, and the old "chem. lab." where he had first met Douglas Macleod mixing the drinks in a retort over a Bunsen burner.

How vividly he remembered the boy—the irresistibly democratic twinkle of his dark Scotch-Irish eyes, his long nervous hands moving deftly among the ''moonshine'',—how well he came to know in their four years of rooming together the odd combination of black melancholy and rollicking fun ruled by the tricksy Ariel of his riotous imagination!

Both boys were poor, but Brent was entirely dependent upon his own efforts, while Macleod, left an orphan the year before, drew his meagre income from a fund into which his father's will had converted the scanty remains of the family property, carefully guarding with its provisions the constitutional extravagance of the idolized and indulged only son.

''Dear old Dad!'' said Douglas. ''He knew how money burns my pocket, and he tied it up so I can only get a hundred quarterly till I'm twenty-five, and then not a cent for two years. That's to make me work. Then when he's proved my metal, and conquered my spendthriftiness, I get the last thou. to blow in. Great scheme that!''

Brent laughed outright as he recalled how that scheme had worked—and how from his still scantier earnings, he had to tide Macleod over the last week or so of every quarter, and how the boy regularly celebrated his relief from poverty by a rollicking ''feed'' for the crowd that again made borrowing necessary before next pay-day.

But things came easy to Macleod. While Brent was struggling for a foothold in Winnipeg, the lad spent his last two ''incomed gentleman'' years cycling through Europe, studying a bit in the Sorbonne, visiting his Scotch kin, and jaunting leisurely through the Highlands.

Then he returned to Canada to see his chum, and Brent had taken his first holiday since leaving college. The two had tramped the white inland roads just as in the old days, Brent silent for the most part, a cigar in his mouth, and eyes always smiling gravely at the irrepressible boy. And Macleod, younger than ever, it seemed to him, strode beside him, explaining his views, his hopes, his dreams, gesticulating with both long hands, sometimes stopping to shake Bob's massive shoulders into enthusiasm over some cherished project.

''It's my last fling,'' Douglas said. ''For two years now I'm moneyless, and into harness I go to treadmill on that cussed Southern paper I used to correspond for at the old Uni.—'member, Bob?''

''You can thank your lucky stars you've got a cussed paper to treadmill on,'' said Brent from the depths of experience, ''and corn for the donkey at the end of it.''

Now here under his hands was the book, the realization of one of those boyish dreams. Macleod's book, and the mass of reviews and clippings praising it almost hysterically, and mourning over the untimely death of the writer, his promising career ended by that misstep at the railway crossing before he could realize how brilliant had been this greatest success of his short life.

And here was the letter that came with the package, a daintily written little letter, helplessly, appealingly feminine in every line with its delicate penmanship, gray paper and violet monogram. Brent picked it up gingerly with a hostile thumb and forefinger.

''He spoke so often of you,'' it said. ''I am sending you, the best of all his friends, the book he finished just before that awful accident. I am very proud of it, for it was to have been my wedding present, and was inspired by me, he said. The thought comforts me in my deep bereavement.''

''Ur-r-rghf!'' he snarled, with a lift of the lips that showed the savage canine tooth below, and dropped the letter as if it had burned his fingers, dusting from his hands the suggestion of violet sachet.

''Inspired by you,'' he said under his breath. ''Inspired by you! Poor lad!''

He drew the pile of letters towards him caressingly. The writing was of the most varied description, back-handed, forward-slanted like a catboat heeling before a heavy wind, squared, sometimes almost printed, but under all disguises of varying moods the same unmistakable, hurrying hand.

He turned the letters over, reading here and there, piecing out from the scrawled pages the story he already knew so well.

July 15*th*.

Do you remember the splendid scheme for a tale dealing with renaissance life in Italy which I outlined to you along the river road that last Sunday? I've been struggling to write it, but it's miles beyond me. It demands knowledge of details which I cannot possibly obtain in this raw, over-grown, half-baked village. It demands perfect understanding of that passionate, splendid, vile life—understanding that I feel I have somewhere within me, but can't get at. In short, my scribbling is a complete failure. Guess I'm fated to the mediocre earth-life, though I feel in me somewhere strange stirrings and prickings of sprouting wings that might bear me up into the blue ether, did they grow. When I'm older and have failed a few dozen times more, I'll give it up, I reckon, and settle to the life of a plain newspaper drudge; possibly, if I'm fortunate, a sub-editor, with content and a fair round belly.

Most men, I fancy, feel in youth such stirrings and prickings of possible wings. How many of these now hurrying with sodden, empty faces past my window bear entombed in their souls all sorts of sweet self-confidences and defunct ambitions? . . . A man my side of thirty is too young to start out in the role of a sepulchre, but if after that age he hasn't watched two or three dear desires or cherished illusions die, and given 'em decent burial in the depths of himself, it's either because he is an impotent fool who could never beget such lovely dream-children, or a transcendent genius whose life has been one long series of happy accidents.

August 1*st*.

I have been reading "The Opium Eater," and in connection with it, Baudelaire's splendid commentary.

You remember De Quincey speaks of his own keen enjoyment of "the music of the Italian language spoken by Italian women," heard in his gallery seat on his nights of debauch in mingled opium and music, "for" he says, "the less you understand of a language the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds."

There is something analogous to this "sensibility" in a man's feeling for shades of meaning and delicate tones of expression in a language which has not been staled to his ears by daily custom. Baudelaire has felt in De Quincey certain felicities of phrase and profundities of thought that would scarcely have impressed themselves upon the English commentor, and has reflected them to me as no writer of English ever could have done. His book is, veritably, the concentrated essence of Opium. The fascination of that drug as pictured by De Quincey he has multiplied ten-fold. His "Paradis Artificiels" and "Du Vin et du Haschische" are merely supplementary visions —handmaidens to lead Desire to the great God Opium, as the long avenue of Venuses in the Louvre merely directs the eyes of the visitor to that one divine figure of the Milo at the end of the passage.

To be sure, both Baudelaire and De Quincey utter solemn warnings against the vices they treat of; yet they are warnings that attract, not repel. They pretend to point heavenward, like Leonardo's St. John, but like that saint, they really beckon with deadly fascination to scenes of unholy revelry in the kingdoms of death.

The most revolting experience described by the most realistic writer becomes attractive in exact ratio with the power of the writer. For that reason, it will always remain a question, how far a good motive can legitimatize handling forbidden things in literature. We are such children that even the frank sign, "Poison" will not deter us from experiment if the color of the vital fluid is alluring. We are like little Johnny under his green apple-tree. No, we're worse. We not only want the apples, we even desire with a fearful longing the resulting agony. We want to see how it feels "to suffer" —until we begin to find out; then we squirm and kick and howl energetically enough to God to deliver us!

Even I, who have sampled more than one forbidden tree since those farm days of early green apples, and who know through bitter experience the pangs of an outraged stomach and conscience,—I'm as big a fool before my new allurement as though I'd never disregarded the sign "No Trespassing" on the Tree of Knowledge.

"Surely," I say, "though it would be folly to allow a drug habit to fasten on me, a single experiment can do no harm. Just a bite, Adam, old man, just a bite—not the entire fruit!"

Barthold, to whom I was maundering in this fashion the other night over our pipes, offered to introduce me to a palace of drugs, known only to the elect —to men of wealth like himself. I have just returned from a slight inspection of the place. It is a great house on a high bluff overlooking the spread of valley and river, five miles from the little railway station, lonely and wonderful. Within, it is a strange place to find there among the wholesome fields. The lofty rooms are furnished in deep colors that glow like jewels. The very windows are of stained glass that change the true crude light of day into lovely harmonies of lying color. Everything is soft, silent, beautiful as an orchid—it passes as a select club; in reality it is a sort of society of wealthy men addicted to vices of the secret sort—mostly cocaine or hashish fiends, who can afford to veil their indulgences in this way. I met none of them. I saw but few rooms. Down the dim corridor I saw an occasional silent servant pass, entering one or another of the great doors. What lies behind those oaken panels? What mysteries do those shadowy servants know? In fancy I saw in every hidden chamber some dreamer in his artificial paradise.

Barthold introduced me to the discreet doorkeeper and told him to admit me if I asked any time within the month. The opportunity is too good to lose. I must try the experiment. According to my authorities, the initial essay should be an occasion "of solemn joy" and certainly the stage setting is fitting—nothing mean or squalid there to drag me back from the gates of Paradise, if Opium really has their golden key. . . . . .

August 15th.

Well, I have eaten my apple, I have paid its price, and here I sit with a heavy head, shaking hands, no power of spirit or body; but whether from the debauch of opium or the later debauch of writing, who can say?

Of course your letter of protest in reply to my last fool epistle was quite right; and of course I didn't mind a word of it. You know me!

I am not fit to work, so if you will bear with me, I'll bore you with an account of my opium experiment—the thought of which so roused your wrath—while its details are still clear to me. I think you will find it worth reading, however.

The doorkeeper did not hesitate to admit me. I was ushered to a wonderful crimson room, and the waiter brought me the magician I had ordered. De Quincey calls it a "ruby liquid." That is rather stretching the facts. In spite of the ruby glass in which it is served, its dull brown color was decidedly unprepossessing to me. The waiter left me with a last low caution as to the limit of safety in the amount a novice might take.

Terror of the unknown Power in that ruby glass gripped me, but curiosity and desire were stronger. I took the two and twenty drops he had cautioned me was the limit, with two drops over for luck. Then lighting a cigar, I leaned back in my long chair and awaited results.

You remember I lived, when a boy, on the bank of a quiet river which ran from west to east, and my delight at evening was to row upstream lustily for miles, and then, deliciously weary, to drift slowly back, alone between the sunset sky and its reflection in the water.

As all men know who have ever been intimate with a small lake or river, a hush descends upon the waters at that hour. The waves are stilled as if in awe at the beauty each evening new-disclosed, and in their almost mirror-like tranquillity, the sky beholds itself, a glory glorified. To the marvel of the heavenly vision the waters add a liquid, opalescent, troubled, human (ah, that is the word!) *human* quality as a landscape mirrors itself in a painter's soul and is transformed into a picture.

So as I smoked and dreamed in the light of the stained glass windows, suddenly I seemed to float again between sky and sky. The clouds took strange forms and unearthly melting colors, and I drifted among them, breathless, exalted, into an enchanted land.

Then the skies opened as a curtain pulls apart at the theatre, and before my eyes a drama was enacted. It was that story of fifteenth century Italy that I had faithfully worked on for months, despairing, hoping, and despairing again. Details of renaissance costume, architecture, customs of which I had never heard, appeared clearly to me. I was in Italy,—Italy of the fifteenth century, with living people who fought and suffered and loved. I was even one of them. My name was Alessandro and my Donna Lucia of Padua was the most wonderful!—hair like copper in that city of dark locks, and such eyes as have always been my passion—brown and deep and warm. Why to live like that and to love like that, even in a dream, was worth paying for!

While the drama lasted, I did not stir. But when Alessandro, who was so strangely one with me, the spectator, fell at last for his city and his lady, I came back slowly to consciousness, and, ringing for paper and ink, tried to put the night's vision into words.

It was gray of dusk when I began. Light grew again, day came, noon shone through the glowing panes on my paper, and still I wrote. I did not think of food. I stopped only to gulp some water, or to pace the floor and chafe my aching arm when the strain of writing grew unbearable. Where the clouds had swept across my vision, I left it and began again where it had reappeared.

So I worked on, unconscious of my body and its needs, until the *Finis* was written. Then I staggered to the couch, threw myself across it and slept like one dead. It was high noon today when I awoke. How long I wrote, how long I slept, how long I spent in the trance and vision I do not know, but it is now four days since I entered that Palace of Drugs. The story may be vilely written—probably is; but I am not yet in fit condition to judge of it. I have put it away until I recover some bodily poise.

Meanwhile the question troubles me were the experiences I underwent due to Opium, or to the physical efforts of my own expectations and highly-wrought nervous condition? The physical effects are, at any rate, serious. I feel a wreck, and shall probably not recover for weeks. My arm aches as I write to you, with queer alternations of numbness like partial paralysis, from the strain of overwork, as my mind aches with trying to understand that experience. Then I am haunted by the old Highland superstition that if you see your own face in a dream, you are "fey" and marked for early death. Of course I don't believe it—here in this twentieth century, with the trolley-cars jarring past my window!—but I have some of the old Douglas blood in me, you know, and I did see Alessandro's face as clearly as I see my own reflection in my mirror.

Heigho! so we pay for fruit of the tree, and then find we've learned nothing with certainty after all. As the great poet named "Anon" saith,

'As a rule
In this great terrestrial school,
Lessons learned with care and sorrow
Must be learned again to-morrow.
Learned to-morrow, do they stay
Mastered for the future? Nay!

. . . .

Man is just a plain dam-fool,
As a rule.'

August 20th.

When I went back to the office, the Old Man came near firing me on sight for my four days' unallowed vacation. I said I'd been desperately sick, and I looked the part so thoroughly that they finally—ostensibly—accepted the explanation. Of course they really set it down to a plain ordinary drunk, but as it was the first time I'd ever given trouble of that sort, they were lenient. The O. M. himself, be it said *sub rosa*, is given to occasionally laying off at inconvenient seasons on that same account, but instead of the fellow-failing making him kind to the rest of his weak brethren, it makes him doubly savage. He always drops a man on the second offence.

Luckily, I've no desire to repeat the performance. The sensation was unspeakably delightful, but the price paid in after suffering was too great. As for the resulting story, I've not yet read it. I've been getting back my nerves and strength by a course of rare beef and home-made bread, and I think I'll soon be near enough normal to judge aright. If it's good I'll send it to you at once; if not, it goes into the waste-basket. I'm anxious, myself, and as you seem to be equally curious in the matter, look for another bunch soon.

August 28*th*.

Here's the tale. Look it over, and then read the rest of this letter. . . . . . Well, how did it strike you? To me—and I read it like a story written by an utter stranger—it seemed a vivid and remarkable thing. It made me think of a Brangwyn painting for depth and splendor of color—or let us say, since it is fifteenth-century—like Titian. You will not mistake this for self-flattery. It was my transcendental self that wrote it, not the self that writes to you, that shambles and blunders and falters through the common daily life, but that higher possible self that exists somewhere, and never before would come to dwell with me.

Am I wrong, or is the story a masterpiece?—judge you!

Brent remembered as he folded this note his amazement when he first read the manuscript it enclosed. He had always believed in Macleod's talent, but in this passionate, vivid drama, he had felt genius of a high order—genius so great that it swallowed up the crudities of youth. Only the breaks in the narrative left a sense of incompleteness—a fact he had commented on in his return letter of warm praise, to which Macleod had replied:

''Of course you are right—the story is fragmentary. I told you my vision broke in places—the cloud curtains swept across my stage; but I can surely supply these connecting links sufficiently to unify the tale. I'm glad you like it. I know I do. But will you explain—*can* you explain how that vision could be so exactly a portrayal of those half-savage, half over-cultured peoples?

Did I really live before as those Buddhist fellows claim? Was I myself Alessandro of Padua, and did the abuse of my body by opium free my soul so that I remembered those forgotten feelings and ancient places? I can find no verification for many of the points, yet I am as certain of their correctness as I am of the spots on the old red cow at home. Explain it, you who dabble in psychology.

October 15*th*.

The story? I patched it up and sent it off, badly clouted, as per schedule. Don't like to speak of it now, for fear McDonald's won't share the enthusiasm of its author and its critic at your end of the line, but I'm hoping for the best.

You know, the longer I reason on that subject, the more I convince myself that the tale was rather the result of a psychical than a physical excitation; that my mental attitude, my expectation, was the cause, rather than the drug I took. My reason for this belief is that the effect was so different from any of which I have read, and since August I have studied the subject in every book, medical or empirical, that I could lay hands on.

But if the cause of my vision was spiritual, not physical, why can I not by cultivation of that faculty, make possible my dream of writing—right?

Behold, I have an excellent reason for trying to persuade myself that Monsieur Opium (see, I personify him!) is not the responsible party. I want to hug the delusion that I can one day write like that without becoming the slave of a drug; which I swear no temptation shall force me to do. It is so magnificent a thing to write—to write well, so that

'. . . Learned Age shall greet
My face, and Youth, the star not yet distinct
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet.
Oh, thus to live, I and my books, still linked
With love above and praise till life shall end,
And then not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on the earth, earth's every man my friend—'

I take liberties with Browning, but in this country and age the thing is so much truer of books than of painting, as books are here more accessible to the multitude; though of course in the Italy of his Pictor Ignotus, pictures were the people's library.

November 20th.

Hey, friend! shake hands across the states! our faith is justified. McDonald's have taken Alessandro of Padua. McDonald's, the biggest house in the country, whose imprint means fame! Yes, and fortune, so it seems to me. Old Man! They offer me a straight five hundred—think of it—me, the newspaper hack whose stuff is paid for at space rates—five a column! They will bring it out as a serial first—about ten chapters. Then they wish to publish it as a book. With illustrations and sufficient margins it will work up into a reasonable size, or they will combine it with other tales, if I can furnish them. I'm to have a good royalty on the book, and they seem to think it will sell well. They ask to see anything else I have in preparation. They overwhelm me with good wishes and kind words. I am ready to shout and leap with delight if I were not too stunned to move at all. Pinch me, prick me with a sharp letter, and make me sure I'm not dreaming.

(*To be concluded in December Number*)

The Welcome of the Cities

Warman

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

GREAT dreamers made me—men who dream in steel,
Who etch great cities on the unstained sky.
They heard the moguls whistle for the grade
Where a lone coyote mocked their camp-fire's glow.
And where a tussock of the prairie grass
Pushed up green blades in April, there they said
A mighty market-place should be, and staked
The crossing of the four-square metalled ways.

Northward they rail the Barrens with their steel,
And dare the grinding drift-ice of the Bay.
Eastward and west they send their wheat-cars forth,
And from the south the merchants come to trade.
Afar the dreamers watch, who built me here—
And mine is the fulfilment of their dream.

What the Railways are Doing in the West

By Charles F. Roland

Winnipeg Industrial Commissioner

THE matter of railway facilities—always very important—in a new and undeveloped country like Western Canada becomes of necessity one of even greater interest than in the older and better supplied parts of the world where there has been sufficient time for the accomplishment of that work, so much of which yet remains to be done in the newer communities.

Of this work of constructing railroads of capacity and extent to furnish adequate transportation for people and goods entering the country, and for export traffic as well, much has already been done in Canada, but by comparison with the amount which still remains to be done the achievements up to the present day are not of a character to bar an exceedingly keen interest in all new railroad work, whether it be that of an entirely new line or of extensions of lines already established and in running order.

Such a new line, or such an extension means a new tract of land opened up for better settlement or better conveniences for a part of the country hitherto inadequately furnished with railroad facilities. In either or any case it means that more business is to be done than it has been possible to do under the old conditions. This means of course greater prosperity for the country and its people.

The rapid growth of Western Canada makes announcements of new railroads, main lines and extensions a matter of frequent occurrence. Since last spring there has been a particularly large number of such announcements on the part of the several railroad managements covering this great and growing country with the network of railroads needed for the proper transaction of the business of the inhabitants, which is also a large and constantly increasing quantity. So many indeed are the projected new lines of road that it is useless to attempt to present them in complete detail to our readers, or to do more than touch briefly upon the more important work to be done in the near future.

The newspapers devote much of their space to accounts of new railway projects and to crop prospects. They all see great things ahead. And every day the immigrant trains come in from the South and East bringing their hundreds of men, women and children to grow up with the new country. Most of the Americans are from Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, and other middle Western States. They are sons of pioneers who opened that country and are accustomed to large farms.

The influence these young Americans will have on this Canadian Northwest is bound to be good. The English settler, whatever his other good qualities (and he has many of them) is not so quick in the up-take as his American cousin. He lacks something of the aggressiveness, energy, and initiative that are such marked traits of character in Western Canada.

The Canadian Pacific road, the largest individual railroad system in the world and by far the largest in Canada, has so much work on hand that we shall not try to give an account of it all, but in order that our readers may have some idea of what this big Canadian corporation is doing in the way of increased railroad facilities for the Canadian people, some of the items of work to be done are enumerated below, with asterisks marking the work for which contracts have already been let, in many of which cases the work is in progress and nearing completion:

* Double-tracking from Winnipeg, Man. East to Fort William, 427 miles includes a cut-off from Winnipeg, East to Molson, Man., 35 miles, sub-contracts let a year ago.

*Grading contract let to J. D. McArthur, of Winnipeg, for extension of Stonewall branch from Teulon, Man., North 20 miles, eight miles built last year.

*Grading contract let to Foley Bros. Larson & Co., on Wetaskiwin, Alta, East to Battleford 250 miles.

*Projected branch from Moose Jaw, Sask., Northwest .to Lacombe, Alta. 375 miles. Work also under way from Lacombe East 100 miles toward Moose Jaw. Surveyed and 51 miles in operation to Stettler.

*Extensions of the Pheasant Hills branch from Strassburg North via Saskatoon and Battleford to connect with the Wetaskiwin branch, 15 miles built last year.

*Building branch from Reston, Man., Northwest to Wolseley, Sask., 122 miles, 98 miles built.

Building 37-mile extension of the Yorkton branch from Sheho, Sask., Northwest to Prince Albert.

*Contract let to J T. Hargrave, of Winnipeg, for grading 50 miles of branch from Stoughton West to Weyburn, Sask., 36 miles projecting from Weyburn, Sask., West 100 miles to Range 30, West of the second meridian.

Permission asked to build in townships 6, 7, 8 or 9, Range 30, West of the second meridian, to connection with the Crow's Nest Pass branch between range 16 West of the fourth meridian and Lethbridge, Alta., about 350 miles. Also from point on Crow's Nest Pass branch in township 10, range 23 or 24, West of the fourth meridian, North to townships 15, 16, 17 or 18, range 22, 23 or 24, West of the fourth meridian, 50 miles.

Projected connecting line from Pheasant Hills branch southeast to Lacombe branch.

*Extensions of Kootenay Central from Golden, B.C., Southeast to Fort Steel or Jaffray, about 180 miles.

Permission asked to build branch from Earl Grey or Bulyea, Sask., on the Pheasant Hills branch Southeast to townships 20 or 21, range 21, West of the second meridian.

The Grand Trunk Pacific trans-continental railroad has made rapid progress this summer and will have a good deal of track laid before the season is over. Work on the construction of this new line across the Dominion of Canada now in process, or for which the contracts are let, is as follows :—

rojecting from Moncton, N. B., across Canada to Prince Rupert, B. C., a new port on Kain Island, about 25 miles South of Port Simpson.

*Moncton to Winnipeg, Man., 1,800 miles, called the National Trans-Continental, to be built by the Canadian Government; $1,000,000 appropriated for rights of way and Quebec and Winnipeg terminals. Up to September 1, 1906, 9,156 miles of surveys made, of which 1,743 miles final location; contracts let as follows:—

*To J. D. McArthur, Winnipeg, from Junction to Lake Superior branch West to point a few miles East of Winnipeg, 244 miles. Excavation of this section amounts to over 11,000,000 yards of earth and 3,500,000 yards of rock, of which 280,000 yards of earth and 180,000 yards of rock are finished.

*Lake Superior branch, from Lake Superior Junction, Southeast to Fort William, 210 miles, under contract to Foley Bros., Larsen & Co., work under way

*The Western line, Winnipeg, Man., via Saskatoon, Sask., Edmonton, Alta., and Yellow Head Pass to Prince Rupert, 1,750 miles, to be built by Grand Trunk Pacific. Preliminary surveys from Winnipeg to junction of Salmon and Fraser rivers, 1,247 miles, of which Winnipeg to Edmonton, 776 miles, approved by Canadian Government.

*Contract let to McDonald-McMillan, Construction Co., Winnipeg, for grading, from Portage la Prairie, Man., West to Touchwood Hills, Sask., 275 miles.

*Contract let to McDonald-McMillan Construction Co., Winnipeg, from Winnipeg West to Portage la Prairie, 56 miles. Work under way.

*Contract let to Canadian White Co., (J. G. White & Co.) Montreal, from Touchwood Hills to Saskatoon, Sask., 140 miles.

*Contract let to Foley Bros., Larsen & Co. St. Paul, Minn., from Saskatoon to Edmonton, Alta., 318 miles.

*Construction work begun on Kain Island.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Co., authorized to build branches as follows:

From Main Line of Grand Trunk Pacific at Winnipeg to the boundaries of Manitoba; to Brandon; to international boundary; to Calgary, Alta.; Yorkton, Sask., Regina, Sask.; Prince Albert, Sask., Battleford, Sask., Dawson City, Yukon and Hudson Bay; from Calgary to international boundary; from Prince Rupert South to Vancouver; from North shore of Vancouver Island, Southeast along the West side of the island to Victoria.

That the efforts of the railroads to keep pace with the requirements of the country have not been wholly successful must be admitted, but that they have made, and are continually making, the most strenuous attempts to accomplish this desired end cannot be denied. Speaking upon this point recently Sir Thomas Shaughnessy said:

"At the end of the year 1901 the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had 732 locomotives and 24,473 freight cars; at the end of 1906, five years later, the company had 1,204 locomotives and 37,467 freight cars, so that in these five years there was an increase of 472 locomotives and 14,994 freight cars, or about 70% in each case, without taking into account the fact that each locomotive and each car was of much greater capacity than those previously in service. These, with the passenger cars and other rolling stock equipment, purchased and built, or in process of construction, at the end of the year, represent expenditures approximating $28,000,000.

"During the same five years the outlay for other facilities, such as line improvements, shops, roundhouses and other works, calculated to facilitate the operations of the line, was about $44,000,000 or a total of $72,000,000. These figures, are quite exclusive of $35,000,000 spent by the company in these same years for the construction of new railway lines to further develop the country. So that during these five years, in their endeavor to meet the most gratifying growth of the country's business, the shareholders of this company put back into the property cash to the large amount of $72,000,000, an average of over $14,000,000 per annum, or about two and one-half times the sum that they had received during the same period in dividends on their shares."

In the race for rolling stock and other equipments, the Canadian Northern road is making splendid progress. Vice-President Mann recently gave out information as follows:

"It is true that the manufacturing plants are crowded with orders, and it is quite impossible to secure locomotives or cars except under previous order. The Canadian Northern was, however, fortunate in this regard, and has had five million dollars worth of equipment under order for some time past. This order includes ninety-five locomotives, which are to be delivered to us this year, and about 3,000 cars. The delivery of these cars will go on throughout the year, and we expect that by the end of the year they will be in use on the lines of the company."

Regarding the construction of new lines Mr. Mann added that this work would not by any means be discontinued, and that the projects already in hand, regarding which announcement had been made, would go on without cessation, and that all the work necessary in connection with the development of the system would be carried forward. The chief attention of the management would be paid, however, to the work of betterment of existing lines.

Of interest to our readers and especially so to those who have any intention of looking farther into the possibilities the city of Winnipeg offers, is the fact that the several railroads that have location there, will in improving their systems erect new terminals at Winnipeg at a cost exceeding $4,000,000.

These terminals will be both freight and passenger, and will be made use of by the National Trans-Continental the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The cost of the terminals will be above $4,000,000, and the cost will be defrayed by the Canadian Northern, which now owns most of the land. The terminals will be administered by a terminal company for the benefit of the three railway corporations, who will be regarded as having equal interests and equal rights in it. The National-Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific will each bear a share of the interest charges on the money invested in the terminals, and all will pay tonnage and wheelage for the use of the terminals.

Half a million dollars is now being expended in improving the Canadian Pacific Railway shops at Winnipeg. This amount is practically double the highest estimate that has been previously made, The railway officials have announced that the improvements in the local shops of the company would be very much larger and more important than was previously announced, and instead of an appropriation for this purpose of a quarter of a million the expenditure to be made on the shops alone will exceed half a million.

Work on the extensive improvements to be made by the Canadian Northern Railway at their west yards in Winnipeg is practically completed.

A new line of great importance to Winnipeg and to the country to be served by it, will be the Winnipeg and Northwestern Railroad recently capitalized at $2,500,000 and which will be built shortly.

The proposed route is from the city of Winnipeg northerly between Lake Winnipeg and Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis by way of Mossy Portage to and along the Carrot River Valley or by an alternative route from a point near Shoal Lake northwesterly by way of the narrows of Lake Manitoba and the easterly side of Lake Dauphin and Swan Lake to Carrot River Valley, thence westerly by way of Fort La Corne to and following the north side of the North Saskatchewan River to the Lobstick River. A network of branches will follow the construction of the main line.

All the railways are wrestling with the problem of handling the large influx of immigrants and settlers, with the heavy traffic that naturally accompanies them. The achievements of the Canadian Pacific in serving so large an area and handling a rapidly-increasing traffic is an earnest of what will be accomplished by this great system, together with the Canadian Northern the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Hill systems, when all are spreading out over the country and making settlement possible in new districts.

The New Neighbor

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the October *Gunter's Magazine*

> "*There is land enough in Canada, if properly tilled, to feed every mouth in Europe. There are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of.*"—*James J. Hill in his address before the Merchants' Club at Chicago, November 10th*, 1906.

DROPPED like a pendant from the great chain of fresh water seas that reach from the St. Lawrence almost half way across the continent, Lake Michigan at its southern point determined the site of a gateway city which should take toll of all the growth of the whole West, from the Pacific at San Francisco to the habitable area of the British Dominions, as far as the arctic circle. The trade of almost half of North America has to swerve around the lower end of that vast water-barrier, going either way; and for that reason there has grown up in somewhat less than half a century the second city in America, and the third great mart of the world.

As population and tillage increase in that tremendous region, the city must grow—and from this time on the bulk of the increase in both will be north of the international boundary.

It is only since the eighties, when the completion of the Canadian Pacific disclosed the possibilities of the Canadian West, that this truth has been forcing its way to recognition. Until then, the whole of that country was hidden under an icy fiction, much as the great central plains of this country were clouded fifty years ago under the name of the Great American Desert.

The building of the Canadian Pacific was the first act to dispel this ignorance.

The earlier attempts to finance this enterprise were met by something like surprised indifference in Canada itself and in England. Nobody wanted to put money into a railway to traverse fields of snow, across the hunting-grounds of the Hudson's Bay Company, the habitat of fur-bearing beasts. When the road was finished, in 1886, and the way made smooth for immigration, it began to be understood that isothermal lines pay slight regard to lines of latitude, and that the climate of far-away Edmonton was less trying than the climate of Paris, seven or eight thousand miles to the eastward, on the same parallel. Since then some fifteen thousand miles of rail have been completed up there, and Winnipeg, that was the jumping-off-place on the edge of nowhere, is the center of a new empire. There is no frontier on the north any more. On this side the equator about the only frontier left, in that meaning of the word, is somewhere in Siberia. America has lost all the frontiers it ever had.

The import of all this to those who live south of the Canadian line and in Chicago's zone of influence, lies in these facts: That North America is distinctly agricultural; that in the United States there are only about 2,500,000 acres of land available for settlement; that the British Northwest has 170,000,000 acres, of which about 165,000,000 are open to settlement, and that these lands are admittedly the finest wheat lands on earth.

Putting these facts in line with the pretty clear certainty that with our present rate of increase in population we will have within forty or fifty years about 200,000,000 people in this country, and that all our arable land will have been occupied long before then, it is obvious that our overflow must go across the border. Our growth in population since 1880 has been at the rate of fifteen per cent each ten years. This rate is likely to rise, by natural increase and by immigration, during the next four or five decades, so that instead of counting the number of acres to the man, we will come dangerously near to having to count the number of men to the acre, unless meanwhile we spread to the north. That we will so spread is beginning to make itself plain.

In 1900, the movement began with migration of about 20,000 Americans to Canada. In 1902 this grew to about 50,000. In the spring only of 1906 more than 50,000 more went over, and this year the number will reach nearly if not quite to 75,000. Immigrants from Europe are coming in now at the rate of around 100,000 a year, but the prospect is that the American inflow will very soon exceed these numbers.

There are good reasons for that belief. Political differences are not of a deterrent nature, especially where other conditions allure. The language, the institutions and the common law are the same on both sides of the line; the land is wide to choose from, and the acre price is moderate as yet, though its tendency is upward. Whatever civilization can offer is to be had there as well as here. Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Calgary, Saskatoon, and a score more cities, are as modern and as well furnished and as well served as any on this side of the Atlantic. In Edmonton, up to three years ago the last stop on the way to the unknown, the shops display Paris and New York millinery. The winters are cold, but not harsh, and the summers are long and dependable.

It seems odd to read that "Alberta favors government ownership of telephones," when we remember it is not so very long ago that Alberta conveyed a remote sense of "antres vast and deserts idle," where the winds spoke only to the grasses, and only the wild things lived—yet here is the political battle-ground of a new people, prosperous enough to have sufficient time for politics, who are living as fully the life of the twentieth century as any of us here are living it.

As aforesaid, isothermal lines take little account of latitude. But the reason why the climate is good in all that region lying between the Rocky

Mountains and a line drawn north and south through Winnipeg, is that a current of warm water rises in the sea of Japan, and arcs across the Pacific ocean to the shores of Alaska, swinging downward thence to the south, and losing itself in the Pacific off the coast of California. The warm winds and the moisture from this Japan current flow into the northwest through a gap or low place in the mountains, just about where the boundary line cuts across them, and tempers the air, and brings rains. The days are long and the sun has power through eight months of the year, so that the seasons favor the farmer. The scorching winds that blow up from the Texan plains and blister the Dakotas pass on to the northeast and leave this part untouched, so that crops are sure. And the soil carries qualities that produce the finest wheat grown anywhere—the "Canadian No. 1 hard," that is taken in all world markets as the standard of highest quality.

Here and there in the States is a piece of country that will yield thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. For example, Jasper County, in Missouri. But the rule throughout the American wheat belt is a production of ten to twelve bushels, fifteen being taken as exceptionally good indeed. In the wheat plains of Canada twenty-five to forty bushels to the acre is looked for. It is almost impossible to estimate the producing power of all these millions of acres, when they shall have been put under cultivation. Five years ago bold spirits proclaimed that wheat would yet be grown four hundred miles south of Edmonton. This year they are growing wide acres of it four hundred miles north of Edmonton.

"There is land enough in Canada, if thoroughly tilled," says James J. Hill, "to feed every mouth in Europe. There are more than a quarter of a million square miles in each of the two northwest provinces, and there are a quarter of a billion acres of timbered land in the Dominion. This is a neighbor to be taken note of."

It would be unfair to the Canadian country and would not bring out the full meaning of its extraordinarily rapid growth, to rest its whole importance on wheat. The yield of wheat is enormous, it is true, and not only unfailing, but increasing almost incredibly. But the land has other potential opulences just beginning to be opened, yet already showing strength and activity enough to demand the presence of another Canadian trans-continental trunk line. The result of this demand is the new Grand Trunk Pacific.

Generally speaking, the locating engineer of this line is following the ancient trails into the wilderness that, until yesterday, lay between the Great Lakes and Winnipeg; just as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé followed the Old Santa Fé trail across the American Southwest. There the iron trail has been open and in operation thirty years. There a stage line had been abandoned for lack of support. Here, until the advent of a railway, there was never a dream of anything so extravagant as a stage line. In both cases, there was no business to support a railway until a railway came, conquered the wilderness and created the business.

For a hundred and fifty years the moccasins of the lone priest, of the pathfinder and of the explorer have dimpled the margins of the Muskegs of this northern wilderness, and all this while the riches of Nature lay within easy reach of all. Only, there was lacking the one thing, the first essential to civilization—transportation. Production without transportation is often impossible, and always unprofitable. Consequently, the iron, the copper, gold, and other riches of this lake region lay where a generous Providence had placed them. The forests were choked, the fish multiplied in the myriads of lakes and rivers, and the rich fertile fields were left uncleared and untilled. For half a hundred years the sons of the Dominion, going out into the world, have gone south, leaving a bank vault unbolted and open at home.

The Santa Fé in the south and the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern in the north, and other lines in both sections have demonstrated beyond doubt the richness and resourcefulness of the "Silent

Places," with, and their utter worthlessness without, transportation. The wilds and wastes conquered, the business enterprises brought into being, the deserts drenched, the wilderness penetrated, and the mountains pierced—in short the millions of homes made for the habitation of man by what may be called pioneer lines, make up an overwhelming refutation of the new contention that the railroad is a non-producer. In the matter of opening up new territories, it is the first, the pioneer producer, which can claim credit, wholly or in part, for everything from the first cleared field and the saw mill spur, to the fine farm and the city—for the finished products, which are civilization.

Probably nowhere on this continent have the natural riches of forest and mine lain dormant at the very door of an eager and venturesome civilization, so utterly unknown, as have the riches of New Ontario, which touches the Republic just west of the lakes. Here within sight almost of Uncle Sam, are vast forests, rich gold fields, and mountains of iron ore, and all practically untouched until the Grand Trunk reached its steel fingers into the forest on the way to the wheat field of the Far West.

We are constantly learning, forgetting, and finding out again what was demonstrated by the building of the first Pacific line to cross this continent, namely, that it is not "through" traffic, but local business that makes up the revenue of the railway, and renders its operation possible. Here, in New Ontario, where the hand of Nature seems hurriedly to have smoothed out the earth as it rose from the deep, leaving it gnarled, twisted, and tangled, rock-ribbed, uninviting at first glance, and often impenetrable at the second the road builders have found a path for the steel, and in so doing have traversed pine forests, found wide fertile fields, and uncovered millions in mineral wealth, so that what appeared to be a vast waste is providing homes for thousands, employment for hundreds of thousands of men and women, and millions of money. Capital, no longer timid, now that the richness of the country has been demonstrated, following in the wake of the pathfinders, is opening mines, building stamp mills, saw mills, and flour mills, to turn the wheels of commerce.

Already at Fort Francis, there is in operation one of the most complete lumber manufactory plants in Canada, and all along the line are new industries that have been made possible by the building of the railway. The region is not all rocks and lakes and iron mountains. As early as 1857, Government reports called attention to the richness of the soil and the abundance of Indian corn grown by the natives of the northern forests.

In 1875 much of the land along the rivers was laid out in long narrow plats to give each settler access to the river over his own ground. A few settlers came in about the time of the Wolseley Expedition, but the hushed lonely land remote from older settlement, and utterly without railway communication with the outside world, with all its native wealth, failed to furnish the necessary compensation for the sacrifice of civilization to attract and hold settlers to any great extent. Now, however, within the past few years, homesteaders have been flocking into the new fields in such numbers that the land is fairly well taken up back ten to fifteen miles from the railroad. Roads are being opened, and every convenience possible to pioneering is at hand.

Here are to be seen the ancient Hudson 's Bay buildings, into which the trappers for a century and a half have gone with their skins, and from which they have emerged with tobacco and tea and contented minds. Here the Jesuit Fathers fought the good fight according to their faith, and in these wilds the feuds of the fur companies were fought out in the years when the Hudson 's Bay and the North-West Company were contending for the control of an empire that was asleep, and which is only now, after the lapse of a century, stirring to life. Here, after all these years stands the old H. B. Post, a monument to the pluck and perseverance of "The Governor and the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson 's Bay," antedated only by the mounds made by the ancient mound builders—these and the rocks and rills are older than the Hudson's Bay Company.

So, the Grand Trunk Pacific winds along the banks of the Indian-named rivers, it is winding through a labyrinth of natural wealth, soon to be brought forth for the use of mankind. And so by these river-passes we come to the shore of what the Ojibwas called the "Big-Sea-Water." And so by this new but attractive trail, we come to the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, which are often called "The Gateway of the West."

It is true in Canada, as elsewhere, that all wealth originates on or under the surface of the ground itself; and the timber and mineral resources all the way from Lake Superior lands to the Pacific are being attacked and drawn upon for the benefit of the people. Almost everyone knows of the coal mines immediately tributary to Calgary and the impetus they have given to Western Canadian industries. But few are aware that within the last five years a half dozen smelters of the very first rank have been "blown in" west of the Rocky Mountains. Five years ago there was not one. These works are of more than local service to Canadian gold and copper mines—some of them world-famous, all of them newly opened. They are in large part kept busy in the treatment of American ores. East of the Rockies, iron and coal are being brought together to feed blast furnaces, built and owned by Canadians. Manufactures of many kinds are springing up around Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, these cities that stand for new Canada as Chicago, Denver and St. Paul stand for our Middle West.

These manufactures are less a threat than a reproach to the American producer. The Canadian market for our manufactured goods is not yet so fully understood that its advantages are followed up as they should be. The Canadians may be said to have been forced into conversion of their own raw materials, where American goods might have forstalled their needs. The absence of reciprocity creates no effective bar to this market. American facilities on this side and the presence of a large and growing American population on the other, insure conditions that offset restrictions and invite our manufacturers to the Canadian field, and they should enter it with more vigor than they have.

Some lines of industry have been actually dragged across the border for raw material, which goes back again in the finished form, and in large tonnage. For instance, on our side of the boundary, the bewildering increase in the output of print-paper has caused an almost complete exhaustion of the wood from which paper is made. North of Lake Superior and west of the agricultural plains of Canada, on the slopes of the Rockies, and far to the north toward the Arctic, are reserves of pulp and other timber that even the reckless methods of our own lumbermen could not exhaust in two generations. On this supply we are already drawing on an increasing scale.

Soon we shall have to go there for iron ore. The iron deposits of this country are known almost to the last pound, and the present rate of output from the American mills will exhaust them in less than thirty years.

And so with many other things. The exigencies of a swiftly approaching future will drive us for material to the soil, the forests, and the mines of that new empire.

For it is an empire, stored to the full with all that goes to invite industry and furnish life with every comfort, even with great wealth. No account of our own future can be taken now that would be complete without reckoning with these things.

Mr. Hill, in his address before the Merchants' Club, of Chicago, last November, pointed this fact in his own way:

"Place a pair of dividers," said he, "with one leg on Chicago and the other at Key West, Florida. Then swing the latter to the Northwest and it will not reach the limit of good agricultural land. There is the field for your labors. Nature knows no political parties, no race exclusiveness, no division of territory by artificial boundaries. The very law of nature that demanded and decreed the rise here of one of the great cities of the world, incorporated in her charter the condition that she should not be smaller than her opportunity nor fall below the level of her trust. There is, therefore, another trade field to which you are especially invited by self-interest. He who calculates the future of Chicago as 'The Great Central Market,' as you have truly and happily called it, without including in his estimate the great and growing and rich country across our northern boundary, is like one who should start an insurance company without consulting the actuaries' tables. In the relations between these neighboring people, no one has a larger interest than you."

This was the voice of no dreaming theorist, but the sane utterance of a man who not only sees large actualities clearly, but their trend and the certainty of their outcome.

Take two leading facts: Twenty-five years ago the two big provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, then the Northwest territories, had a mile of railway, and in all the rest of new Canada there were less than a hundred miles. The mileage now is lengthening so fast that it cannot be stated in exact figures, but it is not far from nineteen thousand. Since Sir Donald Smith (as he was then—Lord Strathcona now) drove the last spike in the Canadian Pacific and watched the first through train from sea to sea pass over the newly united rails, that mighty instrument in empire-making has grown into the ownership and control of 11,881 miles of track of which 2,394 are in the United States. In 1887, just twenty years ago, its earnings were around $300,000 a month. This year they are about $6,500,000 a month. That comparison illustrates the whole story of the new Canadian country.

"In conditions such as these," said Emerson Hough, in a recent remarkable magazine article, "vast things may happen; and that right swiftly. Canada or more especially Great Britain, wants the Yankee farmer, but looks with none too friendly eye upon the American invasion. As for the Yankee himself, he seems little concerned. I asked scores of men how it felt to leave the old flag. Some said it was the flag of the corporations now. One said, 'I was working for the Chicago packers and not for myself, so I left.' Most said that if a man was law-abiding he felt no law in any land. All said the law was good in the new country, the governernment fair, the schools all that could be asked, the opportunities better than they had left at home.

"The rate of homesteading runs about thirty thousand claims per year; but millions of acres remain open for homesteading, and more millions of acres of land are still held by the railways. No reference is made here to the great empire west of the Rockies in the valleys of British Columbia, but only to the more or less open prairie lands or rolling country between the Rockies and Winnipeg Lake."

And the American is moving in and taking possession, and making good his opportunities. The settlement of our own West was one of the miracles of the ages, though it was accomplished by sheer pluck and had no such aids at first as the march of modern improvement and the stupendous enterprise of the railway companies are giving to the settlement of this newer and richer land. The Americans who are moving across the line to make their homes in Canada are the sons of the men who settled our West. They are taking with them and away from us (in that degree) the very qualities that have pushed our own frontiers into the sea, and covered the land with prosperity. But they are going there to prepare new places for the hundred million more human beings that are marching towards us out of the next half century, who must be employed, and sheltered and fed. It will not do to look upon this movement with too narrow scope of vision. It touches the life and comfort of the race.

The Day that Puggy Won

By Daisy Gertrude Corbett

WHY, of course! Everybody was there. Wasn't the sky smiling sunshine, and the air sweet and cool with the first breath of early summer? Wasn't it *the* polo match of the season—Canada vs. the United States? The fashion and elite of the quaint old military town filled the grand stand; the more sedate sat in their carriages; the real lovers of horse-flesh and skilful horsemanship stood in rows as close to the railing as possible. Everybody, from the Governor-General's lady to the veriest ragamuffin, waited for the whistle, and the beginning of the game.

The Man was there, close to the rail, leaning unnecessarily hard upon it, his eyes fixed obstinately upon the field.

The Girl was there, too, in a carriage with her mother, and—yes, it was Jack sitting beside her, holding her pet Puggy.

Umph!

On the field the sixteen trim, well-built polo ponies were anxious to begin, moving restlessly, and pawing at the firm-packed ground. Eight were brought out at last, the referee blew his whistle, and put the ball. The game was on.

Swish! it flew straight up the field—back again—in the center, surrounded by excited men and horses. Quick as cats the knowing little beasts twisted and plunged, stopping at a miss and racing after a long shot, keenly alive to the sport of it, playing as hard as their riders. Hard the men struck, and closely they fought, for was it not the great game of the season?

But neither side had the advantage until Van Vhoris, the crack player of the visiting team, sent the ball into goal with a splendid, clean, vigorous stroke that drove the spectators wild.

The Man stole a glance at the Girl, who was waving her bit of linen and lace wildly, her bright eyes shining with victory, and her slim figure erect as a general's. She was standing up to get a better view. Jack was standing beside her, and never did the Man hate anyone as he hated his chum at that moment. The red-headed girl beside him remarked audibly to her escort, "Say, look at them two standing up! Ain't they a stunning pair?" and the Man gritted his teeth.

Just then Puggy stood up and pawed Jack's knee to attract his attention. Of course Jack patted the dark head, and then picked up the little dog while the Girl reached out a slim hand to stroke her silky ears.

"Idiot!" said the Man under his breath, and turned away. Well, he would watch the game, anyway. That was what he had come for, wasn't it? And he gazed at the field, with a grim determination not to look at the carriage again.

Time had been called, and the men were changing their ponies. The carriage party seemed to be discussing moving about. Puggy begged with little barks to be let down. In a moment's hush he could hear the Girl's soft voice saying, "No, dear. Missie is afraid you'll be hurt," and Jack's deeper bass, "Let's all get down. I'll take care of her."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the two coming towards him, and the mother resting placidly in her comfortable seat. He glued his gaze on the ponies. He wouldn't speak to them—he wouldn't let her think he had come to the match just because she was to be there. They would think he had not seen them.

Something soft was touching him, was rubbing his hand with her little wrinkled nose, and pleading with a soft whine for recognition. But he would not notice her, recalling with bitterness what a fool he had been to be jealous of a little pet dog—it was the indirect cause of their only quarrel,—and Puggy dropped down, disappearing among the crowd.

There was a roar of cheering that almost drowned the beating of his heart. He had not noticed the play.

"Who scored, son?" he asked of an urchin beside him.

"We did, you bet, Mister! Hurrah for Billy!" responded the boy.

So Billy had scored. He was the favorite, the best player on the team, and a friend of the Man. Good for Billy!

"Puggy! Puggy, come here!" he could hear the Girl's voice repeating anxiously behind him, as the horses came rushing down with terrific force near the railing, and for the life of him he couldn't help turning to see where the little dog might be. When the thick cloud of dust cleared away he looked for an instant into the wide, frightened eyes of the Girl, his finger through Puggy's silver collar, and Puggy's little red tongue licking his hand.

She looked through him and beyond him icily. He slipped his hold on the collar, and turned again to watch the game, while she called the little dog to her.

The play was at its hottest stage—race after race—a sudden stop, the ponies whirling, rearing, plunging at the lightest hint from their riders' hands. Their coats that shone like satin at the beginning of the game were wringing wet and slashed with foam. The faces of the men, dust-covered, streaked with sweat and drawn with the tense concentration of the fight, followed the ball as if it were life and death.

"Billy! Billy! Drive it home!" shouted the crowd.

The Man and the Girl were so excited that unconsciously they drew nearer each other. Puggy had again strayed from her mistress' side, and moved outside the railing. Something caught her attention—something round and white flying towards her across the field. Remembering games of ball with her mistress on the lawn she leaped to meet it with a joyous bark, and before anyone had time to realize her danger, the polo ball, sent with fierce force across the field, struck the little creature straight between the eyes.

At the Girl's scream the Man sprang over the railing. What a little thing she looked, lying there so still. A mist came over his eyes as he picked her up tenderly.

"My Puggy! my Puggy!" sobbed the Girl. "Oh, they've killed her! they've killed her!"

"Wait, dear, wait," he said hurriedly, and laying the little dog at her feet, ran to where the ponies were tethered. Snatching a pail of water, he was back in an instant, and taking the stunned dog in his hands, he plunged her in the cold water. The Girl watched him with pleading eyes, and as he laid Puggy on the grass at the edge of the crowd, she looked at him for an instant before she bent over her pet.

At last Puggy stirred, and, with a convulsive shudder, opened her big soft eyes, looking with love and trust into her mistress' tearful ones, and then questioningly at the Man.

"It's all right, old girl," he said, stroking the poor wet head gently. "It's all right, Puggy," and his voice was a trifle husky as he spoke.

"My little dog," said the Girl softly. "She would have died but for you, Ralph." And she held out a trembling hand to the Man.

"Is everything all right—Dorothy?" he questioned, his heart in his voice.

"Everything—Ralph," whispered the Girl.

And when I met him next day, and asked who won the polo match, he answered me gaily,

"Why, Puggy won!"

ONE DAY'S HUNT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

England's Last Vedette

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Director of Dominion of Canada Educational Association

"So thank I God, my birth
  Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
  Or warring tribes untried.
Surely in toil of fray,
  Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say,
  'Of no mean country am I.' "

THE native-born of this province who is old enough to look about him and to think, may well exclaim: "Fair is our lot, O goodly is our heritage!"

"Is British Columbia," we are asked, "as rich potentially as the other provinces of the Dominion?"

Let us count our blessings. In size and location, in magnificence of scenery and diversity of natural wealth, is there any other corner of this good world by Nature so richly dowered?

One firm foot on the borders of Alaska, the other on that imaginary dividing line between Canada and the United States, her back resting against the everlasting hills, her face turned westward looking out into the future "serene, indifferent to Fate, she sitteth at the Western Gate, the warder of the continent" British Columbia, brave young giantess, is a fitting mother for a hardy and a free people!

We have the largest province in the Dominion. British Columbia is big enough to enable us to place in it side by side at the same time two Englands, three Irelands, and four Scotlands, and when we have these nine countries in, there will be no danger of their drop-

---

"England's Last Vedette" was submitted in a recent competition inaugurated by Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt, of British Columbia, who offered a prize for the best essay on the province and its resources. This article will be of especial interest to our readers, as Miss Cameron is a native of British Columbia, and knows her subject from Alaska to the Line.—*Editor.*

AGRICULTURE AND FRUIT RETURN ANNUALLY TO THE FARMER OVER SIX MILLIONS

ping out again or falling over the edge, for there will still be 5,000 square miles of country uncovered.

As regards location, Fate has placed us at the nerve-center of things. For as London is the center of the land-hemisphere, so British Columbia is at the heart of the Empire, being set at almost equal distances from India, Australia, and the Motherland. And we are in the temperate zone, the zone of the thinkers, the cultured, intellectual and progressive people of the race—the world's workers.

We have in our wondrous system of land-locked fiords, island and mainland, some 7,000 miles of coast-line, with the full sweep of the Pacific, its bracing breezes modified by the warm waters of the Japan Current.

Oceans no longer separate, they join continents. Looking across the water to the millions of our British cousins in India, in Hongkong, in Australia, and the Isles of the Sea, we catch brief prophetic glimpses of that commercial greatness which the Pacific is just beginning to waft to our shores.

Some one once, in derision, called British Columbia "a sea of mountains" and it is true we have not our share of the rolling prairies of the great Northwest. Nature with prodigal hand has given us treasure: in the forest wealth of the earth's surface, in the wondrous fish-life of the ocean and the inland water-ways; but a third, a greater treasure, is hidden deep in earth's bosom. It is from her mines more than from aught else, that British Columbia will derive her material wealth as a great nation. Let us accept as a bountiful gift from the hands of generous Nature our mountains; they give us scenery majestic and unrivalled; they are nurseries of great rivers which pour their tribute into three oceans; and in their rocky embrace they hold mineral wealth second to none in the world.

In a measure the mountains separate us from the rest of the Dominion. That rocky rampart would seem to declare that North and South and West rather than to the East should our future commerce be sought. Seaward was our trade in the old days, to the California goldfields, to the frozen mines of Russian America and to sungirt Honolulu. So seaward today Destiny calls us.

Our commercial future would seem to be inwrought with that of Alaska and Mexico, with Imperial Japan and the hungry hordes of the Orient.

Inexhaustible, as yet hardly guessed at, are our resources. British Columbia's coal deposits are big enough to fill the world's wants for centuries; we have the greatest compact area of merchantable timber in America; our mines have produced a quarter of a billion dollars, and as yet the surface only of the metalliferous measures has been scratched; the fisheries add to the world's wealth a yearly tale of six millions, and as yet of our three score of food fishes the salmon only has been taken in earnest. Agriculture and fruit return annually to the farmer over six millions, and one tithe only of the land is settled upon, and not one-tenth of that is under cultivation. We have, unexploited, millions of acres of pulpwood running down to ice-free winter harbors. Petroleum deposits, magnetite and hematite iron of the highest quality, pyrites, asbestos, plumbago, mica in 28-inch sheets, large deposits of gypsum, native silver amalgam, ores of manganese, chromic iron ore, all these await development.

Building materials of unequalled quality—lime, fire-clay, cement marble, granite and sandstone, like the Douglas fir and the pulpwoods, run down obligingly to the sea.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S HOPE IS IN ITS HOMES

And in the sea swims untouched all up the scale of Nature from sardine to cachelot whale, economic wealth that would enrich an empire.

With this plethora of potential wealth, "are we sharing rateably in the general prosperity of Canada?"

Perhaps not.

"What is required to bring about the desired condition?"

I would say that as a province we need publicity. To attract and hold population two things are needed—first, to have natural advantages; second, to let the world know we have them. *The Prairie Provinces were seized with this truth some three or four years ago, and a determined propaganda of publicity has resulted in an unprecedented rush to possess these golden wheat-lands; the great central wheat-belt of Canada is the scene to-day of the greatest economic trek in the world's history.*

With a diversity of attractions that the prairies can never hope to offer, British Columbia has seemed to wait for some god-from-the-machine to strike her hour of Destiny. Too long a modest violet, the trumpet-flower would be seasonable variation. *The time is ripe to cry our wares in the market. A vigorous policy of publicity should be inaugurated by the Government. The work already accomplished, and that with very limited means, by the Tourist Associations of Victoria and Vancouver, should convincingly prove the wisdom of this. On a larger scale, with wider scope, the province could work.* Illustrated lectures could be undertaken in America, Europe, Australia and the Far East—the three wheat provinces consider that the money they spent on the Western Canada exhibit at the Milan Exhibition will return an 80-fold harvest. Authors and artists, by a system of money bonuses, should be encouraged to tell the story of British Columbia, its scenic charms, its climatic conditions, its manufacturing and commercial possibilities.

Incidentally we need to be seized ourselves with an adequate conception of the bigness of our heritage.

Some one locally suggested last year that the old Quadra Street Cemetery might be smoothed off and made into a "rest-place." Rest-place forsooth? A rest-place would seem to me the very last thing that we as a people need. We want some prophet full of verve and force and initiative to arise in our midst and with live coal from the altar sting us into the vitality of a vigorous aliveness, a realization of the fact that "This world's no blot for us nor blank, It means intensely and means good."

"Does the difficulty lie in the lack of manufactures, transportation, population, labor, available capital, or in ourselves?"

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." We have most of us been taught the fallacy that this life is a "vale of tears," a "fleeting show," a "time and place of probation," and we sit passive, waiting for some great change to be wrought upon us from without.

Life is real. Five minutes now are as valuable as five minutes of eternity and as potent of possibility. These are no Bible times when men lived and worked two or three hundred years, and if we would do any good in our day we must about it now. Some of us could count gray hairs before we were seized of this truth, and this brings us to the last demand, "What steps should be taken to secure the permanent well-being of every man and woman in British Columbia?"

We have enumerated the multiform factors of the economic wealth of this Province, but the greatness of a country in the last analysis does not depend upon its material resources, it depends upon the character of its people. History is mankind's message delivered to every man, history is looking backward that we may intelligently look forward. Ever national character has been built up through struggles and poverty and harshness of conditions. Not once or twice but many times have we seen nations out of their very fatness decay. Per head of population the trade of British Columbia to-day is the largest in the world, amounting to close upon $300.

126
SHARK KILLED AT ESQUIMALT

THE WONDROUS FISH LIFE OF THE OCEAN

Should the development of our natural resources and the intrusion of thousands of new people increase that trade to $600 or $1,200 per capita, would that wealth without concomitant mental awakening and character development spell "well-being" for British Columbia?

I think not. Mr. Flumerfelt's demands strike at the roots of things and touch the verities of life. If the object of existence and the end of education is merely to teach men to make a living, then let us rest as we are. There are no poor in British Columbia, and we can jog along in comparative comfort as it is, three meals a day for us all, and for the luxurious, "a long lie and a tea-breakfast" on Sunday.

The hope of British Columbia lies in her children. These, more than coal measures or seines of lordly salmon or heaven-lifting Douglas firs, are her richest asset. The most perplexing questions of to-day will be in the hands of our children for solution after we are dust and our good swords rust. In their training to a full sweet womanhood, a virile manhood, is our hope as a nation.

Great is the power of environment. In her giant mountains, lone lakes, deep rushing rivers and lush valleys, Nature intended this Pacific Province to cradle a people big and broad and unselfish. To this end we want an educational system freed from politics, we want as teachers men and women big enough to know their power and their high privilege, strongly possessed of the truth that dollars do not spell "well-being" that this sorry scheme of things embraces more than making a living, that we are for a deeper purpose—to live a life. They must teach our boys and girls that in the deepest and truest sense each of us is our brother's keeper, that in the final analysis nothing that is selfish can survive be that selfishness national or individual, and that all questions must be settled not by self-interest, but by justice, by merciful considerations and not mercenary ones.

We want in British Columbia an aroused public opinion, and we want our broadest-minded and deepest-thinking men to forego personal ease and take hold of the helm.

Our hope is in the homes and in the schools. Here and not in the bank-clearings and customs returns our national destiny is even now being wrought out. If ever a new country had an opportunity of evolving a school system to meet its own needs, British Columbia is that country. A people somewhat apart, we can afford to slough off from our school-programs some of the dry bones of the valley, and from the very beginnings let our children realize that they move in a live world. Let the message we bring them from a mile-stone farther on be one of good cheer, and remember that it is the feet of Him who brought glad tidings that are beautiful. Nine times out of ten if you make a child happy you have made him good. All the grand beauty of this favored land is lost to the children if we cannot contrive to let them live near to Nature's heart. I often think a child gets more moral uplift from the six weeks in summer when he wanders at will, than during the forty-six weeks when we ostensibly "educate" him within walls. Blessings on that rare teacher (may her tribe increase!) who takes her little flock into the fields and teaches them to name and love every British Columbia bird and flower.

We should make our children realize that Destiny has not intended them to

"House close in a wayside inn,
Or drowse by a dying fire."

They come of a race of workers and to whom much is given of them is much required. As British subjects they belong to the greatest commercial nation of the world; Anglo-Saxons, they are of the dominant race: Canadians they are essentially a self-governing people, a free people—they will be called upon to make the laws under which, and protected by which, they will live. Tell them of their inheritance, not alone the inheritance of rich mine and fertile field and fortune-holding forest Let them realize into what a glorious brotherhood they are born, they truly are sprung from earth's noblest—the good King Alfred; de Montford, the Father of the Commons; John Hampden; Latimer and Ridley; Nelson and the Iron Duke; the gallant Sidney, on Zutphen's field dying in agony that another's thirst might be quenched; silver-haired Caxton, in the old Almonry bending over the clumsy types of our first printing press; Wilberforce, who made of slaves free men; Florence Nightingale and John Howard, bringing life and hope and courage to the dying and the soul-sick—heroes on the battlefield, martyrs for the faith!

THE FOREST WEALTH OF THE [illegible]

With them as we look on the scroll of the past unrolled, we are very proud, as we look forward to the road we are opening up for the children we are very humble.

If commerce is enterprising enough to build a million-dollar hotel on the mud-flats, and if politics ensconces itself in a stone palace of equal cost, even now somewhere amid the oak-groves of Victoria should be building the walls of the British Columbia University, a new vital, growing institution dedicated to the making of men and women, and full of the mellow juice of life. We have talked University and written University and in the Temple of the Wise at James Bay has been debated University for more than one decade. When we really want it, we shall simply start to build it.

Mr. Flumerfelt said the object of his letter was "to make men and women think." When we do this,

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good;
There shall come a time when knowledge wide extended
Sinks each man's pleasure in the general health,
And all shall hold irrevocably blended
The individual and the commonwealth."

Better to Wear than to Rust

FRANK L. BEEBY

'TIS better by far in the battle of life
To be at the front than the rear,
To earn the reward and the guerdon of strife
By manfully battling here.

'Tis better to work with a spirit of love,
Although we may gain but a crust,
Still looking above the effort will prove
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

A man upon earth with nothing to do
Is only a man in the way,
And the soul unused to service, 'tis true
Is doomed to an early decay.

It is the decree of an Infinite will
That struggle and labor we must
Our mission fulfil, discovering still—
'Tis better to wear than to rust.

Babette

By Nellie L. McClung

IF George Shaw had been a Christian Scientist on the morning of the twentieth of October, he would have said that he had too much mortal mind. But he was a Methodist, and one who had departed from his first love, so he merely said that he felt like the very devil.

The rain fell dismally from the gray sky, dripped with steady insistence on the leaky roof of the shanty, and made dirty puddles on the floor. For three days and three nights the downpour had fallen, and still the gray sky hung heavy with moisture.

''Just what we need,'' growled Shaw ironically, as he looked out of the little fly-specked window on the dull gray morning. The grain stood in water-soaked shocks, its golden color almost gone. Beside the dripping straw-stack, the old black-and-white cow stood, humped and dejected, but with a look of resignation on her honest Holstein face. She shook the rain-water out of her ears as he looked, and again huddled closer to the straw-stack.

With a shiver, Shaw turned from the window and proceeded to light a fire in the little rust-red stove. Ashes littered the floor. A sooty pot with a few black potatoes, boiled yesterday in their skins, stood on the back covers. Dirty dishes littered the table. He filled the rusty iron tea-kettle from a yellow tin water-pail that stood on a raisin-box in a corner, and then made a circuitous route to the bread-box, avoiding the drops that fell with dismal precision from the roof.

He found the breadbox empty, and only then remembered that this was bread-day when Henri, the half-breed boy, would bring him the week's supply. But as Henri, after the manner of his leisurely kind, never appeared before noon, there was nothing for it but to breakfast on the soda-biscuits left from last week's baking. He set the box on the table, thereby disturbing two bright-eyed little mice who had also discovered the depletion of the larder.

Next he threw a handful of black tea into the teapot, filled it up with water and set it on the stove to draw—this was only Friday, and Sunday was the day for emptying the tea-leaves—and that was all.

While he drank the bitter black tea and ate the mouse-nibbled soda-biscuits he was surprised to hear footsteps approaching, and still more surprised when Henri appeared at the door with the bread-sack slung over his shoulder.

''Come in, come in, Henri!'' exclaimed Shaw. ''What has struck you this morning?''

Henri grinned as he laid down the gunny-sack, and Shaw noticed that his face bore the marks of recent and mighty conflict with soap and water.

''What's struck you, Henri?'' Shaw repeated, his wonder growing as he noticed further details of the boy's toilet. ''Have you experienced a change of heart?''

''No change heart,'' said Henri. ''Change shirt, change socks, change everyt'ing. No change heart. Babette, she is home. Come on de car from de Vinnipeg. Babette wan beeg swell!"

''You don't say?'' exclaimed Shaw, setting down his big white cup with its tracery of tea-stains. ''You dressed up because your sister was coming home, did you?''

''Non!'' said Henri in disgust, ''dress up 'cause Babette say I got to. Babette say I wan dirty young peeg—Bah!''

"Good for Babette," laughed Shaw. 'She certainly has you down fine, Henri."

Henri's eyes narrowed into slits.

"Babette say you leev lak wan dog," he remarked, watching Shaw furtively.

The white man flushed.

"Babette talks too much, I think," he answered with sudden dignity.

"Babette is wan beeg swell," repeated Henri, proudly. "Babette clean her teet' wan, two, t'ree tam every day. She wash her ear. She sweep, scrub, clean all tam. Mais oui, you should but see Babette. She is good peopl'."

"She certainly has tidied you up some, Henri."

"I mus' go now," said the lad. "Babette she say not stay long. She go at dad to-day. Clean him. Dad say he be dam'. Babette say we see."

"Say, Henri!" Shaw called after the boy. "is Babette going to stay at home now?"

Henri stuck his head in the doorway.

"Mabee she stay," he said. "Maybee she marry you, if she want. Babette good peopl', Babette wan beeg swell," and Henri nodded his head to impress on his listener the advantages of such a union.

Shaw laughed again as the boy shut the door, and went on with his breakfast. The bread that Henri had brought was white and fine, and Shaw caught himself wondering if Babette had baked it. He remembered Babette quite well, although he had not seen her for four years. Then she had been a slim brown girl, barefooted and bareheaded, picking potatoes in the field, and dressed principally in a gunnysack.

That was when he had first come to Manitoba and taken his homestead on the Souris river. The half-breed family were his nearest neighbors, but he had seen no more of Babette for she had gone to Winnipeg that winter with a family from Treesbank, presumably to school.

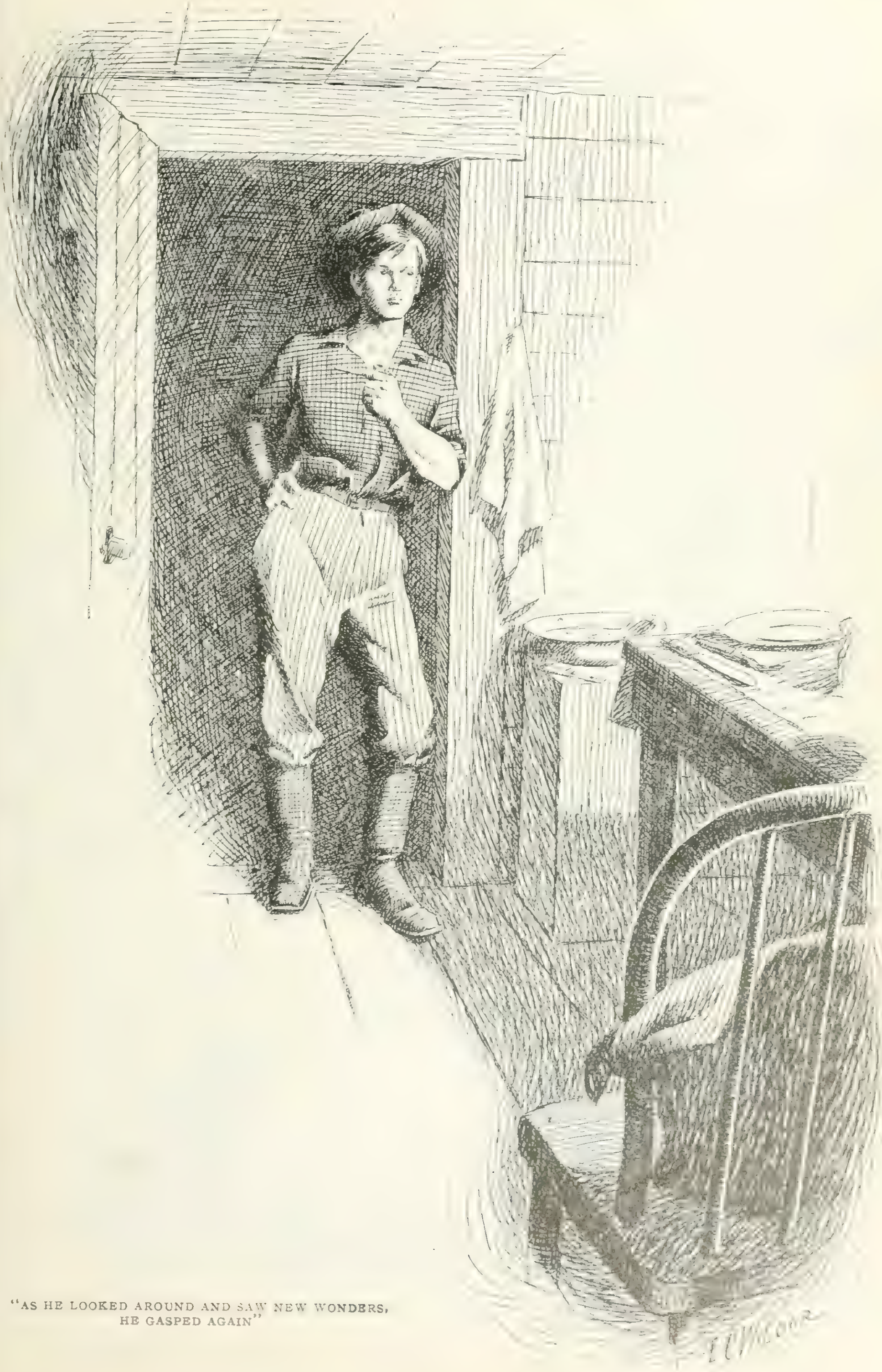
All morning the rain fell and dripped disconsolately into the little shanty where Shaw sat and smoked and watched the mice play around the empty pack-boxes. At noon a light wind sprang up, and the heavy clouds that so long had covered the face of the sky, rose, parted and rolled majestically away to the horizon. The sun, so long hidden, burst forth into full splendor, and the drenched fields steamed under its rays.

Shaw swallowed a hasty dinner and set off to the oat-field to open up the shocks, fearing that the wet heat would start the oats to growing under the delusion that it was spring. The trees flung down showers of big drops as he brushed through the big bluff that sheltered his oat-field on the north, and the fallen leaves gave out a sweet, wistful fragrance. In the maples the blue-jays chattered riotously, and from far away over the Brandon Hills came the honk of the wild geese. He looked up at the sound and saw their ragged, V-shaped flock making all speed southward as if they had already delayed too long.

From the field he looked down into the valley of the Souris. In the hollows the warm mist still lingered, and the birds sang as joyously as though the winter were over and gone, and tomorrow the crocuses would blossom. The river, widened out over the flat glinted and flashed through the trees like a matrix stone, and once he saw a long-legged crane wading.

All afternoon Shaw worked away in the field in glad content. The soft Indian summer air was sweet as a caress, and stirred him into a responsive mood, and when the sun went down in a blaze of splendor, turning to crimson and gold the murky purple of the clouds that lay like dim-seen mountains on the horizon and touching the windows of a distant farm-house with flame, he leaned on his fork and watched with reminiscent eyes, thinking of his English home.

When he turned toward the shack, his thoughts darkened with the darkening landscape. The vision of his own dismal little shanty with its dirt and cheerlessness dismayed him. He knew just how it would look when he opened the door, the buzzing flies, the muddy floor, the racing mice—yes, Babette



"AS HE LOOKED AROUND AND SAW NEW WONDERS, HE GASPED AGAIN" was right, he did live like a dog.

Reluctantly he swung the door wide, with an ache of homelessness on him. Then he started back with an exclamation of wonder.

There was a merry fire in the polished stove, and a delightful odor of fried ham greeted him. The tea-kettle gurgled and bubbled. A kettle of white, mealy potatoes stood on the back of the stove. The floor was scrubbed, his bed was made, there was a gay red cushion on his chair—Shaw stood bewildered in the doorway.

"Babette!" he ejaculated. "It must have been Babette. By George! that girl is making love to me."

As he looked around and saw new wonders, he gasped again. A clean towel hung beside the little looking-glass; the wash-basin that had long been lost was reposing on the little box that served as washstand, suggestively full of clean water; and the comb that had been missing since last Sunday lay beside it.

The supper was laid for two, a snowy-white flour-sack taking the place of a table-cloth. When Shaw sat down and noticed the other plate opposite his own, he was filled with apprehension. Was Babette going to swoop down on him and claim him as her own? He shivered, remembering the gunny-sack. Any girl that would undertake to clean up the old man could do anything, and besides, Henri said she would marry him if she wanted to.

That settled it. He locked the door.

The ham and eggs were deliciously fried, the potatoes were so clean and white they looked strange to him, and the comfortable meal was so welcome to the tired man that he forgot his fears and ate. Not until his appetite was appeased did he notice the other improvements—the clean window, the polished lamp-chimneys, the roll of papers and pile of magazines beside his bed.

"O Babette, Babette!" he said, laughing to himself, "you do know how to press your suit. I wish I could forget the old man and the gunny-sack, but I can't, and I'll be hanged if I know what to make of it all."

Just then he noticed a piece of paper sticking out from under the unused plate. He snatched it up curiously, and read:

"Dear Mister Pshaw! No I don't want you. Thank you all the same. I cleaned up your shantey to let you see how it feals to live like white folks. I have a gentleman frend in Winnipeg he wears clene collars and can alwas find his combe no more at present.

Babette Morin."

When he had finished reading, he sat for a few minutes, thinking deeply. Then he slowly unlocked the door.

Breeding Blue Ribbon Stock in Canada

By Franklin J. Spencer

THE man who casts about to discover the birthplace and home of improved stock breeding will eventually put his finger down upon the British Isles.

In other nations the science of horse-breeding is well advanced and other peoples raise good stock, but the British have evolved the most perfect types and the industry is pursued with greater intelligence and success there than anywhere else in the world. The very limitations of the British Isles enhances in the estimation of the people the value of land, and competition among land owners early started farmers and the holders of estates to enquire how best their lands could be made profitable. The breeding of live stock was selected as the most promising, and the adaptability of the soil and climate lent encouragement to the vocation. Added to this there is the Britisher's natural love for animals and his penchant for enjoying any task that requires infinite patience and instinctive skill. The Britisher began his exploits in home breeding through an accidental circumstance. King Charles in the eighteenth century had sent to him from Arabia three beautiful stallions of the breed that Arabs had kept for their saddle work for centuries. These stallions were beautiful in confirmation and because of their long line of carefully selected ancestors identical in type and following certain blood lines, were most successful in impressing their likeness upon the stock they left by English mares. The circumstance suggested to the English mind the possibilities of careful breeding, and a desire which is characteristic of Anglo Saxons to possess the best of everything, stimulated the breeders of horses to further improve their stock by selection. The result was the final evolution in England of a fixed type of race horses, pure in breeding and prepotent in their influence upon their offspring.

From this beginning and from this example the British farmer set about evolving other types, which afterwards, through adhering closely to certain blood lines, attained the dignity and importance of pure breeds. Certain districts favored certain types because they had certain work to perform, and the pastures and other environments tended to produce that type. These types became more differentiated and their numbers increased, their best individuals were selected, large land owners engaged in their breeding for pleasure as well as for profit until eventually a breed would become a national institution. The processes have resulted in Great Britain producing the fastest race horses,

[illegible]

the thoroughbred; the heaviest, most massive draft horses, the shires; the most stylish of carriage horses, the Hackneys; the cleanest limbed, most active and most perfectly moulded: draft horses, the Clydesdale; the handiest, most docile and longest lived breed, the Suffolk Punch; and the hardiest and smallest specimens of the equine tribe, the ponies of the Shetland Islands.

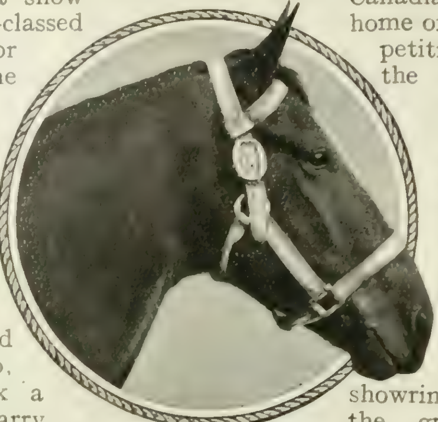
America, including the United States and Canada, was settled largely by Britishers and a study of the tastes of those who chose the republic and those who chose the crown colony as their homes, is interesting, especially if we investigate their influences upon the stock of the two countries. The Britishers, whose chief ambition was to make money—and these were mostly of the towns and cities—invariably went to the States. but those who looked in the new world for a farm and home above all things else, selected Canada. The Britisher of the country is and has been intensely loyal to British institutions. To him British laws and British customs embody the perfection of legislative enactments and logical rules. Besides, there is deeply grounded in his conscience the British love of home, of land and of family, hence it was only natural that Canada should have secured that part of British emigration that excelled in the art of stock breeding and farming. This circumstance accounts for the prominence of the Province of Ontario as a stock-raising district, for the influence and example of these British stockraisers has been wide-spread. Throughout the whole agricultural history of America the stock of Ontario, and especially her Clydesdale horses, Shorthorn cattle, and her British breeds of sheep and swine, have always taken the most prominent places at International exhibitions in continental competition. Her prowess in this subject was demonstrated in 1875 at the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, again in 1893 at the World's Fair in Chicago, and in more recent years at the World's Fair at St. Louis and the annual International Live Stock Exhibitions at Chicago. The Centennial and Columbian exhibitions are events of the past and as to the showyard victories of Canadian horses they need not be dwelt upon.

At the World's Fair in St. Louis fine Canadian horses were shown, but no stable attained more illustrious distinction than that of the Canadian, Mr. Robert Beith, of Bowmanville, Ont., who with Hackney horses won five prizes and two championships. These victories are of particular interest for the reason that the strength of the display rested with horses bred upon the ranges of Western Canada. Beith selected from the range shed of Rawlinson Bros., of Calgary, this champion stallion, Saxon, his first prize and champion mare, Priscilla, and his reserve for champion mare, Miniona. In the same year, 1904, Saxon and Priscilla were champions at the International in Chicago, showing against imported stock. The following year their western-bred horses, full of glory from many showyards, were sold at auction when Saxon brought $5,500, Miniona, $1,625 and Priscilla, $825. Such notable horses as these were only possible of production by the purchase and use in the stud of the best stallions available, a policy that Canadian horsemen invariably follow. The sire of the noted trio mentioned above was the world-famous Robin Adair, who, after ten years service in the stud on the range was taken to New York in 1901 where in the hottest competition he won the championship of the show, and coming back in 1902 was first in his class and reserve for championship. But this was only natural since his sire, Rufus, was champion of the breed in England in 1889 and 1890.

Just this last summer this famous stud which gave to American showrings so many noted members, and to the admirers of fancy horses so many of the most stylish park pairs, was dispersed at auction, and realized some $70,000, being $20,000 more than the valuation the owners put upon the stock, which goes to show the appreciation in which the horse-loving public held the blood which predominated.

THE HARDIEST AND SMALLEST SPECIMENS OF THE EQUINE TRIBE

Before leaving the lighter types of horses to discuss the heavy drafts which are most numerous in Western Canada, I might mention that each spring, Winnipeg has one of the most extensive horse shows held in the country. At the last show in June so many high-classed horses were prepared for the exhibition, that one ambitious exhibitor had to go down to Chicago and select from the famous stables of Tichenor & Co., representatives to strengthen his string to win, and from the same show the noted judge of road horses, Mr. Geo. Webb, of Pennsylvania, took a blue ribbon winner to carry the honors at the Eastern States shows. Horses are quite a hobby in Western Canada and in addition to the large ranches several racing stables are maintained in which are owned such celebrated track performers as the Broncho, Harold H., Red King, Joe Patch, Chestnut Brown, etc.



But illustrious as are the road and carriage horses of the British West, none the less famous are her showyard winners among the heavy draft types. Her breeding establishments of Clydesdales are nowhere surpassed on the continent and her breeders never fail to buy the best that the market offers, as illustrated by the number of international winners and champions in Scotland, that have found their way to the farms and ranches of the Canadian West. Taking the winners for two years at the International at Chicago, the exhibition at which the continental champion in the live stock arenas are each year decided, we have in Western Canada the first prize three-year-old in 1902, the champion first and second prize four-year-olds, and the first prize yearling in 1903. Since then the well-known importers, Alex. Galbraith & Son, of Janesville, Wis., who show one of the strongest strings on the continent have invariably sent to their Brandon, Manitoba, stables the choice of their selections.

But strong as their horses are, they have found it difficult to hold their positions against importations by Canadians direct from the home of the breed, and competition has developed in the showrings of such shows as Winnipeg, Regina, Brandon, Calgary and New Westminster that has tried the prowess of the most redoubtable champion. All the winners at the International have been compelled to take lesser honors in these showrings, and this year the great champion of females in Scotland, Rosadora, the winner of the Cawdor Cup, the highest honor to which Clydesdales can attain, was decisively beaten for championship by a home-bred mare in the hands of one of the latest aspirants for exhibition honors, to be exact, Eva's Gem, shown by R. H. Taber. Others also had the satisfaction of turning the tables upon the champion, her own stable mate, being one; Polly Chattan, a mare from Calgary being another; and Irene, a Regina mare, being the last.

At present, Canadians are most enthusiastic in the work of breeding Clydesdales. Brandon the hustling little city in Western Manitoba, is a veritable hot-bed of horsemen. In it four large importing barns are maintained by McMillan, Colquhoun & Beattie, Alex. Galbraith & Son, J. B. Hogate, and Trotter & Trotter. Further west near the town of Arcola, W. H. Bryce has a most select stable the pride of which is the Cawdor Cup winner before mentioned, Rosadora.

Altogether Mr. Bryce has some thirty head of picked mares from Scotland headed by the first prize three-year-old stallion at the Highland, the strongest Clydesdale show in the World. Mr. Bryce's lot were picked without consideration of cost and represents an investment of $30,000.

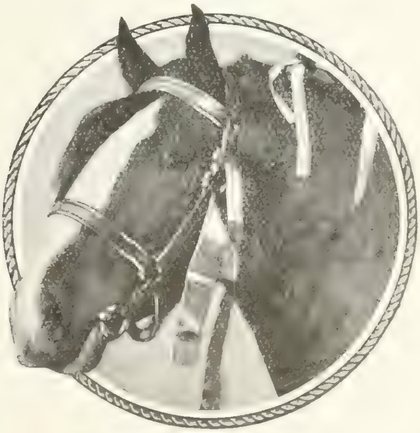
Near the capital of Saskatchewan, Regina, there are several breeding farms where Clydesdale perfection may be found. At one of these owned by A. & G. Mutch, the 1907 champion female Eva's Gem was bred, together with several others that have won the highest honors at different exhibitions where the strongest competition by imported stock prevailed. Each year Messrs. Mutch add to their stables from selections in Scotland and supply an ever increasing demand for breeding stock throughout the new country.

Another of Regina's most prominent breeding establishments is that owned by R. H. Taber, who this year, with stock he had selected from the Mutch stables, won male and female championships at the Winnipeg Exhibition. The story of Mr. Taber's achievements upon his Saskatchewan farm illustrates what may be accomplished by determination, business acumen and steady work. Six years ago he held a responsible position in one of the largest railway offices in Canada with bright prospects of advancement, but the independent life of the prairie held more lure for him than the routine of the office, so he turned his face toward Saskatchewan, secured three quarter sections of land and with the money he made out of wheat raising invested in horses which at this season's shows brought him a national reputation. Nor was his material costly. With a true horseman's instinct he bought young stock with promise of making champions and the awards of judges abundantly vindicated his judgment.

Further west in Alberta the heavy horse interests are ably championed by a son of old Scotland, Mr. John A. Turner, who distributes fully fifty per cent. of the stallions that his adopted province demands and who invariably leads in her provincial shows.

Besides Clydesdales, Canada is providing a lucrative market for American importers and breeders of Percherons, the American settlers being ardent admirers and liberal buyers of this breed.

For breeders of horses of all types Western Canada is affording glorious opportunities and ample recommendation. The demand for all classes of working horses is practically unlimited and at prices ranging from one hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each.



The Open Road

By Mary Wheelwright Mitchell

HAND on my shoulder—steady!
And a well-known step beside,
And the long, tree-shadowed, moonlit road
Where a thousand phantoms glide.

Hand on my shoulder—steady!
Now and again a word,
Now the throaty, sweet, elusive call
From hylas-pools faint-heard.

Hand on my shoulder—steady!
Wine of the moon-witched spring
Scenting the haunted woodland,
Flooding the fairy ring!

Gate of the silver birches,
House of the rain-wet leaves,
Hearth of the glimmering fox-fire
Where a housewife dryad weaves!

Night and the road before us,
Night and a jewelled sky,—
'Tis the open road forever
For my gipsy love and I.

The Battlefords

By John V. Borne

THE Battlefords' short history is more interesting than a long pedigree. The importance of a man's pedigree is in the light it throws on his defunct relatives. The Battlefords are their own importances. They owe little to the obscure past, even though they profit by it. Separately, they exemplify that West as it was and as it is. Together they contain the sure and certain promise of what the West will be. There are two Battlefords in a locality where, for a generation, it was believed there could be only one. The first Battleford was born in expectation of the iron horse passing through its streets. The second Battleford came into being because the iron horse came from an unexpected direction. The Saskatchewan divides them, sentimentally and geographically.

When there was no railway between the shores of the Georgian Bay and the Pacific coast, Battleford was founded, capital of the Northwest Territories, on the south bank of the Battle river where it is fordable just before it joins the Saskatchewan major. The location was central for the majestic spread of prairie between the infant province of Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains. The transcontinental railway, concerning which practical men hoped much, and halting politicians feared more, was surveyed to cross the Battle at this very spot. The line ran through the best country north of parallel forty-nine. You cannot talk about the original projection with Sir Sanford Fleming, now spending a mellow eventide at Ottawa, without catching some of the spirit of primeval romance that suffused those bygone expectations.

The railway was coming; the Hudson's Bay Company had surrendered its idea of sovereign right over the Empire of the Plains in return for $1,500,000, and one-twentieth of all the lands to be surveyed in the unexploited territory; and there must be outward signs that the machinery of the Government was run with changed motive power. So Battleford was born, and David Laird, first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, came to represent the Queen, and the far-off entity of power that dwelt in Ottawa. Mr. Laird remains, a tall dignified citizen of Winnipeg, upon whose treasures of Western experience it is my happiness once in a while to draw.

It was thought in those days that the end of spacious living for old-time plainsmen was in sight. In Battleford the Indian and half-breed were almost as plentiful as the tenderfoot from West Ham could desire. Thirty years ago they were more numerous, more picturesque, more serious factors in the governance of the country. They foresaw the increase of paleface settlement. They sensed the impossibility of preventing it. But they could not help occasionally, disclosing their melancholy impotent anticipations. They had neither the temper of the angels, nor the exquisite personal habits of Beau Brummel. Whence this Battleford story:—

Treaty money was to be paid. About fourteen hundred Indians were congregated up the river among the bluffs, a few miles from Battleford just-begun. The Government representative sent word that he was ready to pay. The chiefs replied that he must meet them half way. With the best available grace Her Majesty's representative concurred, deeming it not discreet to flout an overwhelming majority of aborigines and his retinue, therefore went up the river and pitched his tents over against the assembled tepees, and once more notified the chiefs of his will. Answer came that the great white tent was not in the appointed place. Half way was three hundred yards nearer where a pine log lay on the ground. There would the head chief meet the Monias-With-The Money. Again the courteous White conciliated the punctilious Red and found the pine log covered by a capacious tent. The head chief sat on an end of the log and invited the Queen's messenger to join him.

Now the Chief was noble; but he was not clean. He was on the closest terms with many of the smallest of God's creatures. His White Brother, not wishing to share this particular intimacy, sat where contact was purely conversational. Solemn courtesies were exchanged, and grave discourse was pursued. But the Indian edged closer to the White, and the White edged regularly away; until the other end of the log was reached, and White gave Red a look of pained apprehension that diplomatic genius could not misinterpret. The chief arose and said. "You have come to the end of the log, a little at a time. That is how the White people are treating the Indians." The audience was at an end and the treaty was paid.

Such are two commonplace paragraphs from the Battleford Tales, yet to be written—tales that will describe the careless prosperity of Capital Days, when the locomotive was six hundred miles away; that will portray the disappointment of the town when the railway passed two hundred miles to the south, and Regina became the abode of the Governor; that will set forth the grim history of the '85 rebellion; that will tell how, for fourteen or fifteen years, Saskatoon, ninety miles off was the nearest station; that will show the enterprise by which the big Saskatchewan at last got its railway. The north bank was selected by the engineers of the Canadian Northern and once more the town had to eat the bread of disappointment, and girded itself to retain an honorable progressive individuality, and to attract lines of steel from the south-east and south-west.

You are more in love with the old town every time you see it. You meet Mayor Prince, most typical representative of prosperous French Canada, who admires Quebec but cleaves to the West, who, in the intervals of showing the Prince flour mill, the saw mill on the river, the big store on the main street, the hotel he built, and the farm he delights in, will tell you of toilsome early days and of the tragedy that attended his ride to bring his sister into safety from the revolted Crees twenty-two years ago. You talk with one of the best of contented Scotsmen in Mr. Clinkskill, now of Saskatoon, who retains his Battleford store with its associations of wanton destruction in rebellion time, and sales of flour at fourteen dollars a barrel.

Here is the venerable Brokoski, London bred, and English accented, after fifty years of Canadian life—a Government explorer of the earliest seventies,as familiar with myriad herds of buffalo as he was with the crowds of Clerkenwell. There is a genial, weather-beaten Clink, who can talk Indian with the facility of a practised missionary, and who, while Farm Instructor on an adjacent reserve, kept the Indians quiet in 1885 by asking them how they were going to beat all the white soldiers who would surely come from the East and how, if they did win, they could make guns and powder, blankets and needles. Of younger men too, there are plenty—the fellows who know that Opportunity does not reserve all her beneficences for the newest places and who are happy in helping old Battleford grow.

The Western town is what the surrounding country makes it. Agriculture is the Providence that sustains them all. When I was last in Battleford it was a grievous task to refuse to let them drive to the Eagle Hills and as much farther as daylight would allow—to see the crops. Away south toward the Tramping Lake country there is ideal wheat raising land that is fast being settled by first-class Ontario farmers and by Americans accustomed to the Dakotas and Minnesota and Iowa who, better than any other immigrants, know what is worth acquiring. But there is something more than land—there is the record of what it has done in times when its culture was less perfectly understood than it is now. Here is Mayor Prince's testimony:

"It is over twenty-six years ago that I came to Battleford from Three Rivers, Que., and since then I have cropped from one hundred to two hundred and fifty acres almost every year; 1879 to 1884, inclusive, the crops were very good. Oats averaged forty-five to fifty bushels per acre, and some years, as high as sixty to seventy bushels Wheat averaged twenty to thirty bushels per acre and was of excellent quality. In 1885, the year of the rebellion, there was practically no grain sown, but conditions were favorable to produce a good crop, and small fields sown here and there, did turn out well.

In 1886 and 1887 crops were poor on account of drought and hot winds in June. 1888 to 1893 crops were good, oats averaged forty-five to sixty bushels per acre and excellent quality. 1894 was not a heavy crop, but still rather fair, the season was too wet and cold and there was some injury by frost. 1895 and 1896 the crops were rather poor, being injured by frost as the seasons were too wet and cold. 1897 to 1905 we had good crops right along, heavy yields and excellent quality.

"Other years like 1882 and 1883 brought exceedingly heavy crops, when wheat averaged thirty bushels per acre and oats seventy bushels. We have had very little injury by hail, no grasshoppers and other injurious insects, and I have never seen rust on the grain here.

"There is probably not another district on the American Continent that can show a more favorable record for the past twenty-six years. The winters are comparatively mild here, warm chinook winds being of frequent occurrence, and I have seen four or five open winters when there was practically no snow and we had to use wagons all the winter."

The witness of the old-timers is blessed for more than its proof of the financial comfort they enjoy. They rejoice all the time in the country as a place to dwell in. They are capable of gratification at the rare progress of the town across the river—the product of the Canadian Northern Railway, with a spur from which, beginning at the south end of the magnificent steel bridge, five miles up the Valley, the senior town is happy to be daily served. And, indeed North Battleford is a place to mark. In May 1905 five individuals dwelt on its site. This fall there are nearly fifteen hundred people within its borders. Talk to a citizen about the future, and he says "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," and produces a map showing a programme of new railways radiating from Battleford, to established cities, and to north-easterly and north-westerly districts where towns are not yet named. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific are looked for; and other roads chartered are the Calgary, Red Deer and Battleford, the Saskatchewan Central, the Battleford and North Western, the Battleford and Lake Manitou, the Prince Albert and North Battleford & Hudson Bay.

The best feature of this ambitious programme in steel and ties is that it springs from the need felt by existing farmers for easy shipment of their produce. Some of us know what Brandon was like twenty years ago. What Brandon was North Battleford is. What Brandon is North Battleford will be.

As an indication of the rapidity which this section of the Province of Saskatchewan is being peopled take the free homestead entries at the Dominion Land office at Battleford. For the year ending June 30th, in 1902 there were 168, and in 1906 it reached 7,873. Coincidently the lone shack at North Battleford has been over-shadowed by buildings that are worth thousands; while the town has an accessible value of $1,080,000; and is committed to excellent public works including a $35,000 school.

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

With the Wild Ducks

By R. W. Dunlop

THERE are a great many different varieties of wild ducks in this country, among which may be mentioned mallards, canvas-backs, spoonbills, pintails, and teal. These five are most commonly found, though occasionally other kinds occur here.

As soon as winter loosens his grip on the sloughs and creeks, and the ice fades away, the ducks begin to arrive. They come in flocks, but stay only a few days, resting and waiting for returns from the Far North regarding open water. Then they move on. A comparatively small number, apparently tired of roaming, and satisfied with present surroundings, remain. They inhabit the secluded and marshy waters as a general rule; but you may fall upon pairs or small detachments feeding quite openly near human habitations.

The female builds her nest upon the ground at a convenient distance from the water. She always selects a grassy and bushy spot, and conceals her nest with beautiful care. In this she deposits an egg daily until she has from six to twelve. Then she calls it enough and begins to sit. In three weeks the young fellows crack the shells, give a peep-peep-peep, and go for a swim, enjoying life as little ducks should. They spend their days in gorging their little gizzards, and their nights in waiting for daybreak.

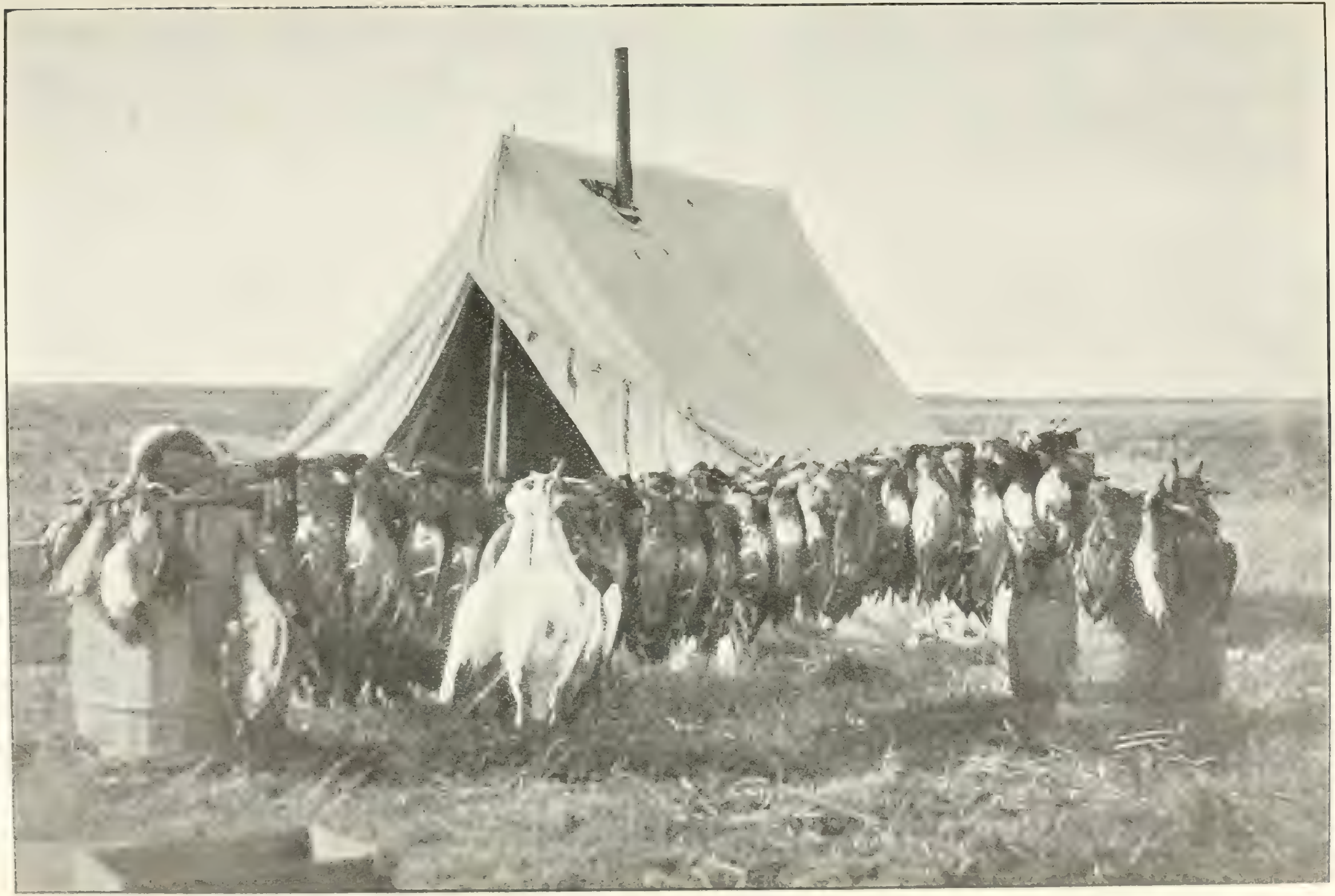
The mother duck has a strong maternal instinct. Instances are known where a sitting duck has allowed, a person to place a hand upon her back rather than desert her post. After her young are hatched, she always keeps them under her immediate supervision.

The drakes take no pride or concern whatever in their offspring. They look upon them as strangers, the mystery of whose coming they know not, and on the mother depends the safety of the young ducklings.

By the end of August the young have grown up, the mothers have moulted, the drakes are sleek and fat, and are already seeking mates for the new homemaking down South in November. Now is the time to oil up your gun and get on the trail if you want your fulll share of roast duck.

There are three different ways of duck-hunting in this country, and the method you adopt will depend upon the class of sportsman you are. There are three kinds; the pothunter, the conscientious sportsman, and the professional. If you are a boy on the farm you will probably take the old gun, the one no one else will use, and hie away to the sloughs. Approaching, and seeing numerous ducks feeding along the margin, you will get down on all fours and crawl, gliding through grass and brakes unseen by the still placidly feeding birds.

When you have reached your chosen redoubt, and arranged the cocking mechanism of your gun, you will raise one eye cautiously above the barricade of bushes, and hastily reconnoitre the position. If your intended victims are bunched, you will unmask your concealed battery, and flash "dark death and dreamful ease" across the intervening space. If they are not bunched, you wait until they become so. If you are a busy farmer, with an eye to Sunday dinner, you will do the same sneak that the boy made. If you are more interested in duck-meat than



HE GOES HUNTING . . . AND GREAT IS THE SLAUGHTER reputation, you will invariably follow this method. It is the surest.

But if you are a town chap with an eye for a bird, and considerable predilection for "sport," you will get a day off from the desk, and go forth to shoot ducks. Your equipment will consist of a livery rig, a borrowed gun, ammunition ditto, extensive lunch, pocket-pistol ditto, and garments that would make a florist's Easter window blush with envy. You will disdain to sneak through the grass. You are all kinds of a crack with a gun, and prefer to take them on the wing. So you spread out, and wait. Presently seven thousand ducks fly past at ninety miles an hour.

Bang! bang! goes your gun; bang! bang! Jim's; bang! bang! Bill's; bang! bang! bang! bang! the other fellows'. How many birds? Not a feather. What! Fact, though. So you discuss the incredible incident. Then you pull out your pocket-pistol and fire down your throats.

Presently Jim—it couldn't be you—finds himself separated from the rest of the boys. Being sure no one else can see him, he makes a beautiful sneak of about half-a-mile on a flock of ducks swimming on a placid pool. Arriving on the scene, he breaks the peaceful stillness rudely. The ducks fly up. One remains, kicking on the surface of the water. Jim doesn't believe in this sort of exercise among ducks, so he plunges in, rescues the bird, and hangs it on his traps. Then he returns to his fellows fearlessly. He is the proud possessor of the only duck in the party. You go home silently, through secluded byways, sedulously concealing that one lonesome duck. And you do not go duck-shooting again—not until next time.

Another kind of duck hunter is what may be called the honest sport. He is a lover of nature. The wide stretch of the open marshes lays hold upon his fancy. Often he is a dreamer, a man "whom the strong sons of the world despise." The game is really of secondary importance. Scrupulously he gives the bird a chance for life. Rigidly he adheres to shooting on the wing. Really duck-shooting is merely an excuse for getting away into the silence of the reeds under the clear autumn sky. He is never happier than when he prowls alone through the flags eating his solitary luncheon from the security of a damp tussock, and getting perhaps enough birds for Uncle John's folks' Sunday dinner. Properly speaking, he is not a hunter at all, but as his desires lead him incidentally to shoot, he may freely come under that classification.

The third division of the hunters is "the professional." Incidentally he may be a lawyer, a doctor, a banker, a railroad official, or a politician. But his real business is duck-shooting. He is a crack shot. He spends much time in the city shooting at "traps,"—known distance, unknown angle. He has a gun of some approved maker, and made to order. It possesses the correct drop, the best balance, the proper taper, the right bevel on the midrib, and the most suitable fullness on the stock. It costs him a couple of hundred dollars.

Then he has some dogs. They know all about duck hunting as did their fathers and mothers and their grandfathers and grandmothers before them. They, too, cost him a couple of hundred dollars.

He has the correct boots for wading, the correct color of clothing, artistically made decoys, and a "call." The latest refinements of the athletic store are his, and deeply is he loaded with paraphernalia. Armed and equipped with all these, he goes hunting, usually from his own shooting-box, and great is the slaughter.

The hunter gets the best end of the bargain—the best two ends in fact. The boy's mother, the farmer's wife, the townbred chap's landlady, the "professional's" cook, must perform the intermediate rites of plucking, dressing, washing and roasting. There is pleasure in both ends for the man and work and worry in between for the woman. But why moralize, especially at mealtime? Let's ask for another helping.

Sabo

By Cy Warman

Author of "Frontier Stories," "The Last Spike," etc.

"C'EST bon!" said the half-French father, as the woman shoved the baby's head above the blanket and made known its sex. "C'est bon!" he repeated, and after filling his pouch with hard bread and dried meat, he strode away to the forests of Temagami, again to track the black bear and reset his traps. And that is how the Indian woman came to call her baby "Sabo."

Do you know Temagami? If you were to take a dipperful of molten silver and spill it over the sandy shore down by the water's edge, it would sprawl and splash and sprangle, and then lie quite still. That is the way the Indians say Gitch Manitou, or Wes-a-ka-chack, made Temagami. He reached over into the deep sea, scooped up a handful of water, and spilled it down on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitch Manitou looked down, he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which means "deep water." Because of the water, the grass and the flowers and the forest came. Because of the good God of the red man, the bear, the beaver, the moose, and the red deer came, and what had been a desert waste became a beautiful world. "Yes," say the Indians, "Gitch Manitou made beautiful Temagami."

In Temagami the half-breed met a white trapper who had a full-blood for a guide. Also the white man had fire-water of which they all drank. The full-blood, hating the half-breed for the white man that was in him, wanted to fight, and the white man, not caring particularly for the Indian that was in the half-breed, suffered them to come together.

When it was all over, the white man listened and hearing no sound of any living thing, took the traps from the dead guide and the grub from the pouch of the half-breed, who had been slain also and went about his business, leaving the two fighters just where they dropped, and the rest to the Mounted Police.

Beside the beautiful Lake Temagami twenty snows fell and melted away with the spring. Sabo, the baby, was a man, and his mother was an old, old woman. Sabo worked sometimes, and with what he earned and what his old mother forced from the garden, they lived. But mostly Sabo played the mouth-harp. On Sunday he attended service in the little English Episcopal Church that stood at the crossing of the roads.

After church, he wooed the dark Ramona, Lorine du Bois. Her father, like Sabo's father, was nearly half white, could read and write, and lived in a neat log house with a fireplace and a loft, and one window up under the peak of the roof. From this window Lorine leaned on summer nights, and listened to the music of Sabo's harp as it came to her faintly on the cool night wind.

Sometimes, in the dark of the moon, when the nights were sultry and his blood was hot, Sabo would steal out across the garden and up under Lorine's high window.

Seated in a black bear skin, thrown over a sawbuck, he would blow soft melody up towards the silent figure in the window. Sometimes he would sing to her crude, quaint songs, full of love and longing.

Sometimes for hours they would sit in silence, communing with each other by means of that system of wireless telegraphy that lovers learn without knowing how or whence they acquire the art. Now and then he would take up his story in the dewy night, and then he would sing softly:

"The white man's blood is pale and cold,
The red man's blood is red."

And she would answer:

"A maiden cries when her lover cries,
A maiden sighs when her lover sighs,
And dies when her love is dead."

Presently, Lorine's father, being a good Catholic, and knowing Sabo to be a heretic, would empty a basin of cold well-water at the top of Sabo's spinal column. Then the lover would dismount and take himself home, softly cursing his sweetheart's sire.

But all things come to those who wait. Lorine's father died one day, and Sabo went to live with the widow.

They were happy for a week, at the end of which time Sabo and Lorine discovered that their religion did not track. Lorine, grieving for her father, sought the priest of her religion whither Sabo would not follow. He had always been a Protestant, but now, rather than compel the young woman to forsake her faith, he denied himself altogether, and spent his Sundays with his back against a tree, blowing on his harp, or playing high-five with a band of bad young Indians down by the river.

When the widow grew weary of feeding Sabo, she told him so. Sabo made a shack on his own lot, which was still in its virgin state, and set up housekeeping.

Things went but little better here, for Sabo would only work when hunger compelled him to do so. When he could get liquor, he would drink and abuse the woman. Finally she went to the priest and asked to be freed from Sabo, but the priest hushed her.

A year dragged by, and then Sabo discovered that one Chipawa Charley was using his doorsill for a resting-place. As often as he went away to do a day's work, he would return to find Charley in the doorway leering at Lorine, and lying to her about a wild, fierce flame, which he said was consuming him inside. Of course, Charley's visits did not help poor Lorine, and one day when Sabo returned from bird-shooting, via the village, full of apple-jack and jealousy, he made trouble for the Chipawa. Charley heard him whoop as he hit the weed-grown trail that led from the wagon-road to the door of his shack, and darted out the back way. Sabo whipped around the corner of the cabin, and threw a charge of bird-shot into the Chipawa as he went over the back fence. From that day, Sabo and Chipawa Charley were deadly enemies. Charley, in addition to being a bad Injun, was a barber, and as he usually carried a part of his kit with him, he was hard to approach.

For many moons the Chipawa kept clear of Sabo's shack, but the indignity he suffered, saying nothing of the charge of bird-shot, weighted him down. He trapped constantly for Sabo. He persuaded the deputy-constable to join him in the information against Sabo for living, unbonded, with Lorine, for neither dreamed that the harpist had married the much-abused girl. But when they approached the magistrate, the latter, remembering the fee still due, waved them away.

"It's no use," said the constable. "People pay no attention to these things. Besides, you never know where a thing like that will end. Why, come to think of it, if you followed it up, you'd break up half the homes on the reserve."

"You're feared of your job," said Charley.

"Am I? Look you," said the constable, catching the Chipawa by the arm and turning him until the two men faced each other. "Last night, when I was leaving your shop I met Sabo outside."

"What time is it?" says he

" 'Quarter to twelve,' says I, looking at my watch.

"Well?"

"Well! It was five minutes past midnight Saturday night—in was Sunday in the eye of the law, and if he had a watch and a witness, you'd 'a' been up before this, an' there'd 'a' been such a howl up and down this Dominion as you never heard. Cuttin' out the marriage ceremony comes under the head of carelessness, but shaving a man after midnight on Saturday's a crime in Canada."

The Chipawa put out his hand in acknowledgment of what he owed the constable, and the latter accepted it in silence. That was, in a sense, Chipawa Charley's promise to pay.

Sabo did not improve with age, as wine will. Once more Lorine took her troubles to the parish priest. Her life was all but unbearable.

"What is this thing they call divorce, father?" she asked. She wanted to loose Sabo and keep Little Bird, the baby boy.

The good man looked over his glasses into the troubled face of the unhappy Indian girl.

"Now, who tells you of this thing, my child?" he asked, speaking softly, slowly, musically, with just a hint of Irish in his accent.

"My sister—she got it, and now she is free—free from the man who abused her, but has got her baby. O father, father, help me!" she cried, "for if Sabo finds me here on this business—"

"Stop!" said the priest.

Then in a gentle voice he told her that this thing of which she had spoken was an invention of the devil adopted by the Yankees.

"It is only to be had beyond the border," he said, "that is, by the poor. Here in Canada it is only within reach of the very rich, but in any case it is an evil thing—put it out of your head, my child, put it out!"

So Lorine went back to her poor little home with only the memory of the good priest's quiet, kindly voice for her trouble.

Gossip goes among the Indians and half-Indians at about the same gait as it goes among the whites and half-whites, and Sabo soon heard of Lorine's visit to the priest and of her desire to loose him. But the news had exactly the opposite effect of what Lorine had predicted. It caused him to think: a thing unusual with him. When he compared Lorine to himself, he saw that she had fair excuse. Then there was a boy—Little Bird—he had not known till now how dear the little brown face was to him. As he passed the cabin under whose window he had wooed and won the guileless girl, he harked back in his rough, awkward way to those short, cool summer nights. There stood the old saw-horse and yonder the wild crab-apple tree, whose blossoms, blown free by the breath of spring, showered down like drifting snow and lodged in Lorine's loosened hair.

So Sabo left the road, Little Bird came bounding out to meet him. Catching his father's rough hand, he pulled Sabo down and whispered, "Chip-wa in 'ere."

Instantly all the gentleness went out, and the bitterness and hate of two races raged and rioted in the heart of the half-breed. He stopped short and examined the cap on the little old single-barreled muzzle-loading shot-gun.

"Voila!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

Then, putting the boy behind him, he tiptoed up to the cabin, The door stood open. Inside he could see the Chipawa standing behind Lorine. Both were facing the little window at the other end of the room.

"Come," he was saying, "why do you stay with Sabo, the swine?" "Come."

"He is my husband."

"Huzz-bon!" hissed the Chipawa. He is one pig—come, does the blackbird mate with the buzzard?"

"Leave me now," cried Lorine. "Go, and come here never again."

"I will go," said the Chipawa, "but you will come also—you must, you shall."

Sabo saw him catch the woman in his arms, saw her struggle to free herself, and leaping into the room, he put the cold, hard muzzle of the gun against the back of the Chipawa's head.

Lorine, turning, saw, and slid between the two men, caught the gun barrel, and placed the muzzle to her breast.

Sabo smiled, Lorine let go, and he lowered the gun.

Quick as lightning-flash, Charley whipped out a razor, flung the blade free, and sprang for Sabo.

Lorine leaped between them, and caught the full force of the blow. The Chipawa saw a faint white scratch along the white bone of her arm, laid open by the blade. Not a word had been spoken since Sabo entered, but now as he got his gun on the Chipawa again, he paused to ask Lorine if he should kill the wolf.

"If he promise to come here never again," she said, "let him go."

The Chipawa promised, and went away

Sabo was binding up Lorine's arm. Little Bird was looking on in silence, and she was bearing the pain heroically.

Presently Sabo spoke:

"You don't love Chipawa Charley?"

Lorine shook her head.

"You love Sabo?"

"No," she said.

There was another pause, and then Sabo asked:

"Who you love?" and Lorine's dark eyes turned to the boy.

"Litle Bird, uh?"

Lorine nodded her head.

"Sabo, too—me, I love Little Bird. I go put Little Bird in big In'stute. Sabo go work for Master In'stute, uh? You like go work for Misses In'stute, uh?"

Lorine smiled, nodded, and held out a hand to the boy. Little Bird came and stood where his father knelt by his mother's knee. He wound one arm about Sabo's neck, but leaned mostly on his mother.

* * *

Kipling in the Last West

By John Muirhouse

"WHAT a glorious country it is!" exclaimed Rudyard Kipling in Toronto on his return from Western Canada. "I am going to bring my boy to the prairie provinces for part of his education. It would not be complete without a few years in that vast country of enormous possibilities."

He leaned forward from the red plush fauteuil eagerly, pressing the point home with intently knitted brow and keen eyes.

"If houses and people and farms mean prosperity, then I should say that Canada is prosperous. I could imagine nothing better for a young man than to live in a country with such a future. Such a difference from the time I saw it before! Then I saw it at rest. This time it was at work. All the farms were taken up as far as the eye could reach, and there were so many growing centers of population. I saw the harvesters at work on every side, and the smoke of the threshers backward and backward until there was just a little line on the horizon. The change is the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed."

Mr. Kipling believes in Western Canada. It is fifteen years since he last visited Canada, and even then he saw something of its possibilities. What it has done in that time to realize these possibilities. At Winnipeg he spoke of the marvelous change in conditions during that time.

"Fifteen years ago, almost to the day," he said, "I was in Winnipeg. At that time the city was seriously considering wherewithal she should be paved. . . . I left the city of Winnipeg discussing that problem, chiefly in buggies that would not move in Main street; and I went away for fifteen years, which in the life of a nation is equivalent to about fifteen minutes in the life of a man. I come back, and I find the Winnipeg of to-day a metropolis. . . . The visions that your old men saw fifteen years ago I saw translated to-day into stone and brick and concrete. The dreams that your young men dreamed I saw accepted as the ordinary facts of everyday life, and they will, in turn, give place to vaster and more far-reaching imaginations. My admiration for this record of unsurpassed achievement is as keen as my envy. . . . . But I find cause for a deeper appeal in other things than these. I have realized here the existence of an assured nationhood, the spirit of a people contented not to be another people or the imitators of another people—contented to be themselves. This spirit, of course, existed fifteen years ago, but that spirit as I remember—and I have not forgotten some of my walks and talks in the city—then doubted a little. It found it necessary to explain. It waited a little to see what people thought of its position. I find no echo of that mood here to-day. I can feel by the men on the streets and see by a thousand signs that here is a people in their own land, whose heart-springs go down deep into the fabric, and who will be trustees for a nation. . . . One is forced back to the old words that you stand on the threshold of an unbelievable future."

Speaking of the construction of a railway to Dawson, some one expressed an opinion that it was doubtful whether the country was fitted for settlement in the farther north. Mr. Kipling smiled.

"Ah, that was what I heard of this part of Canada when I was here before," he said. "I never believe now in the summary estimate 'the country's no good.'"

Mr. Kipling believes in imperialism as ardently as ever, and calls Canada the "eldest daughter in the association of British States."

"Her position," he says, "is equal in freedom to that of the motherland. She has her own color of nationality and her own problems to solve. She has her own peculiar environment and the spirit of her country is one which the people of her own soil can best express."

Mr. Kipling commented upon the immigration work being done in Canada and suggested further efforts in Great Britain. "You should have an office and an agent in every town in Britain and ships provided to fetch out the 5,000,000 surplus population from Britain. You can't keep the country to yourselves. If we had sailing vessels and thirty-two pound smooth bores, you could, but you can't under modern conditions."

Rudyard Kipling is loved and honored perhaps more than any other English writer. For twenty years he has been writing verse and prose more keenly English than any other man. Other men may be poets or dramatists or economists or novelists—Mr. Kipling is an Englishman first of all, and this despite the fact that he was born in India and spent much of his life there. He recognizes the comradeship and kinship of all white men, whether they may live on the shores of any one of the Seven Seas, and of this comradeship he writes. "To the last least lump of coral that none may remain outside" he has sung of the far-scattered men of England—and they love him.

The Furnace

Author of "The Mills of Man," "The Duchess of Few-Clothes," etc.

By PHILIP PAYNE

SYNOPSIS OF "THE FURNACE."

"Jack" Wytcherly, poet, newspaper man, and, latterly—as advertising manager for Worth & Ware—a successful exploiter of Stanley Worth's famous breakfast food, has been invited by Mr. Worth to join a small house-party at the latter's establishment, "Castle Caribou," on Ojibway Island in the Great Lakes, the other members being Mr. Worth himself, an energetic, fussy bourgeois; Mrs. Worth, a keen, malicious invalid; Patrice Powell, Mr. Worth's ward, "just a nice girl"; Professor Byram, Patrice's prospective fiancé, a conceited pedant; and Romaine Eccleston, an aristocratic Canadian woman, married unhappily to Mark Eccleston, a good-natured sensualist who, for his wife's sake, is kept on a salary by Mr. Worth. Jack Wytcherly finds Mrs. Eccleston the only congenial member of the party, and is beginning a pleasant friendship with her when Mark Eccleston comes to the Island on his yacht "Sea Fox." Mr. Worth, seeing how Mrs. Eccleston suffers from Mark's presence, decides to send him off on a business trip to Europe. Before he sails, Mrs. Eccleston makes an honest endeavor to get closer to her husband; she asks him to drop his ribald companions; she even urges him to abandon the trip to Europe and remain with her. Mark chooses to "gang his ain gait." Mrs. Eccleston then warns him that he must not blame her if she, in turn, chooses to find interest in companionship with another than himself. After Mark sails Mrs. Eccleston and Wytcherly are thrown much together. Their intimacy is productive of an affection for each other, upon which their little world at once puts the worst possible construction. In the meantime Mr. Worth plans a "stag" dinner at which he invites Mrs. Eccleston to preside. The motive back of his invitation is a sinister one. Jack Wytcherly returns to Chicago, sending back as a farewell a poem to Romaine, which Mrs. Eccleston recognizes as the original of the verses dedicated to Patrice by Professor Byram. By chance, Patrice discovers the Professor's plagiarism, exposes the trick, and discards him. Mr. Worth sends Patrice away on a visit, and Professor Byram returns to Chicago. Romaine is forced to preside at the dinner, through the agency of Mr. Worth, who compels his wife to feign illness at the critical moment, in order that he may present Romaine as his mistress, fancying that this will secure him the admiration of the New Yorkers. Romaine realizes this, and tries to use it as a lever to secure Mr. Worth's aid in getting a divorce from Mark. Mr. Worth declines on "moral grounds," and threatens to discharge Wytcherly if Romaine does not give him up.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

HOW A RESTIVE TALENT "SETTLED DOWN"

AMORALITY implies a consistency of some sort. Morality is not proved by a single act; it is attested by a series. An isolated deed, if it be born of impulse, may be followed by its opposite within the hour, whereas morality even of an inferior order prescribes a rule of principle or at least of policy.

Jack Wytcherly might be a charming personality and a scintillating talent; but he was accused neither by his own worst enemy nor by his dearest friend of consistency in anything, in genius or in humour, in good behaviour or in naughtiness. His single consistency that anyone could discover, lay in his constancy to inconsistency. Consistency, indeed, was a virtue he affected to despise as an attribute of the stupid man.

His intellectual faculty corresponded to his temperamental character. As no principle co-ordinated his successive acts into a moral sequence, so no unity of method or dominating law of mind corelated his perception into artful wholes. Yet consider, O stern moralizer, that he rusted in no harness of stiff opinion, that he was not impenetrable to light!

Pictures, pictures, troops of pictures filled the galleries of his brain, pictures printed by his eager senses upon the dry plates of his memory—pictures vivid, various, informed with life. Such as they were, they made the only

Copyright 1907, by Philip Payne. Entered at Stationer's Hall

riches he had garnered from the world, and he cherished them as his own peculiar treasures. But as he limned them first, he left them to remain—a thousand studies of a rare impressionist, who in no instance ever attained to even conscientious art.

What he had brought home with him from up the lake he valued as the richest of his plunderings, as his pearl of cost, ravished from experience, filched from life. For it he contrived a sacred shrine within the holiest recesses of his soul. And therein he set up a high altar, before which sometimes, it may be conceived, he prayed.

But that cold faculty, residing at the core of his emotions, recognized the inclination of his worship to become abstract. For to a spirit, such as Wytcherly, not the breathing beauty, but the ideal of beauty, its quintessence, is precious finally.

Yet his pity still was green. And the image of that faithful woman in the little cottage in the North haunted him as does the ghost of a too exacting grief. He was incapable of sheer brutality — he did what he could. For awhile he sent her letters without fail, letters in which he expressed some measure of the miracle she was to him.

In truth he idolized her. He was far more tender than a loyal lover could have been. He agonized over her predicament; he divined all that she had suffered; he would have given worlds to end her woe, to make her happiness.

But he was precluded from delusion. He could not help her, could not cure her sorrow. He had enough to do to manage the responsibilities he had; there were the children, to whom his toil was mortgaged. Dear tots, they must be fed and clothed and sheltered, and he must see them educated and fairly started on the road. Nor did he shrink from the task, although he accurately foresaw the tyranny his lifelong service must become. In fact, he grew daily fonder of the children. Their little arms about his neck framed the only yoke to whichthe had ever bowed. No, to employ his own phrase, he was no longer "foot-loose", he must "make good."

He feared the children's mother with a prophetic fear. She was an industrious creature, fretful, of an inveterately utilitarian disposition. She accepted him as a breadwinner, but suspected his reliability in the role. The very evening of his return she had used to recount her offspring's pressing needs, and downcast Wytcherly had realized he could never hope to earn sufficient money to meet her progeny's deserts.

He sauntered on the esplanade of the Lake Shore Drive of a Saturday afternoon. The air moved in slowly from the cerulean lake and the lordly sun dipped westward into an amber bath.

The view of the lake and sky, of mansions rising above the screen of greenery, of people loitering upon the serpentine gray promenade, of carriages and motor cars moving briskly on the hard brown road,—afforded evidence of a varied world.

As Wytcherly beheld this scene, its interest, its flow, it must be confessed he grew not unresigned. Her last letter was folded upon his heart, its pages stained by tears he had not been ashamed to shed. But what could he do but acquiesce in her renunciation, however conscious of the noble beauty of its terms.

What could he do, although he could repeat the words her pen had written:—"I cannot ruin your success. You have already suffered enough in your past life for all eternity. I dreamed of helping you to ascend the heights; I would only burden you and keep you in the plains. Desolate as is my lot without you, grieve as I must, believe me, you have ennobled my poor self. You are the rythm of my soul. And I bless the fortune which brought you to me even for so brief a time."

Nevertheless, inextinguishable as was the beauty of her sacrifice, he could concede that one might weary of much poetry, might find excessive an intensity too strained. Not until his re-awakening in the city to the hundred charms and claims of complex life, did he realize how narrowly on the island passion had imprisoned him.

Themselves had circumscribed them in their love, their egos had monopolized the stage, their dialogue had been the only language heard.

True, she had proved an adept in the histrionic presentation of her own subjectivity, and she had discovered the importance of his woes. But he could at least be glad that the continued melodrama of their loves never would excite him to irritation in her presence, that his inattention to her declamation would never wound her cruelly.

She was a hedonist—by accident he had lately happened on the word. Beautiful in her own right, and beautiful again by right of love, the way to keep her the supremest beauty he had found, was to lose her, to let her go. Thus she would escape "the havoc of the years," would avoid the detriment of habit, would remain forever lovely, young, divine.

...J. Sterling Worth, dynamic little man, seated before his enormous desk resembled a diminutive musician at the keyboard of some huge organ. And at that desk he was as much master of his vast establishment as the musician is master of his instrument. Reports poured into him, directions flowed out. By telephone, by messenger, by word of mouth his will was distributed like electric power to the farthest corners, to the meanest clerk.

It was a prodigious talent the man possessed. An infallible adding machine, a patent time-clock was his brain. It fed upon details as a flouring mill on infinite particles of wheat. It registered the work done from week to week. It bought most cheaply, sold in the shortest possible time at the most advisable profit—this process it had repeated some million times and would continue a million more.

This conception of Mr. Worth, it is fair to state, was Wytcherly's and if it furnished a theory of the merchant's mentality, characteristically it ignored the point of character—persistent will, initiative power, unfailing courage—which rendered his administrative faculties effectual.

He did not look up as Wytcherly entered. "Sit down," he bade, "I sent for you to have a little talk."

Wytcherly complied. Presently his employer asked: "How are the children? Mrs. Worth is interested in them. In fact she insists you must be kept on the payroll for the children's sakes. Our women," with a sigh, "are pretty expensive with their charities, very expensive indeed."

The children's shoes bothered Wytcherly—he hoped he would not be discharged until he had paid for them. "The children call Mrs. Worth their fairy godmother," he explained placatingly to the breakfast food magnate. "She has sent them toys and candies I don't know how many times."

"That's nice, that's nice," repeated Mr. Worth, gazing fixedly at the papers on his desk. "It makes me reluctant to disturb the arrangements all around."

"They are very pleasant as they are," testified Wytcherly.

"But I may be forced to," said the merchant suddenly. "I have never tolerated in my employment anyone whose life was not strictly respectable. A public scandal hurts the firm, and besides I object on a moral principle to harbouring immorality."

Those children's shoes induced Wytcherly to suppress his natural emotions.

"Well, since I have been with you I've been eminently respectable, Mr. Worth, and I see no reason to prevent me from remaining so."

"You can assure me of that fact?" the merchant gravely asked.

"I think I can," said Wytcherly.

Mr. Worth, wheeling his chair, touched his salaried man genially upon the knee. "Let us have a social moment, Jack" he proposed. "I've not seen you to speak intimately since you returned. Hear from our friend Mrs. Eccleston, do you?"

"I have had one or two letters," Wytcherly answered lightly. "But where there's but a transitory interest, a woman's correspondence ceases pretty soon. I never was a zealous letter-writer myself, and I imagine your Mrs. Eccleston needs presence on the spot to keep her interest alive.''

''I believe you're right,'' nodded Mr. Worth. ''She made you a feature of her summer, there's no denying that. But when you were gone, she threw herself heart and soul into my dinner to Mr. Braddock and his party. She presided in the place of Mrs. Worth and made a tremendous hit with the New Yorkers. Now she is completely absorbed with a visit East she plans this winter.''

''She certainly is a brilliant woman,'' remarked Wytcherly, ''and I was lucky to secure her transitory interest for a few weeks. What has become of the rest of the party?''

''Well, Patrice, our Patrice, is engaged to George Morton, the Equitable Bank Mortons you know. Mrs. Worth and I thought for awhile she would take the Professor, Professor Byram of the University; but she didn't, it seems.''

'' I'll not waste sympathy over the able young professor's failure,'' Wytcherly said, smilingly.

''Yes, I know you don't appreciate him,'' said Mr. Worth; ''he told me that you didn't himself. For my part I regard Professor Byram as sure to succeed.''

''Oh, he has the talent to arrive, as the French say, even if he is unable to arrive by talent,'' remarked the flippant Wytcherly.

''You're wrong there,'' protested Mr. Worth. ''Professor Byram has original ability. He has just sent me a printed notice of his lecture on great American successes. He maintains that the creative business men of our time deserve to rank in ability with the creative statesmen like Bismarck and Richelieu. I don't think he's so far wrong there. I have sent him my congratulations, and when I see the president, I'll let him know that he has a very able young man in his University.''

As Wytcherly arose to leave, Mr. Worth detained him. ''By the by, Wytcherly I've given instructions—twenty-five dollars will be added to your salary next month. And let me take this opportunity to say a word. You are getting on in life and it behooves you to be systematic. You want to watch every cent; keep a ledger and jot down every item, so that you will know just how much comes in and for what it goes. That method I inaugurated long before I reached your age, and to the practice as much as anything I attribute my success. That's all; good day.''

The salaried man walked out of his master's presence, feeling generally depressed, but specifically relieved. ''Twenty-five,'' he repeated to himself, ''twenty-five! How dirt cheap a man sells out, when he is once assured how unimportant to the world his best is! But the children anyhow can go to school in proper shoes.''

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

PRESSURE

Agnes informed her mistress that she was going to the city with Mrs. Worth for the winter.

''What day do you leave?''

''Yes ma'am, at the end of the week. I wouldn't ever want to quit such a kind, lovely lady as you; but I guess I won't ever get a chance like this again. Yes ma'am.''

''You must go, Agnes. I would not allow you to stay, for I never can give you what Mrs. Worth will.''

''Yes ma'am—but if Mr. Wytcherly comes up?''

''It is decided that he will not,child.''

Agnes ventured a word of cheer. ''Yes ma'am, when I get to the city, I'll happen to see him, and I'll drop a line to you how he looks.''

Mrs. Eccleston smiled. ''Chicago's not a village, Agnes; you are not likely to cross him there.''

So she was left alone—alone with a woman's memory, with grief, rebellion, with passion unassuaged. She feared to face the meaning of it all at once. She strove to evade the burden of it for a time.

She conceived a horror of physical inaction, and in obedience to that horror was as if driven forth by a demon with whips to walk mile upon mile at desperate speed, to row frantically for leagues along the shore, to strain her muscles to the last degree, to consume her strength, so that with the coming of night she might sleep as the dead sleep, suffering no dreams.

Yet, strive as she might to attain fatigue, moments sometimes caught her shuddering in fear of what had overtaken her, of the grisly Terror which peered into her eyes.

Once, standing in the gallery at eventide, she was visited by an hallucination that, sweet as it was, shook her judgment more than had any fear.

Palpable, distinct she saw his form—confirmed by every trait she knew so well. The slight figure and the boyish height; the grey Irish eyes; the perversely tender mouth; the low-arched forehead, farther lowered by the falling wisp of grey-black hair; the bitterly beautiful, fascinatingly ugly, wistfully childish, petulantly aged face, its changefulness, its intensity and all the softness she had seen it show. She reached forth to clasp the vision in her arms. Rapture blinded her: she swooned.

Recovering, she found she had but embraced a pillar of the porch, and was gazing blankly out upon an empty, darkened lake.

Her soul within her mourned. No, she would not see him, nevermore. He would not call again to her windows from his boat, or walk with her upon the beach, or search the pines, or range the cliffs. He would not dig in the garden with her hoe, or shell the peas upon the kitchen steps; he would not lie before the hearth and feed to the fire resinous knots. He would never do again those pleasant things, never come to her, never speak, nor kiss her hand, nor touch her hair, nor look into her eyes.

There floated through her mind confusedly Lesbian Sappho's fragmentary verse—about the pleasant laughter echoing in Mitylene's streets, and, within, the lovely chamber, across whose threshold his dear shadow would not fall again.

She beheld from the gallery on a clear morning the pinnacle over the East Tower looming high above the trees and the Castle's great mass. And she experienced an irresistible desire to ascend to that height and breathe the encircling air. She fain would get above the earth and its humanity; she fain would climb out of her own wretchedness and stand serene upon that aerial plane.

So she set forth. The Worths and their establishment had removed to town, but the Castle still was open. A few servants remained to complete the storing, and some workmen had arrived to shutter windows and seal doors.

She gained the top. Ascending in the hollow of the Tower, she had yearned for wings and half expected that they might be given her. Upon pinions such as Mercury's she could vault into the upper air, and sweeping heavenward quit sordid trials and wasting passion. 'Twas the only pleasure she could tolerate, she felt.

Once upon the battlements, instead of the relief for which she had hoped, there came suddenly sharp remembrance of humiliation and of what she knew now had been insult. Within the nearby banquet hall, whose columns glistened, she had paid the price, she had bartered shame for love, and now was being cheated out of her reward.

Around about the circle of the battlements she trod, a maddening rage within her heart, an awful weariness within her brain. As a caged animal repeats with precision his limited steps, so she in a fierce mechanism repeated with exactness the circuit of the Tower. And always at a certain point she halted to peer across the edge in the same manner and for the same number of seconds. And as she peered, she shook her head, muttering: "Four hundred feet down—that and some inches Mr. Worth said."—

"Whatever are you staring at Romaine, as if it had you hypnotized?"

She started ; and bent her brows repellingly.—"You, Mark!"

"Even me," smirked Mark, and swaggered from the doorway upon the open space.

Narrowly she scrutinized the returned miscreant, from his round hat to his varnished shoes. The familiar characteristics were visible, and some new indications also, Had she become more spiritual, or was Mark coarsened? Evidently the fare upon the Sea Fox had been rich, and Mark had stinted none of his appetites. The swellings underneath his eyes had grown more puffy, and his lower chin wore a bloated look.

''How came you to be here?'' she asked indifferently

''Oh, I,'' he laughed—it was peculiarly Mark's laugh, infectious laughter many found it—''I was sent up by old Worth.''

''The firm?—For what, pray?—And you arrived just now?'' Her eyes were hostile.

Mark renewed his swagger—if it may be said a gentleman can swagger. ''This morning. I came up after you. Old man Worth dispatched me to fetch you home.''

Two vivid spots appeared in her cheeks. ''Mark, speak truth!'' she bade.

''I am; it's God's own truth,'' he answered. And his appreciation of the drollness of the truth was expressed in what approached a leer. He supplied the truth's credibility. ''Arrived this morning, some directions for the workmen, and so stopped off here first. Intended to drop down on you at the cottage this afternoon.''

She felt stricken and incompetent. The world, it was so plain, meant to be too strong—its forces would control.

''We will go home together,'' stated Mark, as jauntily as if he were not broaching revolution.—''To-morrow, if you think you can get closed up in time. The old man will worry until we're both back safe in Chicago—somehow he's got all worked up about our moral welfare. Read me a lecture, regular matrimonial ten commandments—said the wife's place was by her husband's side, and danger always threatened, when they were apart any length of time.''

Mark paused to cock his head a little to one side, and smilingly to regard his helpmate. ''I'll be hanged if I understand what is his game. Do you think you do?''

''But I thought,'' she blundered, ''that he was determined to send you to Japan.'' Mrs. Eccleston was never shrewd—how then expect wisdom of her in surprise!

''Oh, ho! I thought there was collusion!'' he retorted. ''Then old Worth and you did understand one another, even if you do not now?'' Did menace point the interrogation of his tone?

She faced him boldly. ''Mark, I'll not submit to base insinuations—not from *you!*''

The contempt stung him. ''By God,'' he exclaimed—it was the first oath he had ever used to her—''you're no woman to give yourself airs!''

Her head drooped.

And he cooled. He even had the grace to feel a bit ashamed although he felt that right was ranged with him.

Cooling, he realized, moreover, that a satirization of her error rather than self-indulgence in anger would yield the sweeter vengeance.

He commenced humorously, ''However, don't let that trouble you a little bit. As the Irishman observed about the constitution between friends,what's a little matter like old Worth between a man and wife?'' He advanced. ''So step up, Romaine, and give your lord and master a kiss!''

She recoiled—her eyes dilating, her body shuddering, ''Don't, Mark!'' she prayed.

''Why not?'' cried Mark. ''Who has a better right, I'd like to know?'' He seized the arm raised to defend herself from him.

''Don't!'' she gasped.

''I will,'' he vowed and grasped her waist. ''Aren't you my wife? Haven't I my rights? You've fooled and held me off too long.''

''You beast!'' she said.

The epithet exploded in his face; he felt it as a blow. As she escaped, he stepped back staring. ''Why do you say that?'' He seemed cut to the heart. ''I never showed that side to you.''

The old contrition on his account gripped her again. ''I'm sorry, Mark, but—but—you mustn't be so masculine.''

''I was never that to you,'' he muttered, "whatever I have been outside.'' The injustice as it rankled made him scowl. ''You had every liberty, any friend you chose, and I never asked a question, never interfered.''

''I know, Mark.''

''I treated you as my superior a thousand times, and I believed you were. What have you done for me? Given your contempt, which I endured because it was my due, I thought. But now—there's more—what I'll not stand. You have compromised my name.''

''Not yet,'' she answered, fronting steadily his gathering fury. Her face had gone white.

Mark gasped — an instant — then specified concretely her offense, his own betrayal. '' They say so in Chicago; it's all over the store. They say old Worth displayed you for his mistress to those New York men.''

She was not confounded—to his astonishment. She appeared contrite, but the contrition had no savour of repentance that he perceived. ''I know,'' she said, ''I placed myself in a false position, as I recognized too late. It was the same old story of my confidence in another, Mark. You know how I've always been—there is no politer word for it—an ass. I trusted in the honor—in the honor of that clerk.''

Her candour was entire. ''I don't wonder; indeed, I don't blame you, Mark. I suppose it would be strange if you were not exasperated.''—A hopeless, frantic gesture; ''Bear in mind—you always must—your wife's a fool; she always was, she will be to the last.''

Mark must smirk a trifle—her dilemma was so wholly characteristic, it seemed to him. ''Never mind, Romaine. I didn't think you guilty—at the worst I concluded you had only been used by that little white rat in one of his pet schemes.'' Grinningly' he added: "but you got the reputation sure enough; you might as well have had the fun.''

She scarcely noted the remark—a new consequence had occured to her. Anxiously: ''You heard it at the store. Then Mr. Wytcherly must have heard it too.''

Mark leaped—his face distorted, his eyes afire. ''Damn Wytcherly!''

Her disdain poured on him from a height.

He clenched his fists, and danced ridiculously, and swore.

''Is it true?—Tell me, is it true?''

She wondered if he meant to strike her.

''What is true?'' she asked.

''What Worth hinted, that—that you love that damned rhyming dog, that you planned to run away with him.''

"Very nearly true," she said.

Mark staggered, cowered. Mutely his despairing eyes implored a contradiction from his wife. He shivered, and she saw that he was old. "I would not have believed it of you, Romaine." It was half a moan.

"I'm sorry, Mark," she stated with sincerity. After a pause: "But I am human; I am a woman. And I was weary remaining the immaculate saint whom you in the sentimentalism of your cups might remorsefully invoke.'

The eyes that answered her were red. "If I got left," the chagrined male snarled, "you're getting left yourself, you bet. Last week in State street I saw your beloved Wytcherly in company with your this summer's maid. She was blushing at his words and he was feeding on her glowing face." A coarse chuckle completed Mark's revenge.

Her knees swayed under her, and she closed her eyes to hide their anguish. Mark watched.

Presently he spoke, with firmness, yet with a new kindness. "We will have a fresh understanding from now on. We will begin all over again. Letting you do as you choose will not work, you see: you've pitched into some nasty holes."

"Oh, I know I have."

"I intend to assert myself from this day forth. You are my wife, and hereafter you will do your duty as my wife, or I'll know the reason why. We're going to cut moonshine and damned nonsense out — we'll get down to earth."

"I'm—I'm going home."

"Do. I'll follow about six o'clock. It will take all afternoon for me to finish up here for old Worth. Have a jolly good dinner ready—I'll bring a couple of bottles from the Castle store. We'll stay tonight at Idlenesse, and tomorrow see whether we can't pack up and get off for old Chicago."

He patted his wife upon the back. "Cheer up, old girl! We two old married people will be happy yet."

"You're dreaming, Mark," she said, as she quit the battlements.

CHAPTER LAST

ESCAPE

Three o'clock had struck by the time Mrs. Eccleston reached Idlenesse.

She went about the cottage setting things in order. She worked steadily through task after task. Each, as she disposed of it, assumed a high significance, because she felt that she was done with it forever. Her duster, as she laid it down, looked dear; the dishes, which she polished, were acquaintances; the broom, with which she swept a floor, seemed companionable.—Would they miss her, one and all?—would they grieve? she sentimentalized.

She examined next her intimate possessions. She rifled a writing-desk of its store of years, uncovering old accounts and yellow letters, a few verses she had once composed, some little songs that she had made. Without exemption she burned them one by one; holding lighted matches to the corners and feeding pages singly to the blaze. The journal she had kept when she was young, when her moods had not been passions but experiments, she tore out sheet by sheet.

Seated in her great-grandmother's stately straight-backed chair, one listless hand dropping fresh fuel upon the embers of what had been burned, her eyes fixed themselves in a stare of consideration.

"Waste, or a great mercy, which is it?" she mused. "Which, that our lives dissolve and the record of them fails? The intimate experience of *me*, how superlatively important, how poignant inexpressibly, to *me!* The envelopes of society and city, of history and material stuff, afford mere opposition, which serves to engender realization on my part of my own consequence and character.

"Yet the soul's intimate experience is uncommunicable, is wasted seemingly, escapes even the ability of the pen to record. The intimate experience exercises no influence on events, contributes nothing to affairs, has indeed no business on the stage.—What then is it for? Why does it strike each one of us as so significant?—Can it be of moment after death—is it all we carry with us over that dark brink?"

—She searched the pockets of her clothes. "Mark will rummage in them first of all," she thought. "But I will thwart both him and his kind. They shall not poke profanely to convict me of intentions. Let them surmise according to their vulgar understandings—they shall never surely know."

She walked from room to room, making mentally an inventory.—"Are you not mine, all mine," she asked, "my sticks and stones, my things? Do you not illustrate my tastes, reveal my habits—are you not the intimate mould of me? Think you I can leave you to be handled, scheduled, sold, as so much upholstery, so much bric-a-brac? Nay, do not fear it, dears."

She stroked a table with her palm. "O satin one, will you be auctioned off to ornament some rising clerk's prim parlour?"

She scrutinized a painting. "Subtle miracle of tones, could you endure to hang between two outrages up on an alien wall?"

She bowed low before the sideboard. "Will it consort with your honorable antiquity to serve in gaudy palaces the newly rich?''

She swept a proud glance around. ''No, no more than mine own body shall you be debased!'' she vowed.

* * *

When she had finished the arrangement of what she had determined, she went into the gallery, locking the door behind her.

There while she lingered—reluctant at the last,—a sob broke in her breast. ''Oh, how sadly happy here might I have been for years, but for the sweet and strange and terrible affliction which I would not lose.''

She smiled. ''Queer human nature. Once I heard of a man who felt homesick when he left his Pullman berth. So I am loath to leave the prison which oppresses me.''

* * *

Her oars by now had brought the boat clear of the extreme headlands and she was far from land. A clear sunset was ending the fair day. No wisp of cloud or shred of vapour tarnished the sky. As a living god the sun in naked splendour shone. Blue and violet the rays from his face, uncombined with any crimson heat, darted radiants of pure light, which like ceaseless flights of arrows flashed across the flickering lake to gleam in dazzling gold upon the myriad panes of the tall Castle, breaking against the glass as phosphorescent seas upon diamond cliffs.

The mere beauty of the scene, however, she scacely noted. Her eyes dwelt instead upon two spots only of the long array of shore. Over one a thickening cloud was whirling—smoke of fired Idlenesse The other—a white patch——represented the sheer face of a cliff.

Sight of the smoke, which was tongued now by flame, filled her with exultance for her deed. Glimpse of the rock blinded her eyes with tears. ''O heart of woman, woman's heart,'' she moaned, ''both anciently and now the same, in Sappho of the Isles, in the Ojibway princess of this coast, the heart that aches in me!''

* * *

—Miles out upon the pulsing bosom of the lake, the last light glimmering. The heavy oars, ere this had fallen from her tired hands and her listless body was swaying with the motion of the boat.

—A cold breath fanned her cheek and she was grateful for its touch In bursts, each burst grown stronger colder, the north wind blew. It' whipped her skin with stinging drops; it roused her blood; it made her keen to dare, defy. And as a long wave flung the boat half over, in a sudden pang of thankfulness she realized that she and the Inevitable had closed.

She gained her feet, for a moment mastering the pitching craft as a rider the wild horse that is to throw him. And in that great instant, as the wind broke the bondage of her hair and it streamed wide, much was vouchsafed.—Such as the high assurance that through her own imperious will she had escaped dishonor, and the relinquishment of that exaltation to which by love she had attained.

Her divination surpassed possibly that of those who die in sickness or in passion. She eagerly met death. For Life and Death, it was revealed, are as two pages of one sheet, whose first, being read, inspires wishes for the second.

Thus informed, she asked who, if he might, would avoid Death, or, if he could, deprive himself of that rich hope. Lo, Death, as a feudal king, held all the honours in his hand; his scourge lashed men into some nobility; his dread subdued in part the Beast; his instigation accounted for the theory of the Soul!

THE END.

My Little Son

By Dorothy Green

MY little son, my little son
Lies in my arms at rest;
His baby fingers clasp me close,
His cheek to mine is pressed.

Oh, prophet-love of motherhood
That scans the years unborn
And sees the noon-day triumph-glow
At first faint flush of morn!

With eyes grown dim I gaze afar,
And dream of days to be—
My little son, my little son,
Heart o' the world to me!

* * * * *

I hear the roll of summoning drums,
The tramp of ordered feet;
A sound of cheering grows apace
Along the narrow street.

One rides before the serried ranks,
For whom they cheer again
His eager eyes flash keen, his hand
Impatient shakes the rein.

He does not hear my broken cry;
Through tears I dimly see
A stranger son, a bearded son,
No longer mine to me.

* * * * *

The crimson sunset burns the west,
And dark against the glow
Across the plain a cortege moves
Relentlessly and slow.

Victor, yet vanquished from the fight
They bear him to my door,,
Their faces fade; I only see
The form that moves no more.

With passionate tears I clasp him close
And bitter memories flee.
My little son, my little son,
Comes back at last to me!

HOMES

BY HOLMAN

THE gambrel roof lends itself to particularly artistic treatment, and the house illustrated in this issue which may be built anywhere in Western Canada for $4,000, is most picturesque and practical. The front entrance is graceful and attractive, the verandah being of the correct proportion and the front door of modern and pleasing detail.

The arrangement of the rooms is harmonious and has a quiet dignity that appeals to people of good taste. After passing through the vestibule, the visitor finds himself in a large reception hall which has a fireplace and hearth, beamed ceiling, and a pleasant vista of staircase, parlor and dining-room beyond. In the reception hall there is a alcove affording room for a hall stand where coats and wraps may be disposed Access may be gained to all rooms from this hall. This is an especially convenient feature for numerous reasons. The hall is treated with burlap, plain dark woodwork, and stucco plastering. This, together with the fire-place, gives a very homelike impression.

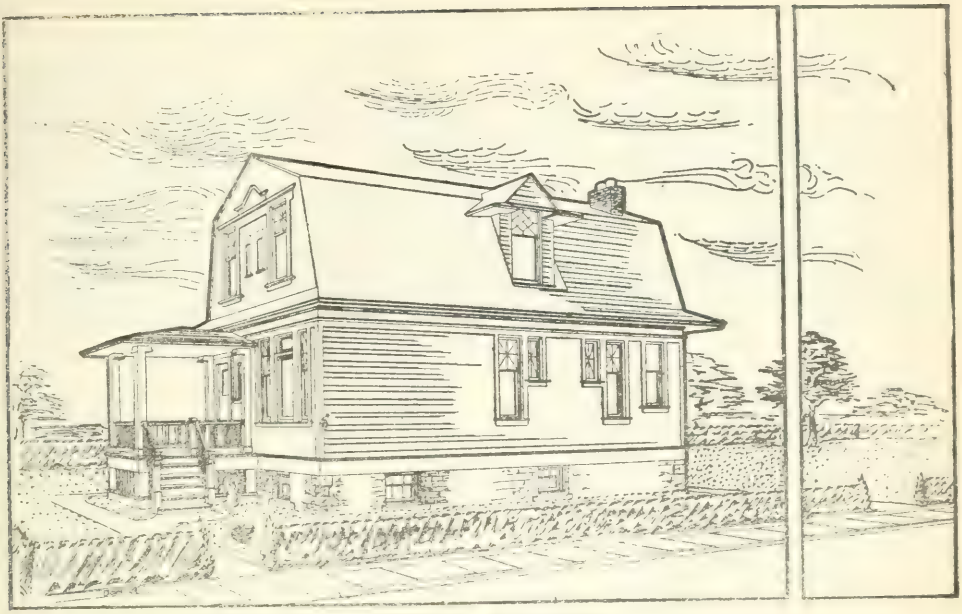
The parlor may be finished in enamel effectively, and a bay window may be built in the front of the room with good effect.

The dining-room is treated similarly to the hall. This is a very pleasant room, the window arrangement being especially effective. As shown in the perspective, the windows at the extreme ends of the room are long, and the inner windows are shorter. This design admits of a buffet being placd in the center of the space between these windows so that the light will fall directly on the service and other articles displayed on the shelves. Of necessity, the plate-rail is placed quite high, and may be treated as a sort of cornice for the room. With a refined and quiet color of burlap in connection with simple dark woodwork, and artistic china, this room should be very harmonious and artistic in appearance.

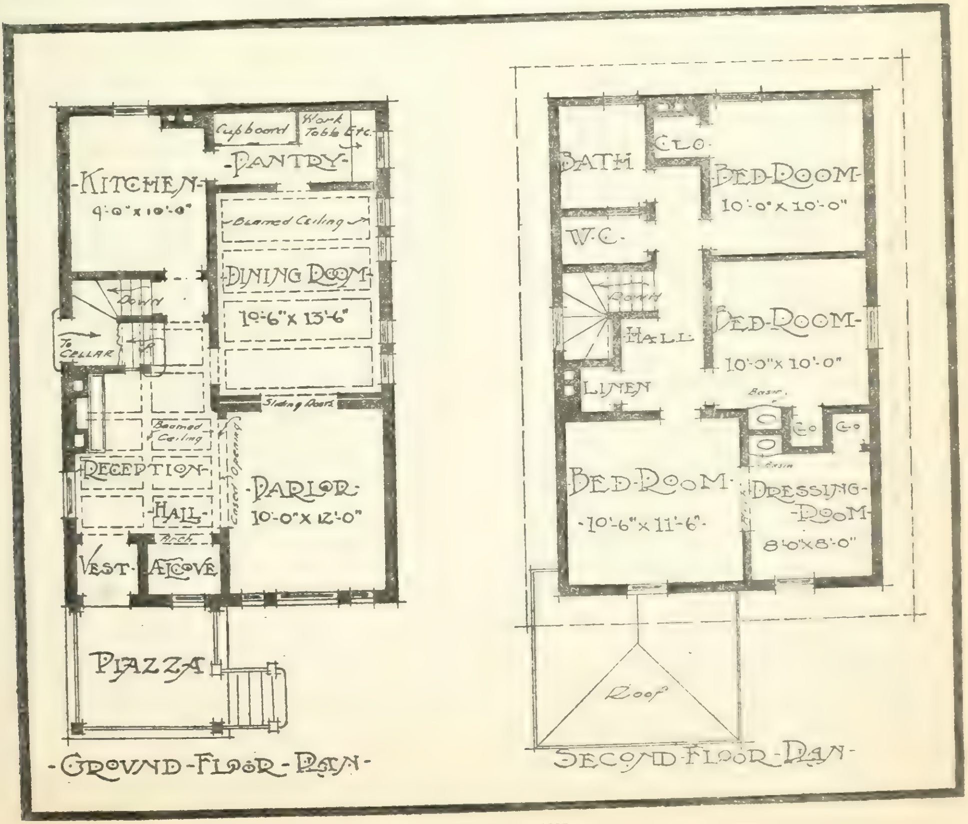
The kitchen and pantry arrangements are ideal, making the labor of housekeeping as light as possible Attention should be especially drawn to the stair from the rear hall to the basement. It will be noted that the house has what is called a ''grade entrance.'' This term means that the entrance steps at this point are all inside the building, and are used for the dual purpose of giving access to the side entrance door and to the basement, so it will be seen that there are two stairs in one. This arrangement allows tradesmen to deposit vegetables, fuel, and so forth, directly into their respective bins in the cellar without walking through the kitchen. Any housekeeper will appreciate the convenience of such a scheme. The basement is fitted with all modern appliances.

The second floor has three large bed rooms with clothes closets in each. The front chamber and the one adjoining have basins with hot and cold water connections. The front room has also a dressing-room which may be arranged with a door into the hall, if it is preferred, thus making another chamber available. The bath and toilet are separate, and the hall is large and airy.

The whole house, exterior and interior, is carefully designed to meet the requirements of good taste and convenience. and will be found to present a pleasant and artistic effect.



A NEAT LOW PRICED HOME


Cupboard
Work Table Etc.
PANTRY
KITCHEN
9'-0" x 10'-0"
Beamed Ceiling
DINING ROOM
10'-6" x 13'-6"
Down
To CELLAR
Up
Sliding Doors
Beamed Ceiling
Cased Opening
RECEPTION
HALL
PARLOR
10'-0" x 12'-0"
Arch
VEST.
ALCOVE
PIAZZA
GROUND FLOOR PLAN
BATH
CLO.
BED ROOM
10'-0" x 10'-0"
W.C.
Down
HALL
BED ROOM
10'-0" x 10'-0"
LINEN
Basin
CLO
CLO
Basin
BED ROOM
10'-6" x 11'-6"
DRESSING ROOM
8'-0" x 8'-0"
Roof
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

THE FLOOR PLANS

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

A WORD OF GREETING

THIS is the first number of our second year. It isn't anywhere around December twenty-fifth, so we can't say "Merry Christmas," but we arn't going to be cheated out of greeting the readers of the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE with a "Happy New Year," at least. So we say:

"Here's luck for another twelve months, and here's to a closer friendship!"

OUR NEW SERIAL

IN the course of the next few months, after the completion of "The Furnace," we shall begin a new story, "The Homesteaders" by Mrs. Jessie Beckton. The story is peculiarly Canadian in its interest, bright and attractive in its style, and vividly illustrative of the experiences of a refined young English girl who homesteads with her two brothers on the great prairies of the Northwest.

The three young people, fresh from an English county, found that Canadian prairie life was a distinctly new problem to them, but instead of complaining they broke ground and made the best of everything. To be sure, they had their amusing experiences. Joan went out to watch her brothers breaking the sod with their yoke of oxen, "but after the first day I fled, as Peter apologetically explained that it was quite impossible to learn ploughing with oxen and keep a guard over tongue and temper at the same time." She had her own troubles with the house-work and cooking, but by the time of the first snow-flurry, they were snugly housed, and the store-room was the pride of the English girl's housewifely heart.

The delicate thread of a love-story between Joan and the young Englishman on the next section runs through the account of how the three made a success of their hundred and sixty acres, and altogether it is an intimate and charming book.

But Mrs. Beckton in her home at Canterbury, England, had a purpose other than that of amusing her readers when she wrote "The Homesteaders." We quote the following from a recent letter from her: "I am much interested in the often discussed question of emigration, and I always say that it is very unwise and unfair to the Northwest to publish nothing but the glowing, prosperous side of the picture. I was a pioneer myself, being taken to the West by my father, Captain Pierce, in 'fifty-two, and know only too well all the drawbacks as well as the better part. I have a big warm place in my heart for the beautiful prairie lands, and cannot bear to hear the libels cast upon them by those who go out expecting too much, and return disheartened to give the country a bad name. It was this that made me write 'The Homesteaders,' to show how much might be done, in spite of the drawbacks."

Whether you have homesteaded in the Last West or not, the story will hold you and delight you with its simplicity, directness, and wholesomeness. Every one of the people in it is worth knowing—every one is a thoroughbred, clean and straight and fine. It is a splendid tale, and we are happy to announce its appearance soon in the columns of the CANADA-WEST Magazine.

A QUESTION OF SOULS

THAT uncertain thing we call our soul has always been a puzzle to man. Like a youngster fooling with the works of the family clock, we pull first one weight of our mechanism and then another, sure of our ability to rearrange matters eventually, and not until too late do we discover that the whole system has gone irreparably wrong.

Long ago Lafcadio Hearn, that curious philosopher, wrote to his friend, Dr. Gould, "That I should cease to make a shadow some day seems quite natural, because Hearney-boy is only a bubble, anyhow ('The earth hath bubbles') but you, hating mysteries, and seeing and feeling and knowing everything, you have no right ever to die at all. And I can't help doubting whether you will. You have almost made me believe what you do not believe yourself—that there are souls. I haven't any, I know; but I think you have—something electrical and luminous inside you that will walk about and see things always. Are you really —what I see of you—only an Envelope of something subtler and perpetual?"

Douglas Macleod is a characteristic example of this type of arch-dreamer. Given to self-analysis and self-expression, such people become sensitized to the slightest flutter and subtlest vagary of the delicate Something within them; experimenters by nature, they cannot resist the temptation to investigate still a little further; and usually they end as Douglas Macleod ended—at the railway crossing.

It is a searching study—Miss Campbell's "The Masterpiece"—a "No Trespassing sign" on the Tree of Knowledge, a warning to the experimental young fellow who is curious to try just a bite of the apple, to play with the fates for a moment, to slip under the veil through which we may not see. We count ourselves fortunate to have secured "The Masterpiece" for the columns of the CANADA-WEST. It will be concluded in the next number.

OMITTED THIS MONTH

WE regret that in this month's number there is no installment of Miss E. Cora Hind's "A Paternal Corporation." We have been illustrating these articles quite fully with photographs, and this month the plates were not completed in time to run with the story. Next month we shall continue the series.

A GOOD LAUGH COMING

"THE Tune the Old Cow Died On"—it's a good teasing title, isn't it? It's Irish, too, if anything further were needed to coax along your interest, and a love-storey besides to finish you entirely.

And then it's written by Billee Glynn—engaging Billee Glynn who has made you laugh scores of times—and it's in his best vein. Oh, it's a rollicking good story. If you don't laugh before you've finished the second paragraph, we'll stake our professional reputation that you've a case of lockjaw or ingrowing gravity.

Don't you want to know right now what kind of a tune it was that the cow came to grief with—and how the girl looked—and who was the man in the case? Oh well, we'll tell you this much; that the lover watched pretty Fanny Donovan at her milking every evening for two years before he dared to put the inevitable question—and after all, it was the cow that settled the quandary.

Now you will be good and wait for the number when it comes out?

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

FROM THE HALL BEDROOM

I HATE to seek my folding bed,
Because I have been told
That many little sleeping lambs
Are gathered in the fold.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A WOMAN entered a men's furnishing store, with the usual embarrassed expression, and asked to look at some trousers for her husband.

"Yes madam, certainly," responded the clerk. "What size does he wear?"

"I—I don't exactly know," hesitated the woman, "but," cheering up, "he wears a sixteen collar."

SHIRTWAIST BOYS

THERE are two downcast Willies in Peanut street this morning," said the stenographer to the book-keeper in a Winnipeg office the other day. "They have been flirting with each other for a week from the windows of adjoining office buildings. In their pink shirts each thought the other was a girl."

A PARDONABLE FAULT

MR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements smiled and said:

"But who or what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen.

"'An old Scottish woman wished to sell a hen to a neighbor.

"'But tell me,' the neighbor said, 'is she a'thegether a guid bird? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at all?'

"'Aweel, Margot,' the other old woman admitted, 'she has got one faut. She will lay on the Lord's day.'"

ALL WITH HAM

THEY tell a story of an old Yorkshire woman who attended a funeral in a neighboring village, and on her return talked it over with her neighbor.

"Well, Nancy, I hear you wor at the funeral," said the neighbor.

"Yes, I wor," Nancy replied.

"What kind of a funeral wor it?" asked the friend.

Nancy sniffed.

"Why, it wor a very mean affair nobbut a few biscuits an' sich."

"Ah," said the other old woman. "Them's the sort o' ways I don't hold to. I've lost five, but thank 'evin, I've buried 'em all wi' 'am."

AN AWKWARD DODGE

A CERTAIN schoolboy's father said to him one night at dinner:

"Well, son, how are you getting along with your French?"

"Very well, thank you sir," replied the boy.

The father beamed with pleasure.

"Ask politely in French for some peas," he said.

There was an awkward pause. Then—

"But, father," said the boy, "I don't want any peas."

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
REGISTERED
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

A GOOD CREED.

HENRY Ward Beecher over sixty years ago established a Farmer Creed that was as follows:

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be liberally fed.

We believe in large crops which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm both glad at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it. All the better with a sub-soil plow.

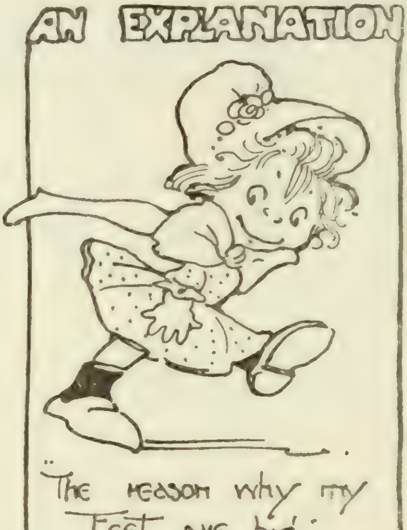
We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm houses, good stock, good orchards and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning wheel, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy and a clean conscience.

We firmly *disbelieve* in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whiskey until honest people are ashamed of them.



AND SHE GOT IT BACK.

IT was in a backwoods town, where lucifer matches were a novelty. Aunt Lyddy Barlow had doubtfully invested in a box, persuaded thereto by the storekeeper's easy grace in scratching them where they are usually scratched.

Two days later she rode back to the crossroads with the matches.

"No. Don't want 'em. Wouldn't hev 'em as a gift. You gimme back my good money, Bill Barker."

"But what's the matter, Aunt Lyddy?" asked the storekeeper, taking out a match and raking it across his jeans successfully. "Don't they light all right?"

Aunt Lyddy looked down from her high saddle with triple-extract scorn.

"An' you think, Bill Barker, thet I'm goin' ter ride twelve miles into town, before I get Jim's breakfast, to scratch them matches on the seat of your pants? Well, thank the Lord, I ain't such a fool as I look."

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for December, 1907 No. 2.

COVER DESIGN by F. D. Schwalm
Illustrating Juliana in Service

Frontispiece Illustrating "The Tune the Cow Died on"	**Noteware**	134
Juliana in Service. Fiction	**Jeannette Cooper**	135
Saskatchewan's 1907 Crop	**F. Hedley Auld**	141
The Little Bird and the Blacksmith. Fiction	**Cy Warman**	144
John Bedford's Recompense. Fiction	**Mae Harris Anson**	146
Sleep. Verse	**Katherine Trent**	148
A Paternal Corporation. Paper 5. Illustrated with photographs	**E. Cora Hind**	149
A Bargain in Buffaloes Illustrated with photographs	**Basil C. d'Easum**	154
The Brook. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	158
The Father of Innisfree	**John V. Borne**	159
The last night of Louis Riel. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	162
By Hill and Dale in Manitoba Illustrated with photographs	**R. W. Dunlop**	163
The English Settlers	**F. W. Hunt**	171
The Tune the Cow Died on. Fiction	**Billie Glynn**	175
" Dollar Wheat "	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	181
The Changeless Yesterdays. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	185
Adventures in a Garden. Fiction Illustrated by drawings	**Mary Livingston**	186
The Masterpiece. Fiction. Concluded	**Floy Campbell**	189
Homes Illustrated with drawings	**Hugh G. Holman**	194
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor		197
Shop Talk	**The Editor**	199
Industrial Openings	**The Editor**	202

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscription, $1.00. Single Copy, 10 cents.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be re-printed without permission

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co., WALKER THEATRE BLDG
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

The January Canada-West

A Glimpse at the Contents

A Cover Design—unique—charming by Florence Pretz—**The Little Empire Builder.**

General Articles by

RICHARD A. HASTE, who describes that miracle-worker **The Warm Chinook,** in its most interesting phases. **AGNES DEANS CAMERON,** who writes most entertainingly of **The Isle o' Dreams.** What would the world do if an island rich beyond the dreams of avaricious man were suddenly set down in the Pacific Ocean. It is of such an island Miss Cameron tells. **E. CORA HIND,** whose fifth installment of **A Paternal Corporation** paints vivid pictures of Canada's hotels, that "chain of silken ease" which stretches across the continent. **MAE HARRIS HANSON,** a picturesque account of one type of Canadian immigrant, **The Peasant. EDWARD ANGUS** has described a picturesque **Canadian Winter Resort;** and **F. W. RUSSEL** in **Selling An Empire** has told how one man-made corporation placed on the market nearly thirty million acres of the richest land in the world.

As for Fiction—

FORREST CRISSEY has a story, **The Baby and the Burglar,** that strikes a deep human note. **CY WARMAN** contributes one of his delightful sketches that smells of the woods. **SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL** offers one of her most attractive stories for children, **Nubbles and the Queen's Supper. FRED NASON** in **The Confidence Woman** tells a humorous tale of three learned men and a woman. **CHARLES F. RAYMOND** has given us a splendid mystery story in **The Green Stone Ring;** and **ROSE KING** in **Her Photographic Idol,** and **JEANNETTE COOPER** in **The Surrender** have both written the sort of love stories you all like to read.

The Illustrations are on a par with the stories and the general articles.

Don't Miss the January Canada-West

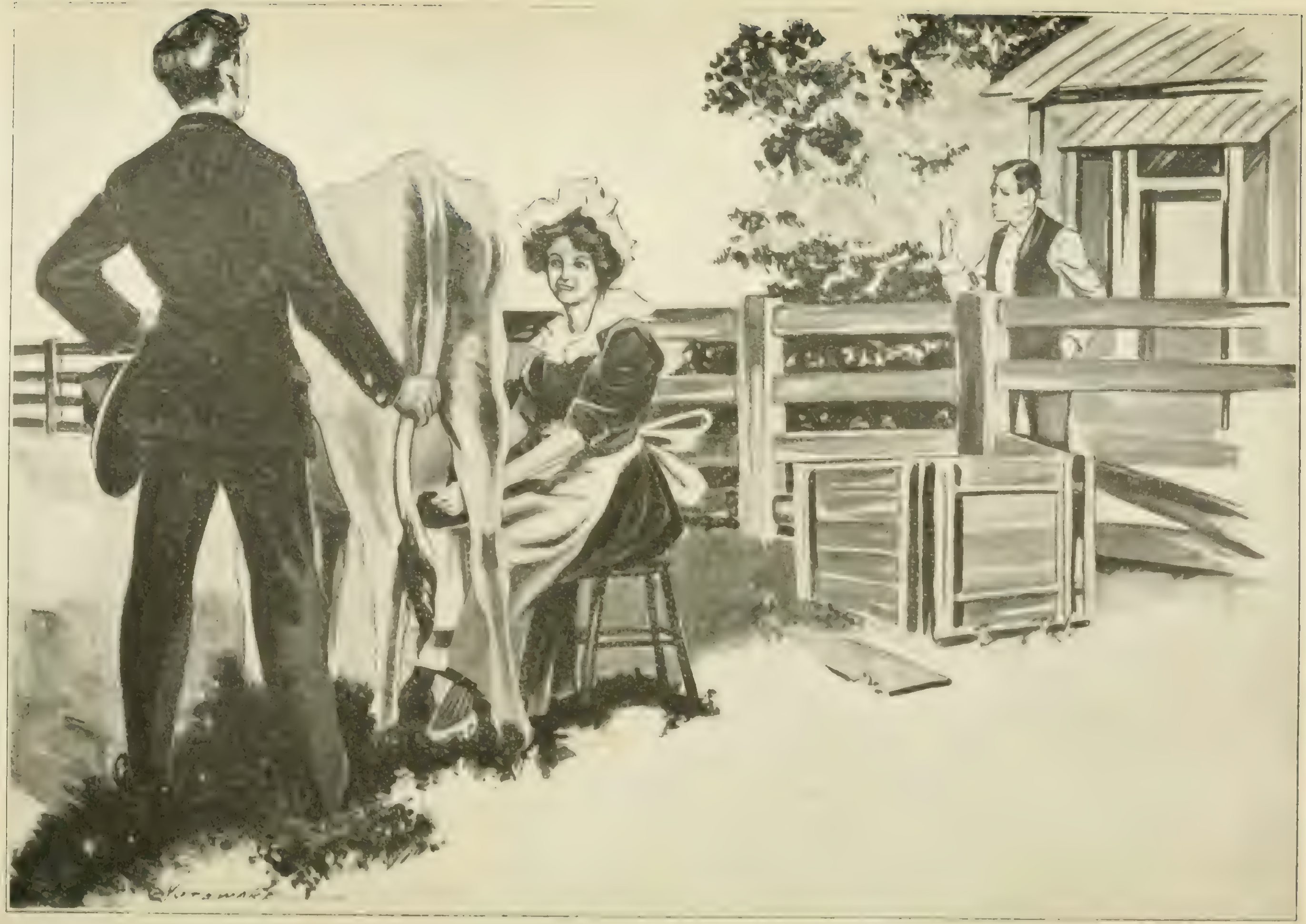
The Canada-West in 1908

FREDERICK NOTEWARE
who is to illustrate Forrest Crissey's story

WHAT is in for you? Just to give you a taste, we will say that we have two serials in hand for the coming months; one, "The Homesteaders," by Jessie Beckton, a story of the prairies; another, "The Heart of a Horse," by Cy Warman, which needs no further recommendation. We have matter by Shailer Mathews, Editor of The World To-Day, and Dean of a great Divinity College; Arthur Stringer, poet and author; Agnes Deans Cameron, contributor to the Saturday Evening Post; William Hard of Everybody's Magazine; and Elliott Flower, the novelist; clever stories by "Dick" Little, the war correspondent; and general articles and fiction from Hubert McBean Johnston, Mae Harris Anson, Forrest Crissey, Jeannette Cooper, Garnett Campbell Eubank, E. Cora Hind, Karl Edwin Harriman, and many others. We shall do our level best to make each succeeding number of the Canada-West better than the last.

SUBSCRIBE NOW $1.00 per year

The Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg



Short bits of laughter came to the ears of Mickey.

The Tune the Cow Died On   See page 134

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1907

VOL. III.
NO. 2

Juliana in Service

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "The Ghost of The Trail," "A Candid Violet," etc.

JULIANA was sociologically inclined. That was how it came about that she found herself one afternoon sitting forlornly on her trunk and homesickly surveying an attic apartment containing a small hard bed, a lopsided washstand, and a mirror that assured her with untruthful persistency that she was not a pleasure to look at.

"Anyway it isn't a basement," said Juliana glancing about her. Three promising places—promising from her point of view—had she refused because she could not command her courage to the point of sleeping downstairs. In this house there were no basement bedrooms and the two tiny attic rooms were given up to the cook and the housemaid. She reviewed mentally the apartments on the lower floors through which her mistress had conducted her and compared them with this in which she sat; after which she got her notebook out of her bag and made a few hasty notes. Juliana was going to do a series of articles on the Domestic Service Problem and she was getting her material at first hand.

She felt very pleased with her notes. They were lightly satirical. When she had done her hair over before the malicious mirror she made some more notes. These were filled with a yearning cry of gloom. She felt a gratifying certainty that a half-column of pathos could always be secured by a few minutes spent before that mirror. She unpacked her trunk, pausing occasionally to add other heart-rending wails of a housemaid cast away on a desert of lopsided furniture, and when a final survey of herself reflected a cross-eyed face under the exaggerated pompadour she had substituted for her usual rather classic coiffure and a dumpy and grotesque figure in a cheap lace waist, she had really to tear herself from the room so filled was she with gloomy and satirical literature. Just outside the door she met Mrs. Wentworth.

''Oh, Julia,'' said that lady who was a pretty and stylish young person, ''I quite forgot to tell you that I have ordered some new furniture for your room. We have just moved to Winnipeg and I have not been able to get it attended to sooner. The new things will be up to morrow.''

Juliana did not write up her notes that evening on the sleeping accommodations offered servants. But she made two notes on different subjects and underscored them. They read as follows:

''The cook has been called home. I am to do her work this week as well as my own!''

''Mrs. Wentworth expects her brother to-morrow making when Mr. Wentworth arrives—four in the family. It is this uncertainty of the demands on one's time and strength that makes household service so unpopular.''

''But perhaps the chief thing,'' Juliana sharpened her pencil and took a fresh start, ''is the line drawn between those who employ servants and those who serve; a line, apparently impossible to cross, that lies between the drawing room and the kitchen.''

She glanced that over in the morning before she went down to prepare breakfast. It comforted her for her lost inspiration on the subject of servant's rooms and she decided to elaborate that line of thought for her first article. Not that it was a new thought but all one needed was a new viewpoint and a feeling style and surely she, with her experience before her, could count on these. She ran lightly down the backstairs, pushed open the kitchen door and came to a standstill. A young man sat at the kitchen table partaking of a generous piece of apple pie. He looked up at her and smiled. He was a large young man with a handsome mouth and nice eyes. ''Good morning,'' he said. ''Don't be frightened. I am Mrs. Wentworth's brother.'' He surveyed her reassuringly and interestedly as he went on. ''The furnace man let me into the basement and I found the stair door unlocked so I did not have to choose between waking the family and walking the streets until a respectable hour.'' He smiled again and proceeded to make the most of what little pie was left. ''It isn't just the thing for breakfast,'' he commented ''but I saw it first.''

He had his eyes again on Juliana, who still stood breathlessly by the door. ''I believe I really frightened you,'' he observed, regretfully. ''I'm tremendously sorry.'' She knew perfectly well that he was trying to place her, doubtful of her being a guest down at that hour, doubtful of her being the cook. He strolled across to the cupboard, evidently with the idea of filling in the period of uncertainty, helped himself to a couple of doughnuts and sat down on a corner of the table. ''Can I offer you anything?'' he said.

She did not answer. She went over and began to lay the fire.

''Oh! I say,'' he broke out. ''Is —er—hasn't Mrs. Wentworth got a cook?''

''I am doing the cooking for a few days,'' said Juliana. ''I am the housemaid.'' Then by a flash of inspiration she added. ''The cook has went.''

He devoted himself to his doughnuts after that until, the fire laid, she picked up the coal scuttle and started for the basement. ''I'll get the coal for you,'' he said. He seized the bale of the scuttle but Juliana did not let go her side of it.

''I do not think Mrs. Wentworth would like it,'' she was too startled to say anything except the first thing that occurred to her.

''Why should she object?'' he inquired ingenuously. ''Surely I am better able to carry coal than a girl like you.''

"But I am hired to do it," still clinging to her side of the pail.

He looked down at her hand. "But the point," he explained, "is that you should never have been hired to do it. The fault is in the economic condition that makes such a thing possible. Now, when we Socialists get into power—" he took the pail from her relaxed grasp and disappeared into the basement. "Anything else I can do?" he inquired cheerfully as he deposited the filled bucket beside the stove, "Part of our doctrine is to help a comrade, you know."

"That is all," very stiffly. "Thank you."

"Not at all," amiably. He looked at her an instant from the doorway and then went down the hall whistling softly to himself.

Mrs. Wentworth was beaming on her brother when Juliana carried in the breakfast, "and I'll have you all to myself this week, Kane," she said, before your work begins." Kane's reply was perhaps a little absent-minded. At any rate Juliana was not called upon for any further service and after breakfast Mrs. Wentworth came into the kitchen and said kindly, "You need not serve the table while you are doing the cooking, Julia. I'll attend to that myself." And later, Juliana hearing the lady of the house discoursing in tones reproving, argumentative, satirical, but always too subdued for the words to carry and the answering laughter from Mr. Kane Farnsworth, guessed that she was under discussion and went about her work with a growing wrath within her and a paragraph seething in her brain about self-respecting working girls being subjected to the surreptitious and patronizing attentions of supposedly well-bred young men. Not that she was able to discover anything either patronizing or surreptitious in Mr. Farnsworth's behavior. He came out into the kitchen during the afternoon cheerfully slamming various doors behind him so that all the world might know where he had gone.

"Paring potatoes for dinner, Julia?" he said with great good humor. "I will help you."

"It is quite unnecessary," returned Juliana looking very haughty in spite of the overpowering pompadour and the lace waist.

"Again you miss the point," he said. "It is not a question of necessity but of ethics. Here am I idling and you doing the work of two." He got a large apron and tied it carefully around his neck. Then he got a knife and seized a potato. "You understand Julia," he said unheeding the averted face and stony silence of his companion, "that all the work of the world could be done and well done if each person devoted four hours to it. Authorities differ somewhat as to the time but four hours is the maximum. Now you and I—"

Mrs. Wentworth entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright. Juliana, to her great disgust, felt her own face flushing. Her eyes after the first glance she kept on her potato. Mr. Farnsworth spoke up cheerfully. "I was just explaining to Julia," said, "that if we all worked four hours a day—"

Mrs. Wentworth interrupted. Her voice was quiet but it was the quiet that is an achievement. "Are you thinking of choosing housework as your career?" she asked.

"Do the duty that lies nearest," be quoted, not without an accent of virtue. He finished the potato and selected another.

"I wanted you to help me hang some pictures in the library," said Mrs. Wentworth. Between fear of losing her cook and fear of losing her brother she was really a pathetic sight. Juliana felt stirrings of sympathy.

"In a few minutes," he said. "Having put my hand to the plow, in other words to the potato—"

"I would prefer to do the potatoes alone," said Juliana. "You pare them too thick."

He looked at her accusingly and selected two pieces of peeling from the pan. "Exhibit One," he said. "Peeling removed by Miss Julia—" paused inquiringly and getting no answer repeated with a closing inflection, “by Miss Julia. Exhibit Two.—”

“Kane!” said his sister sharply. He gave her an innocent and inquiring smile.

“There is a great interest in paring potatoes,” he observed. “Now notice the way in which Julia holds hers.” Juliana, uncomfortably aware of her own lack of skill in the potato-paring line, grew scarlet under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and relief when Mr. Farnsworth finally drew his athletic figure to a standing position and followed his sister from the room.

“I find it difficult to get started on my articles” wrote Juliana in her note book the next evening. “I wonder if it is Socialism that makes Mr. Farnsworth haunt the kitchen. None of the Socialists that I met at the Settlement House were especially interested in cooking.”

“No material for articles, yet.” she added the next evening. “I know Mrs. Wentworth longs to be rid of me but she can't get a cook. I would leave her if she could, and go somewhere else. I must get my facts this week or I won't get home for Christmas. Mr. Farnsworth gets up and builds the kitchen fire. Wouldn't that make a fine item in an article on ‘Why servants won't stay?’ I can't make him stop. Mrs. Wentworth is nearly wild, but she doesn't even know how to boil potatoes. She is from the States, a Southern girl, and absolutely helpless. My Domestic Science lessons come in most conveniently just now.”

“Mrs. Wentworth had two pretty girls to dinner,” she wrote the next night. “They are having music in the drawing room now. I found a book on Socialism just inside my door when I came up. I've been looking it over but it doesn't explain Mr. Farnsworth's building the kitchen fire. It hasn't the appearance of having been much read, either. A love poem by Heine dropped out of it.”

“I really must go,” wrote Juliana a day or two later, “even if the family starves to death. I'm not getting anything done; and in spite of all my efforts and Mrs. Wentworth's, Mr. Farnsworth continues calmly to spend the greater part of his time in the kitchen. She looked positively aghast to-day when she found him bringing up the coal. She will visit all the Intelligence offices to-morrow I am sure.”

This proved a true prophecy. Kane Farnsworth sauntered into the kitchen in the middle of the forenoon to tell her about it. “She wanted me to go,” he said, “but I compromised by taking the kid to that aristocratic day nursery he patronizes. I didn't feel equal to deciding from the looks of a lady whether she could cook.” He sat on the corner of the table and watched Juliana moving about in her big blue apron with her sleeves rolled up and a patch of flour on her chin. She had not had time to achieve the pompadour that morning save in a modified form and her rather delicate beauty which was not strictly speaking beauty at all but the charm of a very fair skin and expressive eyes, was undisguised. She was getting ready to make a cake but with his eyes on her she found herself doing all sorts of irrelevant and unnecessary things. “You won't need that, will you?” he inquired helpfully as she lifted down the potato masher. “I wish,” she said, turning to him, her eyes very dark and determined “that you would go away. I am not used to being watched at my work. I could do better—”

“You are doing well enough,” he said soothingly. “Never forget that if everybody devoted four hours—”

“Have you done your four hours?” sharply.

He looked at her a little while before he answered, in fact he had rather the effect of being too absorbed in looking at her to speak. Then he said, “No, I am going to begin now.”

“Then go and begin.”

“But that is what I am here for.” He looked after her as she turned indignantly away. “Why do you try to do everything at once?” he asked.

"Now if you would sit down here a minute and let me speak to you." He pulled a chair forward but Juliana instead of taking it seized the cake board and gazed at him angrily across it.

"I shall be greatly obliged if you will go away," she said. "You are simply hindering me. Your work in the kitchen doesn't amount to anything and I don't believe that your socialist doctrines prescribe any time spent trying to flirt with the cook."

"Oh! Julia! How crude!" he sighed his eyes dancing. Then he added softly. "I am not trying to flirt with the cook. He sat a minute longer watching the fluttering hands and the tip of a little red ear. Then he went across to where she was busily pretending to ignore him. "You think I am not in earnest," he said, "but I am. I should like very much to marry you, Julia, if you would have me."

Juliana dropped her spoon and the flour sifter and the egg beater, all of which she was holding without any idea of how she had intended to use them.

"Unless you go away I am going," she announced.

He stood looking at her, amusement, admiration and other things she did not stop to analyze, in his gaze. "You have much sweet unreasonableness, Julia," he said; and then with another look he went away.

"Christmas to-morrow," wrote Juliana a few days later, "and I am still here. I told Mrs. Wentworth that I must go and she unbent sufficiently to implore me to stay just over Christmas. Mr. Wentworth comes to-morrow He was delayed somewhere on business. Mr. Farnsworth spent the morning trying to make me tell where I live but I was firm. I intend that they shall never know."

Juliana had her morning undisturbed. Mrs. Wentworth succeeded in keeping her brother employed until she triumphantly landed him in the carriage to accompany her and his small nephew to the station. Juliana got her Christmas dinner ready to the last detail, taking the greatest pains. At least Mrs. Wentworth should realize what a cook she had lost. Then she ran up stairs to dress. She got out a tailored linen brought for an emergency and did her hair in the broad gold brown braids that in their simplicity added piquancy to the dainty charm of her face. Then she pulled it all down again and piled it up into the tremendous pompadour she had effected since going out to service, and she put away the handsome gown and donned one which, plentifully adorned with lace, had cost $3.98 ready made. She was going to play fair with Mrs. Wentworth. Even then she parted from her reflection in the new mirror with a smile. But when she ran noiselessly down stairs intent on the finishing touches, the carriage had returned and Mrs. Wentworth's door was ajar. Her voice came from it, a mingling of horror and tears. Evidently she was seeking the first opportunity to pour her woes into her husband's ears. "And do you know" she said, "he actually wants to marry her. Isn't it too awful! *He actually wants to marry her!*

Very scarlet were Juliana's cheeks when she reached the kitchen and very dark and angry her eyes. "I shall go immediately after dinner," she said, "and I'll never see any of them again, never, never, never!" She went into the dining room to see that everything was in order. The two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her indifferently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room.

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say.

Redder grew Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one it seemed was able to read the real worth under a $3.98 exterior. She reached her room out of breath but determined. It was too late to don the linen dress but there was a simple and ravishingly becoming home gown of soft Indian red. In an incredibly short time she was in it. Next the hair came down and went up again in an hurried but artistic mass. Then, Juliana, her eyes as brilliant as her cheeks, returned noiselessly to the kitchen just in time to hear the peremptory tinkle of Mrs. Wentworth's table bell. She seized the platter and with head held high pushed open the dining room door and entered.

For an instant she did not see the man at the foot of the table. For an instant he did not see her. Then he looked up and their eyes met. And into the soft babble of voices and laughter broke two cries.

''Juliana Favrille!'' cried the master delightedly.

''Billy Wentworth!'' cried the maid amazedly.

As in a dream, Juliana saw the dazed faces of Mrs. Wentworth and her guests Then Billy had taken the platter from her, only to place it on the nearest chair, and was holding both her hands.

''I thought you were in England, Billy,'' she said helplessly.

''Just back,'' said Billy. ''Didn't let any of my friends know. Wanted to surprise 'em. I've been five years away from this blessed country. Think of it. Told the firm I couldn't stand it another minute. Not but what England is all right in its place. I met Marion over there, you know. She was—By the way''—with a sudden great increase of astonishment—''how on earth did you and Marion become acquainted?''

Juliana dropped her eyes to hide their shamed hilarity. ''We are not exactly acquaintances,'' she said. ''I am—working here.''

Mr. Wentworth's happy face fell. His troubled voice invited confidence. ''My dear, dear Juliana,'' he said, ''What has happened?''

Mr. Farnsworth arose from his place and came across to where they stood. ''Don't worry, Billy,'' he said. ''Miss Favrille has been masquerading. It's up to you to make her give her reasons.,

Juliana avoided a glance in his direction. Her answer was to Billy. ''It was for articles,'' she said, ''magazine articles on the domestic Service Problem. I didn't know this was your house, Billy.'' But Billy had gone off into happy and continued laughter.

Mrs. Wentworth spoke, chagrin, resentment, and relief—she knew who the Favrilles were—mingling in her voice.

''Bring another chair, Kane,'' she said. If Miss Favrille—''

''Miss Favrille will serve the rest of this course,'' said Mr. Farnsworth. ''Discipline must be maintained. I will help her.'' He opened the door and waited for her to pass out before him.

''Kane insisted she wasn't a servant, came Mrs. Wentworth's aggrieved, apologetic voice.

''So, she's the girl!'' exploded Billy's jolly one. ''Why, my dear, I wanted to marry her myself when she was eighteen.''

Kane followed Juliana down the hall and closed the kitchen door behind them.

''Will you marry me, Juliana?', he said.

Juliana succeeded in freeing one hand and took a step in the direction of the stove.

''Not until after dinner,'' she said.

◆

Saskatchewan's 1907 Crop

By F. Hedley Auld

Chief of Saskatchewan Bureau of Statistics

THE splendid yield of the grain crops in Saskatchewan in 1906, the favorable weather during the season, and the increase of agricultural population were factors that were expected to cause a substantial increase in the acreage sown to grain crops in the province in 1907. The weather was a very important factor in determining the area sown with the various crops in the present season. Every person who has watched the progress of the Canadian West, knows that it, in common with nearly all other cereal producing countries, experienced a season in which extraordinary weather conditions prevailed. The winter months of the present year were marked by unusually cold weather, attended with heavy falls of snow. The long drawn out spring that followed prevented the usual rapid disappearance of the snow, rendering it difficult in many parts of the province to begin active seeding operations until near the middle of May. More land had been prepared for grain crops than in any previous year; but owing to the lateness of the season many farmers deemed it inadvisable to continue sowing wheat beyond a date after which the growing period might be so short as to prevent the crop maturing properly.

As a result of these conditions, the increase in the area sown with wheat as compared with former years was less than it otherwise would have been. Our estimate, however, shows that the acreage of wheat sown in 1907 exceeded that of 1906 by slightly more than 6.76 per cent. One result of the late season is seen in the large increase in the acreage sown with the coarser grains. In the case of oats it has been found that the acreage is more than 20 per cent. greater than that of last year. A considerable portion of the grain crop, particularly that sown last, was intended for feed, to be cut green for feeding in the sheaf.

The weather throughout Western Canada, and, indeed, all over the American continent, was admitted to be highly unfavorable to the successful development of the crops during the greater part of the growing period. In the south-eastern portion of Saskatchewan, scant precipitation occurred during July, and the crops suffered considerably in consequence. The threatened drouth was not the only disturbing characteristic from the agriculturalists' point of view, for hailstorms of varying intensity occurred; and the result is told very expressively in the low average yield of the crops in those areas.

Along the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and over the major portion of the cultivated areas where the crop was not so far advanced at the beginning of July as is usually the case, frequent heavy rains threatened to prolong unduly the growth of vegetation, instead of allowing it to mature at the usual date. The weather continued cold and moist, and eminently suited to vegetation, and as a result of this, the crops in many districts failed to overcome entirely the handicap of the late spring.

In some parts of the province the precipitation was more nearly normal, allowing the crops to mature earlier than in the country adjacent to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway or in that tributary to the Pheasant Hills and the Yorkton branches of the railway. The latter districts demonstrated the ability of the soil to produce a luxuriant growth of vegetation; but the excessive precipitation during August, when warm weather usually prevails, delayed the process of maturity. Frosts unfortunately occurred before the grain was harvested, and the crop was to a greater or less extent damaged.

In the districts in which the precipitation was more moderate, almost the usual proportion of wheat of contract grade was harvested; cutting was begun earlier and the quality of grain was better.

The experience of this season, following a number of "fat" years, may have caused apprehension in some quarters. A reference to the conditions that the Canadian West has had to face may, therefore, be opportune.

In earlier years, when the production of grain was confined to a limited area, there was a more or less constant danger of a serious failure of crop. Owing to the fact that settlement was not very widely distributed, the soil presented comparatively uniform features. Modern methods of cultivation had not been extensively adopted. The restricted settlement and the uniformity of conditions, therefore, increased the liability of a general visitation of any of the destructive influences feared by the farmer in pioneer days.

Conditions of the present day are different in many respects from those even of a few years ago. Agricultural operations have been extended to many new districts, the area of the districts now partly under cultivation being 73,171,780 acres. It is evident that in this large expanse of country including almost all of the province south of township fifty-five, there is much less likely to be a general failure of the crop. The varied character of the soil, the improved methods of cultivation, the scattered areas of tilled land, and the complexity of weather conditions peculiar to such a large territory—all tend to reduce to a minimum the probability of anything like a general failure of the crop. In other words, the occurrence of a crop season unfavorable to the whole province is very improbable. Certain districts this year produced crops almost, if not quite, as good as an ordinary year. Others have a soil that produces such a luxuriance of growth that maturity is correspondingly retarded. These districts, in ordinary years, however, have demonstrated their ability to produce and mature heavy crops of superior quality. These very soils have proven to be the most productive in years when the precipitation was less than normal.

The following is an estimate of the season's crop carefully compiled from the reports of a large staff of correspondents:—

Grain	Crop area acres	Total Yield bushels	Yield per acre
Wheat. . . .	1,847,708	28,042,108	15.17
Oats	772,770	29,167,964	37.74
Barley	60,261	1,903,072	30.08
Flax ,.	85,209	921,043	10.81

Special efforts were made to secure the fullest information respecting the several stages of its development. A large number of the councillors of local improvement districts rendered valuable service in reporting weather conditions affecting the districts that they represent. In addition to this, special reports were received from a large number of threshermen. As a special report was asked for about the time when threshing was begun in many districts our correspondents were enabled to base their information upon the actual results of threshing, which makes our figures as nearly correct as it is possible to obtain them until full threshing returns have been received.

A great deal of uncertainty has prevailed concerning the quality of the wheat crop, and in order to be in a position to represent a definite statement in regard thereto, special pains were taken to secure all possible data concerning this matter, the results of which justify the following statement of the probable grading of the wheat crop of the province:—

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Northern.	10,392,657
Nos. 4 and 5.	7,941,594
No. 6 and feed.	9,707,855
	28,042,106

By reference to the above figures it will be noted that the aggregate value of the season's crops, should present values continue to prevail, will come up well to that of last season.

But, unfortunately, this season's output is unevenly distributed among our farmers, many of whom have had the best results in twenty years experience, while others have had the worst. When all the exceptional disabilities of the past growing season are taken into consideration, the aggregate results cannot be taken otherwise than as most flattering to the splendid productiveness of our soil and the courage and resourcefulness of our people. It is worthy of note that not only is the oat crop the largest in the record of the province, but the average yield per acre has been exceeded in only two years since crop figures were first compiled by the department in 1898. During the same period the yield per acre of barley has only once been greater than this report announces for 1907.

The great demand that exists for these grains and the handsome prices that they now command combine to make a profitable return to the farmer who has a surplus for sale. The experience of the present year tends to demonstrate the wisdom of sowing a goodly proportion of the crop area with these grains. In a year when the wheat crop matures successfully, the growth of these grains does not appear to be such a necessity, but in a season like the past one, and, indeed, in any year they are found to be very profitable, and the farmer who engages in mixed agriculture, even in the matter of grain growing will, in the majority of seasons, net as large a cash return as that received by farmers who engage exclusively in wheat growing.

The following is a comparative statement showing the area and production of grain crops in Saskatchewan in the years from 1898 to 1907:—

	Year	Crop area acres	Total yield bushels	Yield per acre
Wheat	1907	1,847,708	28,042,106	15.17
	1906	1,730,586	37,040,098	21.40
	1905	1,130,084	26,107,286	23.09
	1904	910,359	15,944,730	17.51
	1903	777,822	15,121,015	19.44
	1902	580,860	13,110,330	22.57
	1901	469,953	11,956,069	25.41
	1900	382,540	3,443,671	9.00
	1899	328,459	6,083,508	18.49
	1898	276,253	4,780,440	17.30
Oats	1907	772,770	29,167,964	37.74
	1906	639,873	23,965,528	37.45
	1905	449,936	19,213,055	42.70
	1904	346,530	10,756,350	31.04
	1903	280,096	9,164,007	32.71
	1902	193,200	6,975,796	30.93
	1901	123,251	5,517,866	44.76
	1900	96,173	1,604,561	16.68
	1899	83,465	2,518,248	30.17
	1898	66,356	1,589,412	23.95
Barley	1907	60,261	1,903,072	30.08
	1906	53,565	1,316,415	24.57
	1905	32,946	893,396	27.11
	1904	24,650	598,336	24.27
	1903	27,679	665,593	24.94
	1902	14,275	298,632	20.91
	1901	11,267	354,703	31.48
	1900	8,303	150,822	18.16
	1899	7,656	160,604	20.97
	1898	8,381	182,859	21.81
Flax	1907	85,209	921,043	10.81
	1906	76,005	710,689	9.35
	1905	25,315	398,399	15.73
	1904	15,917	166,434	10.45
	1903	31,644	285,697	9.02
	1902	16,694	153,709	9.80

The average yield of the wheat crop of this season, while not so large as that of other years, is, nevertheless, a creditable showing when compared with the records of other large wheat-growing countries.

The following is a comparative statement of the average yield of wheat per acre for the years from 1901 to 1907:—

	1901	1902	1703	1904	1905	1906	1907
Saskatchewan	25.41	22.57	19.44	17.51	23.09	21.40	15.18
Kansas	18.5	10.4	14.1	12.4	13.9	15.1	—
Minnesota	12.9	13.9	13.1	12.8	13.3	10.9	—
North Dakota	13.1	15.9	12.7	11.8	14.0	13.6	—
South Dakota	12.9	12.2	13.8	9.6	13.7	13.4	—
Nebraska........	17.1	20.9	15.7	13.6	19.4	22.0	—
Iowa...............	16.2	12.7	12.4	11.6	14.2	15.7	—
United States	15.0	14.5	12.9	12.5	14.5	15.5	—
Russia ...	7.9	11.1	10.6	11.5	10.2	—	

The foregoing table shows that even in this admittedly unfavorable season the yield is equal to, or even better than that of the best wheat-growing States of the American Union. The figures, with the exception of those for Saskatchewan, are taken from the 1906 Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Little Bird and the Blacksmith

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories," etc.

QU'APPELLE Lake and the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle have long been famed in unwritten song and story. The weird tales told in the winter tepees have come down from generation to generation until the whole region round is wrapped in mystery and shrouded in a sort of poetic glamour.

I say these tales are told in the winter tepee because no intelligent Cree or Saultaux would waste his time telling tales in summer when he should be hunting or working. To be sure an Indian did sit one summer time to tell a tale, but Wes-a-ka-chock sent a big lizard and it hit the idle story teller, and since that day no man has ventured to spin yarns when the lizards are out.

The very name Qu'Appelle, suggests the sad, sweet story of the lost lover.

A young brave had fallen in battle but his sweetheart would not believe him dead. She set out to find him, so the legend runs, and after travelling for days and nights over the trackless wild, came to the shore of Qu'Appelle Lake, though, as you shall see, at that time unknown and unnamed.

She sat down to rest where the lisping waves lapped the silent shore. Presently she cried aloud to Wes-a-ka-chock and when no answer came she called the name of her lost lover. Her cry reached the buried bluffs on the other shore and back over the sleepy lake came the faint echo of her own wild cry, and she, answering the echo, which she did not understand, cried again and again, "Qu'Appelle—Qu'Appelle"—"who calls, who calls?"

And then, taking new courage she pressed on and on calling and answering her own call, until the night swallowed her and she was seen no more. When the Pathfinders came, setting their stakes along the brow of the bluff and skirting the lake, men said the days of romance were over and all the songs and stories would pass from the memory of men, for the Indians who kept them alive would pass. And yet, out of the rush and confusion of a builders' camp came one of the prettiest "nature" stories heard for many a day.

The country along the Qu'Appelle River is rough and rolling, for a prairie country, necessitating some heavy cuts and fills, if the Grand Trunk Pacific was to keep to its avowed plan for a line practically level from Ocean to Ocean.

In one deep cut the contractors arranged to work all winter, and although last winter was one of the severest ever experienced in this country, not one day was lost here in Saskatchewan. The one cozy corner, if we except the office of the Superintendent, was the blacksmith shop. Here abode by day a little Indian boy and a bird.

On sunny days, when the shop door was open, the little bird would come and go at will. These were the constant and only companions of the sturdy smith—the Cree boy and the little bird. naturally he grew very fond of them and the trio made up a happy family. When the boy and the blacksmith ate their midday meal the little bird would fly down and dine with them, and so became quite tame. The winter dragged drearily, and when the April moon—the moon of mating—came the lake was still sleeping in its shroud of snow. Now the little bird's mate came, shy first and never quite confident. He would not feed with the big man and the little boy as his mate did, preferring the hay shed for rendezvous and to take his meals at the regular boarding tent.

As the days grew brighter and the sun came north, the little bird began to look about for a building place. By right the snow and ice should have been gone, the trees budding and the hills green, yet winter lingered and the little bird could not build in the naked, shivering trees. The little boy left hints for her on shelves and rafters but she left his handful of hay and would not follow his suggestions.

As the days lengthened she spent more time abroad, and finally they missed her altogether. The big blacksmith said nothing but watched the little Cree, as he went about hunting and hunting for his little feathered friend. One day the Cree came bounding into the shop, his dark face beaming with childish delight. The blacksmith watched him smiling, for he knew the boy had found the bird. Slowly the faint smile faded, for the light had gone from the little brown face. After sweeping every nook and corner of the shop with his hungry eyes the little fellow, whose father had been half French, shook his head slowly and said, ''Pas ici!'' ''Pas ici!'' not here, not here, and he went out slowly to renew his search. The following day the performance was repeated, this time the boy was so absolutely certain that he had seen the little bird fly in through a knot hole that he held the hopeful smile for a long while. He would search the room, then stop, and listen, then search and search again. At last he gave it up, saying sadly as he had said before, ''Pas ici! Pas ici!'' and went away.

The blacksmith had missed his tiny companion very much but now his chief concern was the boy. His behaviour was so strange that he called the attention of the camp doctor to the Cree, and although the doctor declared him sane, the blacksmith was convinced that the little boy had grieved until his childish mind had become unbalanced. One day he ventured to suggest that this thing the boy had seen was only a ''spirit bird,'' maybe the shade of Wes-a-ka-chock, and that their little friend had fallen into the hands of a weasel, but the boy would shake his head and answer with a volley of ''No no's,'' and try to find the place where the bird came in.

At the end of the week the boy had grown gaunt and hollow-eyed. By now he began to doubt his own reason. Maybe there was no bird, but only the spirit of the bird came now. And yet he would not give up the search. The blacksmith had become thoughtful and silent. What with the loss of the little feathered friend and the doubtful condition of the Cree, he was greatly distressed.

The coming of the boy was now a fixed event. At a certain hour, almost to the minute, he would rush in and look for the spirit bird. One day as the blacksmith fixed his fire, he felt the touch of the little boy's hand. He followed and the boy led him to the door and out. Following the boy's suggestion he knelt down and almost immediately the little bird was seen flying from the boarding tent, where she had been dining with her mate, to the shop. As usual she disappeared through a knot hole. Now the boy darted to the door, followed by the blacksmith. At the entrance, the only entrance—they paused and looked but in vain for the bird, ''You see'' said the boy, ''she came in, she no come out, she no here—voila!''

The blacksmith was perplexed. It was all very well to call it a spirit bird, but he had seen for himself. He went out and counted the boards, came in and counted from the corner. An old woolen jacket, hanging on a nail, hid the knot hole. He took the jacket down. There was the hole, but where was the bird? ''Ici! ici!'' cried the boy, pointing to a pocket that had been directly over the hole in the wall, and from the pocket peeped the pretty head of the bird, patiently setting on a nest of eggs.

Very carefully the blacksmith replaced the jacket and went back to the bellows; the boy to his play.

Already the story or the ''spirit bird'' had reached the rough men of the camp, and when Johnson, the husky, heard that the mystery had been solved he went up to see for himself.

Knowing now that she had been discovered, that her secret had been found out, the little bird came back to her friends. As if to make amends, she was more confiding than ever. And so, when the big contractor came to the door, he found the Indian boy seated on the dirt floor crooning a Cree song and weaving willows into a basket, a very excited dickey bird flitting aloft calling loudly to his mate who sat upon the smith's shoulder, perfectly contented. while a golden shower of sparks rained over the blacksmith and the little bird.

The Fatherhood of John Bedford

By Mae Harris Anson

FOR forty of his sixty years, John Bedford had held consistently to his creed, "Not only live and let live, but help along." Not a week had passed in those forty years but he had given royally to some demand upon his time, his sympathy or his purse, and never once had he questioned that this was the better way. To-night, however, in his hour of greatest need, he doubted if it had been worth while to live according to his ideals, and harbored a keen regret that he had not long ago chosen a road that led to a golden goal. His best working days were over. He had hardly a dollar in the world above his salary—and now, when his wife's life hung upon her removal to a more kindly climate, when money alone could answer his need, of what avail was the knowledge of his consistent, sturdy helpfulness through all those forty years?

Sunk in thought he hardly heard the voices of the passers-by calling to one another; and clear and soft the chimes of Christmas Eve. Nor did he heed the opening of the outer door and a light, quick footstep down the hall. Suddenly the door of the room opened and a woman entered. She stopped short at sight of the forlorn figure before the fire.

"Uncle John," she said softly.

John Bedford roused himself with a start. He looked once, twice, at his unannounced visitor, and then with a murmured apology, turned the shade so that the lamplight fell full upon her face. The woman smiled.

"You don't remember me, do you Uncle John?" she said. "You haven't seen me in fifteen years, and I've grown up in that time—and—and—I suppose you could not be expected to remember all the forlorn creatures who have tasted of your kindness. You remember when you lived on Trainor Avenue?" John Bedford nodded, and a gleam of recollection came into his eyes.

"Are you—you're not—is it possible that you are little Molly Prescott?" he asked uncertainly. Quick tears sprang to the woman's eyes.

"'Little Molly Prescott'!" she repeated. "Oh, Uncle John, it's been so long since anyone has used that tone to me. I wish—could you pretend I am 'little Molly Prescott' just for half an hour, and let me tell you my troubles as I did when I was ten?"

Mechanically, John Bedford drew a second chair before the fire. He was trying to piece together very indefinite and fragmentary recollections of the past that contained the girl-chrysalis of the woman before him.

"I wasn't an orphan," Miss Prescott began, with a note of bitterness in her voice. "But I might just as well have been for all the real fathering I had. You know what my father was. An able, upright man, respected by his fellowmen — but without an atom of genuine fatherhood about him." John Bedford stirred uneasily, and half lifted his hand in protest.

"Oh, I know what you think," Miss Prescott said in response. "You are so overflowing with the milk of human kindness that you cannot bear to have an unpleasant truth voiced of anyone. But I must talk my whole heart out to you to-night. It means my salvation!" she burst out with a sudden passion that startled John Bedford with its suggestion of tragedy. "In those old days on Trainor Avenue, my greatest heartache came from seeing the comradeship between you—and—" she hesitated for a moment, and then added more softly, "between you and—Agnes."

A spasm crossed John Bedford's worn face, and one slender hand went up quickly to shade it from the glow of the lamp. The loss of his daughter Agnes, who even in her babyhood had claimed him as her closest chum and confidant, had been one of the unforgettable sorrows of his life.

"Agnes always used to wait for you at the gate. Many a time I knew her to leave her play and go on watch in the hope that you might come sooner than was your wont. And you always brought her some little gift. Better still, you listened patiently and lovingly and understandingly to her tale of the days' trials and tribulations and happiness. My father seldom spoke to me. He never took me anywhere with him. He bought me whatever seemed necessary for my comfort, but the one thing which I craved with all my heart—a tender, sympathetic fatherhood—he never opened to me. Often I sat at our gate as Agnes waited for you, and then crept away with tears blinding my eyes at sight of your welcome and the two of you coming happily home. And then one day, you seemed to see my loneliness."

"Agnes opened my eyes," John Bedford said unsteadily.

"And from that hour, you gave me of your fatherhood and made the first unalloyed happiness of my life. Do you remember one circus time, Uncle John, when Agnes told you that Willie Russell and I could not go to the circus because our fathers said they were too busy to take us? And then you burdened yourself with two wildly ecstatic children, just because it seemed so small a thing for you to do to give us so great a pleasure. Then, do you remember that heart-breaking moment, when at the very height of our delight we came face to face with our 'busy' fathers, enjoying the circus alone?"

"Poor chicks! Poor chicks!" said John Bedford under his breath.

"Child as I was, I saw the truth that moment," she went on after a short pause. "And while I never failed in the respect due to my father, it was you, you, Uncle John, to whom my heart turned for fathering. I began to watch for you with Agnes. She ran to meet you with no greater eagerness than did I. If a little treat came out of your pocket first for her, another speedily came out for me. When you took Agnes anywhere for an outing, it became a foregone conclusion that I should go, too. And when, at last, we moved away, the parting was as bitter to me as if it had been at the grave. That was fifteen years ago, Uncle John, and although I never have seen you since, I have always remembered your fatherhood and your ideals."

After a moment's silence, which Miss Prescott did not seem inclined to break John Bedford turned toward her and said gently,

"All this is of the past. What is it in the present that has made you seek the fathering of 'Uncle John'?"

Miss Prescott rose abruptly and walked a few steps across the room, then turning, came back and leaned upon the back of John Bedford's chair so that he could not see her face.

"It is harder to tell you than I thought," she said. "Oh, Uncle John! Uncle John!" she cried. "You are the only person I can trusst now. And if you misunderstand, I shall be lost."

"There, child, there," said John

Bedford soothingly, reaching up for one of her trembling hands, and laying his cheek upon it. ''You can't be hopelessly entangled, no matter how serious the trouble may be, if only you will take courage and face it without flinching.''

With a half sob, she laid her cheek upon the gray head and spoke, hardly above her breath, but her voice was quiet and steady.

''Will you trust me if I tell you that I have done no wrong,'' she said. ''and that it is not shame but temptation I am fleeing from?''

His grasp of her hand was his answer. She broke down then.

''Say you will go with me,'' she begged. ''You and Mrs. Bedford, some where abroad — Italy — Egypt — anywhere so that it is far away. There is no question of means. The money my father left me has been invested where it has more than doubled. Oh, won't you let me be your daughter, Uncle John, and stay with you always? You are the only real father that I ever knew and I need you so.''

John Bedford sat silent for a little while, his thoughts going back over the past and forward into the future. Presently the girl slipped to her knees beside him. He turned then and laid his hand on her bent head, the tears unheeded coursing down his cheeks.

''If I have failed in all else'' he said, ''surely this one harvest of a kindly deed sufficeth. We have found each other in our hour of greatest need little Mollie. Wherever you wish we will go and so long as life lasts be sure Uncle John will hold you in his heart."

And clear and soft the chimes of Christmas Eve came to them both.

Sleep

By Katherine Trent

SWEET sleep, ah, come to me!
And banish all my care,
Smooth thy fingers softly
O'er my eyes and lips and hair.

Let thy poppy-fragrant breath
Lull my soul to rest,
And gathered in thine arms I'll feel
Whatever is—is best.

Life will not so grey appear,
Gentle dreams will come and go,
And violet-scented, fair, rose-colored,
Thoughts I'll hardly know.

Then welcome sleep, sweet hypnotist!
Come hold me strong and firm,
And for a space in thy embrace
New happiness I'll learn.

A Paternal Corporation

By E. CORA HIND.

PAPER 5

Developing the Great Collieries of Western Canada

IN a certain set of red-backed school readers, famous throughout the Province of Ontario some forty years ago, there was one article that never failed to interest the class that had it in hand to study and that was "The Coal Fields of Nova Scotia." Probably not five per cent of the students who read and were fascinated by it, can remember the name of the man who wrote it, but whoever he was, he had the rare gift of putting plain facts in a form as attractive as the most romantic fiction to the eager mind of childhood, and every one of the many thousand children who passed through the schools of Ontario and used those readers, had an intelligent idea of this great scource of wealth and comfort down in the Province by the Atlantic sea.

Educational methods have progressed (?) very much since that remote period, and the schoolmarm and master of to-day speak with scorn of those old readers,—"they were too advanced, too dry, children could not understand the subjects written about," and so in the Canadian West you may look in vain in the school literature for any information on the subject of the Coal Fields of the Canadian West." Yet even statistical reports, of mining bureaus on this subject, are sufficiently interesting to catch and hold the attention of a child.

Not many of the grown-ups really know much about the coal supply of the West and that is why, when a series of labor troubles in the coal mines, followed by an unusually long, cold winter, made the fuel supply short at certain points last winter, a number of timid souls rushed into print and talked of there being no adequate fuel supply in the "treeless West," and thereby furnished much food for laughter to the better informed and much food for unpleasant remarks by those who delight in nothing so much as the belittling of a country too big and too resourceful for their small minds to comprehend.

The simple truth is, that nowhere on God's earth today is there a country with such an unlimited fuel supply, and that fuel of so high a quality and so well distributed. The Almighty never makes mistakes, and when he unrolled a country big enough, and with soil rich enough, to support a population of millions and still have wheat to spare for other lands, He underlaid that country with a fuel supply that will last one thousand years at least. Even the Dominion Government geological survey section, admits that as yet they are only guessing at the extent of many of the coal deposits. Still a sufficient number are known, classified and being worked to supply the country for the next hundred years to come, even should the increase of population be double that of the most sanguine real-estate prophet.

In passing it might be remarked that the West is not "treeless," but will burn coal and save her vast timber forest to the north and in British Columbia for lumber. Cord wood is naturally the first fuel of the new settler, when forests are anywhere in his vicinity, but the greater economy and comfort of coal, and the ease with which it can be obtained will make it the popular fuel of the future.

Travelling westward from Lake Superior, the first coal deposits that have been exploited to any extent are those of the lignites on the plains, showing the first outcropping in the valley of the Souris River. The Roche Percee Mines are situated in Southwestern Manitoba. The seam is eight feet thick, outcropping on the bank of the Souris River, and has been worked longer than any other collieries in the Canadian West, east of the Rocky Mountains. They are well equipped mines with air compressors, at present have a capacity of six hundred tons daily and are kept working to their full capacity. There are some small seams along the Turtle Mountain, but these have not yet been developed except in a tentative way to supply local needs.

Estevan Mines are in that section of the Souris district lying further west in the eastern part of Saskatchewan. Near Estevan, three seams are noted that extend over a great part of the district and afford a practically inexhaustible supply. The upper seam is four feet thick, the middle one varies in places reaching a depth of six feet, and the lower seam and the best coal is much divided by partings of clay. This coal burns with a clear yellow ash, throws out a great heat and is now quite generally used for steaming. Seams of this same coal are found also in many parts of North Saskatchewan as well; though up to the present, none of them have been worked, except by farmers living in the immediate neighborhood and getting out a load of coal as they need it.

In Alberta are the Belly River coal fields which extend northward as far as Red Deer and southward to the boundary and cover a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The chief collieries in this country are those at Lethbridge, where what is known to commerce as Galt coal, is mined. The seam worked here is five and a half feet thick. The mine is fitted in modern style, has a capacity of one thousand tons per day, and at present is running pretty well to the capacity.

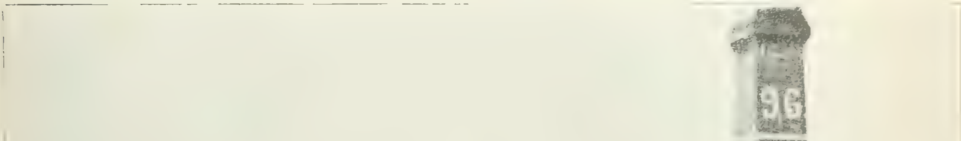
The coal is very superior to the Estevan, burns clean, without soot or dirt of any kind and is very popular fuel, particularly with housewives. All over Northern Alberta and more particularly around Edmonton, there is a common saying that "Every man has a coal mine in his well" as so frequently in well boring a smaller or larger seam of coal is passed through by the borer before water is reached, while along the banks of rivers, and more especially the Saskatchewan, seams of coal are everywhere to be seen. All through the Athabasca and Peace River country coal is reported, of good quality and in abundance. These references account briefly for the lignite coal deposit. Next come the bituminous and semi-anthracite coal of the foot hills, the Rocky Mountains, and Vancouver Island.

Anthracite or semi-anthracite seams are found on the Canadian Pacific Railroad main line, ninety miles west of Calgary, at Canmore and Anthracite and this district from which coal was first taken in 1886 has a total area of sixty miles, with seams running from three to ten feet in thickness. The coal is not so hard as the American anthracite, but is a splendid fuel coal and much valued for domestic furnaces. The original mine at Anthracite has been abandoned, but the development has increased at Canmore and Bankhead, which is only three miles from Banff.

The Pennsylvania of the Canadian West, however, is in the Crows Nest Pass. The coal of this region is bituminous and not only that, but the best of its kind west of the Alleghany Mountains, and it is of splendid coking quality.

It is nearly thirty years since the first reports of these coal fields began to filter through geological survey reports into the ordinary news of the day. As far as can be ascertained, the first authentic data came, as seems eminently fitting, through an old employee of the Hudson's Bay Company,

UNION COKE OVENS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION



COKE WORKS—COMOX

Mr. Michael Phillipps. If this legend is not absolutely true it has the saving grace of being appropriate, which is more than can be said of many legends.

Though rumors and reports of these coal fields continued to multiply, and Dr. Selwyn writing of the district roughly estimated the coal underlying each square mile at 50,000,000 tons, it was not until 1887 that anyone got down to development work, when William Fernie, of Fort Steele, and Colonel Baker, the member of the Legislature for that district, began prospecting in what was then known as the Elk River District. A syndicate was formed in Victoria to acquire and work these coal lands; later a company was formed to take over the syndicate and a charter was secured for the British Columbia Southern Railway. For ten long years these men prospected, wrote and talked up these coal fields, but it was not until the agreement was signed for the building of the Crows Nest Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway that fruition was in sight. The Crows Nest Pass Coal Company was the outcome, with a capital stock of $3, 500,000, the last million of stock being issued six years ago at a premium of 150 per cent. In the ten years that have elapsed since 1897, enormous development has gone on in these fields. When the railway reached the first colliery on Coal Creek in 1898 there were 8000 tons of coal on the dumps ready for shipment. Last year the output from this region was nearly 1,000,000 tons for sale as coal—coal sufficient to maintain over 1500 coking ovens and operate them.

The importance of these coal fields and coking ovens to the many industries and the smelters of British Columbia can hardly be estimated, but an idea may be gathered from the fact that prior to the opening of these fields, coal and coke from Vancouver laid down at Nelson cost $10 and $11 respectively and from the Crows Nest, Nelson gets her supplies at $5 and $6 per ton, or a reduction of nearly fifty per cent.

The Crows Nest fields comprise 230 square miles and are roughly estimated to be capable of producing 22,595, 200,000 tons of 2240 lbs. each.

To these supplies must be added all that would ultimately come from Green Hills and other sections that are only just being thoroughly examined and classified. Lastly comes the Coast and Vancouver Island coal fields, and thus the sketch is truly scriptural, and the first are last, for coal was mined at Fort Rupert on Vancouver Island as early as 1835, and the present mines at Nanaimo were opened in 1851.

Here again the early work was done by the Hudson's Bay Company. Small quantities of this coal, which is a high grade bituminous coal, go to China and Japan. There is a constantly increasing local consumption for domestic and industrial purposes, and last year the C. P. R. used 130,000 tons of this coal, but Vancouver Island's big customer for coal is her neighbor to the south, the State of California. The production of the mines for five years was 6,029,947 tons, and of this amount California bought 3,527,699 tons. The bulk of this coal goes by water and the Nanaimo collieries possess the unique distinction of a Mine Head so constructed that it is possible to load direct from the mine into the vessels, something that was never previously attempted in any part of the world.

It will be seen from these scattered notes that the Canadian West is "well fended" in the matter of fuel supply and while the coal fields of the great plains are so situated that their product is easily distributed to the homes of the West, those of the Rocky Mountains are equally well placed for the distribution of coal and coke to the great mining and smelting industries of the Pacific Province.

Another point of interest is that all the great collieries now in operation are on the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is one of the best customers, for of the 1,500,000 tons of soft coal used on its system last year, 00,000 came from the United States o Fort William. 130 000 tons from Vancouver Island, 98,000 tons from Canmore and the remainder from the Crows Nest Pass. This is what they consumed on their own system, and they are in addition the greatest 'common carriers" of coal in the Canadian West.

In the year 1906 there was prolonged trouble in the coal mine and the usual supply was not accumulated at points of distribution. Cars lay idle while labor and capital fought with little regard as to whether or not the West was warm the following winter, and William Whyte, officially second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific and personally a general providence to the West, watched with growing anxiety the waning year. Just as he feared, the strike was prolonged until harvest and the crop movement was on in the West.

Then William Whyte showed the stuff of which he was made, no bullying from elevator companies or farmers organizations would induce him to take a coal car out of service for wheat, once the mines were running. There was shortage of cars and it was hard on many farmers not to have their wheat moved, but what would have been the suffering of the West but for that firm and persistent hauling of coal, once it was ready, no one can estimate. There was coal shortage as it was, but there were, when the final round up was made, no real disasters for want of fuel. At present the Canadian Pacific Railway have 2500 cars hauling coal in the west, and this year the stocks have been accumulating all season, as they should be, and at the same time 11,000 cars are hauling wheat. Thus does the "paternal corporation" see to the movement and distribution of food and fuel in the Canadian West.

In the case of the Crows Nest Pass Coal mines, they have, in addition to the C. P. R., the outlet of the Great Northern to the south, and any surplus of coal or coke over and above Canadian requirements, finds a ready market at the smelters in Montana and the homes and industries of Washington Territory.

CROWS' NEST PASS OVENS IN OPERATION.

A Bargain in Buffaloes

By Basil C. d'Easum

I HAVE just seen one hundred and ninety-eight buffaloes ignominiously prodded with spiked poles and dragged out of seventeen Northern Pacific common stock cars. I have been told that the freight charges on this consignment from Ravalli, Montana, to Lamont, Alberta, amounted to $3500. Shades of the Happy Hunting Grounds what do you think of freight charges on living buffalo! Buffalo bought and sold like a flock of sheep—the pity of it! There is no poetry or romance about the cold, hard fact that Canada has just become the owner of the largest herd of bison in the world. (By-the-way, you may call them bison or buffalo, which you please. Out West, we generally call them buffalo.)

This bargain sale came about thus. I suppose most people have heard of Allard's herd in the Flathead country in Montana. I think it was in 1892 or '93 that I saw some of this band on the Flathead reservation: it was a far cry then to the stock cars and the fenced corral in Canada. Allard started his herd in the early '80's, and increased it by breeding and purchase to over one hundred. In '93, he bought the herd belonging to Buffalo "Jones" in Kansas. This last herd consisted of full-bloods and half-breeds—the result of cross breeding of bison and cattle. This cross-breeding was found to be impracticable as the "cattalo" proved to be a mongrel with all the poor qualities and few of the good qualities of his ancestors. The purebred bison were separated from the mongrels and placed on a range near the Big Butte close to where Mud Creek empties into the Pend d'Oreille River. Here they thrived exceedingly and required but little herding.

After the death of Allard, his partner, Michel Pablo, began to sell the herd, a few at a time, to eastern zoological gardens and private preserves. In this way about one hundred and fifty head were disposed of, chiefly through the agency of Howard Eaton, the well-known hunter and expert of Wolf, Wyoming.

When it was proposed to threw open the Flathead reservation for settlement, Michel Pablo saw that the free range for his buffalo was doomed and that it would be impossible for him to keep his herd intact. Mr. Eaton made earnest attempts to bring about a sale to the United States Government, but his efforts failed. The same ill success met his attempts to interest the American Bison Association in the matter. Then the offer of the Canadian Government was accepted, and the noble herd of some five hundred head was sold for about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Mr. Howard Douglas, the Superintendent of Banff National Park, was sent by the Canadian Government to Montana to oversee the round-up and embarkation and to accompany the train load to Canada. The round-up was started in the middle of April and lasted six weeks. The animals had been herded enough on the reservation to become familiar with mounted men, but even then, buffalo punching is not an easy job. Twenty-two Mexican and Indian cowboys worked on the round-up, each man changing his horse three or four times a day. The drive down the Mission Valley to the railway was accomplished without much difficulty but when the loading corrals were reached the punchers had a lively time. Gradually—very gradually—the bison were worked into the corrals, which were made as strong as possible. Experience had shown that this was very necessary, for some years ago the first buffalo that were driven to Ravalli for loading walked through the high enclosing fence, although it had been built for rough cattle.

ITS MOTHER DIED ON THE TRIP

Once in the main pen, the animals were cut out, one by one, and driven into the loading pen. From this pen a shute led up to the car door, and on the running board of the shute was stationed a cowboy whose business it was to rope the beast which was then dragged and variously persuaded to enter the car, where it was tied by the head, and a strong partition, like a giant hurdle, was fastened to separate it from its neighbors. Hay and water were provided in the cars. Some of the yearlings and two-year-olds were placed in cars without partitions. The cows were handled by themselves and, as a general rule, gave less trouble than the bulls, though they were far from being farmyard pets. The calves gave no trouble, as they stayed close to their mothers.

If you want to get some idea of the difficulty of loading buffalo into stock cars listen to what a man who knows says about the job: "Take the most "ornery" range steer that ever stood on hoof, multiply his meanness by 10, his stubbornness by 15, his strength by 40, his endurance by 50, and then add the products." From this, if you know anything about "ornery" range steers, you will realize that the man who handles buffalo leads the strenuous life.

During the loading, one bull so injured himself that he had to be killed, but with this exception, everything went smoothly if slowly. The first day's work resulted in sixteen buffalo being loaded, and it took four days to entrain sixty head, the majority having to be hauled into their places with block and tackle. The train left Ravalli on the 29th of May, and good time was made. At Calgary, one car containing ten bulls was sent on to Banff, and a car from that place with seven of the Banff bulls was attached to the train which proceeded to Elk Park where the buffalo will make their home.

Elk Park, Island Lake Park or Astotin Lake Park as it is variously called, has been recently made a Government Game and Fishing Reserve. It is situated twelve miles east of the little town of Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. Fort Saskatchewan is on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway, some 18 miles east of the City of Edmonton. All around Fort Saskatchewan lie some of the most fertile lands in Canada, and the town itself is quite a veteran among the towns of the West, having been for many years the headquarters of "G" Division of the Royal North West Mounted Police. The town takes its name from being situated on the south bank of the Saskatchewan River. The present site of the Park has long been the favorite haunt of large numbers of elk and other big game, to say nothing of the quantities and varieties of wild fowl to be found on the lake—a lake three miles long and more than a mile wide, containing many pike and other coarse fish.

Chiefly through the efforts of Frank Walker, member of the Provincial Legislature for this district, the Canadian Government has set aside a track of land four miles wide (which includes the lake) for a Government Game Reserve. During the past winter this has been fenced with sixteen miles of wire fencing, eight feet high with a strand of barbed wire nine inches above this, with sturdy posts set one rod apart. The entrance is at the Fort Saskatchewan end of the Park, and here the Park Ranger will have his house. From Fort Saskatchewan to the Park an excellent road is being built and the old police post is likely to become a resort for tourists.

As the Canadian Northern Railway runs within three miles of the Park the Bison were not unloaded at Fort Saskatchewan but at a place called Lamont

At Lamont, elaborate preparation had been made to receive them. Pens of unusual height and strength had been built leading into an oval shaped corral, 350 feet long by 150 feet wide, strongly fenced with posts two rods apart, and woven wire eight feet high. At the south end of this corral were bars to a lane 150 feet high similarly fenced, which ran for three miles to the Park. A small party of the ever efficient R.N.W.M.P. was encamped close by under the command of Major Strickland and did excellent work in keeping the people back from the fences. Some two or three hundred people were on hand to see the unloading of the buffalo—a typical western crowd. And when you say a "western crowd" you come pretty near saying a cosmopolitan crowd—all sorts and conditions of men, men who have seen things and men who have done things, tenderfeet and old timers.

At 10.15 a.m., on the 1st of June, the buffalo train arrived at Lamont. Throughout the previous night it had rained heavily, and the morning was cold and cloudy. Also the mud of Lamont was rich, juicy and very clinging. All of which things had a somewhat depressing effect upon the spectator of a scene which was certainly novel and unique. Nor was there anything inspiriting in the sight of the stock cars filled with bison, tied and penned.

The eye of the buffalo is full of expression and sullen, slumbering fires. It was easy to imagine what those old bulls were thinking of the profane vulgar who crowded round the cars. Among the bulls was "King," an old timer, said to have been with Col. Cody's Wild West Show that toured the world.

Horses had been provided for Michel Pablo and his five cowpunchers who were with him on the train. A welcome touch of picturesqueness was given to the comparatively prosaic nature of the affair by the goatskin "chaps," silver spurs and typical cowboy regalia. It was a matter for regret that their horses were disgustingly docile, for their easy seat and "abandoned" style of riding would have been seen to great advantage on "bad" horses

The actual business of unloading was hard and tedious work. Eight bulls were in the first car and it took two hours to unload. Some of the buffalo came out easily, but the majority had to be roped and hauled out by main force, men on the roof of the car and at the sides prodding them with long poles. Once inside the wire corral the animals paid little attention to the crowd and began to eat the new grass or the hay which was spread for them. They were very thirsty and drank greedily from the troughs, coming within three feet of the spectators.

BUFFALO IN CORRAL JUST AFTER BEING UNLOADED

A few cows and bulls charged the corral fence, but to the disappointment of themselves (and some of the people present) failed to break through. From the photos it will be seen that the buffalo were in fairly good condition, although the fact that they had not finished shedding their winter coats gave them a ragged appearance. The calves looked particularly well and were full of life, bounding about the corral with a gait that reminded one of a coyote, antelope and barnyard calf combined. The mature bison has a most deceptive gait, sometimes described as being clumsy-looking, but in reality a delightfully easy trotting lope which gets over the ground quickly.

A striking feature in connection with the work of unloading was the almost complete silence of the bison. All the prodding and hauling, all the inane remarks of the champion idiots who always come to the front in such a crowd, provoked no sound from the buffalo. Certainly they kicked with their hindfeet and hammered with their horns in a heart souled manner, but there was no vain bellowing or noisy complaining. They kept their dignity and self-respect.

By Saturday night one hundred and twenty-five buffalo were in the corral, and in view of possible danger of a stampede they were allowed to wander down the lane towards the Park, accompanied by Pablo and one of his men on horseback.

Unloading started again at 4 on Sunday morning, and by noon the job was finished. It was a repetition of the previous day's performance, the last bull to be taken out, however, creating a welcome diversion by charging one of the cowboys. After dinner the animals were driven down the lane to the Park by Michel Pablo and his men, assisted by Mr. E. Simmons, the Park Ranger, and others.

Some of the bulls objected to being hustled, and one old chap provided the spectators with a few moments of healthy enjoyment when he turned and charged the scattering horsemen.

At the entrance to the Park the leading bunch broke through the fence and ran westward outside the Park. The riders went after them and, with some difficulty, rounded them up and brought them back, the country being very rough with scrub willows and poplars. The runaways were brought back just as the main herd reached the Park. These also made a dash at the break in the fence with the result that the whole herd had to be rounded up out of the timber and driven into the Park. One calf strayed away by himself but was brought back by Pablo's riding into the timber and imitating the call of a buffalo cow.

With the delivery of the herd at the Park the first part of Pablo's contract was ended. The rest of the herd, amounting to nearly three hundred head will be shipped in August when the cows that are now calving will be able to stand the journey. One bison cow died on the trip, and her calf is being brought up on domestic cow's milk by W. Alton, a Lamont farmer. This calf is shown in the small photograph.

Frank Walker, the sportsman member of the Provincial Legislature of Alberta, is to be congratulated on getting the buffalo for Fort Saskatchewan Park, and even if some of the bison succeed in escaping from the limits, it will but add an attraction to life in this part of the West. At the present time of writing I hear that one old bull has died, and that three carefree bison are at large among the peaceful and odoriferous inhabitants of the Galician settlement, but I am afraid they will soon again be placed behind the wire fence.

Canada is bound to take good care of her bargain in buffaloes.

* * *

The Brook

By Dorothy Green

A DOZEN moods the changeful brooklet wears,
Now sharply frets against a shingly bar,
Loses itself in placid pools, or dares
A fall, yet ever seeks the ocean far.
So runs the friendship that we make or mar
Now lit with laughter, now in minor key,
Shoals of indifference, passion's freshest scar,
Or quickened tide presaging days to be:
But onward, onward still, to Times unfathomed sea.

The Father of Innisfree

By John V. Borne

"WHY, in Oklahoma this would be calm day," he said And straightway the wind lifted the Panama from my head and threw it over the roof of the stopping place.

It was at Del Norte, in Alberta, two years ago; Del Norte has vanished; the stopping-place has disappeared. In their stead is the town of Innisfree, and the railway station, a flying snap of which adorns this writing.

Innisfree is good. The station is good. The railway has been a benevolent transformer. But Del Norte was better, and the Old Man was best of all. He is still somewhere around. He did not christen Innisfree, but he begot it. The naming belongs to a more opulent mind. though it could not come from a more generous heart. It was on this wise:—

From the East we had come to the end of steel the night before; about thirty miles west of Lloydminster, the All-British. There was nothing but a construction camp set in a solitude that was like the solitude of a petrified sea of majestic groundswells Farther we could not go, except by team. Daylight saw us watching the rails being laid, as we sat in the rigs that were to take us to Edmonton, a hundred and forty miles west. Before the chill was sunned out of the air—for it was the penultimate day of August—we had become a quick-moving, four-team procession that was a microcosm of the Old West and the New West; of the Old World and the New World, and was to make eighty-four miles in the next fourteen hours. So ancient were we, and so modern, that history will not repeat itself along that trail. It was the first and last journey of its kind.

I have been over the ground several times since then, and have seen the towns that were not then on the map; and, behold, it is very good. But two years ago the charm of virginity lay across the whole land. We were unconsciously celebrating the latest retreats of ox-cart pioneering. We were heralds of the new era of steam and steel. If we promoted the obsequies of the old style we thought nothing of it. For, verily, in the railroad, just behind us, death was being swallowed up in victory.

We scared the ducks from the sloughs and surprised a couple of homestead camps at breakfast. From bushes of wild roses the horses splashed the cooling dew. I had not been so far a-prairie for half a generation, and stopped to pick a dozen blooms, in sheer delight at being where I was.

My driver was skilled and veteraned in the art and lore of bridge building in the mountains and upon the plains. He told me of snow-slides and wheat-slides enough. But he was not prodigal of words; and if he became humorous he knew it not. Weller was his name. After about an hour's travel as we crossed a broad, smooth meadow, he said "Vermilion," and inconsequentially waved his hand.

"I don't see it," I replied, turning to look at the eastward sky.

"The town ain't in the air," said Weller.

"I don't see any town, either," said I.

"I do," observed Weller. "But it aint' here yet."

"Well, but ——,"

"See ahead there," interrupted this puzzling man. "Mr. MacLeod has stopped, and he's showing it to the President with his whip."

"Showing what?"

"Showing the town—Vermilion. 'Tain't there yet; but it's going to be, soon."

"When?"

"In about three weeks the town'll be a-going. I'd buy a lot there if I was you."

MacLeod the engineer, who had, halted his horses until the President and the Banker came up to him went on almost as soon as he had stopped, and I had to depend on Weller for ideas of what Vermilion was going to be. He was accustomed to seeing towns unloaded from box cars and discussed their birth and growth with the *sang froid* of a county midwife. I ought to have photographed the isolated plain with the prophetic Weller in the midst of it, but didn't. Last spring I tried to make up for the omission. But I had to mount a box car to do it, and in the foreground were two charming Irish ladies, taking a momentary vacation from their private car, and a street of business houses that have made a thriving mart where silence latterly reigned.

There was a tent where Manville is, and that was all, except illimitable landscape, a sinuous black trail, and occasional contact with the railway dump till we came at noon to Del Norte, thirty-eight miles from the day's starting point. Except when MacLeod was wiggling his whip over the site of Vermilion, none of us had stopped. The going was excellent—except in wet weather prairie roads are always good—and the horses were natives, to whom a mile is merely a passing glimpse, and forty miles a reasonable morning's exercise.

Del Norte was set among congenial hills, and visible only three minutes before we drew reign. Nearby was a lake; mirroring the intense blue of a peerless sky, and fringed by verdant bush and pasture. Four buildings stood at a respectable distance from each other. One was a frame store, another was a log post-office and general emporium, the third was just a shack, and the fourth the Hotel Del Norte (the name is mine)—one corner of which was within four feet of the dump.

Imagine walls of eight-foot poplar logs stood endwise; poplar poles placed gable-wise; sods upon them slant-wise; brown paper tapestry for the interior; doors and windows to match—and you have a stopping-place that made up in hospitality what it lacked in architecture. The place is stamped on other grateful memories besides my own. We enjoy the venerable host every time the memorable drive is mentioned.

The Old Man was unhitching the President's team when Weller and I drove up. He was watching the President and his companion with one inquisitive eye, discovering his way round the team with the other; and from an uncommonly active mouth was distributing inquiries about the distant steel-laying; directions about watering and stabling; and information about the road to Edmonton. The teams cared for, we went inside; a gude wife, neither as venerable nor as loquacious as her spouse, and two comely daughters were preparing to subdue a brigade of formidable appetites.

Their head told us who they were, but could not tell them who we were. He was obviously hungering and itching to know. The representative of the Old West, whom I shall name presently, for a waggish, generous, kindly gentleman, whispered to me that the Old Man must suppose the President to be the shadow of an Exalted Personage, and suggested that we intensify the illusion and enjoy ourselves on the proceeds. But the Old Man's curiosity faded before his own eloquence; and, while we ate, he told us all things that ever he did.

"I came here from Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. Kentucky was my first home. I rented a farm in Iowa, and rented in Oklahoma. Land has got to be that terrible dear that a poor man can't afford to buy, and if he rents he's working himself to death for the other feller, and ain't got any home of his own at the end of the game. Besides, though the land away down there is good—they get such terrible droughts that you never know whether there's going to be any crop at all, and when the crops are growing the wind's blowing so hard you can't hear yourself speak. We tried seven years of it—Pass your plates, men, there's plenty to eat, if it ain't as good as you get with the King."

The Old Man winked at the Old West, and nodded knowingly toward the President, behind whom he stood, as much as to say "now we're getting pretty close to them."

"The girls cook pretty well, don't they? They've been to high school and the agricultural college, and ain't forgot how to do things, though they do read a lot of books. See that shelf there full of 'em."

The girls blushed. They would rather their parent's pride in their learning had run to quietudes. He made them blush again.

"There's going to be a good opening for girls in this country, I guess. Well, as I was saying, we didn't get very far ahead away down there. My son-in-law went clear across Texas into Mexico, and all he got for it was some pretty tough experience, and the name we've given this place. He was pretty near drowned in the Rio Grande Del Norte river, and was so blamed glad to get away that he's kep' up the name for a kind of memorial of a good deliverance."

"Well, we heard about this country, and free land and all that. Mother said she reckoned it was pretty near frost and snow all the year, over the whole of Canada; but I tell you the grain they showed us was pretty tempting, and me and the son-in-law come up here to see it. This is the country for us; and I wish we'd seen it sooner. "

"Edmonton's a pretty good place, you'll find, men, when you get there. They told us to come east from there. We drove three weeks along where the line was staked out and decided to start up a little town here. My farm is north a little piece; and, say, you'd ought to see the wheat I've cut this week, and only on spring breaking, too. In a few years we ought to be independent; and if you men come along then we can feed you and sleep you for nothing, and be mighty glad to do it. You get more angels unawares that way than by keepin' a regular stoppin' place. You ain't through, are you? Well, I guess we can talk outside. Come and see the buffalo skulls and deer horns we've picked up around here."

We went. It was blowing a stiff gale of wind; at which, being British, I grumbled; and held to my hat. The Old Man rebuked and encouraged me.

"This would be a calm day in Oklahoma," he said, convinced that he spoke acceptable truth.

Over the hotel went the hat and I around the building after it, without thanking Providence I had escaped from the moving calm of Oklahoma to revel in the motionless peace of Alberta.

The Banker and I climbed the hill. Overnight we had been suggesting names to MacLeod for towns of which the railway was pregnant. The Banker had proposed "Maidstone," where his mother went to school in England, and "Innisfree," his summer place on Lake Simcoe. As we looked over the rolling, park-like country, saw Birch Lake to the southwestward, and watched the Oklahoma transplant with the pretty lake in its rear, the Banker said "Here is where Innisfree ought to be."

And, sure enough, there's where it is for a discreet Government put Del Norte out of existence.

The Old West had been to the store; pricing much, buying little. He emerged with a five cent scribbling pad—the best in stock. While we waited for refreshed teams he used his fountain pen to some effect on the scribbler:—

"Visitor's Register.

Del Norte Stopping Place

August 30th, 1905.

1. Wm. Mackenzie, President Canadian Northern Railway.

2. Byron E. Walker, General Mana-

ger Canadian Bank of Commerce.
3. C. C. Chipman, Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Co., Winnipeg.
4. M. H. MacLeod, Chief Engineer, Canadian Northern Railway.
5. Howard Kennedy, *The Times*, London, England.
6. John V. Borne."

The Old West took the Old Man into the house and showed him the book and its names.

"Gosh!" said he; "quite a souvenir, ain't it. Do you know who I thought you all was? It seemed to me you must be the Governor-General's party on the road to this here Provincial inauguration at Edmonton; and I was figuring the girls had been cooking for a real lord. Well, sir, that's a corker. Which is the President?"

"And which are you?"

The Commissioner pointed to my name, and said he had started the book because writing was in his line.

"Then," said the Old Man, indicating me, "that other one must be that Hudson's Bay man?"

"That's what he is," solemnly said the Commissioner,

"Pretty big job, that, ain't it? A fellow was here night before last telling about that company. He said they have Indians working for them from one ocean to another, and run stores through all this prairie country. Is that right?"

"Quite right."

"And you say the fellow that's hauling himself into that democrat runs the whole shooting match?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, sir, he don't look it; blamed if he does."

And the commissioner smiled and said "Good day".

The Last Night *of* Louis Riel

By Dorothy Green

THE silver moon sails on, sails on,
The night is waxing old,
And still about the shadowy pines,
The stars shine clear and cold.

A restless wind goes up and down
With eager, tapping hand;
The cocks proclaim each passing hour
Throughout the sleeping land.

The last great stars grow pale, grow pale,
Beside the sinking moon;
Low in the east the darkness lifts—
The end is coming soon.

The morning sun is blazing gold;
It beats across my cell.
My night is spent, my hour is come—
Oh, world of God, farewell!

By Hill and Dale in Manitoba

On the Deer Tracks

By R. W. Dunlop

CERTAIN portions of Manitoba are the natural homes of deer. This is primarily due to the topography of the province. Beginning at the north-west corner, we have the bunch of sprawling hills known as the Duck Mountains. These are drained on their southern slope by the Valley river which empties into Lake Dauphin. Beyond this lake on the eastern side is a level, lonely, forested tract of country extending to Lake Winnipegosis. Moose grow here without seeing a whiteman.

South of the Duck Mountains "The Gap" yawns and stretches away to the western slope down to the Assiniboine River in the Kamsack country. South of this gap rises the timbered and marshy shoulder of the Riding Mountains. These mountains are a series of roughly parallel hills varying from twenty to forty miles in width. Between the hills are wooded plateaus and boggy marshes. The whole system is heavily timbered with spruce, hemlock, birch, poplar and balm-of-Gilead. The undergrowth consists of willow, hazel, cherry, cranberry and other small bushes. The marshes are drained by several streams running southward. This is a paradise for the moose and deer hunter. All along the Riding Mountains, on both sides; up around the Duck Mountains; and through the woods between Lake Dauphin and Winnipegosis, are found moose and deer in abundance—some seasons even in profusion. Black tail and jumping deer are plentiful along the Assiniboine and the Bird-Tail as well as the Little Saskatchewan.

In the late spring or early summer the sojourner in these deer parks wanders out on the hills some sunny day. The magic of the world possesses him. At his feet the crocuses raise their tiny faces. Along the edge of the wood the wild rose beckons, saying "I have a thorn, but I am worth it." The honeysuckle clambers towards him on a slender stem, holding out her sweet enticements. The stirring hum of the energetic bee warns him to be up and doing, for life is short—"Ah, so short!" he seems to say as he escapes in disgust from the honeyless bell of the tiger lily and hums away to the yellow cowslip.

Below him along the top edge of a deep ravine runs a heavy belt of woods, starred with the lacey white of cherry and saskatoon in blossom, sweeping down the slope to the edge of the daisy-speckled meadow, and ending at the margin of the winding silver river. Beyond the river, through the smoky haze of the sweet spring air, rise giant steps of seventy feet each that only Atlas could have stridden. As the spectator gazes, he suddenly becomes aware that many giants have been making the attempt these hundred years past. On the first step a huge balm-of-Gilead is resting before he attempts the second stride. On the second step the great poplars shiver and nod together, hesitant, retrospective, shrinking from the third rise where very few have ever attained. Even those who stand against the sky are grown bent and withered with climbing, giants no longer, finding the goal not worth the pain of effort. Gnarled and twisted, they shake their old heads at the watcher. "Stop your bubble-chasing," they seem to say. "Can't you see that they burst in your hand?"

Beside him a hawk screams and drops from her tree, suddenly spreading her sails and soars into the blue gulf. Before she reaches the old giants on the other side, she turns her course a few points, and rises in a triumphant and awful spiral up, up, until she becomes a motionless speck on the blue dome of heaven. A little woolly sheep of a cloud passes before her tiny dot, and the gazer returns to earth, draws a long breath, and realizes what an infinitesimal dot man is, after all.

The sun is dropping westward, flooding the valley with a clean amber light, and mirroring the world in the little river. Through the opalescent glow the watcher sees three dark spots moving leisurely down to the margin,—a buck and two does. Carefully and swiftly the watcher slips through the cover and secrets himself close to the river, opposite the approaching deer. The buck comes first, turning his crown of horns from side to side. The does follow timidly and trustfully. They drink from the river standing knee-deep, and raising their heads to listen occasionally. Their thirst slaked, the does turn to the grass, but the buck plunges into the water and breasts the current, making straight for the excited and admiring watcher. Half-way across, he decides that his does are not going to follow, and turns back. Something moves in the bushes. The buck snorts and bounds. The does leap after him, and they vanish noislessly among the woods.

The man who beholds this mentally promises himself a deer hunt in the season. If he is a novice, he tells himself that there is no difficulty in finding deer, or in getting close to them. If he is experienced, he formulates no rash conclusions, for he is painfully familiar with the established litany of the hunter, that "it's queer what you'll see when you haven't any gun," and he knows that he might tramp many weary miles on deer tracks without getting a glimpse of hoof or horn. The man who goes after deer should have a good constitution and plenty of patience. He will often find both severely strained.

The deer season in Manitoba is from December first to fifteenth, inclusive. The marshes are frozen, the streams solid, the weather is nippy. Powdery snow is about six inches deep. Moose and elk are now in order. A hunting party is formed. It may include the preacher and the gambler, the artist and the day-laborer, the schoolteacher and the village soak, but deer hunting levels all ranks and creeds, and they all find a common ground in the sport. Equipment consists of a team of ponies and a long sleigh; tent; provisions and cooking-kit; rifles and ammunition; oats for the ponies; and personal duffel. Extras vary with the personnel of the party; a jug, a deck of cards, a roll of five-dollar bills, etc., sometimes supposed to add a classic finish to the party.

After a drive of ten, twenty or thirty miles, the chosen spot is reached in the twilight. Little patches of light struggle up among the dark spruces. There is a pale afterglow in the western sky, clear-blown and gray elsewhere. The moon rises in sudden glory, and the party crawls out from the warm robes to make camp. The ponies are tied to the sleigh, blanketed, fed, and bedded down with spruce boughs. The cheery blaze of a bonfire and the tiny heat of a cook-fire thaw the chilled fingers of the boys. The tent is pitched. Supper steams from the big black camp-kettle. You have a home in the wilderness.

In the tent are spread the spruce-fan beds, with the camp blankets over the them. Never was a bed so delicious! The pungent odor of spruce fills your nostrils. The soft soughing of the pines about the tent lulls you to sleep. The munching of the horses outside gives you a feeling of placid contentment. Just as you are dropping off you hear a loud, inquiring "Who-who-who-oo?" Your involuntary start is succeeded by a smile, and you drop back among your blankets. It's a big old owl, wrathful at your invasion of his private preserves. Instantly it is morning.

Somehow you are always quite

Courtesy Can. Nor. Ry. THEY HAVE CONQUERED THE KING OF THE FOREST willing to get up in the woods, where at home you turn over with infinite weariness of spirit for another nap until the sun is high and the first freshness of the morning gone. The whole party are quickly at work; some making a fire, for it is crackling cold; some looking after the horses and getting breakfast; some sizing up the country with a mind to the day's hunting. At breakfast plans are discussed. Two men will go together up the course of the creek; two others will strike into the hilly ground and make a wide detour back to the creek; two will skirmish zigzag near the camp. All agree to return to camp by sundown unless detained by following blood on the tracks of a wounded and expiring deer, in which case the hunter will stick to the finish.

Putting a lunch in their pockets the parties start off, the forest-seekers crossing a knoll and dropping out of sight of camp in a hundred yeards. Cautiously they follow the edge of the open glades in silence and careful feet, for even a slight sound carries far in the frosty air, and the crack of a twig can be heard for a hundred yards. The moose has keen ears, and the broad, concave surface of the horns catches sounds with remarkable quickness. Mile after mile the hunters plod on, up and down hills, through heavy scrub, across frozen sloughs, until it is noontime, and not a sign has been seen. The men kick away the snow, build a fire, and sit down for an hour's rest, lunch and smoke. At last they rise, stretch the stiffness from their joints, and start away with a hope for better luck.

They are rewarded. Presently through the frost-covered bushes comes a snort of alarm, a crash, a rustle, and all is silent. They push forward. In a little glade is printed the impression of a moose's long forking foot in a thousand places. On the far side are three sets of tracks leading away in long jumps. It is useless to follow them. But the hunters size up the situation. The hills curve in to left and right and are bare of trees at both extremities. The moose will probably climb to the edge of the open, take a careful scrutiny of the dangerous area, skirt the hills in a wide circle, and come back to the starting point, approaching carefully from the rear. They will circle to the left, and get on the windside of the alarm. So the hunters retrace their steps, retreating for half a mile, making a wide detour, edging far away to windward, and at last closing in slowly and carefully, hoping to meet the animals head on, or discover their tracks and follow. Half a mile away they may discover the moose approaching over the brow of a knoll, or ten yards off they may blunder square upon them. In either case, they fire at the crowded heads, and if they are lucky, the great beasts plunge headforemost into the snow.

The hunters plunge forward across the snow, happy, exultant, puffing, perspiring, flushed. They shake hands with each other and compliment each other. They fill their pipes. The long walk back to camp has no terrors. Gaily they accomplish it; majestically they announce their success; triumphantly they bring back the long sleigh for the carcasses; and jubilantly the whole camp eats moose-steak roasted in butter and served smoking hot, when the shadows fall over the great forest.

They have conquered the king of the forest.

Courtesy Can. Nor. Ry.

Courtesy Can. Nor. Ry.]

TRIUMPHANTLY THEY BRING BACK THE CARCASSES

Christmas Greeting

And it is more important that a person should talk pleasantly of the thousand and one nothings of the hour than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels.
—Virginibus Puerisque

More pity him, if pity be your cue, for where a man is all pride, vanity, and personal aspiration, he goes through fire unshielded. *—Memories and Portraits.*

Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the traditions of mankind. *—AE's Triplex.*

Real truth is it that a hint taken, a look understood conveys the gist of long and delicate Explanations; and where the life is known even "yea" and "nay" become luminous
—Truth of Intercourse.

Remember this, though, that if we wish to scale Mont Blanc or go down in a diving-dress or up in a balloon, we must be about it while we are still young.
—Crabbed Age and Youth.

You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted; but you must share a joke with someone else. *—Virginibus Puerisque.*

Confidentially, though I would not willingly part with my scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. *—An Apology for Idlers.*

However, childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches; the true wisdom is to be always seasonable, *—Crabbed Age and Youth.*

Remarkable turning-point in each career is every Christmas Day
—Virginibus Puerisque.

I am never weary of recallingto mind . . . huddles of yellow sheep and dartings of black dogs upon the snow, the unearthly harpings of the wind along the moors. *—Pastoral.*

So in every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be the gainer; to forget one's self is to be happy.
—Memories and Portraits.

Two people who share a cell in the Bastile, or are thrown together on an uninhabited isle, if they do not immediately fall to fisticuffs will find some possible ground of compromise *—A Preface.*

Merry youth is the time to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country. *—Crabbed Age and Youth*

A ship-captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate. *—Virginibus Puerisque.*

So our conscious years are but a moment in the history of the elements that build us. I surely carry about with me some fibres of my minister—grandfather.
—Memories and Portraits.

Acrostic

For my own part, I justify the encouragement of smiling rather than tearfulness in children. —*An Apology for Idlers.*

Reasonable it is to believe the world's quite right in a million ways, but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact. —*Crabbed Age and Youth.*

Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand. —*A Dedication.*

Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning-lathe, or gather sea-weeds, will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur water-color shows an innocent mind.
—*Virginibus Puerisque.*

Come, let us be honest over it; there is only one difference between a long life and a good dinner—in the dinner, the sweets come last. —*Will o' the Mill.*

A bird will sing in the thicket; and there you may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective.
—*An Apology for Idlers.*

No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature. —*Memories and Portraits.*

And what can be more encouraging than to find the friend who was welcome at one age, still welcome at another!
—*Preface.*

Dutifully, while others are filling their memories with a lumber of words, your truant may learn some really useful art; to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, to speak with ease to all kinds of men. —*An Apology for Idlers.*

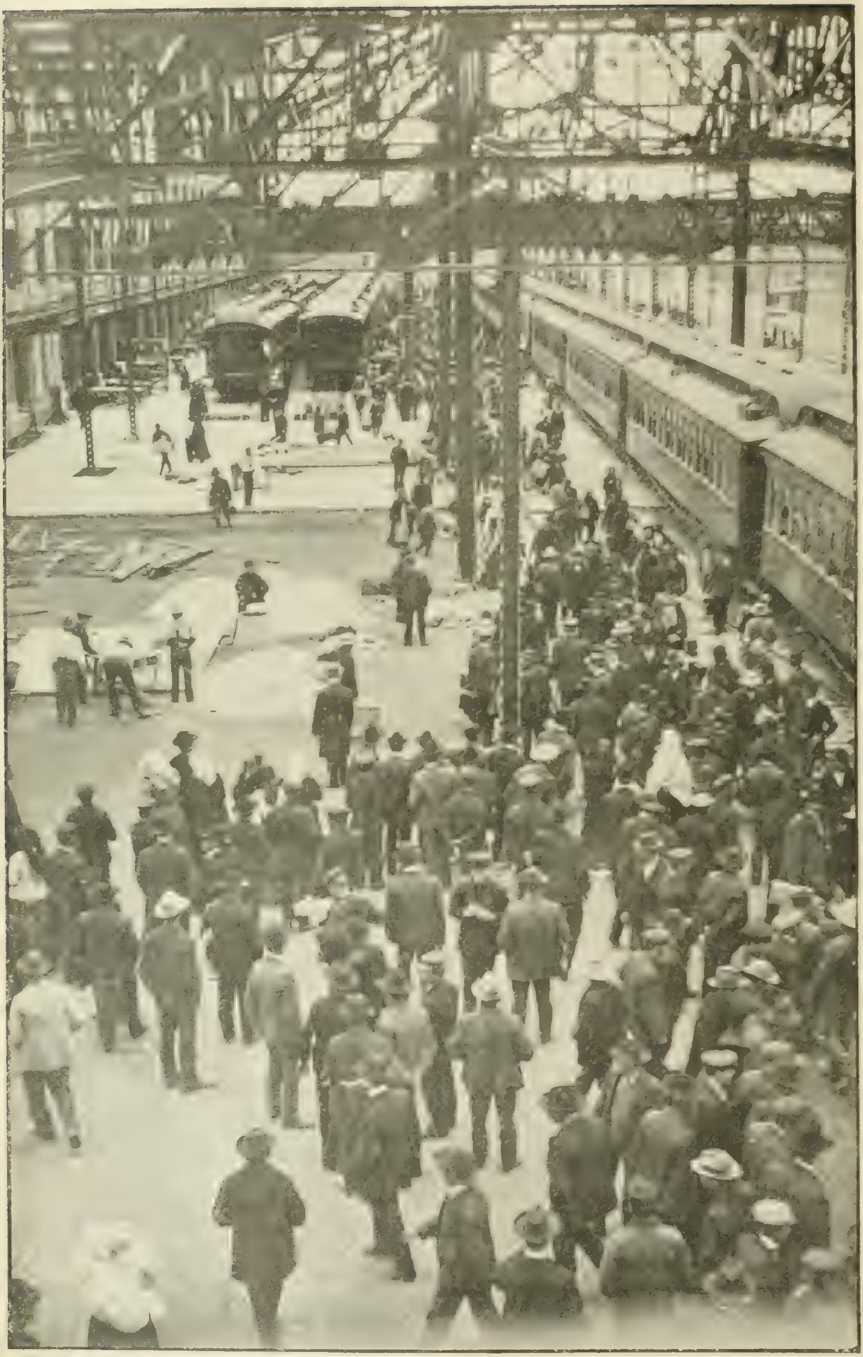
And ever, though times change and opinions vary, this world appears a gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing, manly virtues. —*Preface.*

Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness. —*Virginibus Puerisque.*

Everyone knows that it is not over the virtues of a curate—and tea-party novel that people are abashed into high resolutions. —*The English Admirals.*

Still stands that old and very true saying that failure is the only highroad to success. —*A College Magazine*

Then, young or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go!
—*Crabbed Age and Youth.*



SETTLERS, NEWLY ARRIVED FROM ENGLAND, THRONG THE STATION PLATFORM AT WINNIPEG

The English Settlers

By F. W. Hunt

CANADA is a land of vast areas and long distances; a land of wide sweeping plains and immense forests; of towering mountains and echoing canons; of mighty, rushing rivers and broad lakes; a land where icebergs glisten, and yet where flowers and fruits of the tropics grow and flourish; a land of many climates, a land of strangely deflected isothermal lines. Bigness is the prevailing atmosphere of Canada. Particularly is it the prevailing atmosphere of Western Canada. Just as a room without furniture or inmates has an exaggerated aspect of space, so Western Canada in the absence of the large cities and dense settlements, of the railroads and public highways of older settled countries, has an exaggerated aspect of vastness.

To the average English immigrant these conditions are entirely new. The great distances to be overcome, the long, tiresome journeys, the scarceness of people—to all these things he has to get accustomed. If the immigrant be a young man, there are strong probabilities that he has previously absorbed large quantities of literature on the subject of wild western adventure and has come west with the intention of distinguishing himself in that particular line of activity. Accordingly, he no sooner reaches his destination than he out-fits himself with a broad-brimmed cow-boy's hat, a buckskin coat, a pair of riding boots and spurs. Thus arrayed after his own conception of a rough-riding cowboy he fares forth in search of adventure, much to the amusement of the real cattlemen who seldom trouble to don the picturesque garb with which romance usually clothes them.

It is, however, rather with that larger class of English immigrants who come seeking homes that I wish to deal in this article. I shall not be wide of the mark if I say that people born and reared in England find it more difficult to adjust themselves to Canadian frontier conditions than immigrants of almost any other nationality. The American and the Canadian are born of the atmosphere of western things, and adapt themselves quite readily to the conditions of pioneer life. Even immigrants from Europe do not as a rule find much difficulty in adapting themselves to Canadian environment. The Russian and German settlers build their large log houses with thatched roofs, and with more or less success follow much the same mode of life that they did in the old countries. Scandinavians, too, fit themselves very readily into western conditions, but to the Englishman there is little enough in common between life and its requirements and that to which he was accustomed in England. Here in the west he finds only raw material. Here is the virgin prairie and here is the timber. He must take these elements in their native state and evolve therefrom an improved, cultivated farm and a home. The average Englishman, fresh from the land of shopkeepers, has never done any thing of this kind—indeed has probably never seen it done. Little wonder then that he undertakes the task with rather more than the ordinary awkwardness of the foreigner, and, as a result, suffers much inconvenience and many unnecessary hardships. After all it is really the want of the western kind of life-experience rather than want of adaptability and versatility that makes the beginning in Western Canada harder for the English settler than for those of other nationalities.

And here is another way in which want of experience in western life sometimes brings grief to the Englishman. I will not say that as a nation the English are particularly gullible. Indeed history tends to establish the contrary. But, nevertheless, it is true that the English immigrant upon reaching the west and entering upon the business of purchasing the necessary equipment with which to go on his homestead, is frequently fleeced—so frequently, in fact, that to be an Englishman is to be marked as a victim by cunning and dishonest natives who have worthless horses, cattle and implements for sale. Just why the English immigrant should be more easily gulled than the Russian, the German, the Swede or the American, I may not venture to say with authority. Privately, after a dozen years' observation, three reasons occur to me. First, his inexperience in western matters renders him incompetent to deal logically with the propositions presented to him. Secondly, he generally possesses an excessive credulity which leads him to believe things which the more suspicious European would pause to question. Thirdly, he is frequently unwilling to believe that an illiterate and inferior native could deceive him if he tried.

Two or three years ago a colony of English settlers came to Western Canada to settle in what was then the district of Saskatchewan. The locality in which they purposed settling was about 200 miles distant from the nearest railway, which distance it was necessary for them to travel by wagon. At the station where they left the train were dealers in supplies and implements, horses and oxen, waiting, vulture-like, for their prey. In this case the prey was all that could have been anticipated. Having but a vague idea of what they needed, and knowing nothing of the value of the commodities offered them, these immigrants purchased broken-down horses and oxen at prices quite double that which should have been paid for sound young animals. Implements, many of which could be of no possible use to them, were also acquired at extravagant prices. To illustrate the readiness with which some of them became dupes: one of the immigrants, wishing to buy a cow, approached a halfbreed who had one for sale. "Is she not old?" he inquired innocently, "I notice she has marks on her horns."

"O no," he was assured, "Those marks were made by a rope."

"But," persisted the intending purchaser, "I see she has no teeth."

"Ah, that is because she is young," unblushingly replied the native. The cow was purchased at a ridiculously high price but her advanced years prevented her living through the following winter. Yet, at last accounts, no one had succeeded in convincing the purchaser that he had been swindled.

The Canadian Government gives a quarter section of land containing 160 acres to every settler who makes certain improvements, and lives thereon for a term of three years. To the average English homeseeker who has been accustomed to farms of five, ten, or even forty acres, to the agriculturist who all his life has been merely a farm laborer for hire, or, at best, a renter of ground in the above varying plots, 160 acres—an estate half a mile square—seems large indeed. To be the proud owner of such an estate is the one potent, albeit perfectly commendable, ambition which urges many of England's sons who have long vegetated within narrow and crowded spaces to break away from their environments and seek the wider fields of the West.

The conversion of the virgin soils into cultivable land is an experience with which but few of the English settlers are familiar. Hence they are not always able to judge as to the future possibilities of their prospective homesteads. Hence, also, many curious and, sometimes, absurd notions guide them in the selection of raw material for future farms. One will select a broken, ridgy piece of ground because of its beautiful scenery and ideal building sites. Another is actuated in his choice by the abundance of splendid stones which he expects to use in building a wall around his fields; or, perhaps amidst a wilderness of scrub timber there is a spring or brook of running water. Still others find the satisfaction of owning an estate sufficient, and without as much as a look at the location hie them away to the land office and make entry for a homestead. Such ill-advised random selection often results in the homesteader becoming owner of a farm from which he can with difficulty wrest a living. The more thoughtful ones make their selections with a view to future wheat fields, and for such there is the sure reward of independence with which the West crowns persistent and intelligent effort.

In the matter of erecting suitable buildings the English settler again meets with difficulties. The Scandinavian, the Russian and the German peasants bring with them the method of building from raw materials which have served their fathers for many generations in their own countries. Every peasant of them is, in some measure, a builder, and the commodious, substantial log buildings they erect are eminently suitable for the purposes of the pioneer settler in the Canadian West. Not so with the English settler. For, though, as a specimen of intellectually developed man, he is—that is, the average of him—superior to any of the above mentioned classes, there are strong probabilities that he knows less about dove-tailing the corners of a log house than the average Russian peasant knows about Shakespeare. Hence, if he undertakes to do his own building in his own way, he is likely to have a home which is neither graceful to look upon nor comfortable to live in.

Farming, too, as carried on in the West has its problems for the new settler from England. Even the English agriculturist requires two or three years to get into perfect touch with western methods. Not that western methods are superior to, or would not be the better for being tinctured somewhat by those of the English. But Western farming is different. Work is carried on on a larger scale. There is more haste and—the corollary must be added—more waste. Here one man, with the aid of gang-ploughs and other labor-saving devices, often farms as much as 100 and 150 acres of land without hired help except during harvest and threshing seasons. Then, too, there is the difference in machinery, the difference in climate and the difference in soils. With all these new conditions to face, the Englishman who comes to Western Canada exuberant with confidence that he will, from the start, astonish the natives with his brilliant success—and may I be pardoned if I mention that not a few do come here in some such state of mind—is apt to be, at least partially and temporarily, disappointed.

From the foregoing paragraphs some may conclude either that Western Canada is not the place for English people, or that the English are not the people for Western Canada. Nothing of the sort. The West needs the Englishman and the Englishman needs the West. It is true that it sometimes requires untoward experiences, even utter failure and hardship, to induce him to look outside of himself for ideas; that he is inclined to hesitate and falter over the necessity of adopting the methods and cautions of ignorant natives of the West or the plodding yokels of Europe; but once he has learned to learn he makes rapid strides in adaptation and his bull-dog perseverance carries him far on the road to success.

And the Englishwoman, give her but little time to get over the first pang of lonesomeness and seeming barrenness, the change from friends and society, afternoon teas and kindred pleasures to the little log house no larger than the kitchen at home and with neighbors in some cases five and even ten miles distant, and she too adapts herself to the pioneer life and goes to work to make the best of it. She indulges in no useless fretting when the husband must make the long trip to town for supplies, often being away three days or a week and leaving her alone to care of the little ones. Nor does she go into hysterics when the blood-curdling chorus of the coyotes arouses the sleeping echoes in the still nights. Not she. She keeps the little shack as neat as such a dwelling may be kept, dabbles in poultry raising, butter making and gardening, and helps Jock in a thousand ways to make their enterprise of home building a success. She learns to ride and drive and sometimes even takes to shooting. In time she comes to love the great slumbering solitudes, and not without regret does she witness their passing as the oncoming years transform them into the busy haunts of men.

There is, however, one phase of western life with which the English people, from their natures, at once come into perfect harmony, but which is meaningless to the average European. Frontiersmen have ever been noted for their hospitality. No matter how small the cabin or how scant the accommodation there is always welcome for the benighted traveller. No matter of what class or race the stranger, the true frontiersman will share with him the last crust. This spirit of hospitality is pleasing to the Englishman. It accords with his ideas of good-fellowship and brotherly kindness. He remembers the modest gleam that guided him to a dry roof on a soggy night. and never forgets to leave his own latch-string out.

Canada is also a land of rapid changes. Not many yesterdays ago these western solitudes knew events of no greater moment than the struggle for existence between wild creatures. Now dotted over the prairies are the nuclei of many future cities; and yet there is room for more cities; When fifty millions have found homes in the fertile valleys of western rivers there will still be room for many more. And among these heterogeneous peoples, who are simply the unorganised elements of a new nationality, the English immigrant plays his own particular part. The Englishman is widely known for his good breeding and genteel manners, and the English home placed side by side with that of the average European or the rough frontiersman, acts as a conservatory of culture and refinement. Not even the American or the Canadian, for all their alertness and mental acumen, bring with them the same atmosphere of ultra-refinement. Hence, the presence of English people and the English home in the west tends to soften and refine the crudities and roughness of the western character.

And as much as Canada needs English settlers she needs still more his sons and daughters. The Englishman born and brought up in his native land, little matter what space of time he has been absent, never flags in his loyalty to Britain and to British institutions. Indeed it seems rather to grow on him. If he has come to Western Canada and prospered, he gives credit to England for having so rich a colony. If he fails he blames himself for leaving so good a place as England. The attitude of his Canadian born son is, as a matter of course, somewhat different. Not that he is wanting in loyalty to Britain, but he has grown up amidst western environment. He has been educated in the school of western experience. He knows the West for his home, and toward Canada he feels that strong, patriotic sense of proprietorship which makes the man the citizen. In fine while his father was an Englishman, he is a Colonial.

The English girl who is raised on the frontiers also imbibes that wide freedom, that good-as-my-neighbor spirit which hovers everywhere over the broad, western prairies. She, in common with her brother, has drunk deeply of the waters of the northern rivers, and there is a legend which says that whosoever drinks from these rivers shall not fail to return thither from their wanderings. She with her brother is educated in the efficient schools with which the Canadian Government generously provides every settlement and often herself finds scope for her talent and energy in the profession of teacher.

There are, then, vicissitudes which challenge the English settler in the course of his western experience. There are compensations, too, abundant and certain. For him to have when he leaves England any conception other than the most vague of the conditions he will have to meet is, taking all things into consideration, almost impossible. A true grasp of Western Canada, of what it is and what it stands for, comes only for the living there. Mere pictures and printed pages cannot convey the atmosphere of western bigness and promise. It comes only to those who have camped on the brinks of the swift rivers and cantered over the treeless undulations.

The Tune the Cow Died on

By Billee Glynn

If Nature had made the nose of Mickey O'Flanagan a little longer, with a Roman arch to bridge his resolutions, in place of the stubby, insignificant thing it was, it is altogether probable that instead of stroking it helplessly as he did, and looking with a hopeless expression from his friend O'Brien to the adjacent backyard where Fanny Donovan was milking her father's cow, he would have been on the other side of the fence, too, in search of his heart and Fanny's, the former having taken to the fence many moons before.

The trouble was that Mickey didn't know which side of the fence Fanny's heart really was, or fancied, rather, that it was on her own side to stay.

Bogton—we'll call it that—is a village in Western Canada more Irish than Ireland itself, and the pair were on Mickey's verandah, or an open porch that passed for such, where O'Brien had been fabulising New York—a city from which he had just returned after a visit long enough to expand his ideas without narrowing his brogue—when the pleasing spectacle of Fanny and her milk-pail on the Donovan side had induced a lapse in the conversation and a sigh from Mickey.

Mickey had sighed countless times in the same place on beholding the same tantalising vision, and perhaps his sigh now was the result of habit. Perhaps he thought a man like O'Brien who had viewed the magnificence of New York was also a fit person to whom to unfold the destitution of his heart. At any rate the sympathetic twinkle in O'Brien's eye demanded an explanation, and Mickey, having stroked his nasal organ as if with a desire to remodel it to the heroic type, let his hand point in Fanny's direction and emphasized his first sigh. "Look at her, Billy O'Brien," he said: "She's the woman o' me heart. If I iver marry she'd be the wan, but I'll niver marry."

"An' why won't ye?" asked O'Brien with evident surprise, turning an eye of approval towards the pretty figure crouching by the cow in the opposite yard.

Mickey grasped his friends sleeve and lowered his voice awesomely. "Because, Billy me boy," he said, "She wudn' hev me."

"Wudn' hev ye? Did ye ax her?"

Three months in New York had colored the natural slipshodness of O'Brien's mentality with a show of the practical. The notoriety of his trip had made him a favorite with the colleens in his native village and given him a conceit of his powers.

His question "Did ye ax her?" seemed to probe the utmost depths of Mickey's soul. His voice was lachrymal.

"Arrah, an' that's the point av it, Billy me boy," he said. "That's the point av it. If I could only bring myself to it,—but I can't I've thryed to for two years now, and I'm loikely to be thrying for the next two at the rate I'm goin'. I'm loike a yearlin' wantin' to jump a fence that's too high for him, an he knows he darsn't make the leap for fare of breakin' his legs."

Again Mickey sighed. "Billy, I'd break me hearrt if I thryed it. She'd refuse me. Whin I see her go down there in the avenings, swingin' her pail an' singing 'The Lass o Killarney' or somethin' aqually swate, an' see her sit down by that cow, an' send the milk a streamin' with fingers as white as itself, I'd give the worl' to be able to step over the fence and say, 'Fanny, darlint, will ye hev me?' But I moight as well thry to cross the ocean on a bhroom-stick. It's somethin' in her head, Billy—the way she howlds it. It says, I'll hev nuthin' to do wid ye before ye ax her."

Mickey turned from the object of his affections, sitting beside the cow with her back towards him, to his friend with a look that demanded sympathy, but was surprised to find none in the blue orbs of that practical person.

"Mickey O'Flanagan," he said, "I've shame for ye—an' ye a gintleman av' properthy—that ye wud be so aignorant."

"Aignorant is it ye're caliin' me, Billy O'Brien" exclaimed Mickey reproachfully.

"Yis, aignorant—no other word wud do ye. Didn't ye know that a woman allus howlds her head like that whin she's wantin' ye to propose to her? It's aisy seeing ye ain't had the expayrience I've had, Mickey." O'Brien paused for an instant to gaze glowingly on a New York career of unlimited heart-lifting, and then resumed. "Faix, it's clear that the colleen's been axing ye over the fence to propose to her, iver since ye've been watchin' her here, and ye were such an omadhaun that ye niver knew it. It's ashamed of ye I am."

"Ye don't say," ejaculated Mickey with an expression of joy.

"Yis I do say. It's ashamed av ye I am, an' nuthin else. Ye've been lookin' an' sighin' on this side iv the fence fer two years avening after avening, and her on the other side jist dyin' fer ye to go over an' ax her, an' ye cudn't see it. Why it's blind ye must be, man."

Mickey rubbed his eyes as if to correct their vision, in order to see Fanny in the perspective of his friend Billy, and though for a moment he succeeded in viewing her in the roseate light of responsive love, a sudden doubt crossed his face, perhaps from the slight toss which Fanny at that moment happened to give her head, as if her thoughts were of a tormenting nature.

"But how'd ye git to her, Billy?" he asked. "How'd ye approach the darlin'?"

"Isn't there a hole in the fence, Mickey?" What more do ye want?"

The cow switched her tail at this juncture, striking Fanny Donovan on the cheek and she put her hand up with an expression of annoyance. The incident caused O'Brien to lay his hand on his companion's shoulder and smile wisely.

"Did ye see it?" he whispered. "What betther raison would ye want than that to go over and spake to her, wid a hole in the fence as good as axing you to come. Didn't ye see the cow's tail strike her, man?"

"Troth, an' I've often seen it," began Mickey, nonplussed, "but—"

"Often seen it," interposed O'Brien. "Often seen it; an ye don't know what I'm drivin' at! Mickey, I'm ashamed av ye. Politeness ought to taich you. What betther excuse would ye want than to go over to howld the cow's tail to kape it from strikin' her?"

"It's afther foolin' me ye are,

Billy," returned Mickey, smiling incredulously.

"Foolin' you! Faix, an' it's foolin' yourself ye are, Mickey O'Flanagan," affirmed O'Brien seriously. "How cud ye ixpect the woman to loike you? You've been standing here night afther night watchin' the cow lambastin' her poor tinder cheek with its tail, an' ye didn't have the heart to go over an' howld it for her. Mickey O'Flanagan, it's nuthin' less than cruelty and bad manners for ye."

"But wud she let me?"

"The cow is it ye mane?"

"The woman."

"Let ye! She'd be glad to hev ye. Heven't I towld ye the way she howlds her head shows she's just dying for ye? Mickey, believe the word of a friend, ye're nuthin' less than a fool as far as understandin' a woman is concerned. It's in New York that ye ought to larn, me boy.

"An' wud ye railly howld the baste's tail for her, Billy?" asked Mickey still somewhat dubious.

"Yis, or its feet ayther, if I loiked the woman. It's the aisiest thing in the worl.' I'll show ye for the sake av the illustration."

Whereupon Mr. William O'Brien, late of New York, took off his hat dinged the crown properly, dusted the sleeve of his coat where a spot or two showed, shook himself into an attitude of dignity, and with a parting wink of confidence at the incredulous Mickey, made his way through the breach in the fence to the Donovan side. An instant later Mickey saw him lift his hat with a flourish to the blushing Fanny, and shortly afterward beheld him in the pleasant and enviable occupation of holding the cow's tail while he kept up a sprightly conversation with the girl, punctuated with short bits of laughter which came to the ears of Mickey with a thrill of jealousy.

When Billy had returned, and having dwelt on his knowledge of the fair sex to the now convinced and admiring Mickey, assured him that he was not in love with Fanny himself, and promised with all the condescension proper to his love-inspiring personality that he would thereafter pay her no attentions to injure his friend's suit, Mickey feasted him, blessed the day that had brought Billy O'Brien back from New York, and finally, having orally exhausted the subject, went to rest at a late hour and dreamed.

His dream was a dream of love, and a hero protecting a beautiful woman from the tail of a cow.

The dream had nothing whatever to do with the O'Heeley band, and yet the O'Heeley band has a great deal to do with the story. The O'Heeley band was a newly-organized body in the village of Bogton. It derived its name from the leader, O'Heeley, a retired soldier who had served in the Spanish War and was drawing a pension. O'Heeley led it with a grace and variety of ornate gesticulation that was worthy of leaders of more famous bands. It consisted of nine graded brass horns with a strong pair of youthful Irish lungs behind each. The result was a musical brogue which O'Heeley termed "a bit o' the classical," an expression in no way illustrative of the volume of sound produced. The band officiated—or intended to officiate when age gave it opportunity—on public occasions, weddings, holidays, etc. During its callow days, however, its specialty was charivaring, which O'Heeley designated with his usual euphemism, "serenading." The band had acquired even in the babyhood of its career, such a reputation in this particular line, that when a young fellow in Bogton thought of marrying, he always estimated in his unavoidable expenses the fee of the O'Heeley band for "serenading," an occurrence which inevitably took place a night or two after the nuptials.

It was impossible for Tom Murphy in his newly elected state of matrimony to escape the levying of this blackmail. The O'Heeley organization, two in a line, and four deep with O'Heeley at their head, "the brass in his face batin' the brass in his horn" as had been said on one occasion, and as straight and stern as if he were again advancing against the Spanish over the hills of Cuba, were on their way the evening after the opening of the story to the cottage where Murphy had taken his bride, next door to the habitation where Mickey O'Flanagan, the lonely bachelor, sighed out his heart for that of Fanny Donovan.

Arriving at the cottage, and congratulating themselves on not having been detected so far by Tom Murphy and his bride, who, had they but known it, had decamped to a neighbor's an hour before, the O'Heeleyans formed in a circle, and O'Heeley having nodded his head three times in his usual introductory manner, said, "All ready. Let her hev it, boys!" and put his instrument to his lips.

Mickey O'Flanagan in the meantime was parading his back verandah impatiently awaiting the milking-hour and Fanny Donovan. Fanny seemed later than usual. The fact was that Mickey was earlier in his expectations. He had looked forward to her appearance from the moment when rubbing his eyes in the morning he had rubbed aside dreams of her for hopes more practical. Nearing the crisis of action—for he had decided to follow the example of O'Brien the evening before—he was in a highly-wrought state of nervous excitement, mingling doubts and hopes in a confused medley. In the early part of the day Mickey had said to himself with a confident smile, "She loves me, that's sure. All I hev to be doin' is the axin' av her, an' 'tis this very avenin' I'll do it." But when evening came, Mickey was saying to himself, "Will she hev me if I ax her, an' will I ax her if she won't?"

Then came Fanny, swinging her milk-pail with a grace that would have fired the heart of a less susceptible person than an Irishman. A moment later she was on her stool by the side of the cow, sending the milk into the pail in alternate streams, and the great opportunity of his life was knocking at the door of Mickey O'Flanagan. Mickey stood with his heart thumping under the magnitude of the moment. Drawing himself together, he made towards the breach in the fence. The girl's back was towards him, and pausing, he gave her a long look so lovelorn that it must have won Fanny's heart could she have seen it. But she did not see it, and her back was a back of indifference. Putting his head under the upper scantling to which the boards had been nailed, Mickey bumped his head, and almost stumbled. The noise attracted Fanny's attention, and she looked around. Mickey had his hat off rubbing his head, and his face was scarlet. He saw the woman of his heart smile. There was but one thing to do now, and Mickey did it desperately. He made a quick dive for the hole, and approached Fanny, his temperature rising at every step.

Her back was again towards him.

"A foine avenin'," said Mickey, pausing about three steps behind her.

The sound of the milk pattering in the pail apparently prevented Fanny from hearing him.

"A foine avenin' Miss Donovan," said Mickey, taking another step,

Fanny glanced around.

"How d'ye do, Mr. O'Flanagan," she said in a brogue as sweet as her face was pretty.

Mickey lifted his hat with the flourish he had seen O'Brien indulge in the evening before. The friendliness of her greeting gave him courage. He advanced, and stood close beside the girl and the cow, looking from the former to the tail of the latter as if waiting for inspiration,—or the tail. The tail was unaggressive. Mickey sought for the inspiration. He found it at last in the pail.

"What beautiful milk!" he said. "an' wud ye look at the foam on it! Sure an' it's the good milker ye are, Miss Donovan."

Fanny made no reply. The trouble was perhaps that Mickey should have reversed his compliment, and called the girl beautiful, and the cow the good milker.

Mickey again looked towards the tail. The tail was lashing the other side of the cow. Mickey turned helplessly to the girl.

"The flies are bad," he suggested after a long interval.

"Yis, but Reddie don't mind thim much," she rejoined, not raising her eyes.

As if in refutation of the statement, the cow switched her tail and hit the milker on the cheek.

Mickey seized the chance and the tail with avidity.

"Bad cess to ye for a mane brute!" he exclaimed. "To sthrike a leddy loike that. Did she hurt ye, Miss Donovan?"

"Nothin' to lave a mark," said Fanny.

"I'll howld her for ye," said Mickey heroically, grasping the cow's tail with both hands.

There was a deep silence. The streams of milk falling into the pail kept time with the thumping of Mickey's heart. Reddie twitched her fast-held tail uneasily.

"I've often watched ye from my side whin ye'd be milkin' here in the avenin'," he said finally, his voice dropping into sentiment.

"Did ye?" said Fanny. Her face was slightly flushed. It must be remembered that Mickey was a handsome lad, in spite of his gaucherie, and was possessed of considerable wealth. So Fanny blushed.

"Yis," he continued, "I've watched ye ivery avenin' for two years or more."

The tone of the confession left no room for doubt of Mickey's intentions. Like a true daughter of Eve, Fanny Donovan was prepared to give him trouble in expressing them further.

"Indade," she suggested slyly, "My back must hev been intherestin'"

"Not so intherestin' as your face," rejoined Mickey with spirit, under her raillery.

"Then it's me face ye should hev been watchin'."

"An' sure I'd hev loiked to, but I'd had to hev been here thin, an'—"

"Faix, I wasn't hinderin' ye," put in the girl with a teasing smile into her suitor's face.

The opening was so sudden and so large that Mickey instead of making a prompt and graceful entrance, fell into it.

"Thin ye don't moind me company," he suggested.

"Faix, it's betther than none," said Fanny in a tone of liberality.

Mickey sighed, crest-fallen.

"But sure, ain't I howldin' the cow's tail so it won't be sthrikin' ye?" he pleaded.

"Sure, an' she could howld it hersilf," returned Fanny with another teasing smile.

Mickey's spirits sank under this rebuff.

"Thin ye don't want me?" he inquired.

"I'm not ixprissin' my wants; if I had thim, I wud," she countered, her look challenging Mickey to express his.

Mickey gulped; opened his mouth, shut it again, and said nothing.

"I often felt," he resumed weakly, "whin I'd be sittin' on me back verandah in the avenin' that I'd loike a wife."

"Indade, an' did ye iver think if your wife wud loike you?"

"If she loikes me well enough to hev me, she—"

"Might kill ye wid the rollin'-pin afterwards," interposed the relentless Fanny.

"Ah, she's too swate for that!" refuted Mickey.

"Indade thin, ye've set your eye on her?"

"An' me heart!" declared Mickey. But Fanny's eyes were raised to his with an air of frank unconsciousness.

"Yis, an' me heart," repeated he, pleased with the expression.

"Thin I'd ax her, if I was you," she advised judiciously.

"But she don't know I want her," demurred Mickey.

"She'll niver know if ye don't tell her."

"Arrah, but she don't know it's her I mane," he protested, puzzled.

"How cud ye ixpect her, till ye say so?"

"Sure, an' I hev been sayin' so," blurted out Mickey, wrought to the last stage of desperation by her impregnable misunderstanding.

"Thin she cudn't have heard ye," commented Fanny. "Ye want to sphake louder. Holler at her, if she won't hear,"

The look on Mickey's face was that of a man staking his life on a throw. He planted his feet firmly, gripped the tail of the cow, and opened his mouth convulsively.

"Fanny Donovan," he yelled ardently, "Ye're the jewel av me heart. Will ye hev me?"

A rich peal of laughter broke from the girl, but before she could reply the overture of the Murphy serenade broke forth next door with a resounding crash of brass. Instantaneously, the peaceful Reddie revolted. The holding of her tail was bearable, but this was too much. She leaped forward, Mickey clinging desperately.

"Fanny Donovan!" he reiterated still hanging to the tail, "ye're the jewel av me heart! Will ye hev me?"

Fanny nodded, tears of laughter in her eyes.

"If ye howld the cow," she answered him.

But the cow was apparently not to be held. The O'Heeley band was blowing its best, and the Donovan cow had evidently no taste for O'Heeley's "bit o' the classical." She bounded through the yard, and out into the street. The band, dimly seen through the dusk, was hard at it. She lowered her head, and charged, Mickey bringing up an execrating and unwilling rear.

The "bit o' the classical" broke suddenly into a discordant whine, ended in a stuttering gasp, and the bandsman, one and all, O'Heeley leading the retreat, went flying up the road as fast as fear and their legs could carry them.

"What sort av baste was it—the divil will be shootin' at us nixt," gasped O'Heeley, thinking that Murphy was the author of the charge which had dispersed them, and the band ran faster.

On the battlefield the cow had plunged her foot through the bass horn, fallen heavily, and brought Mickey sprawling on top. Fanny, who had run after her wooer and the cow, found them in the roadway, Mickey sitting on the prostrate Reddie, warm with exercise and heroism.

"I've got her, darlint," he cried triumphantly. "Will ye hev me now?"

Fanny blushed. After all she was not a girl to disparage a man who has made himself ridiculous for love, and a suitor like Mickey who could watch the lady of his fancy from his back verandah for two years appealed to her.

So it was when old man Donovan arrived a moment later, he discovered Mickey holding Fanny's hand, and looking very happy.

"I've won the hand av your daughter," he announced importantly.

"Yis, but bad cess to ye, ye've broken the leg av me poor cow," responded Fanny's parent, after a brief examination.

Mickey was thunderstruck. He glanced ruefully from Fanny to the fated Reddie, still lying prostrate behind him.

"'Twas the infidel O'Heeley an' his crayters did it," he asseverated quickly, "but niver moind, I've a Jersey in me barn that's doin' nothin' but atin' her head off. I'll give her to ye, fer I've me treasure here."

Old man Donovan was a practical person. He looked the two over.

"Faix," he said, "since ye've got the colleen, ye can go home an' dhrive over the Jersey."

* * *

"Dollar Wheat"

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the December "World To-Day"

WITH "dollar wheat" an actuality the question of future values in breadstuffs enters upon a new phase. Will the price continue to rise with the increase in the world's population until white bread has become a luxury which only the rich may know? The question is not new, but in the light of recent events it takes on new interest. Wheat is worth more than it used to be, and is going to be worth still more.

European savants say that "dollar wheat" is here to stay, while board of trade operators scoff at the idea. The former base their view on scientific observations of past and present conditions; the latter know the "pit," and the varying quotations of the day. Meanwhile the Canadian farmer is saying nothing about past conditions or future probabilities. He is absorbed in pleased contemplation of the present and is leaving to others the answer to the question of whether or no our children shall eat white bread.

Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, who knows at least the speculative wheat market as well as any man in the world, said in an interview with a Paris journalist recently:

"Wheat is going up and down many times, between big limits, too, before starvation will start in on account of a limited supply. In my opinion the present advance in price is only a temporary phase of the situation."

Mr. Leiter was interviewed because the National Association of French Milling Interests had called a meeting to consider the situation, and the London Flour Miller's Association had on October 11 raised the price of flour sixpence a sack. His dictum has value only in so far as it touches the speculative market, which by no means affects any of the conditions underlying the actual growth and the final consumption of wheat and wheat products, but deals with the status of the middle-market, the half-way variable point, between the two. The truth was more clearly stated by M. Cornu, secretary of the French association.

"The higher price has come to stay," said M. Cornu, "because the population of the world is getting beyond the supply of wheat. This was predicted by the German statistician Pohle, some years ago, as a thing that must happen."

Pohle was not the first of the Germans to forsee that. Malthus saw it in 1798. But Pohle had the inestimable advantage of living later and seeing farther than Malthus, so that instead of dealing with theories he had facts to go on. When Malthus wrote his first treatise, there were only about five million people in the United States and but a very small fraction as many in Canada. Yet to him, the growth of population was about to overrun the possibilities in food supply, and his cheerful suggestion was that the otherwise inevitable end be defeated by putting a stopper on the birthrate.

In his day it had not been discovered that every great need of humanity evokes its own remedy, as by the unvarying operation of some great natural law. The population of Europe and America has gone on. But conditions have accommodated themselves to that growth, and instead of starving, all nations to-day are paying more for their food, especially for their white bread, and there neither is nor ever will be even what Mr. Leiter calls a beginning of "starvation on account of an insufficient supply.''

While the quoted price for wheat is made in Liverpool and Chicago, and bears only a proportional relation to the price received by the actual grower, it means that the man at the other end of the line, the consumer, has to pay more for his flour when the price is high than when it is low. The argument that by apparently increasing the cost of living a high price means general hardship, will not hold. For a high price to the grower means prosperity at the very root industry of all the people. When the farmer gets a good price for his wheat, he has money to use; and he uses it in buying luxuries as well as necessaries. When this condition is prevalent everywhere in any year, that year is a busy one in every line of human activity, and every one has more money. Therefore a high price for wheat, the central food-staple of three continents, spells relative prosperity wherever men eat white bread.

''Dollar wheat'' used to be the farmer's dream. It has come true, and is not likely to fade again into a dream or a mere hope. For the first time since the farms of the middle states were new and comparatively few, wheat brings more than a dollar a bushel, because it is worth more.

Insensibly but very steadily the population has been growing, and every soul added to it means another body to be nourished. And wheat is the first indispensable food staple. In America population is increasing at the rate of fifteen per cent. every two years. Compound that rate for twenty years past and twenty years next to come, and the reason why wheat is above the dollar mark and certain to stay in the dollar-mark neighborhood, with an average tendency still upward, makes itself perfectly clear. There is nothing to alarm any one in this fact.

The prosperity of the people rests upon the prosperity of the farm. When farming pays, money flows, and every grade of all the peoples benefits in the highest degree. The soil is the only producer of actual wealth. The grower of grain is the only real creator of new values, and his work never ceases. It grows with the demand upon it. None need grudge him his share of the wealth he himself brings forth.

Up to some ten years ago, the wheat product of the United States kept abreast of the growing demand and offered a surplus for export. Supply keeping pace with demand, the price was not materially affected. Then began one of those race movements not easily understood at first, where unrest overtakes many widely separated individuals, and a new field draws them as a magnet might. The new needs of a rapidly approaching future were arranging themselves to be met. The vast prairies and rich valleys of the Canadian West slowly became aware of strangers, few at first, then in increasing numbers. Twenty years ago all that country, imperial in extent, was idle. The Canadian Pacific Railway, after extraordinary difficulties, was financed, and pushed its track across the empty land, the people following slowly. Now there are more than twenty thousand miles of rail, under various companies, traversing the mightiest wheat areas of the world, spreading out fanlike from the ports of Lake Superior to the Rockies and the north, wheat areas unknown and undreamed by Malthus and his followers.

''The prairie of the last frontier,'' says a New York daily, ''is being gridironed west and north-west by railroad lines that as soon as the last spike is driven will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of the wheat, the problem of the transportation of future harvests, that has given rise to the numerous propositions of railway undertakings in another direction, toward Hudson Bay.''

A recent writer remarks on this subject that ''a railroad to Hudson Bay would move Liverpool two thousand miles nearer to the western shippers. For the last quarter of a century a line from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay has been mooted. At the present moment the amazing development of Winnipeg and the Canadian West has led to such vigorous action that no less than six charters have been granted in connection with Hudson Bay projects. These great schemes hinge entirely upon the amazing development of Western Canada, whose magical black soil, experts say, will go on producing the hardest wheat in the world without stimulus for a century or more. Already Winnipeg bids fair to be the Chicago of Canada, and through this buckle of the wheat belt all the grain must pass."

Settlement has been swiftly following, or even of late preceding, this extraordinary railway work. Particularly in Saskatchewan, the great wheat province which lies immediately to the west of Manitoba, has the recent development been one of the wonders of the world. Here the latest railway map shows the veritable network of new lines. It is a good sign when a railway sends out feeders through the country. The men who push new lines into virgin country are wise. They realize that no line is more prosperous than the people of the country through which it passes. Profit is made on local business, not on "through" business. Every railroad knows this.

Through these lands of black, friable loam from eight to twenty inches deep on a clay subsoil, where the soil is rich in the food of the wheat-plant, where the long hours of sunshine and the cool nights bring the wheat to vigorous maturity, where the pests of the green bug and the rust and their kindred are unknown, where farms pay for themselves with their first crop, the roads are being run.

Saskatchewan is the richest wheat-producing area in the world, according to Professor Tanner, England's greatest agricultural chemist, who writes: "Although we have hitherto considered the black earth of Central Russia the richest soil in the world, that land has to yield its distinguished position to the rich, deep, fertile soil of Saskatchewan. Here it is that the most fertile soil of the world is to be found. These soils are rich, vegetable humus or clay loam with good clay subsoil. The surface deposit is rich in nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash,, and all other chemical ingredients that go to make up a perfect soil. To the high percentage of nitrogen is due the high percentage of gluten which gives 'Canadian No. 1 Hard' the flouring qualities which have spread its fame abroad to the end of the earth."

In the Regina district lies the famous Indian Head experimental farm, some three hundred and fifteen miles west of Winnipeg. An average for ten years for seventeen farmers in this district was thirty-one bushels to the acre. Along one road leading out of town, it is possible to drive for nearly forty miles in a direct line through unbroken grain fields.

Old-timers are contrasting present conditions in Western Canada with the mad prophecy of Labouchere in 1881: "The Canadian Pacific Railway will run, if it is ever finished, through a country frostbound for seven or eight months of the year, and will connect with the eastern part of the Dominion about as forbidding a country as any on the face of the earth."

The first railroad seemed useless then to the London editor. Later there was a second. Now there is a third. And all this is in a country of which Malthus never heard.

Comparing the areas of all field crops in 1905-1906, there were in the North-west Provinces, 338,000 acres in the former and 8,408,000 in the latter year, being an increase of 2,070,000 acres or nearly thirty-three per cent in one year. In Manitoba the increase was 603,000 acres, in Saskatchewan 1,167,000 and in Alberta 300,000, which in the aggregate is equal in extent to ninety townships. Yet the whole area in crops in the three provinces last year was only twenty-eight per cent. of the land occupied as farms, and only seven per cent. of the surveyed land in the provinces, the land occupied as farms and ranches being 30,502,927 acres and the land surveyed for settlement 120,484,455 acres.

That is the record of one year, bringing it down to 1907, yet it sufficiently indicates the rate at which occupation is proceeding. There is room yet for many thousands of new settlers on new farms, but not for long The steady pressure of demand—a demand for the prime food staples of civilized nations—goes on, and must be met; and the men and farms will respond to it in perfect ratio, until all the land of this magnificient stretch of wheat-growing country shall have been taken up and put under cultivation.

The Canadian West is ordained the granary of the world. Wheat! Wheat in an ever rolling volume of increase, from the bosom of Saskatchewan to the tables of all the world. Wheat enough for all the world for years to come, when its broad miles have been taken up in farms, and the West as we have known it has disappeared forever, giving place to the most beneficent of all industries, the growing of the grains, for all the peoples, everywhere.

One hundred and seventy-one million acres of the best wheat soil in the world, where the climate favors this crop as it does nowhere else, spread across the Canadian West from the woods of Ontario to the foothills of the Rockies, and of this tremendous sweep of country, with all the rush of high-class immigration drawn from Great Britain and the United States these last few years, only five per cent. has been taken up and put under cultivation. Almost one hundred and forty million acres are still open to settlement, and in that total is included a large part of Saskatchewan, which produces the very finest and most valuable of all wheats, the No. 1 hard—hard and full as a bullet, and richer than any other in albuminoids.

Outside of Saskatchewan, only a small patch of soil in North Dakota can produce this quality of wheat. But in Saskatchewan it is the standard crop, and a record of seven years shows its range of yield at from seventeen to twenty-three bushels per acre. The average yield of Nebraska and Kansas in wheat not nearly so fine, runs less than fourteen bushels—and from the time of its first settlement the province has never known a crop failure.

Land at low prices, capable of producing the highest grade of the most valuable wheat in the world will not remain long unoccupied. It will take years to fill up and open these one hundred and forty million Canadian acres of wheat land, but filled they will be, and there shall be no hunger then nor any other time, for the crops grow large with the years as they grow.

It is a fact not commonly taken into consideration that all the western peoples are grain-eaters. Meats are luxuries in continental Europe. The Germans crave it by heredity, and satisfy that craving with *cervelat* and the like, of coarse origin. In France they eat horse-flesh. In the other countries, a family that has meat more than once a week is fortunate to the point of distinction. Even in America, meat is only a part of the general diet. All the Caucasian peoples eat grain products. The bulk of them eat wheat and must have it. The cost is a matter of only relative importance, a dollar or more per bushel will not stop them.

Malthus based his dismal theory upon facts as they appeared in the light of his own time. He had no possible chance to know what no man knew then: that thousands of miles away to the west lay a potential food supply equal to the demands of centuries to come. The crudely cultivated farms of Europe were strained in the effort to feed a crowded population, soon to be thinned tragically by the wars of Napoleon; America was a fringe of settlements along the ocean-front of a continent richer than all the other continents, but then unknown save as the home of savage men and beasts. The great Northwest, the mightiest expanse of fertile soil on earth, with a climate that of itself had power to evoke fertility, was utterly undreamed of.

Malthus was a sad philosopher; a good statistican, but a bad seer. It was not within the range of his vision that kindly earth and energetic man would bring this food-source out of the mysterious new land and from its teeming bosom take with ease enough to feed the whole of the race. Instead of keeping down the family, the future turned upon Malthus with the means of keeping it up. There is food, pure, white food, for many times more people than all Europe and America contained in the Malthusian period, and there is no danger of its failure. A dollar's worth of wheat will make more bread now than five times as much made a hundred and nine years ago when Malthus raised his Cassandra warning. A bushel of wheat is the best and most beneficent dollar's worth to be had for the money anywhere. The dicta of men who are chiefly concerned not in the problems of food supply as related to population, but in the day's market price, cannot stand against the calm judgment of those to whom speculative manipulation means nothing, but facts mean all.

People must have wheat, and the rich Northwest shall give it them in the ratio of their needs. They are willing to pay for it, and they shall have it; and their children, and their children's children, shall eat white bread.

The Changeless Yesterdays

By Dorothy Green.

"The yesterdays are changeless,"
Regretfully we say.
We cannot mend the old mistakes
Nor take their sting away,
And words once lightly spoken
Unchanged forever stay.

"The yesterdays are changeless"—
The days of gladness, too,
When hours were short, and hearts were light
And summer skies were blue;
The days when heaven seemed nearer
And earth created new.

"The yesterdays are changeless,"
Undimmed by doubts or fears,
A splendid priceless heritage,
Through all the coming years;
No power on earth can mar them,
Or cloud their joy with tears.

"The yesterdays are changeless."
O ye of little faith,
Hear what the God of pity
To still your doubting saith:
The heart shall hold its treasures
Beyond the gates of death.

Adventures in a Garden

Archibald Rescues the Princess

By Mary Livingston

ARCHIBALD and Little Honey sat side by side on the low bench on the sunny side of the hen house.

Little Honey's big blue eyes were open wide with admiration and astonishment. Her short chubby legs stuck straight out in front of her. She gazed at Archibald with rapt attention. He was a warrior of seven. She was a maid of four.

"And then," said Archibald, "I called my brave men about me and told them of the pur—purrill of the adventure, but they laughed, ha, ha, just like that. They were not afraid. No, not they!"

"Archie, I not 'fraid 'ose purrill, eider. My mamma dot some—"

"Now, Little Honey, you just keep still. How could your mother have purrill! It's something to scare the day-lights right out of a man."

"My mamma dot some on a stwing," she insisted.

Archibald scowled tremendously—"On a string? Oh! You mean pearls.—Now do keep still, Little Honey. This is *purrill*, not pearl."

" 'Tourse," said Little Honey.

The narrator spent a moment in thought. "You've just put me all out, Little Honey," he said. "This story's from a book, but I'm in it just the same. Now, don't you ask me how or anything like that—It's so, and that's enough for a baby to know."

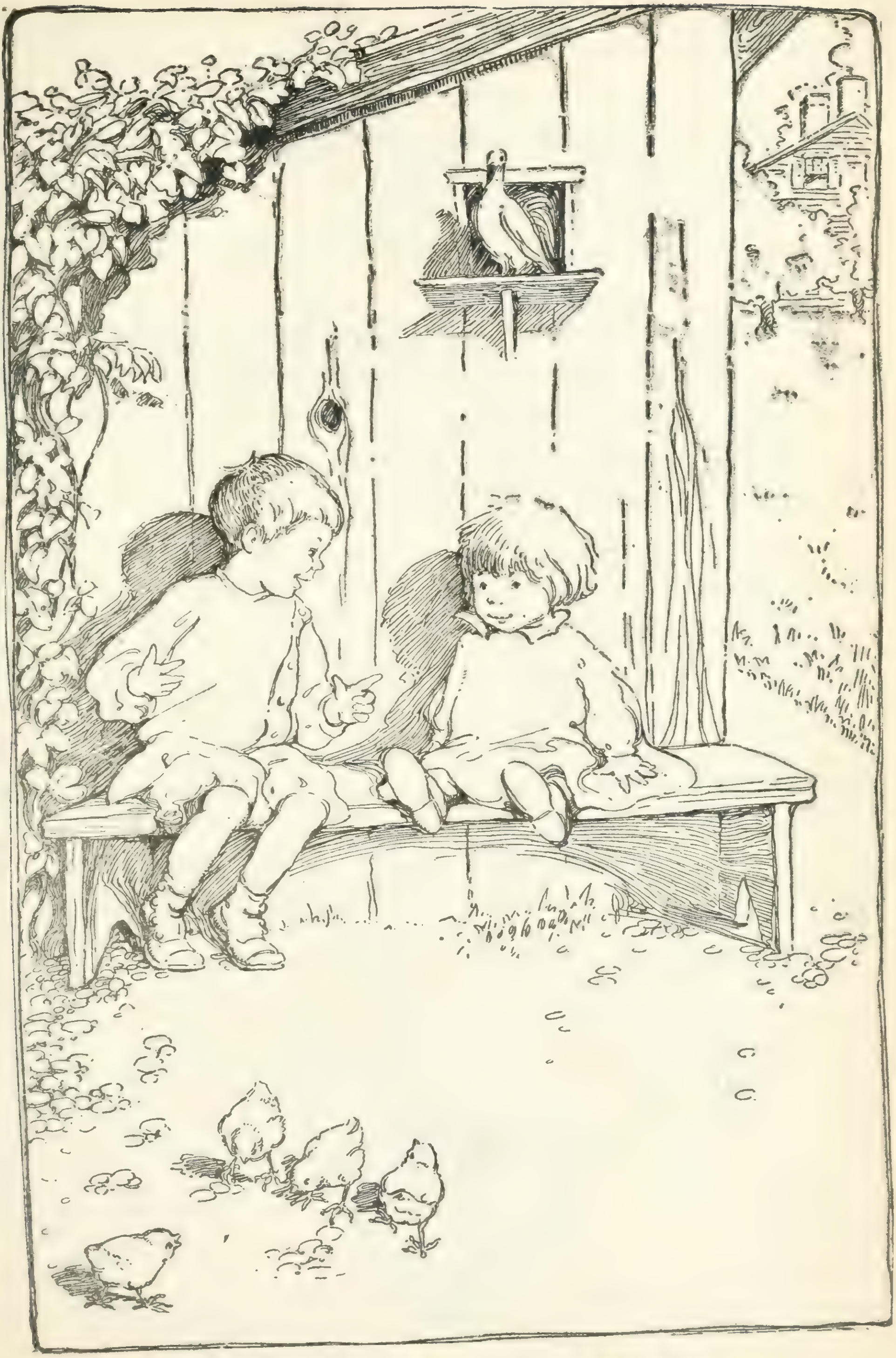
Thus fortified against embarrassing questions, he continued.

"We mounted our gallant steeds and rode out through the castle wall."

"Wasn't 'er any date, Archie?"

"Of course, there was a gate, but you don't mention every little thing like that."

Little Honey looked a veritable owl for wisdom,—"Tourse not, Archie," she echoed.



HER SHORT [illegible] LEGS STUCK STRAIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF HER

Archibald ignored the interruption. "We galloped straight over forest and glen until we came to the tower where the Princess was held prisoner."

"What's forst and dlen, Archie?"

"There, I knew you couldn't keep still. Papa says women never can, and I suppose girl babies are like 'em. Forest and glen is big high trees, and. glen is—is—you wouldn't know if I told you."

"My, Archie, 'ose horsie awful big. Did he go wight over trees?" Jim never do."

"Well, Jim is only a every-day horse. These horses are special.

Besides if you want me to tell you about things you mustn't talk so much."

"Tourse not," assented the listener.

"When we got to the tower we all girded up our lions—"

"Where did you get the lions?"

"I don't know, but they gird em up in books. And we gave a mighty shout, and—"

Gobble, gobble, gobble!

What was this awful sound?

Archibald looked and saw the Christmas turkey bearing down upon them, with tail spread, feathers erect and head wobbling from side to side. The Rescuer of the Princess rose and fled. Thoughts of home and mother gave speed to his nimble legs.

"Archie, Archie," cried Little Honey, but he heeded not, and she would have been sitting on that self-same box to this very day, if Uncle Henry hadn't happened along just then.

"Where's Archibald?" he asked.

"I dess he had a purrill," she answered.

The Masterpiece

By Floy Campbell

Author of "Girls of Camp Arcady," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

Douglas McLeod, a young writer, is killed at a railway crossing just after he has published a book which creates a furor. When the story opens, Robert Brent, an old college chum of McLeod, has just finished reading his friend's book—sent to him by the girl to whom McLeod was engaged—and now he re-reads a package of McLeod's letters to himself, describing an earlier though less marked success, a story of 15th century Italy. McLeod wrote that he had been trying for months to do a novel on that subject, but without result until, under the influence of opium, he had a vision of 15th Century Italy, in which he saw himself as the hero of a great drama, and when he awoke he merely reproduced the vision. At the same time, he would not admit that the story he wrote was due to the influence of the opium, or was anything but the product of his normal mind.

February 1st.

PRAY for me, Old Man. The Story begins in this number. Take notice that since McDonald's have accepted it, my respect for it has grown so that I Capitalize It.

February 18th.

I enclose several notices of the opening number of Alessandro. You were the first to say the same things about him. Congratulate yourself again on your clear sight, and me on —what? Genius? or Opium?"

There followed a number of short notes and envelopes of clippings inclosing letters from editors, or from enthusiastic readers. Robert turned them over, smiling at Macleod's boyish delight in his brilliant success. Praise enough here to turn the steadiest head —and Macleod's was none too steady. It was small wonder if he temporarily succeeded in ignoring the circumstances under which his story had been written, and convincing himself that it was Genius, not Opium, on which he was to be congratulated.

"I have sold three more short stories, but all three of them, to be quite frank with you, were first rejected by McDonald's. They said, and I am only too convinced that they were right, that the tales were inferior to Alessandro of Padua, and they preferred to wait for me to work out one as perfect, before publishing further material of mine. It is evident to me that with the constant demand of newspaper work for quick and careless production, I can never write as I wish.

There's a thousand left of that trust fund father created for me at his death, and it's due to be delivered this fall. Adding it to the 500 I got from McDonald's, I have concluded it would not be too venturesome to resign my position here, and try New York. Once free from this grind, I hope to be able to concentrate sufficiently to produce something decent. I'll get me a studio in Old Manhatten, Bob; and then—mind your eye!—for I'll dazzle you blind with the pyrotechnics of my genius.

October 20th.
No. — 59th St., N. Y.

Hello Bob! Here I am, and it's a poor showing I've not written sooner. I've a fine apartment, scarce a stone's throw from the Park, scarce a step from Fifth Avenue. I've furnished it splendidly—for me, that is. It's only a big study, a small bedroom, and a bath,—I eat elsewhere—but I blew in eight of my fifteen hundred on the month's rent and the furniture; and I tell you, it did my soul good. Why, it was like growing wings to be able to get the things I wanted—had always wanted horribly, and never, never bought because of poverty. The room would look bare to many of my fellow-lodgers,—I have bought only the absolute necessities—but to me it is a revel of luxury, because each thing is the best of its kind.

I've not written much yet. The city is comparatively new to me, and marvellously fascinating. The bay and sea call always to me, inland born. I try to write, but the white clouds fleck the blue out of my high window like foam on the breakers until I drop my work and go to the beach. The gulls are verily my kinsmen. Their wings and their voices play across my heart-strings. How can I write? And it is October, golden October in the Park, along Riverside Drive, up the river, through the Highlands, October, drunken, riotous with color, such as our southwestern fall never knew.

And at night it is no better. The river with its thousand lights, reflected, quivering, singing—do you remember Stephen Crane's poem?

"Each small gleam was a voice—
A lantern voice—
In little songs of carmine, violet, green, gold.
A chorus of colors came over the water,
. . . .
Small glowing pebbles
Thrown on the dark plane of evening."

Then the blazing city—the theatres—did you think I was such a child? I have seen greater cities in other lands, but that was several years past, and since then I've lived in that half-baked Western town. Never have I so felt the charm of multitudes.

No, I cannot write now. I can only hope that November, leafless, too cold for the shore, will leave me free to work. It'll have to. My expenses are high here. My money will never last a year—no, not six months—with the rent I pay and the people I know.

November 10th.

Well, Bob, your letter did me good. I needed a pounding; and the last red leaves having gone about the time your buffets came, and the last red cents showing signs of following, I settled down to work most virtuously. I've despatched ten tales in the last two weeks. Oh, not written them all, but sent 'em out—with stamps for return when I wasn't responding to especial editorial invitation. I'm not well pleased with them, but can only hope I'm growing over-critical. I read them to my small artist neighbor, and she pronounced them "lovely." Of course I'm convinced her judgment is good. Wouldn't you be, under the circumstances? She does nice miniatures herself, and has charming brown eyes, like my Donna Lucia.

December 24th.

Here's a dreary collection of Christmas gifts—six rejected manuscripts the postman brings me. That makes the last of the ten I sent out in November, and only two of the lot taken—by minor mags. Evidently neighbor Brown-Eyes was not a good judge—or the editors are off, eh?

No, Bobs, as a matter of fact, I've not done a single decent thing since Alessandro. Something has gone wrong with my brain. The Transcendental Man stays corked up within me and just the old stupid blunderer goes on making fool-tracks over the paper. I'd reject them myself if I were an editor.

One of two things is true—either I'm one of those men who have but one possibility, and who, exhausted by the first trial, stand empty and helpless; or I was what I have fought against believing—simply a pen in the hand of M. Opium.

The editors no longer write me courteous personal notes, or requests for "more in place of this, which does not seem exactly suitable." They send only the curt printed slip. This is indeed a fall for me!

Fortunately, Alessandro sells somewhat, though the public doesn't fall over itself in haste to buy, and the critics are already picking flaws in it—calling attention to the cold and halting chapters—the patches I clouted on after I'd come back to sanity. Looks bad for me, old boy. I'll stick it out to the bitter end, but I'm afraid—afraid—.

February 10*th*.

Don't you worry, Bob. That last last was a fool letter that I'd not have written to anyone but an old chum—and I'd no right to burden even him with my woes. I'm at it again. I'll fight to the last ditch and the last penny, and I'll win yet. Great God! is a man to have no power over the self that is his best self? the soul that is his, his own, his highest own? his best to be free only at the call of a degrading drug?

No, don't think it, Bob. I'll not—I swear I'll not touch the stuff again. No desire on earth shall move me, either for fame, or for money, or for the delicious physical ease. But what a paradox—what a ghastly paradox that the highest soul of me should not be mine, but the chattel of that vile creature, M. Opium!

—Oh, let's be cheerful. I'm going in to my brown-eyed painter-girl's, and have tea and a cig. She doesn't smoke, thank heaven, like so many of 'em, but she lets me; and I drink the tea to pay for the privilege—I hate it, of course. Her name, by the by, is Edith. Pretty, isn't it? She spells it with a *y* and final *e*, but there I draw the line. Edythe! Whew!"

After these two letters with their melancholy down-hill writing, and their evident struggle with overmastering depression, had come a long silence. Brent recalled how he had despatched short, anxious notes, one after the other, and how, receiving no reply, he was planning to go to New York in search of Douglas when the next epistle came. He remembered the tightening of his throat when he saw the New York post mark on the back, and the sudden, choking sense of relief that the superscription was in the old, jubilant, back-handed script, with fantastic capitals, and a grinning face sketched in one corner that told him the news was good.

"Well, old boy, I've been a scoundrel, I know, but I've been through Hell and Damnation, and just come out. And a man can't write letters from Hell. They don't furnish asbestos writing materials.

To go back these three months you've been writing and not getting any answers,—I was fighting discouragement, working desperately, sending out small potboilers, and mostly getting 'em back with appalling regularity. Slaved over one thing that struck me as having possibilities, and destroyed as fast as I wrote, hopelessly. The quarterly payment from Alessandro was only fifty dollars, and some weeks ago I spent the last of that for rent. Had a room for a month, but not one cent for food.

Well, you know I've never been rich, but I was never before in such straits; and what with the worry of my absolute failure to write and my concentration of mind on trying to redeem that failure, I never thought of pawning anything. I simply sat at my desk and wrestled for power to write. Did you ever in a dream agonize to cry out, to move? My life was like that. I spent five days in a state of night-mare impotence, fighting the blackest and deadliest battle a man ever fought. I didn't even think of going to see Brown Eyes, so you can guess I was pretty far gone.

At last I think I fainted. When I awoke, I had the brilliant idea of pawning my watch and eating. At the time it struck me that it was an inspiration of genius, as if no man had ever done it before.

I wavered along to the pawnshop, handed out the watch, and the Jew behind the counter gave me a ten and a ticket. Then I went to a good restaurant, expecting to eat ravenously, although since the third day of my fast I had felt no hunger—only a strange sense of lightness and freedom not unlike the feeling that followed my taking opium.

The waiter brought one course after another, and I sent them away almost untouched, sick at the sight of solid food. Only when the coffee came, I drank, ordered more and still drank, and as the stimulant raced along my nerves, in that crowded dining-room, the old experience was re-enacting. The story was forming itself before me, clear, exact, exquisite.

Half-crazy with excitement, I left the place. I bought several bottles of wine and some biscuit, for I felt I must have strength to write now the gods had at last been good to me.

I went to my room passing Brown-Eyes, she tells me, in the hall with the unseeing eyes of a sleep-walker, and the face of the dead, sat down with a glass and a bottle of wine beside me, and wrote, with an occasional nibble at a biscuit soaked in wine.

My brain was molten, white-hot. Sheets of manuscript piled on the floor beside me. My pen flew—at such a rate, indeed, that I could scarcely read the result two days later.

I wrote all night, with only such pauses as the pain in my hand and arm made imperative. Did you ever try to write for hours at a stretch? It is the most terrific agony a man can feel, and it leaves him literally paralyzed. Towards noon the next day I staggered to bed, sodden with wine and completely exhausted.

I slept nearly twenty-four hours, and awoke desperately sick, as was natural after such abuse of my body. Luckily for me, Brown-Eyes, uneasy over the ghost she had met in the hall, came to inquire after my health. And when she found me ill, she made no inconvenient inquiries, but like a true woman, turned in and concocted my broth in her chafing-dish, and looked after me a bit until I could get on my feet again. Fortunately, I had locked the door of my study, so she didn't see the bottles, and other evidences of crime there. I'm thankful, for she'd never understood that it wasn't just an orgy of drink, but that the bottles were a "means of grace," so to speak—at least a prop to strength for a gracious end.

My first act, once sane and well, was to read and assort my manuscript. The tale struck me as the equal of Alessandro—at last!—and, not to keep you in suspense, McDonald's say it is. They have taken it, they have paid for it, and I'm on my feet once more financially as well as physically. They tell me I've found my vein again, and I believe it, for oh, I've written at last a story—a better story than the first—you'll say so when you read it—and without Opium!

And—ah, this is too near to write of freely, even to you; but—it's all settled between Edith and me, and—say, just imagine I've said all those things you read in books and poetry. I can't—it goes too deep.

D'you know, she studied in Paris, same year I was going to the Sorbonne. If I'd ever descended as far south as Montparnasse, and gone to the Sunday evening teas of that fearsome American Girls' Club, I might ha' met her four years back. If I'd ha' known that I'd have even braved the terrors of said Club, which every right-minded man loathes (though I don't tell Edith that, to be sure. She poured the inevitable tea there!) Well, I've made up for lost time, anyway.

We're going to rent our rooms furnished, both of us, and we're off tomorrow to the coast, And she'll take watercolors and paper, and I'll take pen and ink and we'll—work? My dear fellow, were you ever in love?—in June?—and by the seas? We'll wander on the sand at low tide, and marvel over every perfect shell and drift of weed, and sit on the rocks and watch the great breakers roll in, and the gulls wheel through the blue—the strong gulls—and climb the cliffs, and—ah, thank God, thank God, whatever may come, for this summer of perfect fulfilment before me—success and love and the great sea—mine, and mine!

July 30th.

Bob, old boy, I'm desperate. The Transcendental Man is certainly on a strike. Of course I didn't expect to work much, but I did expect to feel the Power simmering within me—and, comfound it! I'm just the same old helpless fool! Bless the dear girl, she doesn't see it. To her I'm always the Transcendental Man. Queer, her judgment is no good at all when it comes to my tales. She says it's too much as if 'twas her own work, and his own work no man can judge except when it's got "cold" from years in a cubby-hole. Well, I'd not care, but I wanted to—in fact, Edith and I had planned to set up house-keeping this fall. She's a womanly little body and wants a home of her own. We've planned for a flat we know, up on 96th Street, near the Park, and she's figured out the cost of it all. You'd never think that pretty, little, helpless thing could be so practical. I wouldn't bank on the correctness of her arithmetic, but if we can make it even at her low estimate for running expenses, I've got to write. I've no backing of capital now. I'm thinking of applying for a sub-editorship on some newspaper. I see no other road open to me.

There is no question in my mind—here in the living presence of the sea, with the most vital relation of life waiting for me, I have faced things without shirking—There is no question of my powerlessness in the hands of that Power which I call the Transcendental Man. There is a something great—a genius if you will—that resides in me, fettered; or chooses to visit me at times. But to break these fetters, or to open the door for that visitant, I must almost destroy the bond between body and spirit.

We all know that fasting breeds hallucinations, and seems sometimes to give supernatural powers. And you know what opium did for me. Sometimes I half believe in the Buddhist theories, and think that as the clutch of the physical is loosened, my spirit wakens to remember other lives and the stories that so come to me are vivid because they are simply recollections of my own past.

But if that is so, what then? No man could live long on the starving system—besides which, it's beastly unpleasant. As for the other alternative I shrink from it with horror trebled because I hope to guard with my life another and dearer life. Do you think that I would go to her, a sot, with a life of miserable slavery broken by glorious dreams, and ending in almost certain shame—perhaps in the madhouse? I've chosen. I take the grind with the self-respect, and her love in place of fame, keeping my soul in obscurity, but in decency.

McDonald's tell me the last story will make a greater sensation than Alessandro. Well, let them make the most of it. It's the last they'll ever get from me."

This letter with its ideal Edith portrayed in unconscious touches, its effort to match her "practicality," even the overbigness of phrase that reflected her feminine lack of humour, had relieved Brent mightily. In this housewifely woman who figured out expenses (though incorrectly, as Douglas had hinted with a smile which Brent could almost see) and planned her home-nest, he saw for Macleod the steadying element his erratic nature needed. No thought of anxiety troubled him therefore, during the long silence that followed.

"Douglas is just too busy making love to waste his time on me," he had told himself with a smile.

So the next letter with its slanting hand, and its dejected, downhill address, tipping despairingly off the margin of the letter, had given him an unexpected start.

November 20th.

You know, old boy, it's hard lines to have posed as a genius when you're nothing but just plain Man. Now here am I who have plagiarized two immortal works from the Transcendental Man, and all the hungry horde of editors are after me again, hot-foot. They want Stuff, and they insist it must be up to the level of the work of the Transcendental. McDonald's want a full-sized novel now, and I can't give it to them.

Then, there are the critics, comparing my own tales with those of the Transcendental, and making unpleasant remarks, even hinting that I stole the latter. Of course, I did, in a way, but at least my sources weren't French.

Worst of all, there's Edith urging me not to give up writing for the sake of a minor editorial position, but to go on doing "splendid things to make her proud of me." And I don't dare to tell her how the "splendid things" come.

Would she understand? Do you think that any good woman could understand the necessity of a man to taste the apple? Don't remind me that Eve took the first bite. Edith isn't Eve. *Could* she understand the awful fascination of that drug for me, and how the hands of all these good people are pushing me on to the Devil?

I'm half afraid it's my fame—poor little, new, tinselly Fame!—she loves as much as me, and to tell her it's a filched garment would break—her heart? Well, our engagement, anyhow. To tell her one story is Opium, the other Starvation, Coffee and Wine—isn't it pretty to think of? Br-r-r-r-r!

But she swears she'll not marry me if it's to "spoil my career," and force me to give up writing—my "real work"—for a small editorial position. What the Devil *is* a man to do?

January 20th.

Letter came too late, Bobs. In fact, I put it away unopened, and only read it yesterday. You couldn't save me with your wise words—I couldn't save myself with my vows—Edith—she might have saved me, if she'd only guessed—but she didn't guess, and I—fool!—let her make me promise her a book for her wedding present as her condition of having a wedding at all. Well, the present is ready, but I doubt of the wedding.

Yes, the Book is done, and I'm done. When I look in the mirror yonder, I see myself green as a five days corpse. Might look greener with propriety. I've been a dead man since I bought that first dose of Opium two months ago. I've lived on whisky, tobacco and opium since. The Book's made—but I—.

Well, but you can't despise me—it's a masterpiece. Its like has never been written. Don't I know? The life of a man is in it, the soul of a man has bought it. And it will live forever. What's the difference about me?

Good-bye, old man. Don't you worry over me. I've got the sense to know the road that's my road now, and I'm not too sorry to tread it. I've had my life, I've loved my life; and everything in it, to the blackest sin and the sharpest agony I call good. And now—

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust
aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame
for him
In this clay Carcase crippled to abide."

Robert Brent laid down the last sheet gently, and, raising his head, stared out into the rainy winter night.

"She's proud of the book, good Lord!" he muttered harshly. "An accident—and she's proud of the book!"

He touched it softly—the Book written with the boy's impetuous soul, the Book that would live forever, love, repulsion, attraction in the gesture.

"Oh, it's good. It's damned good. I wonder if he thinks it worth the price—now."

HUGH G. HOLMAN ARCHITECT
WINNIPEG

HOMES BY HOLMAN

THE residence illustrated on the next page is one which meets all the needs of the average family, and has a pleasing exterior that attracts favorable comment from all who see it.

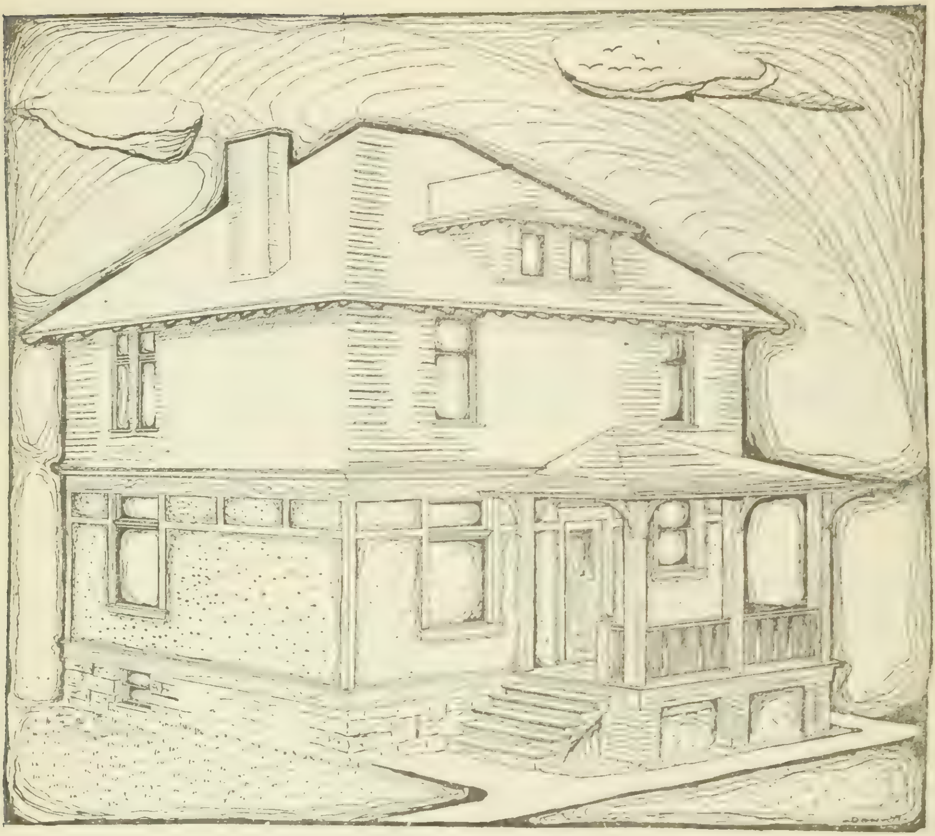
The ground floor has a reception-room, parlor, dining-room and kitchen. The reception-room is very pleasant and from it may be seen the parlor and dining-room. There is an attractive staircase from the reception-room, and a seat may be placed where shown. The parlor has a large open fire-place and brick mantle. Between the parlor and the dining-room are sliding doors; this allows of complete isolation of the dining-room when desired. The dining-room is panelled with hardwood and burlap, and has stucco plastering. A plate rail is provided, as is also a china closet.

The whole ground floor, with the exception of the kitchen and pantry, may be used as one room with pleasing effect. It will also be noted that there are two doors between the kitchen and the other parts of the house, and therefore there is no possibility of odors from the kitchen penetrating to the dining-room, parlor or reception hall.

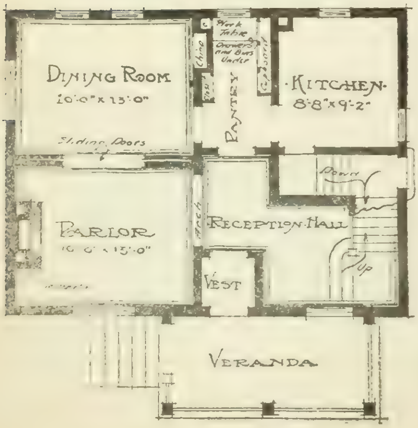
Although the kitchen is so thoroughly isolated it is still very accessible, and the hall and vestibule are reached from any room on the ground floor without passing through any other room. The pantry has every known convenience. There is a combination cellar entrance which is extremely convenient.

The second floor has three large bedrooms and a den. Each chamber has large closets and wardrobes; there is also a linen closet in the hall. The bath room is fitted up with the best plumbing.

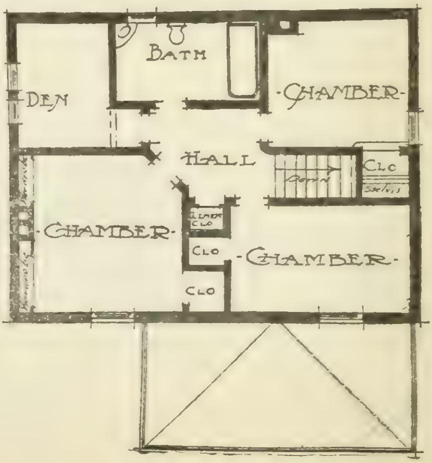
The basement has a concrete floor and a thorough system of drainage. A hot air furnace supplies all rooms and halls with ample warmth. In the basement there are also an ash-pit and a soft-water tank which sends water to the pump placed at the kitchen sink. There are large fuel rooms, fruit cellar and vegetable-bins. Tenders have been received for this house and the price is $3,500.00 complete.



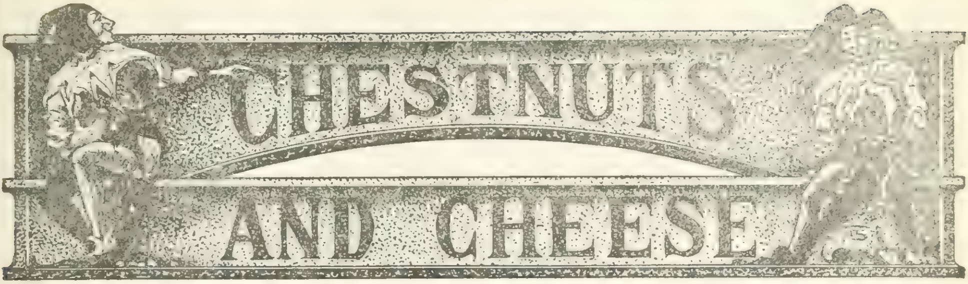
A $3,500.00 RESIDENCE


Dining Room
10'-0" x 13'-0"
Sliding Doors
China
Work Table
Drawers and Bins Under
Pantry
Kitchen
8'-8" x 9'-2"
Down
Parlor
10'-0" x 13'-0"
Arch
Reception Hall
Up
Vest
Veranda

·GROUND·FLOOR·PLAN·


Bath
Den
Chamber
Hall
Down
Clo
Shelves
Linen Clo
Chamber
Clo
Chamber
Clo

·SECOND·FLOOR·PLAN·



CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST

IT was a Winnipeg little girl who, bidding farewell to an aunt who had made quite a lengthy visit, smiled sweetly in response to the aunt's "Good-bye dear," and said with an air of doing exactly the right thing, "Good-bye auntie, I hope I'll be a great big girl before you come to visit us next time."

LESS AND LESS

THE coatless man puts a careless arm
'Round the waist of a hatless girl,
While over the dustless, mudless roads
In a horseless wagon they whirl.
Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joys
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,
With a dish of stringless beans.
He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When papa tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

RETURNED WITH THANKS

THO' odd this theory appears,
'Tis true for prose or rhyme:
An editor's declining years
Are when he's in his prime.

REPAIRS

Redd—"Does it cost you much to run your automobile?"

Greene—"Well, it seems to cost me more when it won't run."

NOT A QUESTION OF GUILT

The Client—Sir, I am wrongfully charged with the embezzlement of a large sum. May I count upon your aid in establishing my innocence?

The Lawyer—Er—have you the money with you?

YOUNG AMERICA

Teacher (on her way from school): I didn't see you at school to-day, Willie.

Willie: Well, I knew you'd see me on your way home, so thought you wouldn't mind so much.

LIMITED

Mrs. Dyer—What has become of Mrs. Higbee? I haven't seen her in an age.

Mrs. Ryer—Well, you know she has only one afternoon out a week since she began keeping a servant.

ON BOARD SHIP

"SHALL I have your dinner brought to your room, dear?" inquired the affectionate wife.

"No, just order it thrown overboard," returned the unhappy husband.

SHE FEARED FOR THE FUTURE

MRS. Ellen Picton Osler, who died recently at the age of 101 years, was the mother of four famous Canadians. Dr. William Osler, who is reported to have said that all men over sixty years of age should be chloroformed, is the best known of the four—perhaps because of this suggestion. Judge Featherstone Osler is one of the greatest of Canadian judges, as his brother, the late B. B. Osler, was one of its leading criminal lawyers. The fourth brother, E. B. Osler, is a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and member of the Canadian Parliament. Because of his large successful financial undertakings, he is sometimes referred to as Canada's John D. Rockefeller.

When Mrs. Osler celebrated her one-hundredth birthday, there was a little family gathering at the old Osler home. The judge and the doctor and the financier, and the rest of "the children" were all there, talking over old times, and telling Mrs. Osler how young she looked.

"But I'm not feeling as young as I used," she demurred. "I'm not nearly so 'peart' as I was. I think I must be getting old."

"Oh, come now, mother," said the doctor, "I'll tell you what you need. It's a glass of port wine every morning about eleven o'clock. It'll do you good—now, mother, I know it will."

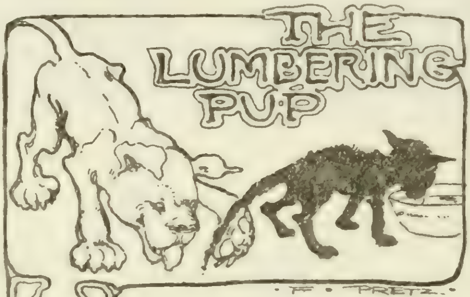
The old lady shook her head. "I couldn't, Billy. No, I couldn't."

"But why, mother? Why won't you?"

For some time Mrs. Osler only smiled and shook her head again. Finally she yielded.

"Why, Billy dear," she protested gently, "I couldn't possibly. I might get the habit!"

THE LUMBERING PUP



He gets, in his desire to help,
Beneath your feet.
His paw is hurt; he gives a yelp,
And beats a retreat.

He grows officious with the cat,
Pretends to growl;
And promptly gets a side swipe that
Evokes a howl.

He lumbers up, with jaws agape,
The crowd among.
Whereat the other dogs escape
And he gets stung

But he is gay, though full of woe
Appears his cup.
An optimist through life doth go
The playful pup.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

THAT a cavalryman unhorsed is most easily cowed?

That one can show his temper only after he has lost it?

That a contractor should be called to expand a house?

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

That the plow must be soiled before the soil can be plowed?

That a susceptible fellow is hardest hit by the softest glances?

That in everything (save baseball) you must strike out to make a hit.

That so many students can not state bald facts without splitting hairs?

That the papers so often refer to a man's double life as a singular career?

That hard liquor should upset the fellow who has just been setting it up?

That the straighter a man drinks his whisky the crookeder he walks home?

That a chap who can't abide pets about the house will sit up half the night to fatten up a kitty?

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

THE GREETING

THIS is the season, isn't it, when one wants to be personal—to give a little bit of himself. And so we are not content to offer our Christmas greeting in the words of other men, no matter how stirring and beautiful the words may be, but must also bring a greeting of our own.

It is only to Youth that one can say a Merry Christmas without some sadness lurking in the words. And Canada, thank God, is young and strong and open-hearted and full of promise and high hopes. She has, to vex her, no problems that come of great wrongs done; no question of how brother shall be reconciled to brother; no anxiety as to wherewith her chilren shall be fed. Freedom is within her borders and Peace dwells there: Prosperity and Progress walk hand in hand through her broad lands. Her sons, unhindered and unchallenged, may each work out his own life problems; may each postulate to his reason and make visible in deeds his own conception of "this scheme of things entire."

Tolerantly the nation gathers all who choose to come into the shelter of her wealth and liberty. Steady-eyed she gazes forth into a future when on her may depend the welfare of a world.

To Canada, young and strong and unafraid, we wish a Merry Christmas and—sure that she will have it and many like it—a Happy New Year.

IS THE MODERN MAN RELIGIOUS?

THE other day a big, energetic, money-making Western-Canadian who usually talks business or tells funny stories, laid aside his mask—a pleasant mask but not the real man—and told something of the thing he wants to do. And what do you think it is? To found a school for boys: a school where the ideal is to be the training of moral, patriotic, Christian citizens.

We have got into the habit, some of us, of speaking as if only material things take up the attention of mankind to-day. But candidly do we believe it? Isn't it true that even in this that we call the commercial age, amid all the pressure of problems, national, civic, social and personal, the thinking man is often constrained to turn aside and contemplate his own relation not only to his fellowmen but to the "First Cause" under whatever term he may choose to express it?

Mankind is essentially religious. History has saved us the trouble of proving that. But the modern man "wants to know." He is not taking anything, religious or otherwise, without question; and, moreover, he demands that the people who try to tell things shall be experts in their lines. Then he is willing to listen.

There is just now a decided movement toward the discussion of Comparative Religions and, as part of it, a marked and undeniable revival of interest in the New Testament from the standpoints of its influence on the modern world, and the modern man's attitude toward it.

To publish the best on whatever subject is interesting the reading world —that is our aim in CANADA-WEST as we hope the magazine has long since convinced you. We have secured and hold for publication a series of articles by Dr. Shailer Mathews on "The Modern Man and the Gospel." Dr. Mathews, who is editor of "The World To-Day" and dean of a great divinity college, is one of the most profound thinkers and writers of the present time and has spent years in careful study and research. Whatever he may have to say on these subjects cannot fail to be of unusual interest. We count ourselves fortunate to have this series of articles to offer you. Let us know, when they come out what you think of them. Do you agree with the author's conclusions? In your opinion is the modern man more, or less, religious than his forbears?

A PLEASURE COMING

YOU are going to be delighted with our next serial, "The Homesteaders" by Mrs. Beckton. All the atmosphere of the prairie is in it. That is perhaps the dominant impression it leaves; just as in Robert Hichen's "Garden of Allah," it is the feel of the desert rather than the plot or the people that lingers in your consciousness. But if the invigorating prairie atmosphere is one of the most remarkable elements in "The Homesteaders" it is not by any means the only good thing. The Homesteaders themselves are very real and very interesting young people and you will find yourself absorbed in the account of their struggles, their failures and sucsesses. There are no great dramatical scenes, no abnormal happenings in the story. It is one of those quiet convincing chronicles that appeal to so large a portion of the reading public, a record of just such days as really come to people who go out from the crowded places of the world and build up for themselves homes in the vast "out doors."

In this case the people are a charming young girl, Joan Tremayne, and her two brothers; and the story of them and their neighbors, good amusing Mrs. Bradley and the cultured Corlyons and Mac Ireton, and all the varied folk of a western settlement, make exceedingly good reading. The incidents are told with a humor and a sympathetic feeling that are delightful, and there is a deftly handled love element that has a happy ending.

And all through the story blows the fresh prairie breeze and before the mind's eye of the reader lie the wonderful stretches of land, beautiful and fascinating whether covered with snow or rolling away in long swelling slopes of green to the grey-blue horizon."

WHERE WE APOLOGIZE TO CY.

REGINALD DE KOVEN, the famous composer, has just arranged with Cy Warman to set to music "When the Dark Comes Down," the poem which was printed for the first time in the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE for September.

In fact, it was written especially for the CANADA-WEST one late September afternoon in Winnipeg while the presses were thundering out the first forms of the magazine and we waited as impatiently for it to be done as an amateur cook with her first pie. If we remember correctly, we indulged in some purple remarks to Cy because he didn't finish up the refrain fast enough, though Cy, being an old hand, merely grunted and didn't bear malice afterwards.

And now Reginald de Kovan has asked—asked humbly, mind you—if he can have "When the Dark Comes Down" and write the music to it. We couldn't count the number of poets—real poets with middle names—who have asked Mr. de Koven humbly if he couldn't set some little thing of theirs to music,—and received a polite turndown.

It takes a good deal to crush us, but we admit that it has been done this time. We apologize to Mr. Warman for our royal purple language, and congratulate him on his success.

The Editor.

2 lbs.
NET
EDWARDSBURG
CROWN
BRAND
REGISTERED
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

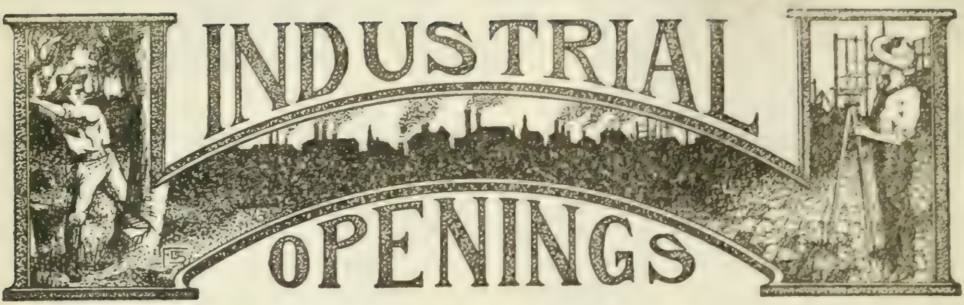
The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO



INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

GUERNSEY, SASKATCHEWAN.

Guernsey is one of the new towns on the C. P. R. which was built this summer. It is the first town west of Lanigan Junction, where the Kirkella extension joins the Man, and N. W. from Sheho. It is about 400 miles northwest of Winnipeg and is splendidly situated as to railway facilities, being on the main line of the C. P. R. from Winnipeg to Edmonton. It is the centre of a splendid wheat producing country all open Prairie and well settled by an industrious class of people mostly Ontarions and Americans. There are, within a radius of eight miles from the town, ten thousand acres under cultivation. Some record crops have been grown here, Wheat yielding 50 bus. and Oats 80 bus. per acre. The first settler on this beautiful plain came in three years ago. It has two general stores and an up-to-date Blacksmith shop. Several Lumber firms and a real estate firm are opening business. There are good openings for a Hotel, Livery and feed stable, Elevator, Barber shop and a Bank

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Portage la Prairie is throbbing with genuine prosperity and is destined to become, in the not distant future, the most important railroad, industrial and residential center of all Western Canada. With four great railroad systems—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Great Northern, we have railroad shipping and distributing facilities positively unexcelled in Western Canada, barring none! Desirable industrial and residential sites are available, that are both convenient and cheap, while the cost of living is comparatively low. Capitalists, manufacturers, wholesalers and everyone wishing to participate to the fullest possible extent in the unprecedented prosperity of this, the last and greatest West, must come west, where the benefits of unexcelled railroad facilities and lessened expenses will prove greatest, and as a business proposition, it will pay you to investigate the advantages and greater possibilities of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, the prettiest and healthiest residential city in Western Canada. Any desired information will be furnished cheerfully by H. W. Baker, Sec'y Twenty Thousand Club & Board of Trade, Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

CALGARY.

Calgary, the main distributing center between Winnipeg and the coast, has a railway pay list of One Million Dollars per annum, municipal electric power and light, and steam coal at $2.50 per ton. Around the city is a wealth of raw materials in forest, farm and mine. Money can be made in Calgary in the manufacture of brushes and brooms; blackings, oils, etc.; gas fittings and brass castings; glassware;blankets and horse clothing;horseshoes and nails: coffee, spice and package goods; flax products; ropes and cordage.

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. No. 3.

Contents for January, 1908

COVER DESIGN by Florence M. Pretz

The Little Empire Builder

Frontispiece Illustrating "The Baby and the Burglar"	**Noteware**	234
The Isle o' Dreams	**Agnes Deans Cameron**	235
The Surrender. Fiction	**Jeannette Cooper**	240
Selling an Empire	**F. W. Russell**	245
The Warm Chinook Illustrated with photographs	**Richard A. Haste**	248
My Hostelry. Verse	**Evelyn unne**	254
Fannie. Fiction Illustrated with photographs	**Cy Warman**	255
Her Photographic Idol. Fiction	**Rose J. King**	259
A Lyric of Joy. Verse	**Bliss Carman**	262
A Canadian Winter Resort Illustrated with photographs	**Edward Angus**	263
The Falling Star. Verse	**Evelyn Gunne**	265
The Baby and the Burglar. Fiction	**Forrest Crissey**	266
The Man who Arrives Illustrated with drawings	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	271
The Peasant	**Mae Harris Anson**	279
A Song of Thanks. Verse	**Frank L. Stanton**	280
Adventures in a Garden. Fiction Illustrated with drawing	**Mary Livingston**	281
A Schoolma'am's Experience in the West	**Annie Sheppard Armstrong**	284
Homestead Song. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	287
The New Port	**John V. Borney**	288
Beyond the Wall. Verse	**Dorothy Green**	291
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor		292
Shop Talk	**The Editor**	294
Industrial Openings	**The Editor**	298

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscription, $1.00. Single Copy, 10 cents.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be re-printed without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co.. WALKER THEATRE BLDG.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

Write me for information about our Kootenay . . Fruit Lands

I am in a position—having acquired all my holdings in the early days of the fruit growing excitement—to sell my lands more cheaply than any of my competitors

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO ME
Send me information about your Kootenay Fruit Lands

Name

Address

S. M. BRYDGES, Nelson, B.C.
(Brydges, Blakemore & Cameron, Ltd.)

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FOR
Maximum Comfort
USE
Canada's Double Track Railway
BETWEEN
Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Niagara Falls, New York, Philadelphia, Boston

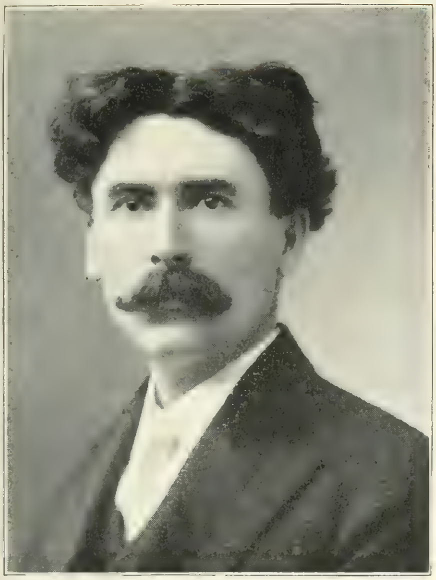
4 FAST TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO 4

FINEST ROADBED. MODERN & LUXURIOUS EQUIPMENT
UNEXCELLED DINING CAR SERVICE

For Rates, Reservations, Time Tables, Etc., Apply to

A. E. DUFF
GENERAL AGENT - PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
260 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Canada-West for 1908



Ernest Thompson Seton

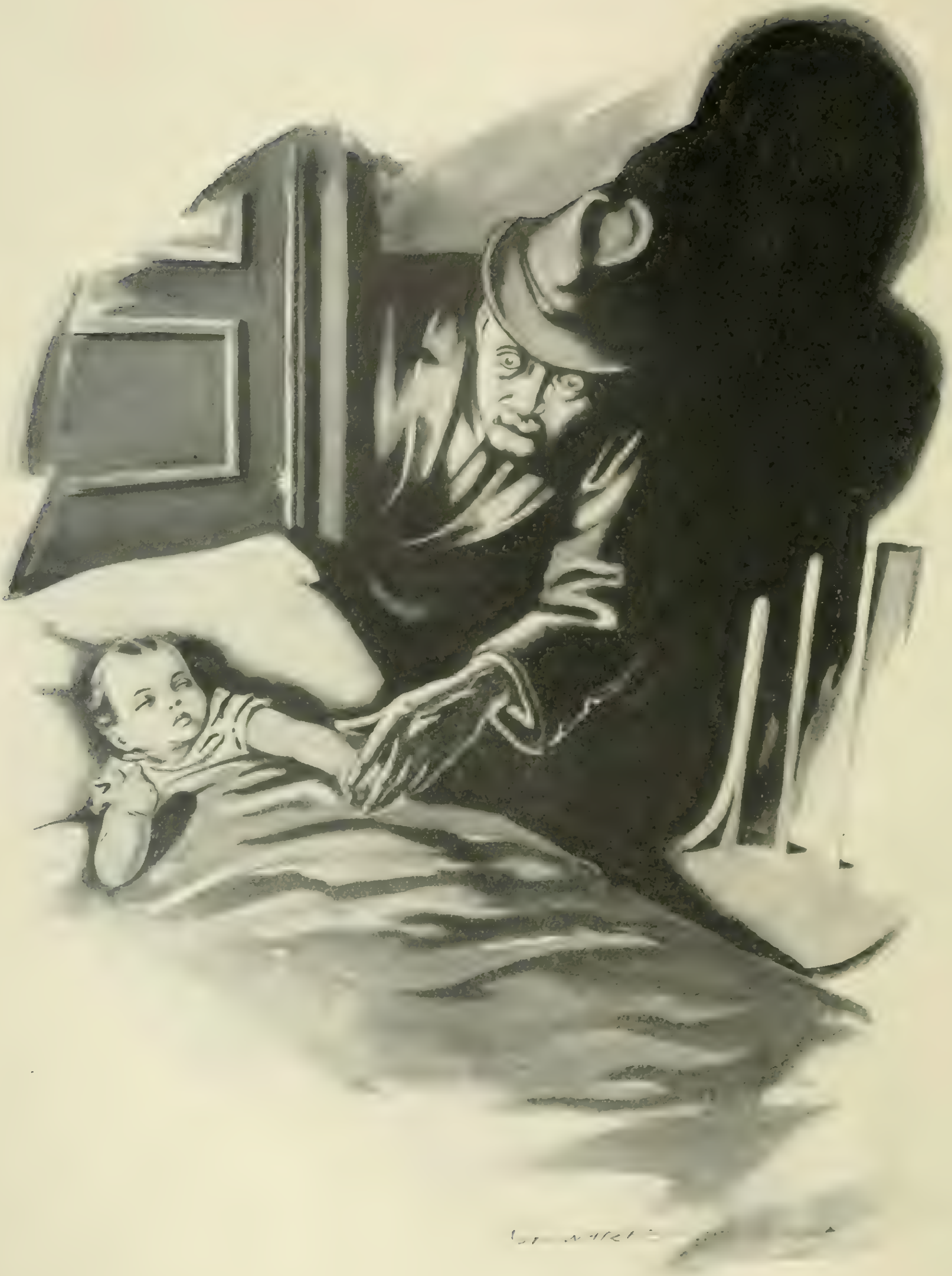
who contributes the story of "The White Man's Last Opportunity"

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

has contributed his first long article, written after six months' exploration of the Peace River country; his maps, photographs, etc. From Edwin Balmer, author of the "By Wireless" stories now appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, we have received the story of "The Man who would be Prophet." We have matter by Shailer Mathews, editor of The World To-Day, and dean of a great Divinity College; Arthur Stringer, poet and author; Agnes Deans Cameron, contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, etc.; William Hard of Everybody's Magazine; Elliott Flower, the novelist; Richard Henry Little, war correspondent; Mary Livingstone, Hubert McBean Johnston, Mae Harris Anson, Forrest Crissey, Jeannette Cooper, Rose King, Ernest Cawcroft, E. Cora Hind, Karl Edwin Harriman, Cy Warman, Herbert Quick, Jessie Beckton, and many others. We shall do our utmost to make each succeeding number of the Canada-West better than the last.

SUBSCRIBE NOW $1.00 per year

The Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg



"I'd use that baby to help me," he said

The Baby and The Burglar—See page 266

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

JANUARY
1908

VOL. III.
No. 3

The Isle o' Dreams

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

WERE the press of America to-morrow to announce the discovery in mid-ocean of an island half the size of troubled Ireland, an Island within the sphere of English influence, where pulp-woods could be had for the pre-empting, where through the summer months salmon in shoals swim up to the cannery doors and all but deliver themselves into the waiting tins of the canner, where herring glut the eastern harbors so that navigation is a burden, where sperm whales in land-locked harbors are caught by steam, an island where 300-foot firs fringe the lip of ice-free harbors, and without transhipping the mill shunts its planed product into the waiting holds of sea-going ships, an island underlaid with coal measures ample for a continent's supply for a century, where strawberries produce $700 to the acre and wapiti roam in undepleted bands and one may catch 72-pound salmon on the rod—were we to hear, I say, for the first time of such an island, how men would crowd the decks and flash each to his fellow all round the Seven Seas the message:—

"O young Mariner
Down to the harbor call your companions,
Launch your vessel and crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes over the margin
After it, follow it, follow the Gleam!"

And yet all these things that we have hinted are true of North America's isle o' dreams, golden Vancouver, on the far off Georgian Gulf, these things and a thousand more.

In 1778 Captain Cook cast anchor in Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Cook was seeking the elusive Anian Strait, that will-o'-the-wisp which was to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, whose existence all navigators for two centuries utterly believed in and eagerly sought. Cook went north to the Arctic and then returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by natives.

In the spring of 1842 James Douglas with a handful of men from the steamer Beaver landed on the buttercup swarded shore of Beacon Hill. An empire's history is marking that March day, and this little group of fifteen men is about to begin a chapter. To this end they employ no cunning colors of the cloister. Hewn logs and cedar posts are their writing tools. They came, these sturdy Scots, to build a fort for the Hudson's Bay Company. Hard tasks were theirs and rugged duties ere they fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces, and no visions of a peopled continent from ocean to ocean had they.

Most of the pioneers of colony times having borne the day's burden and heat have passed away, but two empire builders remain, the chaplain and the speaker of the first House of Assembly, which met in 1856, scholarly gentlemen of the old school, Bishop Cridge, and the "Old Doctor"—the Hon. J. S. Helmcken. Far-seeing both, broad-minded, courageous, yet withal gentle and most kindly, these two will be held in affectionate remembrance as long as one stone stands on another in Victoria City, and honor is a name to conjure with.

Through all these years, northward and westward—seaward, did Vancouver Island direct her energies. Northward and westward—seaward does she still look. Northward to the Yukon, coastwise to all the ancient wealth of Mexico, beyond the sugar-canes of Honolulu and the rose gardens of Nippon to Australia, India and the Isles of the Sea does she send her wares. Australia is her market and New Zealand, and in the morning mists comes a cry for Douglas firs and Sockeye salmon "out of China crost the Bay." Vancouver hears the East 'a-callin', the East just beyond the Rockies, calling for her shingles, her strawberries and her salmon; but on the edge of things,

"From East to West the circling word has passed
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue,"

and in the East which we call the Orient does Vancouver Island find her true market. The trans-Pacific lands are her oyster.

Vancouver Island's trade is already the largest in the world per head of population. What does she send out to the rest of the map? Fish, coal, gold, silver, copper, lead, timber, masts and spars, furs and sealskins, fish-oil, apples, whales and strawberries. The coasting vessels round her shores have a capacity of eight million tons and the sea-going vessels a tonnage of two million.

For many years out and in from Victoria Harbor plied the little black steamer "Beaver," the first steamer to cross the Atlantic westward and the first craft whose paddle wheels churned the waters of the Pacific. The old "Beaver" played an honorable part in the history of this west coast. In the days when the Sailor King ruled in Britain her keel was laid on the Thames bank in the year 1835, and it was the hand of a Duchess that broke the christening bottle over her bows. These were the days when men said not "How Cheap?" but "How Good?" It was the son of James Watt who built her engines, and yeoman work were they to do in another ocean and a New World. Up and down the Pacific coast she carried the fur traders, eager miners crowded her decks, seeking fortunes on Fraser placers; she became a survey ship for the British Government, and Imperial hydrographers compiled their charts in her aft cabin. The decadence of steamships is pathetic. We pity war horses made to do duty in milk wagons. From court-ladies to skid-greasers slipped the Beaver in her latter days, and none so poor to do her reverence. A tide rip landed her on the rocks of Vancouver harbor, and a passing steamer, an insolent new-comer, gave her her wash. Then broke her mighty heart. Down through her oaken ribs slipped those salt-incrusted Watt boilers, and she yielded the ghost.

From that day to this the romance of the sea clings to the harbor of Victoria, where the world-end steamers wait. Years ago, in a little cottage on Bird Cage Walk, all through a winter and a summer, Lady Franklin waited for the word that came not from the ill-fated Polar expedition of Sir John. From the same harbor sailed last year the Arctic Expedition of Leffingwell and Einer Mikkelsen, in the little "Duchess of Bedford," on the bold and debonair search for a dream continent in Beaufort Sea.

Round the Horn in the early sixties came to this timber-covered colony a unique cargo, the iron church of St. John sent all the way from England in sections by the late Baroness Burdette Coutts. And to-day to Victoria harbor sail the fleets of all the world. Lie deep among the lilies of the golf links, where the noiseless waves softly spill themselves on the sand, and where across a sea of glass the Olympics pierce the sky with peaks of snow and carven silver and watch the vessels pass. The pheasants are calling in the long grass, a homing sea-gull flies overhead, a near-by meadow lark announces to all and sundry, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

In and out among the kelp a Siwash canoe threads its way, the Indian is trawling for salmon, and in the offing the strange ships go down, the coastwise boats of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the big ships from Australia and the Orient, the great freighters of the China Mutual line, known about the world as the blue funnel liners, the Marcus or boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, that great Japanese steamship organization, which is bidding so bravely for supremacy in the North Pacific. Across our line of vision trails the smoke of Yukon gold ships and Mexican freighters, great colliers and lumber ships and the ore carriers from the North.

Beyond the smoke looms up the shore line of the island of San Juan, over which England and Uncle Sam almost came to blows and which in arbitration was given to the United States by the German Emperor, grandfather of the present Kaiser. And all around us is historic ground.

And after all Meares and Vancouver, and old Juan de Fuca and Sir Francis Drake were not so far off in their visions of a short cut to Europe. The Anian Strait of which they fondly dreamed, was a myth; the great trans-continental waterway through which they said the whales disporting themselves on every side must have passed, was a chimera of the imagination. But the trans-continental highway has been built, not once, but many times, a highway of steel and railroad sleepers, and to Victoria's front doors to connect with these come the ships of all the world.

The island of Vancouver has a diversity of inhabitants commensurate with the diversity of its industries. At the south, Victoria, which Edgar Wallace in the *London Mail*, calls "the Little-Johnny-Head-In-The-Air city of Canada," the population here is English and Scottish, sprinkled with Americans and Canadians. Chinese and Japs are an integral part of the people and an Indian rancherie, flourishes in the heart of the city.

Fifty miles north is the town of Duncan, a ranching community of English younger sons, where *Punch* and the *London Times* are read and British politics discussed, and where the small landed proprietor in immaculate Bond Street clothing peddles his own wares and pours out Browning with the morning's milk.

Not far from here a real live "wild man" inhabits the woods, terrorizes the children and puzzles the historical research societies. Slavery exists among the Indian tribes: a young girl was sold for $1500 to the highest bidder during a tribal feast, at auction, last week, and cannibalism is said to be regularly practised at Cape Scott.

On the west coast lives a man, the product of a British University, who took his library out into the ocean, tied the books with stones in bags and drowned them as deep as Prospero buried his books on magic art. This man will not allow his children to be taught reading and brings them up veritable untutored savages, carrying them up to a flat-topped rock, reading to them books on Demonology, and scraping out wierd melodies on a cracked fiddle.

The Canadian Pacific Railway owns one and a half million acres of this great pine-covered land, a whole island of Sanitarium! Here are no malaria, no rattle-snakes, no earthquakes, no poisonous plants, no blizzards, no electrical storms, no famine nor sword.

Paper pulp making is one of Vancouver Island's most promising industries, and the Orient is her market. The Nile papyrus started this industry, the beech groves of Germany and England succeeded Egypt, and now is the day of the Canadian spruce forests. Vancouver Island has inexhaustible areas of pulp woods, wood that average 150 cords to the acre, running up as high as 500 cords.

Vancouver Island pulp makes not only paper but hollow ware, cigar boxes picture frames, car wheels, water pipes, telegraph poles, coffins, mattresses, lead pencils, shoe heels, vases, and ornaments, horse-shoes, bicycle bars, fruit tins, hats, piano cases and paving brick. Vancouver Island may well say, "Let me make the paper for the Orient, I care not who spoils it with the written word."

From the watersthat surround this island $10,000,000 worth of fish is taken annually, giving employment to 20,000 people. The Atlantic fisheries have reached the maximum of development, whereas in the West only salmon has been exploited. The day of the commercial development of the halibut fisheries and those of the cod, herring, sturgeon, oolachan, smelt, sardines anchovies, oysters, clams, shrimps, and prawns, has yet to come. Vancouver Island has been so busy with the big things that she has ignored these smaller fry.

On the west coast of Vancouver Island is the world's largest whaling station. Two steamships and three factories are kept busy for twelve months in the year shooting the big mammals wth harpoon guns, and working up every ounce of the quarry into economic commodities. The oil goes to Europe by the Blue Funnel liners, the whalebone or baleen is used in the manufacture of fine silks, the choice cuts of the meat are esteemed a table delicacy by Chinese and Japs, the powdered guano is eagerly sought as a fertilizer. When the station was not yet a year old, a dividend of twenty three per cent. was declared to the stock owners.

One associates whaling with rough oceans and Arctic winters, yet a few miles from the Sechart station is Victoria, with the most desirable, the most nearly ideal climate in the world. This is not platitude but fact, fact borne out by the meteoroligal records of both Washington and Ottawa.

If you reach Victoria in July or August, the warmest months of the year, you will find a mean temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit and a rainfall of less than an inch a month. If you arrive in January or February, the coldest months, you find a temperature of 40 degrees, and a rain-fall of less than three inches a month.

The summer isotherm of 60 degrees leaving Victoria, runs inside the coast line as far north as the Yukon, then bending southeast it passes south of Hudson's Bay and north of Quebec, entering the Atlantic at Sydney, Nova Scotia. All south of this line, practically all the inhabited part of Canada, is hotter than Victoria during July or August.

The winter isotherm of 40 degrees after leaving Victoria, enters the mainland at Seattle, and runs inside the coast line as far south at Phoenix, Arizona; then crossing the Southern States, enters the Atlantic at Norfolk, Virginia. All north of this line, that is all of Canada, and practically all of the United States except Florida, is colder than Victoria in January and February.

The atmosphere of Victoria is unique. The idle tourist, spending a summer week within her borders, carries the witchery of her charm with him where-ever he wanders. What makes that charm? It is compounded of many simples—the sea has much to do with it, the multitudinous roses contribute, the gentle voices of the people play no small part, the breezes are soft with suggestiveness.

The sun never sets with greater beauty than over the edge of the Sooke Hills, tipping the rough-hewn silver of the Olympics with a rosy glow, and spilling itself in prodigality over the waters of the Fucon Straits. It doesn't take an artist to catch a quick, elusive glimpse of that light that never was on sea or land. You see the reflection of it in the rounded face of that small laddie standing with the piece of kelp in his hand, arrested in his play by the impelling beauty of the colors of that spilt spectrum.

Victoria is the most beautiful city of Canada, and the most wealthy city on the Pacific coast per capita. On the streets is the most cosmopolitan crowd that ever jostled cheek by jowl in an American city.

Ask a dozen men in rotation how each makes his living. The first is a lumberman, he converts Douglas firs into ship masts and bridge timbers. The next man draws from his pocket a buckskin poke of dust, he is a gold miner from the Yukon. Number three talks learnedly to you of flats and smalls and sockeyes, he has half a million invested in salmon canneries. Behind him, arm in arm, are the owner of a "ranch" of Magoon strawberries at Gordon Head, and a breeder of prize Herefords on the Cowichan. The next man is a copper miner at Mount Sicker, and behind him stalks the owner of a sealing schooner plying into Dutch harbor, engaged in warm discussion with a whaler from Sechart.

The next citizen is a lady with an English pedigree and a double-barrelled name, she breeds thoroughbred terriers in her own kennels on an island in the Gulf, and exchanges ideas on the political situation in England with a retired captain of the British army, who owns an adjacent island of his own, and sends out from it, by the hands of an Indian, in a chartered canoe, the Mss. of novels and virile verse, which stand unabashed in the presence of a Kipling or a Jack London.

On the streets on the polyglot town the Indian clam digger brushes the smart red tunic of Tommy Atkins, and the sailor from Esquimalt hobnobs with the Hindoo. Down on the water front Greek fishermen, swart Italian, Kanaka, Lascar and Songhees half-caste share together their in-shore cabins, and when the salmon run in the Straits and the glutted gulls fly shoreward, go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

The city of Victoria runs down in broom and buttercups to the country lanes, and the pines of the forest creep into the city streets. Half an hour's walk from the heart of the town in any direction deposits one in the midst of a tangled jungle of beautiful and sweet scented things, wild roses, arbutus trees, honey-suckles, sweet briar and the golden blossoms of the broom, over it all the bluest of blue skies, and giant pines the background of the picture. In from the Straits, with the evening breeze, comes a salty sea-suggestiveness, and the happy wayfarer heaves a deep sigh of content, murmuring. "It is good for us to be here!"

The Surrender

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "A Wasted Rehearsal," "The Ghost of the Trail," etc.

AND they do say there have been tramps about," said Bridget Flynn.

Kate turned in the doorway to look back at her domestic. "I believe you are afraid to stay alone," she accused her.

"The idea!" said Bridget with dignity. "I was only thinkin' that if your ma was here sha'd not be wantin' you to walk very far. The days is short this time o' year."

"I won't be gone long," laughed Kate, and went off across the fields her red coat a bright bit of color in the grays and browns of the landscape.

It was one of those days that come in the land of the Chinook, a day when Winter finds himself banished, temporarily but decidedly, and almost the scent of spring blossoms is in the air. The sun was still high and the wind fresh and sweet when Kate returned from her walk. Rose color lay in her cheeks: her eyes were shining.

Bridget Flynn awaited on the porch.

"What's the matter?" called Kate gaily. Then as she came near enough to see the expression on her servants' countenance her voice fell to a hushed query. "What is it?" she repeated.

"It's a tramp!" said Bridget sepulchrally.

The rose color fled from Miss Farleigh's cheeks.

"Where?" she breathed.

"He's in the kitchen eatin' cake and makin' up lies," said Bridget with the grim quiet of one whose message needs no added force of words.

"He'll go through the house."

"Everything's locked up."

"The backstairs."

"He won't never think o' them stairs." Bridget had not thought of them herself.

"Bridget, go in at once and see where he is."

"I shouldn't think you'd be wantin' anybody else to tend to 'im," objected Bridget "You've got so many plans for getting rid of 'em."

The lack of faith implied in the tone of her own hired help aroused Miss Farleigh.

"Something must be done," she began.

"And that's no lie of you, Miss Kate," assented Bridget encouragingly.

"There is no doubt that he means to rob the house."

"That's what he means, the bla'-guard!"

For a moment Kate was lost in deep, strategic thought. Then she bent forward and whispered.

"We must lock him in."

" Bridget was staggered for an instant but recovered bravely. "I knew you cud fix 'im, the villian!" she said admiringly.

"You must get him up the back stairs," continued the commanding general, hurriedly. "Tell him the lady of the house wishes to see him. Then you must go through into the blue room and lock the door on that side. Meanwhile I will go after and lock the door of the back stairs behind him."

Bridget's face was a study as Miss Farleigh evolved this masterly scheme, and she realized that hers was to be the leading role, but all her objections were over-ruled, and with a blank face and lagging steps she moved kitchenward.

The dining room lay between the kitchen and the piazza and Kate pausing there, had just a glimpse of a big, red faced man as he got up and with a slight limp followed Bridget. She crept across the kitchen and listened at the door. She heard Bridget say, "Wait here till I speak the missus." Then she heard the door slam and the bolt shoot.

The tramp appeared to realize the situation. He turned instantly and was half way down the stairs before Kate could get the door shut. "What a wicked face!" she thought, with a shudder as she turned the key and fled back to the side porch. Bridget came around from the front part of the house, a smile of self congratulation spreading broadly.

"He won't be gettin' out of there in a hurry," she said, and then they sat down close together on the step to talk it over.

Presently a feeling of compassion, borne of their perfect security assailed Kate.

"Has he anything to sit on?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Bridget.

"What is it?"

"The flure."

Kate looked at her reproachfully. "We ought not to make him stand all night," she said.

"Better ordher him a settoo," said Bridget, shortly.

"I think I'll offer him a chair," Kate said.

She rose and went bravely back to the kitchen, picturing pityingly, a worn and tattered vagrant standing wearily at the top of her back stairs. A look of perplexity perched upon her brow as she paused with a preliminary little cough.

"What shall I call him?" she queried, glancing back at Bridget who had followed as far as the door.

"'Hobo' would do."

"I shall not take advantage of a helpless prisoner to call him names," with much dignity.

"Call me Bertie," suggested a voice so close that they both started.

"He is listening," whispered Kate, as one who imparts a strange fact. "Do you want a chair?" aloud.

"Yes," eagerly, but in a half choked whisper.

"How queer his voice sounds!" This in an aside to Bridget. "Do you think he is ill?"

"Smallpox, likely," said Miss Flynn.

"I am really afraid he is ill. He is lame, too, and not a chair to sit upon." Then, approaching the door, from which she had precipitately retired, and, speaking in a firm tone:

"If you will promise to wait at the head of the stairs, Bridget will put a chair in there for you."

Amazement and mutiny struggled on Bridget's face.

"I'd prefair bein' excused," she said.

Kate gave her a reproachful look and got the chair herself.

"Do you promise?"

"I do," was the answer. But there was a flippancy about the tongue that did not inspire confidence. She hesitated, thought it over, looked at Bridget's uncompromising face and waited. She heard him go up the steps, but he could so easily come down, and it takes so long to put a chair through a door. Pity struggled with discretion. Even as she put her hand on the knob her courage failed.

"Tramp," she called, softly. "I—I'm afraid," after which humiliating confession she retired to the porch to watch for teams.

A shout of laughter from the back stairs followed her.

"It is a very angry laugh," she thought. "I'm glad I did not trust him."

Bridget followed with great promptness, saying that the prisoner was making all sorts of promises, and telling all sorts of lies. With a business-like air Miss Farleigh proposed walking to the next house for help, but Bridget refused unconditionally to be left alone with the captive. Neither would she entertain the thought of herself walking to the next house and leaving Miss Farleigh alone, and Miss Farleigh did not insist.

"I believe," she said, "that he is a regular professional house breaker. He does not look nor act like an ordinary tramp. His face would be almost handsome, except for the traces of crime."

"And dirt," added Bridget.

"I wish some one would go by."

"I mistrust yer scairt yerself, Miss Kate. Yer face is as white as anything, and your eyes is as big as a saucer."

"I am not in the least scared, Bridget," with a vehement unveracity. "It is so fortunate that we thought to lock the man up. He is quite harmless where he is and some one is sure to be passing before dark. Isn't it nearly time for supper?"

Her pretence at courage shamed Bridget.

"It's all but ready," she said, eyeing the firm young figure with some admiration. "Will I make you coffee or chocolate, Miss Kate?"

"I should not presume to dictate"—it was the voice of the tramp, and Kate and Bridget seized hold of each other—"but my personal preference would be for coffee."

"Where is it?" said Bridget, wildly. She was rapidly coming to the conclusion that there was something uncanny about their visitor.

"It is on the roof of the porch," exclaimed the voice politely. "My window opens on to it, and nothing was said about not getting out of a window. But if it is against the *reglement de pension* I'll crawl back," sadly.

The two below looked at each other aghast.

"I think I've sprained my ankle," continued the man overhead, who seemed to appreciate an opportunity for conversation. "You need have no fear of my jumping," at which suggestion the two women retreated to the back of the porch.

"Howly——," began Bridget, in a voice that was all but inaudible.

"Sh! Don't do anything to make him angry. Keep quiet and he won't know we are here."

"Ladies!"

A breathless hush, while mistress and maid looked at each other for courage.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," murmured the voice, after a prolonged pause.

Neither one moved; they scarcely breathed.

"I wonder," went on the voice, sadly, "whether I would be allowed to tame a rat."

The stillness grew.

"Or with a nail to scratch upon the walls a brief account of my young life."

"The new wall paper," breathed Bridget, rolling horror stricken eyes at her companion. Suddenly she pointed convulsively. A dusty shoe and a few inches of torn trouser leg were visible.

Fascinated they gazed.

"Do you think he'll jump?" whispered Kate. "Maybe he's hungry."

"He et seven doughnuts," snorted Bridget.

"Only four," corrected the voice. "If the servant could hand up something, I'd agree not to keep the spoons."

"We had better, Bridget, come." Together they fled to the kitchen. Together they returned with a tray hastily laden with what they deemed most likely to propitiate a hungry burglar. Then Kate, her courage screwed to a possible sticking point and herself balanced on the back of a garden chair, while Bridget held her and the chair steady, leaned out and lifted the little tray bravely up. A hand took it from her, whereat her courage slipped down several notches, and she slipped, too, and would have fallen, but that another hand seized her wrist. The tramp bent over the edge of the roof and smiled at her.

"Lave er go, ye villian!" roared Bridget, from below.

"Thank you," said Kate, breathlessly. "I can get down now."

"Praise the saints! There's a team," cried Bridget.

"Where?" demanded Kate and the tramp together.

"Now you'll get what's comin' to ye, ye ould marauder!" Bridget apostrophized the piazza roof. "Come, Miss Kate, it's turnin' in," and together they flew through the house and out of the back door to greet the welcome comer.

A young man it was; a young man with a perturbed and anxious face.

"Halloo, Kate," he said, briefly. "I want to water the beast. I can't stay. I'm looking for a friend—Robert Graham; you've heard me speak of him. He came out from town yesterday and we had a bet up that he couldn't ride that bay of Flints'. I ought to have known better, but—well, anyway, he started off this morning on a dead run, and the brute came back this afternoon without him." He was getting a pail of water for the horse as he talked. Bridget with wide open mouth, surveyed him.

Kate, with the skill of one practiced in strategy, grasped the situation.

"Wait until I come back, Bob," she said, hurriedly, and then she flew up the back stairs and confronted the astonished but still affable prisoner, who had just returned from the piazza roof and was carefully selecting a place on the floor for his tray.

Kate went close up to him with a mixture of shame-facedness and confiding trust that struck him as surprisingly agreeable. She even, in her earnestness, put her small white hand on his dusty sleeve. She looked straight into his attentive eyes.

"You won't tell Bob?" she said.

"Certainly not," he assured her, promptly. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Oh, thank you," cried Kate.

"May I ask," he said, with anxious deference, "what it is that I am not to tell Bob?"

Redder grew Kate. Her eyes sought the floor and fell upon the tray, which did not materially relieve her embarrassment.

"Bob would never stop teasing me," she murmured.

"Bob shall never know," he assured her.

"Why didn't you say who you were?" demanded Miss Farleigh, plucking up more spirit with this reiterated assurance.

He laughed, and Kate moved away a little and looked reproachful.

"I did tell the cook," he hastened to say. "She was too scared to understand, I fancy. Of course, if you had been here it would have been a different matter. She flew to propitiate me with cake and it was so good that I gave up explanations."

"You might have told me."

"I supposed that she had told you and that you shared her incredulity. Of course, I saw at once that you were not frightened, but you did not give me any opportunity for a prolonged recital of my misfortunes."

"Come," said Miss Farleigh with sudden haste. "Bob is waiting. Bob is my cousin," she added.

"Oh, thank you, he returned, with quite inexplicable fervor.

They found Bob eyeing with much disfavor the rolling figure of the cook who was seated on the top step her head enveloped in her gingham apron. He turned an amazed face upon the approaching pair. Kate, with a confidence that appealed to Mr. Graham's masculine sense of fitness, left all explanations to him.

"Sorry you were worried, my boy," he said, airily." I've been resting a bit here at your cousin's before starting for your place. I found my ride fatiguing."

"How—" began Bob.

"Oh, you won your bet alright. He put me off before I got to my station."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Bob, disgustedly. "Here you were comfortable and happy,''—Bridget choked in her apron — "while I was chasing around the country for nothing."

"Your disappointment is pathetic. Naturally when you were looking for my lifeless form, it is trying to find me in robust health. I would have loved to gratify you, but life is sweet to the worst of us."

"You were always a selfish brute," said Bob. "Do I understand that we are invited to supper, Kate?"

"Of course," said his cousin. "You will have to take care of your horse yourself. James is having a vacation this week."

"You don't mean you are staying here alone! Aren't you afraid of tramps?"

"No," said Kate, turning scarlet to her ears. "Hurry Bob, please. It is supper time."

"Will yous be havin' coffee or chocolate?" said Bridget, and went into another paroxysm of merriment and shook herself into the house.

"Do you think, Kate," said her cousin, confidentially, as the domestics' broad back disappeared from view, "that that cook of yours is all right? All the time you were gone she sat and looked at me and conducted herself in the manner you have witnessed. I never considered myself such a howling joke as all that."

"We seldom appreciate our own best points," said Mr. Graham. "Come on, let's feed your horse.

"Now this is worth while," said Bob, with restored amiability, as they sat down to one of Bridget's best efforts. "Even worth finding you alive, Robert. I was on the brink of galloping starvation. You don't seem to have your usual boisterous appetite, my dear fellow. You must have been stayed with fruit cake and comforted with iced tea earlier in the afternoon."

Before Kate's inner eye came a vision of her guest sitting cross-legged on her piazza roof while he took his supper from a tray. Her face curved into an irrepressible, though embarrassed, smile. Mr. Graham's eyes held a sympathetic gleam. Bridget, who had just placed a cup of coffee beside his plate, broke into a sudden roar and retired to the kitchen.

Bob looked at his cousin with an air of final exasperation. "She is drunk, Kate." he said.

Kate shook her head helplessly. "No, she isn't, Bob. Don't mind her. How is your mother?"

"She is all right. She will be out here when she knows that you are alone. You've no business staying here with nobody but that blethering idiot. What would you do if a tramp should happen along, I'd like to know?" He suspended operations to stare with stern inquiry at his cousin.

"I'd trust Miss Farleigh to manage a tramp," said Mr. Graham, with cheerful optimism, "but if your mother will allow me to drive her out tomorrow it will give me great pleasure."

"The man can bring her out. You've got that polo match on hand."

"I never cared much for polo," said Mr. Graham.

"Never cared for polo!" expostulated Bob. He stared in a dazed manner at his friend. Then he gazed meditatively at the ceiling and a grin grew upon his countenance and dwelt there.

. . . .

"After all, it is not surprising that I fell in love with you," said Robert Graham.

June roses were red in the Farleigh garden. Kate, in a thin white gown sat on a garden bench with a sewing basket beside her.

"I never considered it surprising," she said.

"I was alluding," she explained, elaborately, "to your evident determination, when we first met, not to let me get away. When I was immured on your piazza roof—."

"How could anyone be immured on a roof?" interrupted Kate.

"When I was immured on your piazza roof," he repeated, "there was a chance of escape. I had not seen you then. Excuse me for moving your basket, dear, but this bench is designed for two."

Miss Farleigh laid down her work and looked sternly at the young man.

"Why did I promise to marry you?' she asked.

"Because in an unguarded moment I asked you."

She arose and put the sewing basket in her own place.

"I'll take it back," said Robert, hastily. "That's not the right answer. It was because under no other conditions would I promise not to allude to a certain November day."

"Have you kept your word?"

"I have not, my beloved, but I am going to from this on." He lifted the basket from the bench and looked at her invitingly. "It is a good deal to expect a man never to mention the day that set the world singing for him, but—Ah! that is better! Let's leave that basket in the house after this, Kate."

Selling an Empire

By F. W. Russell

ENOUGH land to support a nation of men, women and children, to grow millions of bushels of grain, to raise countless herds of cattle; enough land to make a good-sized country—*twenty-eight million acres in all*—that is what the Canadian Government gave to a corporation of a few men.

Virgin prairie and forest primeval it was, at the time of the gift; except for the trapper and the hunter, a country without human beings, a world of mystery over which the Hudson Bay Company had held sway and from which they had rigorously excluded the rest of mankind. Now, thousands of people are taking possession of it, are turning its fields yellow with wheat, are making it famous for its cattle and horses, are covering it with their homes and their hopes. Democracy reigns there instead of absolutism, and competition instead of the most exacting monopolies.

The Canadian Government gave the land to this corporation of a few men that, through and by means of them, it might be made ready for the occupancy of the people of the world; and to describe the way in which this is being accomplished is to tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

The statistical statements embodied in the annual reports of the Canadian Pacific Railway include figures relating to the land grants which are not only interesting as shewing clearly the development of the country, but are very suggestive of the important nature of the work transacted by the company's land department, for it is evident that the administration and disposal of upwards of twenty-eight millions of acres of land involve considerations that undoubtedly affect the well being, not only of the shareholders of the road, but also of every man, women and child whose future is concerned with the up-building of Western Canada.

By way of preliminary explanation, it may be well to say that the original land grant of the company for the construction of the transcontinental railway from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean was twenty-five millions of acres of land fairly fit for settlement to be selected in a belt twenty-four miles wide on each side of the mainline from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, any deficiency in the area to be taken from blocks of land outside the main line belt set apart for that purpose. The company's charter covering this agreement was dated 1880 and subsequently the company earned additional lands by the construction of branch lines.

It is now rather more than twenty-six years ago, or to be exact, on the twenty-first of September 1881, that the first sale of land was put through the books of the department, and from that day to this, the administration of the department shows a record of unremitting endeavor to work out the great problem of the country's future in a way that would ensure the very best results to all concerned.

The year 1881 was an eventful period in the history of western Canada in as much as it was then that the attention of the world was first attracted to the western prairies by the building of the Canadian Pacific, and in the real estate boom which specially marked that period there is no doubt that had the management of the railway company so desired, they might then and there have easily realized large sums of money by disposing of vast areas of their land grant to eager speculators. It is well known, however, that they did nothing of the kind, but instead they inaugurated the policy which has ever since been maintained, of disposing of the lands in such a way as to ensure as far as they could the settlement and development of the country. In accordance with this policy the lands were put on the market at a flat price of $2.50 per acre and sold exclusively under settlement conditions which provided for the breaking and cultivation of half the area sold under each contract. Having thus done what they could to ensure the purchase of the lands by actual settlers, the company, through its land department from this foundation built up step by step the masterly, patriotic, and at the same time business-like policy which has at once served the best interests of western Canada, and has at the same time from the company's point of view got the very best results from the land grants.

The year 1882 saw the commencement of a long period of depression which seriously affected every business interest of the country, and which must have been a time of special anxiety to the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They knew, of course, that so far as the agricultural resources of the country were concerned a set back of this kind would be only a temporary one, and by combining true consideration for the interests of the settlers with a due regard for the rights of the company, they tided over the bad years and enabled every farmer settled upon Canadian Pacific land, who made any effort at all, to gradually improve his position, and finally reap the reward which was in store for him when the good times returned. It was in 1887 that a good crop, combined with improved financial conditions, restored general confidence in the country, and from that date onwards so far as crops have been concerned the results have been most satisfactory. But this does not mean that it was all smooth sailing in the administration of the company's lands. There was for instance, the period when the price of wheat went down to the lowest figure on record, and when the land department accepted wheat in settlement of deferred payments under their land contracts giving credit to their purchasers' accounts at fifty cents a bushel when the market price of wheat went as low as thirty-seven cents. There were times too when owing to the low price of wheat or for local reasons which specially affected certain districts, the settlers were utterly unable not only to make any payment to the company on account of their lands, but could not even settle their taxes, and some of the municipalities were very seriously affected financially on this account. The Company carried over the payments due them, and from time to time advanced on their purchasers' accounts very large sums in settlement of taxes. Later on as the country developed and new districts were opened up, the land department inaugurated extensive systems of advertising the country, and by agency arrangements all over the world brought very large numbers of desirable settlers. Under the auspices of the Department too, various colonies were formed in different sections of the country, and during their earlier stages were nursed along and finally have become the centers of very prosperous settlement. During all these various periods, the company have disposed of their lands under terms and conditions which seemed to be suitable to the times, and which were calculated to produce the best results all round, and two or three years ago when the time appeared to be ripe they contributed largely to the tremendous influx of the last few years by interesting several large colonization organizations in Western Canada, by selling to those organizations tracts of land at low rates, and thereby obtaining for Western Canada the benefit of the machinery which had been largely instrumental in settling up the northwest states.

There is one feature of the policy

of the company which calls for special reference, and that is, the system which has been followed in pricing land, and the regulations under which the lands have been disposed of, the policy in these regards having had a very considerable effect on the welfare of the country from the point of view of speculation, as it affects permanent and beneficial settlement and development. In this respect it may be said that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have many times, at periods of undue land excitement, acted as a safety valve, and have been able to safe-guard the best interests of the country. Controlling a vast area of land, all of which is suitable for settlement, the officials of the land department by carefully watching the signs of the times, and by following closely their well marked plan of building up agricultural communities have been in a position to see when the limit of legitimate speculation has been reached, and have without working any hardship to anyone, and without putting any obstacle in the way of desirable investment, been able in a very large measure to direct the land business of the whole country into proper channels.

In other ways too, the company has been busy building up the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the west, and notably may be cited the establishment and administration of the townsites along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and branches—the market towns at which the farmer disposes of his produce and obtains his supplies—and the scores of prosperous commercial centers which cluster around the railway stations are eloquent witnesses in this regard.

Now in promoting all these undertakings, and in carrying on the land business and the immigration business of the company, the land department has necessarily been more or less in constant touch with a large majority of those who are building up the farming industry and the commercial businesses of the great west, and it is quite within the truth to say that the verdict of all who know anything of the matter is that fair treatment, and business-like consideration have at all stages marked the attitude of the department in its dealings with the land-seeking and land-developing public.

From the company's point of view the results of all this have been most satisfactory.

One striking proof is to be found in the comparatively high standing, even at the present period of financial stringency, of C. P. R. stock in the markets of the world Investors are now realizing that through the administration of its lands the company have built up immense agricultural communities throughout the territory served by its lines which must mean permanent and lucrative business for the road. From the investor's point of view the immense increase in the business of the land department during the last three or four years is undoubtedly a most important consideration. During the extraordinary development which the past three or four years have witnessed vast areas have been settled, towns by the score have sprung up in all directions, and everything that would tend to encourage the movement has received the valuable aid of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It is not too much to say that many of the most important features of the great movement have been initiated and carried to completion in the offices of the land department and great as the business of the department has been during the past few years, it seems to grow greater daily. With millions of dollars outstanding in deferred payments, with land sales at constantly increasing values, and with the great increase in the townsite business, the land department offices of the company are, and will no doubt continue in the future, the scenes of great business activity, and a business is being done there which must be in the highest degree satisfactory to the stock holders of the road.

The Warm Chinook

By Richard A. Haste

NATURE is not an impartial mother. To some of her children she extends the lavish hand of abundance, but upon others she looks with an eye of anger and lashes them with the scourge of neglect. It is the law. Moreover, it was the law in the beginning, when the infinite fiat went forth—the fiat that created the heavens and the earth, that reared the mountains, that clothed the valleys, that spread out the waste places of the world. "To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This is the law.

Immediately east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the international boundary line lies a land blessed of the Gods—a land over which bending nature ever smiles and into whose cradle she emptied her golden horn—the territory of Alberta.

No other political division of the great virgin empire of the Northwest contains so much that is necessary to modern civilization and so little that is useless. Here are plains, valleys, foothills and mountains, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, grassy meadows and dense forests, cold mountain streams, navigable rivers and clean-shored lakes, timber-girdled and silent. Covering the surface from valley to mountain base is a soil rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulation of centuries. Not content with these visible signs of her favor, Nature hid beneath the surface vast deposits of coal and iron, she filled the subterranean reservoirs with oil and gas and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the planted fields. Then to crown her efforts and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the Chinook, warm with the breath of May to temper the north wind.

UNIQUE CLIMATIC FEATURES OF THE NORTHWEST.

The most interesting as well as the most important characteristic feature of the Canadian Northwest is the climate. Examine carefully the lines of an isothermal map and you will note that they swerve sharply to the north after rounding the head of Lake Superior. And this northern tendency is accented as the Rocky Mountains are approached. You will observe that the average annual temperature of St. Paul and Edmonton differ but one degree. The official reports from the meterological stations show that here, north of the 49th parallel, is a country with an average temperature as high as that of Southern Minnesota—a country where the summers with their long bright days are cool and the winters moderate. The summers being cooler than those in Minnesota the winters must be more moderate to keep down the average. Little snow falls in Southern Alberta, and four hundred miles north of Edmonton in the Peace River Valley wheat, oats, and all kinds of vegetables flourish as in more southern latitudes.

A commercial drummer who had traveled much in the northwest, in speaking of the change of climate as you approach the Rockies remarked, "if you go far enough west you are bound to come to summer." This is contrary to our accepted ideas of the progress of the seasons, but the drummer was more than half right. And it is mostly owing—in the northwest—to the Chinook winds.

Whether the Chinook winds have their origin in the warm atmosphere of the Pacific Ocean or the parched plains of Arizona, or whether they result from a disturbance of those great cyclonic areas that form in the regions of the Pacific and move east over the mountains, robbed of their moisture by the intervening peaks and then heated by compression as they slide down the atmospheric gradient to the east; whether they come from the ocean through mountain passes or are but vagrant winds which have been lost in the upper regions of the air, are interesting questions, but the answers are apart from the object of this article.

The fact remains that they come blowing soft and warm apparently from the ice-fields that crown the Rockies. Come whence they may they dominate the climate of Alberta as completely as do the warm winds from the Gulf Stream the climate of western Europe.

In Southern Alberta the Chinook is a dry wind. In winter it does not melt the snow, but laps it up—absorbs it—leaving the ground bare and dry; but to the north it blows moist and with much less velocity. To the south it leaves a treeless plain, but to the north the forests thrive in its embrace.

Does the Chinook blow constantly? By no means; neither is it governed by any seeming fixed law—so far as the scientists have been able to determine. It may blow to-day or a month from to-day, or it may "Chinook" for weeks at a time.

COMING OF THE CHINOOK.

The name "Chinook" was applied to a moist warm wind that blew over the Hudson's Bay Fur Company post near Astoria. It came from the direction of the mouth of the Columbia River, where there was a large camp of Chinook Indians. The name applied facetiously, no doubt, by the traders has fastened itself upon any and all of those peculiar winds that blow warm from the west and northwest.

West of the Cascades the Chinook is a warm moist wind, but those winds which sweep the eastern slope of the Rockies are universally dry, except in Northern Alberta. Here they are warm and usually followed by rain.

Chinook winds are prevalent in Montana, extending over the Dakotas, and in some instances being felt as far east as Minnesota. But nowhere else east of the mountains do they dominate the climate to such an extent as they do in Alberta.

It was in November, 1903 that I was sent to Alberta to make some personal observations on the effect of the Chinook winds. I had encountered the hot winds of the Southwest and the summer Chinooks of the northwest but had never seen the effect of a winter Chinook.

I left Winnipeg about the tenth of the month. Winter had arrived, heralded by a norther which brought a fall of five inches of snow, followed by a fall of temperature to several degrees below zero. As I started for the west the prairies of Manitoba and the vast plains of the West were covered with a crisp, drifting snow sheet. A thousand miles of gray sky met and blended with the unbroken whiteness of the plain. Invisible clouds "spit" snow—icy particles that whirled and scurried before the wind. It looked as if winter had come to stay—that he had set his icy seal permanently upon the Northland.

When I arrived at Lethbridge in Southern Alberta it was still cold, the ground was covered with snow and the sky was gray. It had been so for a week. The cattle were roaming disconsolately over the prairie, looking for bare spots that the wind had uncovered.

Among the letters of introduction I had brought was one to Mr. McGrath, manager of the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Company. To him I announced my errand.

"Well" said he "now that you have caught us we might as well tell you the truth about this country. This weather is liable to last for a month."

With this statement Mr. Evans, the assistant manager who had lived in Alberta a number of years, took issue. He assured me that the snow would soon be gone; that a Chinook was due now—at any time; that it might appear to-morrow or next day—anyway within a week.

"Why do you think a Chinook is coming," I asked.

"Well, in the first place one is due about now, we have had this weather for over a week. But the surest sign is the way the cattle act. They are spreading out to the best ranges to be on the ground when the Chinook comes. They seem to know a day or two ahead."

That a Chinook was due was the opinion of the citizens of Lethbridge generally—in the face of five inches of snow and zero weather they had absolute faith in the near approach of a Chinook—and summer.

When the white clouds begin to gather about the head of "Old Chief" (a magnificent peak some seventy miles to the southwest) you may look for a Chinook, I was informed. So I waited. I arrived early Monday morning, and Tuesday brought no change. The sky remained gray and the wind blew cold from the northeast. To me it looked like a hopeless wait.

Three days passed without a change of temperature or any change in the appearance of the sky—then came the fourth—and with it the Chinook.

In the morning the sun rose clear revealing vast masses of clouds about the crests of the mountains to the west. The air was still, almost painfully still. About ten o'clock a gentle breeze sprang up from the southwest—it was balmy—the chill in the air had vanished. Then the wind freshened until it blew a gale of twenty-five miles per hour.

Tumultuous banks of white clouds hung about the mountains, but did not advance with the wind. All day and into the night this warm breath from the mountains blew steady—strong.

When morning came the snow was gone. Birds twittered and the scent of spring was in the air. I had seen the effect of a winter Chinook in Alberta. Four days later I was in Edmonton. It had been raining there. A week later in Calgary I saw pansies in the gardens—the weather was that of an April day in Minnesota.

On my return I struck winter again at Regina, and at Winnipeg it was snug and comfortable with the thermometer 6 below.

This was in November, 1903. In February following I received a letter from Mr. Evans of Lethbridge enclosing a report of the weather station with the remark "we have had no winter since you were here."

Let it not be understood that Alberta has no cold winter weather. Sometimes the mercury drops to 40 below, but relief usually comes soon. Sometimes, but rarely, the cold wave comes and stays a month. Then the live stock is apt to suffer, but in recent years provisions are being made against such contingencies, by providing hay and shelter.

A REGION OF UNEXPLORED RESOURCES

A line drawn from east to west not far from the fiftieth parallel will divide Alberta into two unequal parts. This territorial cleavage is not artificial, but is caused by natural conditions, and divides the territory into sections with well-defined individual characteristics.

The southern portion, embracing less than one-tenth of the area of the province is semi arid, that is to say is uncertain, for a number of years it may be abundant and then for a period the average will be less than is essential to mature ordinary field crops. But so well watered is this portion of the province that the conditions are ideal for irrigation. The Canadian Northwest Irrigation company has an extensive system centering at Lethbridge, and the Canadian Pacific Railway have under construction, and partially completed the largest irrigation scheme on the continent—a proposition that will place under ditch 3,000,000 acres of the finest land in the northwest. The entrance to the main canal is just below Calgary on the Bow River. The water supply is ample for the district included in the plans which include tracts lying on the north side of the Bow River between Calgary and Medicine Hat.

SCENE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, WHERE WAFTS THE WARM CHINOOK

VEGETABLES GROWN AT ROSENTHAL, IN THE LAND OF THE WARM CHINOOK

Southern Alberta is practically a treeless country, but fifty miles north of Calgary you begin to strike stretches of timber, poplar, birch and spruce The timber increases as you go north or west towards the foothills. This park country extends to the Peace River and a more beautiful country does not exist. I have driven for five hundred miles through Alberta and western Saskatchewan without finding a limit to this succession of prairie and woodland.

The material development of Alberta has been phenomenal, even in this phenomenal northwest, and the next three years will break all previous records. Until within the last eighteen months, but one railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific extended north of Calgary. Now the Canadian Northern enters Edmonton from the east and is building lines north to Athabaska Landing and northwest towards the Peace River. Another year will see the Grand Trunk Pacific running trains from Winnipeg to Edmonton on its way to the new port, Prince Rupert, on the Pacific. The Canadian Pacific, not to be outdone by its young rivals has also under another line via Saskatoon to Edmonton. All these lines with their local branches and feeders will be completed and in operation before 1909. Such rapidity of railroad construction has never been equalled in the United States, and when we remember that the tide of immigration into Alberta keeps about two paces ahead of the railroad construction, we get something of an idea of what is doing in this far-off land of the Chinook.

And this reminds me that one of the first things that strikes the casual observer on looking over the map of the Canadian Northwest is the apparent remoteness of Alberta. Leaning against the eastern shoulder of the Rockies it seems far away from the great centers of civilization. It must be remembered, however, that to be

THE CHINOOK MAKES CAMPING OUT A PLEASURE AT EDMONTON

A STUDY FOR AN ARTIST OR A RANCHMAN

far away from one place is to be near another, and isolation itself has advantages.

Alberta is sufficient unto itself. On reaching there you feel at once the sundering of eastern ties—even the middle west is out of your mental range. You are in another atmosphere—another world—the world of the Pacific slope. You are east of the mountains, it is true, but beyond those peaks is the Pacific and the Orient. It is fifteen hundred miles to Lake Superior, and only five hundred miles to the Pacific. Here is a land that does not need the east or the west—a land that has within its bosom the crude elements out of which nations are made—a land that will become, and within our time, a vast empire—but that is another story.

Few men, even those who have had an opportunity seem to have fully appreciated the possibilities of this great Canadian Province. Here, if anywhere, will be illustrated the law—"To him that hath shall be given."

My Hostelry

By Evelyn Gunne

BLUE sky for the roof of my banquet hall.
(Shall I not boast?)
And daisies pied where my feet shall fall
With the four great winds for my castle wall;
And God for my Host.

Fannie

By Cy Warman

SEVEN summers ago, while little Willie Russell was playing on the sandy shore of Hollow Lake, whose cool waters lisped his lullabies from babyhood to boyhood, he saw something swimming shoreward. Willie was only six, but having been cradled in the wilderness he was cautious, and seeing this strange looking creature heading for his sand pile he lay low and let it pass. Instead of entering the forest the frightened thing hid itself under a bank where the lake, lapping the shore, had licked the sand from under the sod. It did not see Willie, but stared with startled eyes out across the lake, on the opposite side of which a little dog stood sniffing a trail that ended at the water-edge. Little Willie's heart was hammering the sand bar like a pheasant drumming on a hollow log, and the heart of the wild thing up under the bank was beating time with Willie's. Doubtless if it had seen Willie it would have gone straight for him in order to escape its pursuer, while Willie would have thrown himself upon the mercies of the strangest dog that ever barked rather than face the frightened thing.

After watching the new comer until it had grown calm, closed its pretty brown eyes and entered the airy land of dreams, Willie crept lizard-like up the beach and ran for his mother. When he had told his wild tale, his mother and two sisters went with him down to the beach, and there, under the edge of the bank, lay a little baby deer, sound asleep. Very cautiously they surrounded the sleeping beauty and when it sprang from its hiding place it leaped into the open arms of Willie's mother. It kicked and clawed the clothes of its captor, but Willie shouted to his mother to "hold tight."

Presently the baby deer was shut up in the stable and christened "Fannie." Three days later, the little boy whom she had frightened so was hugging her, while she ate from the same dish with the little dog that had driven her, panic-stricken, into the lake. That was the day they let her out of the stable.

Now, in order to appreciate what is here told of Fannie, one must understand that ordinary animals differ in disposition and intelligence as much as men do. It must be admitted that many deer—spell it as you will—having been petted, have turned out badly. They are often nasty and sometimes positively dangerous; but Fannie was different. From a fawn she was fond of being fondled. Sometimes she would tire of Willie's little brother who hung like a mill-stone about her graceful neck. One day she became so impatient that she swung her head and tossed the little toddler from her, but when he tumbled down and began to cry, she turned, walked to him, put her nose against his and "sympathized" so tenderly and intelligently, that the tiny tot forgave her, wiped his weepng eyes and hugged her harder than ever.

The child's parents who had witnessed the whole performance watched the pet deer closely, but never after that first time, did she lose patience or resent the attention of her little playmates.

That was a happy summer for Fannie and the children. The tinkle, tinkle of her tiny bell was heard about the Russell homestead from dawn to dusk. When the autumn leaves reddened, darkened and died, she disappeared, and there was silence along the lake, and sorrowing among the children. They searched the shores of Hollow Lake, but all in vain. The little dog who had hounded her to the Russell home that cool May morning, took long turns in the forest trying to find trail of Fannie, but if he found it at all he failed to follow it or to bring her back.

After that the long lonely winter was filled with dreams of Fannie. Their only hope was that her tinkling bell might afford her some protection but since a man may be slain by a careless hunter, even with a bell the fawn had a slim chance of escape.

At last spring came, and one April morning Fannie strolled out of the forest, walked into the kitchen and began helping herself to the boiled potatoes that stood on the table. She showed not the slightest fear, but it may be hunger helped. She was but the shadow of the beautiful creature that had gone away, but her thin homeliness made her no less welcome. In a little while she began to fill out; the forest feed came and she waxed fat again. When the children crossed the lake to school, she swam after them like Mary's lamb and lingered near until the end of the school day, then swam back again.

As the summer died, the children became uneasy lest she leave them again; and when the time came for her to go, she went, leaving only the hope that she might return again with the flowers. But now she was nearly full grown—Fannie was always large for her age—and in great danger, for the North woods in which she lived were full of men firing at everything that showed the least sign of life. That was a long and anxious winter for the Russell household. Once or twice they heard of a deer with a bell around her neck, and as the shooting season had passed they knew she had escaped the real sportsman, but there was no telling how she would fare with the lumber-Jack huntsmen who are slaughterers, devoid of sentiment about sport and sportsmen. In season and out, the camp hunters hang on the trail and haunt the yard of the red deer who has a right to respite, to attend to his domestic affairs and see to the uprear of his family, during the closed season, at least.

As usual the winter passed and in due time the wild goose went by; the sap warmed in the sugar maple, and Fannie came home to dine off the kitchen table as if she had left but yesterday. She was as gentle as ever Like most of her sex, she liked to have her own way. Once the children fearing she would leave home again, shut her up in the barn. Fannie pawed the door with her sharp feet and made them understand that she wanted to go out, but they thought they knew better. Presently with a little run-and-jump Fannie went through the window. Later in this nesting moon of April, Mr. Russell, having ideas of his own which he did not explain to Fannie, shut her up in a dark shed that stood apart from any other building. Fannie fretted to be free; there being no window she pawed at the door and beat the board walls merrily. Growing desperate she threw herself against the door with all her might; they heard her, and fearing she would suicide rushed to release her. Again and again she crashed against the door and before it could be opened, splintered the boards and escaped to the woods. Now this was the first time she had left home except in autumn, and as there were no hunters, save the camp killers, they hoped for her return. This time they had not long to wait. On the third day she came back, nervous and cautious, followed by two pretty spotted fawns. She tried every way to get them to follow her into the house, for she was wolfishly hungry, but they would not. Finally she left them in a thick bush, went into the kitchen, had her breakfast, and hurried away to the woods again. Almost every day she came with her babies and each day she tried to coax them up to the house, but in vain. One day with wonderful intelligence, she smeared her own mouth and nose with mashed potatoes, of which she was exceedingly fond, went out and let the male fawn eat it off; she repeated this many times, going always to the male and never to his freckled sister, but he would not and never would be persuaded to go into the house. When the babies were old enough to find their own food they went back to the wild.

Fannie was two and one-half years old now. Another summer had come and gone and one autumn day when the golden leaves were falling over her round back she drifted down a woodland avenue and galloped away to answer once more the "Call of the Wild."

FANNIE

The winter was well worn when Mulroon the chief fire ranger passed down Hollow Lake to the Lake of Bays. He was questioned as all travellers were now, about a pet deer with a bell on. "A bell, did yez say?" asked Mulroon twisting sidewise until his chair cried out in pain. "A bell? Now d'yez know that bell has hainted me for four days, till I thought I was bein' shivereed be a ghost; and that's what t'was all about. No, I haven't seen it but I've heard it manys the time."

The snow was melting on the south hills when Musko, the Indian trapper, stopped at Russell's place and they asked him if he had seen a pet deer. "Yes," said the Indian dropping his fork and staring at his questioner. "Yes, I have see—two, tree time she spirit deer, mabe so ghost of Gitche Manitou, mabe Mitche; any how she not for kill. I hav seen lumber Jack creep up close by yard on winter time when deer is sleep—many, many deer, and he's all jump and run fas away,—all but one. Dis one she stay an stan still an look at white man, an he's point he's gun, once, twice and snap, den hes fire, an deer she's shake he's head and stamp he's foot, and I come close an put my han on white man, so, an say 'no shoot em,' an he's turn an try for shoot me, an I say, 'deer he's Gitchi Manitou, he's not for kill.' Den he say 'I kill Injun, hes all time open season for kill Injun.' He's ver mad, an I grab he's gun quick, and mak him crooked an rock an den I toss gun back an say, 'now he's close season for Injun, what?' Byme by spirit deer she's walk away, and lumber Jack he say, 'I kill she sure—some day.'

And so with the help of her bell and the superstition of the Indians, Fannie managed to escape the huntsmen who soon came to know about her, and the slaughterers who also knew but did not care. This year she brought but one baby, which came close behind her one spring morning but hurried back to the bush at the first faint scent of danger.

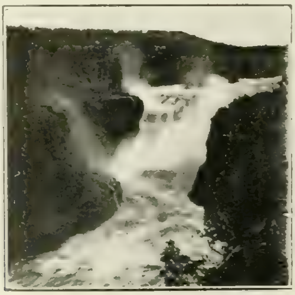
Again the trusting mother sought to civilize the little lamb, but he would not believe the story she told with her eyes and ears and her every act.

In time the children came to expect the mother deer to go away when the summer died, and it added a deeper sense of sadness to the autumn for the lonely white children of the wild, but the winter passed sooner for the anxious waiting. By now, the deer had become such a part of the household, that if the children or their parents wanted to go fishing or anywhere Fannie was not wanted, they were obliged to slip away without attracting her attention.

When Fannie was six years old, the Russells built a small summer hotel on a point across the bay, and began to "take stoppers." Fannie had not been moved from the lower ranch but once a week some one of the family would row over and put out salt for her.

One day Musko came to the new place to tell them that the spirit deer had lost her music, which he reckoned to be the charm that saved her from the Lumber Jack, and foretold that she would die with the dying leaves.

Now the Russell family were not superstitious, but when Willie's mother heard what Musko had to say she resolved to go and see for herself. Being busy with her summer boarders she postponed her visit to the lower ranch for nearly a week, when the berries would be ripe and she might have a fair excuse for wasting so much time. As she neared the old home, she called Fannie, but, save for the cry of a whiskey Jack which was answered by the crackling laugh of a loon, the place was unusually silent. A moment later she stopped, staring downward where fresh red blood dyed the dying grass. Quivering with dread she peered into the edge of the bush beside the path, and there lay Fannie's two front feet. Shuddering, she covered her eyes and returned empty-handed to her new home to tell the little children, and Willie—now a big boy—the saddest news their ears had ever heard—the story of the murder of Fannie.



Her Photographic Idol

By Rose J. King

SOMEHOW romantic things were always happening to Iris Vernon while I kept on in the same prosaic way and never experienced anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps it was Iris herself who was out of the common. She certainly was the most delightfully original girl one could meet, with just a touch of romance about her

She had been as poor as a church-mouse, so she said, which really meant that she was the daughter of a country clergyman, who had a large family and a moderate living.

At seventeen, just after entering college, through which she intended working her way, she wrote a sentimental poem, which must have had some merit, for it fell into the hands of a professional song-writer, who set it to a "barber-shop air." It immediately became the "latest hit" and Iris had an income of a few hundred dollars to pay college expenses.

That was the time I met her, and from being room-mates at Merril we became life-long friends—and incidentally relatives. Nature had done well for Iris in the way of good looks, though she was by no means a beauty. She possessed a slender figure of moderate height with a peculiar willowy grace; her face was rather too pale, but the large brown-gold eyes, sparkling with animation gave it light and expression. Her hair was just an ordinary nut-brown color, but of that odd texture which is always tumbling yet looks in order whether one has just risen from a siesta or is ready for a ball.

Iris might have developed great literary talent and risen from the level of the popular song-writer to the height of a gifted poet, had not Dame Fortune, not content with giving this favored child a fair share of personal attractions and a poetical turn, added wealth also.

Our second college year had but well begun when Iris received word that a great uncle, whom she could not remember, had died in Australia leaving her heiress to a quarter of a million. That was the end of the poetical aspirations. Iris became intensely practical and began managing her own business affairs. But the whimsical poet nature was still alive in her in spite of acquired knowledge of stocks and bonds—or she would never have fallen in love with a photograph in the way she did. We were spending the summer months at the Mountain House, in the Adirondacks, and were enjoying ourselves immensely. As we came down the broad steps after dinner one evening Iris stooped and picked up something that had fallen on the grass. It was a photograph—a very modern one of soft black and white tones, on a cream mount protected by tissue and a black folder. The pictured face was that of a young man—evidently a veritable giant I assured Iris, judging from the breadth of shoulder—a very good face, too, it was, and a fine head with both strength and gentleness in its lines. Any other girl would have tossed the thing aside but Iris kept it in her hand until we were away from the other guests and then she sat down on a bench and gazed at it, with a queer look in those dear eyes of hers.

"Do you notice the firm mouth and what a deep dimple there is in the strong chin?" she asked.

"I don't like dimples—people that have them are always deceitful," I answered, annoyed at her making such a fuss over a stranger's picture.

"Not people that have them in their chin," she replied calmly—you never could ruffle Iris. "A dimple in the chin always gives a touch of tenderness to a strong face like this.'

Now Iris always had been daft about faces. I have known her to spend a whole afternoon studying the faces in a good magazine. Features were unfailing indexes to character she declared; and that she could tell congenial people by the shape of the nose or the cut of the lips. I often told her that people couldn't help their noses, but she held to her theory.

She seemed to find this feature study intensely interesting, but I should think it would be rather awkward whenever you made a new acquaintance, to have to consider his or her mouth and nose separately—I would prefer to view the face as a whole and like or dislike the general effect.

Well, Iris kept that photograph and when we were back in our rooms later she had it out again and sat studying it by gaslight. She said she knew the original was a scholar and that he was noble and of brilliant intellect. In passing the picture across the table to let me observe the intellectual forehead, the folder slipped off and there on the back of the mount were the initials H. I. V.

Now Iris' initials were I. H. V. and we had always considered them rather odd, and here were the same letters differently arranged. Iris was a good deal excited by this discovery and the next day without my knowledge she consulted the clerk about the lost photograph and searched the register for a name corresponding to the initials. It was all to no purpose, the clerk knew nothing of any one's losing a photograph and cared less. And though the register contained numerous names beginning with H there were no H. I. V's. Iris confessed what she had done and as I expressed no interest in the matter, that was the last I heard of the photograph at that time though I know that the dear girl kept it carefully and often studied the face, building up for the original an imaginary character possessing all those qualities she would love and admire in a man.

At the end of August we went back to college and settled down to hard work and jolly times. Iris was changed a bit somehow, though she was just as dear as ever and only worked more steadily and seemed more serious. As to the incidents connected with the picture that occured during the rest of our college life, Iris informed me afterwards.

She had a presentiment that at some time she would meet the original and that he would be as near her ideal as it would be possible to come; but in the round of college work and gayeties the feeling, in time grew a little hazy until her memory was jogged again.

One day as she was passing the principal hotel of our college town a porter came out to a waiting carriage with several suitcases and on one of them in clear black letters were the initials H. I. V. Iris said that her heart seemed to beat wildly in her head and regardless of propriety she stood spell-bound on the pavement until several persons had entered the carriage and it had rolled away. Among the passengers was a decidedly pretty young woman, and for the first time—and I should judge the last—in her life Iris was jealous, for she conceived the idea that the young woman was her hero's wife and was using his suitcase. She decided to find out the name these odd initials stood for but it was several days before she summoned courage enough to call at the hotel and examine the register; then she was rewarded by finding the name H. I. Vane, M——, New York.

Now if Iris had been like other girls she would have burned the photograph and forgotten the matter, but being decidedly different from other girls and having fallen more and more deeply in love with her photograph hero, she could not let the thing rest.

She wrote to the postmaster of M—. inquiring for one H. I. Vane and received for her pains a short, curt letter with the information that the Vanes were innumerable in that country and that there was something less than a dozen Henry Isaac Vanes in and about M——.

That letter should certainly have quenched Iris' enthusiasm, but she refused to think of her particular Vane as an undistinguishable member of a large family; besides "Henry Isaac" was so very commonplace, and not at all the appellation she would have chosen for the handsome unknown.

The night Iris received the Postmaster's letter she did some calm thinking and came to the conclusion that she had been making an idiot of herself. She determined to forget the whole affair and in this frame of mind she put the photograph in the bottom of her trunk and devoted herself so assiduously to her studies that she excelled even her former year's high standing and carried off the class honors at graduation.

It goes without saying that a girl of Miss Vernon's personal charms, culture and wealth did not lack for suitors. Several of the best men at Merrill made her offers, and the professor of mathematics, the most brilliant member of the faculty sought her for his wife; but all in vain, she would have none of them. Her perversity puzzled us sorely but little did we think that she was in love with an ideal hero and that a photograph had wielded such a powerful influence over her life.

It was wonderful to listen to Iris tell all, long afterwards, it sounds sentimental and perhaps laughable, but you wouldn't have laughed if you had heard her tell it, and seen how beautifully her dark eyes shone. Somehow I came under the spell and half felt the pictured man's "spiritual presence" as she called it. The day before our graduation there came a letter from Ned Vernon, Iris' eldest brother, who was a rancher in the famous Canadian Northwest, inviting us to spend the summer at his ranch and enjoy a taste of western life. As we were free to pass the summer as we chose we accepted and on the Monday following Commencement we took train for Alberta.

It was Saturday afternoon when we arrived in the hustling little western town. Iris' brother was there to meet us with a fine span of chestnuts and a light rig. Ned Vernon is the very jolliest most handsome person in the world. Of course he was delighted to see his sister—Iris' brothers, five in all, always did spoil her—and he chatted and laughed so gayly that the twenty mile drive to the ranch seemed all too short.

It was dusk when we reached the picturesque house of hewn logs and after we had refreshed ourselves and partaken with zest of the excellent supper the cook had ready—Ned took us into his parlor, which was decidedly comfortable for a bachelor ranchman's quarters. Iris seemed a little restless and wandered about examining everything in the room. At last she paused beside a set of book-shelves and began turning over the papers and magazines on the top. Suddenly there was a quick, low exclamation from her and as I turned toward her, even in the twilight of the room I saw that she had grown pale. She recovered herself quickly and came forward with an exact counterpart of her treasured photograph in her hand.

"Who is this, Ned?" she asked and though her voice trembled; her brother did not seem to notice her eagerness.

"Oh, that's the parson," he answered carelessly. "He will be here in a little while, I guess. He generally bunks here on Saturday nights to be ready for the service to-morrow."

A parson, as poor as a churchmouse and married no doubt! I imagine Iris had none too much time to gather herself together before the door was pushed open and the big fellow that she had built so many dreams about, filled the opening.

"Hello, Harold," cried Ned springing up quickly, for the parson paused in surprise—and turning to us with a deep bow—"Miss Maynard and Iris this is the Reverend Harold Ivan Vane." Ah, after all it was not Henry Isaac! Iris said afterwards that that fact cheered her.

The conversation was left mostly to Ned and myself. Iris scarcely spoke and I presume the Rev. Harold was occupied with his morrow's discourse for he seemed adverse to our small talk and finally excused himself.

When he had left the room, Iris was

too much unnerved to make any inquiries, so I took the task upon myself and so well did I perform it that Ned said afterwards that he was fairly jealous.

"The dear old parson is sure all right," he told us. "I knew him at Victoria. He is a deal too clever to be wasting his time on these cow-punchers but I must admit he is showing them a thing or two. No, he isn't married, nor likely to be."

I heard from Ned during the following months many tales of Harold Vane's dealings with the cow-punchers and miners,—tales that filled me with admiration for the big clean limbed, lion-hearted fellow. Perhaps the dimple in the strong chin did stand for more than a touch of tenderness in the man's make up for many of the things I heard revealed to me the heart of love—but they would make another story.

It was certainly rather disconcerting to have travelled hundreds of miles into the west to be suddenly confronted by the man you have been secretly worshipping for nearly three years. I feared that after all her perseverance in trying to find him, Iris was going to be obstinate now that he was found, but it didn't take Harold long to find out that she possessed most of the qualities needful in a minister's wife. He wasn't the kind that is easily won for his work absorbed him and I believe he would have sacrificed his love had it been a hindrance to him. But as Iris told him on their wedding day, she made up her mind the summer she found his photograph that she would have him or no one. Yes, he knows about the photograph, though he can't account for its being anywhere near the Mountain House, unless some of his numerous aunts or cousins dropped it there.

Ned says it was just fate, of course, and quotes in proof of his theory the words of the valiant Hector that "None among mortal men his destiny ever evadeth."

A Lyric of Joy

By Bliss Carman

LOOK, love, along the low hills
The first stars!
God's hand is lighting the watch fires for us,
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whip-poor-wills!
Those weird bars,
Full of dark passion, will pierce the dim forest,
All night, on and on,

Till the over brimmed bowl of life spills,
And time mars
The one perfect piece of his handicraft, love's lifetime,
From dewrise till dawn.

Foolish heart, fearful of ills!
Shall the stars
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?
Heed thou love alone!

A Canadian Winter Resort

By Edward Angus

YEARS ago when there was no "International Limited," to carry people into Canada, and few people to carry, when there was a long hard portage where the Welland Canal now flows, when there was mostly silence, save for the Hudson Bay howling in the wilderness, the dusky children of the Wild used to come to St. Catherines Well to wash away their ailments, which were few until we came to civilise and "show" them.

Years later, when the Yankees chased the British far into the bush, beyond the Niagara, they rested and recuperated at St. Catherines, until the British, reinforced, chased them back over he border; and as often as they hiked back they carried, in addition to their scars, fond recollections of the well at St. Catherines.

Later when peace came, the old soldiers of the south used to summer at St. Catherines. From my window to-day I look out upon the old Stephenson House, closed these many years, where was heard the sound of revelry by night. They say the bar used to rake in as high as fifteen hundred dollars a day just for sugar and other things that go to make up the jocular julep of the south.

For fifty years despite the strong current of immigration from the North to the South, Southern people continued to come to St. Catherines.

THE ADDED COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION

Now, the tide has turned and from the four corners of the earth people are coming into Canada. For the most part they are strong, and in search of the strenuous. These hurry on to the West to get on to the firing line.

But hundreds are ill, and thousands are weary and want to rest, and of these many find their way to the Well, or the Welland, until as I write, there is a steady stream—two streams one flowing in, the other out. A remarkable fact about St. Catherines is that, while known first as a summer resort only, it has come to be regarded as equally desirable as a winter resort—so much that the hotel having the waters, the "Welland" is not only open, but full, the year round.

St. Catherines sits in the heart of the "Garden of Canada," on the fertile Niagara Peninsula, where the peaches, grapes and berries come from. Climatically, it is the mildest point in Canada, the thermometer rarely falling to zero, the northern frosts being tempered by the proximity of Lakes Erie and Ontario, so that this fortunate locality seems to hold the sunshine and soft airs of much lower latitudes, while the marvellous fertility of the soil is such that peaches, strawberries, and grapes, as well as the hardier fruits flourish in luxuriant profusion.

This Niagara Peninsula is the gate-

LIKE A BIG FAMILY HOTEL

way to Canada, and from its commanding position has already attracted the attention of American capitalists and captains of industry.

Several great railway trunk lines traverse it in every direction, and across its narrowest part, from north to south, runs the famous Welland Canal, a national enterprise which cost over $20,000,000 to build, and by which steamers of 2000 tons are raised step by step 265 feet, to the Lake Erie level, thus enabling the cities on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence to compete with the United States' Atlantic seaports for the marine traffic of the great North-West, and by reason of its exceptional railway facilities it is the centre-point of tourist travel to the Muskoka fairyland, the happy hunting grounds of the Ontario Highlands, the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, and the beautiful St. Lawrence.

The City of St. Catherines (10,000), the chief town in the peninsula, is situated on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, eleven miles from Niagara Falls, and lies bracketed between the two Welland Canals, on the Southern slope of blue Ontario, and about three and a half miles distant.

Here, on one of the pretty water stretches close to the town, is located the Henley of Canada, as the international regatta course is named, upon which last year, the "Argonaut" eight lowered the world's record. This regatta is held in August, and is attended by crews from all points. It is the chief nautical event in Canada. and attracts thousands of visitors annually.

All about the City of St. Catherines are beautiful walks, interesting drives, and the quaintest nooks and bits of bewildering rural scenery along the banks of the canal.

For the student of history, this ground is stored with tales of war and conquest; against its hills the war whoop of the Iroquois has sounded; through its valleys wandered the adventurous explorer La Salle, and his companion, Father Hennepin, who was the first white man to see the Niagara.

To the South lies Lake Erie, to the north Ontario, and to the west the waking empire which runs toward the sunset for nearly three thousand miles.

The St. Catherine's Well, whose waters have made St. Catherine's famous as a health resort, are of a strong saline order, and a great specific in cases of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, nervous troubles, and a splendid tonic for people troubled with the ills of the modern strenuous life.

The use of these waters is supplemented by electricity, massage, diet and rest, in charge of physicians and nurses.

Despite the reputation the place enjoys as a health resort there is no hint of a "hospital." In fact, the "Welland" is more like a comfortable family hotel than like a sanitarium. Many of the guests are quite well, others only want a rest, and so the atmosphere of the place is cheerful rather than otherwise.

The waters of the Ontario wash a beautiful sandy shore just north of the "Welland," where good fishing, boating and bathing can be had in the summer season. In short all the features of rural outdoor life are

NO HINT OF A HOSPITAL HERE

here, with the added comforts and conveniences of modern civilization.

According to experts, there is not another spring like this Well of St. Catherines on this Continent, and only one similar, though not so strong, in the world; that one is the celebrated Kreutznach Spring in Prussia, which contains about 110 grains sodium chloride, while the waters at St. Catherines contain 275 grains sodium chloride as well as 135 grains calcium chloride.

And yet, like many other riches of Canada, these wonderful waters have been almost neglected, but now that Canada is being rediscovered St. Catherines is bound to boom along with the balance of the Dominion.

The Falling Star

By Evelyn Gunne

A STAR looked down from his home in space
Deep in a glassy pool;
And saw, with wonder, his own sweet face
Framed in the waters cool!

Enthralled he gazed at the image true,
Winking its curious eye,
Till—leaning too far for a better view—
He tumbled out of the sky!

The Baby and the Burglar

The Confessions of a Cracksman

By Forrest Crissey

THIS is a true story of a young mother, a good baby and a bad burglar. It was told by the burglar to a boyhood friend—a railroad man—under peculiar circumstances. They had not seen each other for twenty years, that is to say, when they were both about twenty-one years old. The railroad man had business in a Southwestern health resort and was strolling when he heard a voice speak the old nickname of his boyhood: ''Stubb!''

The voice was not overly strong and in a way prepared him for the shock of seeing a much-wasted man sitting on a bench and smiling the twisted sort of smile that could belong to only one person in the whole world. That person was ''Limber,'' his boyhood chum, the preacher's boy. He had acquired this name because of his catlike suppleness and agility. And the agility was no doubt accounted for by the fact that the boy's mother was an Indian.

The old preacher had been a reservation missionary in his youth and had married one of the handsomest young women of the tribe. The Indian blood in ''Limber's'' veins had made him very attractive to the boys of his age who attended the same little district school and his favor had something of distinction in it according to boy standards. But Stubb was his closest companion in those days—the only boy, in fact, with whom he seemed to care to stay all night. The fact that Stubb's mother had a warm spot in her heart for him when he was only a youngster may have had something to do with his liking for Stubb.

After the men had sat in the sunshine for a full hour and talked much of the peculiar quality of doughnuts and crullers which Stubb's mother used to keep in the stone crock by the hatchway, a long silence came upon the two men.

Finally it was broken by Limber who began with a dry, hard laugh and ended with this remark:

''Stubb: You've always been mighty square with me and your mother—well; she was sure *white*. If it even occurred to you that there was anything the matter with me, you certainly never showed a trace of it.''

''Why,'' interrupted Stubb, ''I don't know what you mean. I never heard anything that reflected on your character.''

Limber smiled his old twisted smile again, laughed his hard, biting laugh and exclaimed:

''Couldn't pay me a greater compliment, Stubb—not the way the boys I've trained with look at it. Well; it may jolt you some but I'm going to tell you that you've been about as completely inposed upon as any man that ever lived. I'm about all in, Stubb—it's no use to deny it!—and somehow I feel like putting you wise to the sort of a life I've led. I can't say that I don't wish that it had been different. I do. But I know as well as you that it would carry a whole lot more weight if I were well and able to do my worst instead of being on my last legs. But, anyhow, I'd like to set myself right with you; it doesn't matter so much about the rest of the world to me.

''Well; to put it plain, Stubb, and in a way that you'll understand it, instead of becoming a railroad engineer, as we used to talk, I became about as handy a cracksman as there is in the country. Of course, I began as a prowler and burglar but I was soon considered such a smooth worker that I had plenty of chances to go out after bigger game,—banks, jewelry stores and the like. The cleverest cracksman going took me as a partner and I never but once in my life came within an ace of being caught.

''You remember the last time we saw each other—how I just dropped in at the farm early one morning, while you were milking, hung around for the day and then left in the evening, with some excuse about meeting a man at Liberty Corners? Probably you thought it was just my way and let it go at that. True enough, but I'd just pulled off a job that gave me about as much trouble as anything I'd ever gone up against. In fact, that was my busy day, Stubb—and no mistake!

''A few days before I came to your house I was going through Gray Willow, that little jerkwater station on the short line ten miles north of your place. Looking out of the car window I saw a bunch of farmers gathered about the scales of the grain elevator. The owner of the elevator was paying them for their grain and it took me about three seconds to figure that the town was too small to have a bank and that he would get in his currency from the nearest banking town the day before he expected a lot of farmers in with their loads. That meant he would keep it in the house over night and all I would have to do was to go up and get it. Just as a blind I traveled for a small cigar factory down in the city and carried a regular sample case and commercial traveler's outfit. And I sold plenty of goods, too, even if cigars were only a sideline to my main graft. But the sample case always gave me a reasonable excuse for being anywhere I chose to be; it was a passport and a certificate of character.

''That was Wednesday morning and I figured that the biggest grain day of the week would probably be Saturday. If I was to do the work it wouldn't do for me to be hanging about the town longer than overnight and so I went straight on to where my partner was waiting for me.

''I sent him up there with the understanding that, unless he wired, I was to come on Friday night. He was to be gathering crop statistics for one of the big Board of Trade firms. He was just to spy out the land, to know if the elevator man's package of currency came, to locate his house and give me a ground plan of it, together with a plan of the hotel and of the roads out of town with the possible hiding places in case of emergency.

''Of course, we met as strangers at the country hotel, but scraped an acquaintance and played a few games of cards—in the course of which he gave me all the information I wished, together with the pleasant news that he had seen the express package in the agent's hands and that it was marked $2,200.

''The window of my room opened out upon the roof of the ''L'' in which the kitchen was located and it was dead easy for me to get out and in without disturbing a soul. Jim had taken the other 'transient' room so that I would be put in this.

''The grain buyer's house was new—a fact for which I was duly thankful because the modern window lock is a catch reaching from the bottom bar of the upper sash to the top bar of the lower sash and can be sprung without the slightest trouble by any man who knows how, while the old fashioned side sash fastener—in the shape of a little bolt—generally found on the windows of the older country houses is a hard thing for a burglar to manage. In fact he can use an L and get in at a door much easier. If folks had any sense they'd do away with these new fangled window-fasteners which ought to be called the 'Burglar's Delight.'

''Somehow I was always able to go through a house without making any noise while the average man in my line was getting his bearings so's not to step on the cat or fall over the footstools and such truck. The boys always said that doors just naturally opened of their own accord for me. Anyhow I made quick work of the job—and I never found anything smoother than in the grain buyer's house. I went through every cupboard and closet and drawer in the house and looked in the woodbox, the clothes basket, the pantry, the baby carriage and a hundred other places where a woman would be likely to hide a bundle of the long green. By the time I had searched the whole house, with the exception of the back chamber in which the family was evidently sleeping, I had reached the conclusion that the grain buyer had taken the money to bed with him.

''As I entered the bedroom I shut off my glim, as the moonlight streamed in at the windows and I could see quite distinctly. There in the bed and sleeping heavily was a young woman and on the other pillow was the curly head of the cutest little baby girl I ever saw. She had gone to sleep sucking her right thumb and it was only half withdrawn from her lips; her other arm was thrown out straight so that her hand hung off the side of the bed.

''Mebby you remember, Stubb, that I was always mighty fond of Hiram Catlin's youngest kid and used to tote her all over the place on my back? Well; this young one made me think of her. But that was outside of business and so I kind of shook myself loose from thoughts of that kind and began to go through the room with particular thoroughness because I was convinced that the money was in the room unless the man himself had it with him which was unlikely, the package being too bulky to be carried comfortably. All the shoes, stockings, slippers and bundles of old clothes were carefully overhauled, but not a sign of the money could I find.

''This only confirmed my feeling that the woman had taken the stuff to bed with her, believing that a burglar would not attempt to go there for anything. The bedstead was of the old-fashioned wooden sort and stood out from the wall about a foot, both at the head and the side—probably because it was so heavy that she didn't wish to move it out and back each day in doing her work. But this arrangement made things right handy for me. Stepping behind the headboard so that she would not see me if she should awaken, I slipped my hand under the pillow. Nothing there! Then I ran my hand underneath the comforter that rested on the top of the mattress and just below the bottom sheet. This had to be done very carefully for persons waken quickly when anything touches them or they can feel any sort of movement. And besides, I knew that the thought of guarding that amount of money would make the woman more touchy than usual. She would simply be set on a hair trigger. In a mighty gingerly way I felt everywhere excepting right under the body of the woman, but could find nothing. At last I slipped my hand closer still and I thought I could just barely feel, through the double thickness of the mattress' covering, the end of a package.

''If the money was really there it was in the bed, next to her own clothing and with the whole weight of her body upon it.

''On the face of it there did not seem to be a thing to do but go ahead and wake the woman up. Now a fool burglar never hesitates to wake anybody up and carry things with a gun—but these are the kind that get shot and get caught. They only get nicely started when they find themselves working for the Warden of some 'pen' —glad if they escape hanging.

''But I always stop and think several times before I deliberately begin a rough-house, especially with a woman. And in this case the husband was out and likely to come in any minute. I had opened the window so that it wouldn't take me a second to step out and drop to the woodshed roof if I heard him at the foot of the stairs.

''Stepping quietly to the side of the bed I looked at the two sleepers, trying to figure how I could induce that woman to move without waking her up. Stubb, as I stood and looked down at those two I felt ashamed of myself and of my line for the first time since I got seasoned to the business. The young woman herself was the kind you see in pictures of women with babies; she looked like the kind of mother one would pick out of a million.

"But it was the baby that held me and almost made me a disgrace to my profession, as the boys say. Stubb, I'm no softie, and I've done some mighty hard things in the twenty years in which I've been out after the stuff; but that little kid just about put me out of business for that night. Talk about pink-and-whiteness. Well; she was it all right. And the dimples in her plump cheeks couldn't have been foxier if she'd been awake and crowing. Then there was that little fat arm thrown over the edge of the bed. As I was looking at it the way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash. I'd use that baby to help me—and I bet there isn't another burglar living who can say that he's actually done that—and tell the truth!

"The novelty of the thing caught my fancy and I was ready in a second to take the risk of a little longer delay in order to see if I could work the job out that way.

"Once more slipping behind the headboard of the bed, I went to the side on which the baby lay. The moonlight was particularly bright just then and I could see the dimple in her elbow and even the smaller ones in her hands. It's a queer thing for a burglar to confess, Stubb, but as I bent over that baby I had to hold myself back from kissing it. However, I did take that little pink hand in my own palm, intending to give it a good sharp pinch. But, somehow, I just held it like any fool father, for at least five minutes. They're soft things — a baby's hands are—and they are enough to make anyone soft. If I'd had a kid before I got started in that line I'd have been as steady as an old horse—I can feel it in my bones I would.

"Well; at last I quit my foolishness and gave the little hand a squeeze, which made the kid cry out a little, but not very loud. Then I dodged back hehind the head board. In a second the mother turned over on her side and began to mumble baby talk—'Did her want her muzzer?' an' stuff like that. She gathered the baby up to her breast an' it got busy right away. Gee but I did feel foolish! In about two minutes the mother stopped talking and I knew she was asleep. That was my time and it didn't take me two seconds to pull out those four flat packages of the long green.

"Then I ducked and went out the way I'd come in—through the sitting room window. Everything was quiet. All there was left for me to do was to hide the stuff and get back to the hotel.

"Well then, what do you think? I found out that I didn't want the stuff —not the least little bit. I wanted to put it back. It was that darned kid! I just stood around on the front lawn as if I'd been at a garden party; thinking how mean it was to make that baby help me steal from its own mother.

"I stood so long, considering, that a wakeful gentleman next door got his lamps on me and gave the alarm, and the first I knew, I saw a couple of figures sneaking up along in the shadows.

"Well what did I do? That kid had me queered sure. I got back in through the window and tucked the stuff into a work basket that was standing there. Then I slid out again.

"There was a figure within ten feet of me and he had a gun. I dropped just as he shot, or rather just before. I was in shadow the minute I struck the ground and I crawled, the way I knew how. 'Where is he? I thought I hit him?' I heard the chap say but I didn't stop to explain. I got under a bush and waited until I calculated there were as many backs turned as there were likely to be and then I got up and dusted.

"Of course a man that was used to getting out of sight wasn't in such an awful amount of danger from those amateur sleuths but still they gave me considerable trouble for the money I didn't have. I shook them finally but I was pretty well winded when I did it; and then I struck the road for your farm as the safest place in the province. I knew every dirt road, railroad, and strip of woods in that country better than I ever knew a geography lesson at school. Perhaps it's the Indian blood in me, but you can't lose me anywhere and I never get confused about direction or locality, even in the night. I stuck to the timber almost the whole distance to your house. It took me a little out of the course to do so, but then I didn't want to get there before dusk, anyway.

"How I loafed around with you all day and talked about the good old times we used to have—you know all about that. But you didn't know, perhaps, that before pulling my freight, that evening, I managed to steal about half the doughnuts your mother had in the big crock. Probably she laid it to you. I felt a lot meaner about stealing those doughnuts than I did about a good deal larger things that I'd lifted. Of course you recall that I borrowed a five of you and sent it back shortly after. I had left my money at the hotel: brainy, wasn't it—and my watch, too.

"All night long I traveled on South and early that morning brought up at a little white school house in the edge of the timber. Generally the Western school trustee may be depended upon to plant a school house as far from trees as the law'll allow; but somehow this one was the exception—and a mighty good one for me, I can tell you! I was inside the schoolhouse in a jiffy and saw that there was a square hatch leading up into the loft. Taking a pole from the woodshed I quickly made a rough ladder by nailing a few short cleats to it, using the ax head for a hammer and getting the nails from a piece of an old fence-board.

"After mounting my ladder I drew it up into the loft beside me, putting the hatch cover snugly over the opening through which I had climbed. When we were boys, Stubb, I used to think it made me sleepy to listen to a reading class—but I never suffered from the old Sanders Union Fifth Reader done in country style as I did that day—which seemed as long as all eternity. And the geography and spelling classes were almost as bad.

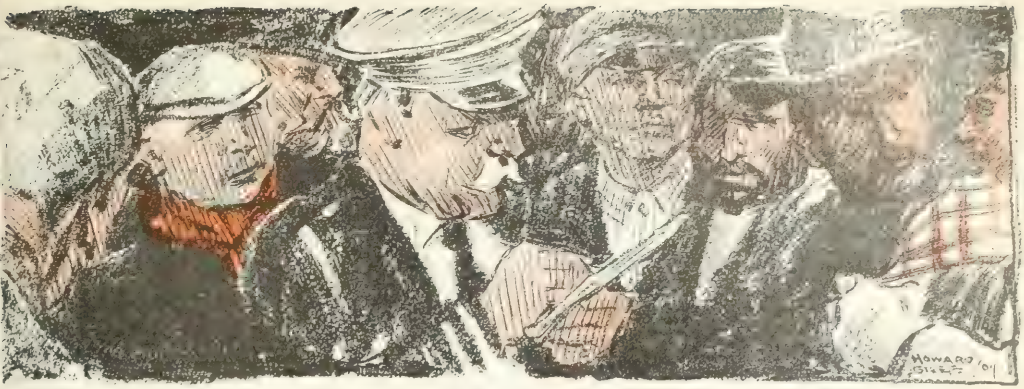
"Ordinarily I would have gone to sleep and taken my chances against stirring or making noise enough to attract attention. Really there wasn't much danger of it, but I knew if they hadn't found the money, or even if they had, they'd be scouring the country for me and I couldn't afford the risk for a little sleep. So I managed to brace my eyes open by hard fighting until the school was dismissed and the teachers and pupils cleared out for home. Then I set my inside clock for eight o'clock and settled down across the timbers of the loft for a snooze.

"It was plum dark when I woke up and, although, I had overslept a little, as near as I could judge, still I had the best part of the night before me. I travelled very carefully—and breathed a whole lot easier when I had got far enough away so I judged they wouldn't be right behind me. I stopped at a little town where I knew a telegraph operator that I had once put into a good job when he was on his uppers.

"He took me to his room and gave me the fifty I had loaned him. He had a new suit of clothes that I professed to take a great fancy to and he sold me these. If he suspected the truth about things he was wise enough to say nothing. I staid there until I had grown a Van Dyke beard and looked like a dude doctor just out of college. Then I wasn't a bit afraid of being pinched.

"What about Jim? Oh, nobody suspected him. We had been too cautious for that. He put in some anxious minutes, of course, when I didn't show up at the hotel. But he joined in the village hue and cry after me; and then got out of town as soon as he could. He was mighty curious about the affair the next time we met, but you bet he never found out the rights of it. It would have lost me my reputation.

"About five years afterwards I saw the grain-buyer's wife in a Winnipeg store. The kid was a picture—just a honey! Her dad ought to be all swelled up over her. I'd be if she was mine, Stubb."



THE MAN WHO ARRIVES

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH HE COMES TO CANADA

By SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

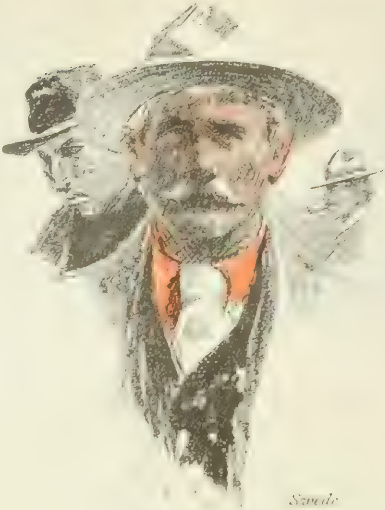
Author of "The Failures," "Sunset Hill," etc.

> "*We've seen your 'ome by word o' mouth,*
> *we've watched your rivers shine,*
> *We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of*
> *eucalip an' pine;*
> *Your young, gay countries north an' south,*
> *we feel we own 'em too,*
> *For they was made by rank an' file*
> *Good-bye—good luck to you!*
>
> *Good-bye! So long! Don't lose yourselves,*
> *nor us, nor all kind friends,*
> *But tell the girls your side the drift we're*
> *comin'—when it ends!*
> *Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've*
> *taught us somethin' new:*
> *The world's no bigger than a kraal.*
> *Good-bye—good luck to you!*"
>
> —RUDYARD KIPLING

THEY are coming, though probably when the gallant Canadian and Australian contingents went home from the Boer War in the dusty Transvaal and Kipling wrote "The Parting of the Columns" he hardly had in mind the Winnipeg Immigration Halls. But there they are coming. I stumbled over no less than half a hundred of them as I picked my way through the dust in the back yard of the great Canadian Pacific station to Commissioner J. Obed Smith's big day nursery, and brought up before a door labeled "Immigration Offices" in nine incomprehensible languages, each worse than the last.

They are coming by the thousand. That sunny spring morning they stood by the score at a long, smooth counter, bending over maps, following the explanatory finger of a clerk, waiting their turn at gate and door and corridor, chatting in cockney English, muttering in throaty Roumanian and Bulgarian, spitting French, or laying down the law in leisurely drawling United State

Dialects and all, some thirty tongues must be spoken by the officers of the Immigration Bureau.

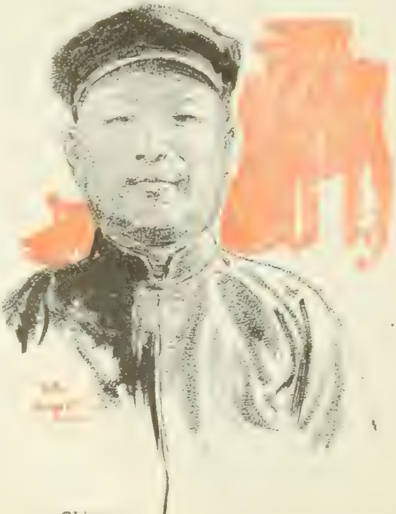

Swede

The larger part are English, however. Of the two hundred and sixteen thousand Canadian immigrants in 1906, seventy-six per cent. were English-speaking, and of these sixty-three per cent. were from the United Kingdom and her colonies, the remaining thirteen per cent. being from the United States.

Besides these there are French, Russians, Polish, Lithuanians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Finns, Scandinavians, Germans, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and almost every other variety of humanity sprinkled in.

Commissioner Milne, in Victoria, British Columbia, has the problem of the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus to deal with.

There is the inevitable Chinatown of the coast city, dirty, queer-smelling, evil, with dozens of little butcher-shops hung with unspeakable dried claws and joints and horrible dead things; with staring coolies and rattling voices and silent, dark, myriad-windowed, carefully-curtained little courts that hide heaven only knows what warrens.


Chinese

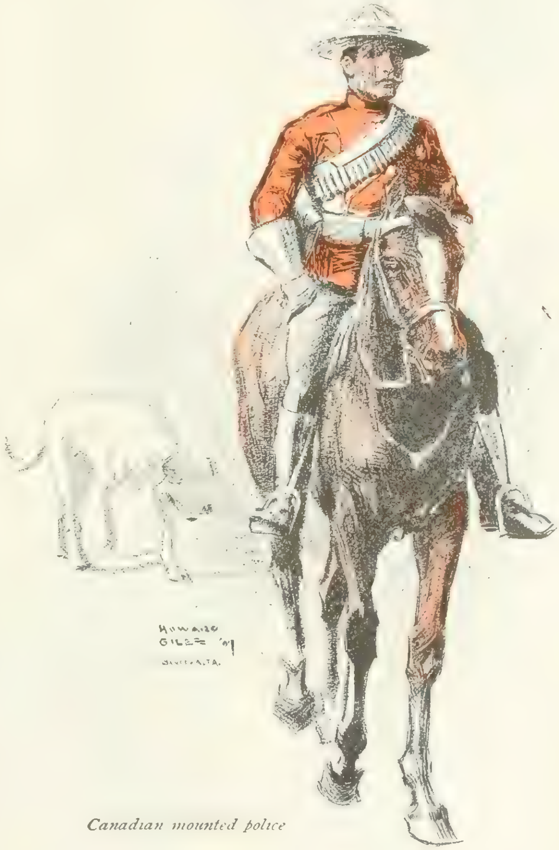
There is the Japanese quarter up the hill, where there are open shops and pretty baskets and dainty, kitten-soft Japanese women peeping through the screens.

There is the Hindu district out toward Westminster, where the red and blue turbans add a note of color to the sober blacks and grays and browns of the Anglo-Saxon. Handsome fellows are the Hindus, tall and straight, with finely-cut features and the erect grace of carriage that comes from generations of aristocracy. Sikhs and Punjabis they are for the most part, veterans of many a border skirmish, equals of any man. It is pathetic to see them in this Western land, trying to work according to Occidental customs; but as one looks at their tall, muscular, lean figures, one believes in their eventual victory over time and place and circumstance.

Yet, although Commissioner Milne has eliminated the Asiatic peoples, Commissioner J. Obed Smith, of Winnipeg, has a large and various family to care for. I went over the five-story Immigration Hall, from the boilers in the cellar to the ventilators on the roof, in company with Mr. Saunders, who is the visible authority, the engineer of the machine.

We began with the baggage-room, where the miscellaneous boxes and bundles and trunks of the prospective settler are cared for by the Bureau. In one corner were piled stout, rope-handled boxes containing samples of Canadian grain, honey, fruit, etc., ready for shipment to Europe as advertising exhibits. Wagons containing these tempting exhibits travel through the country towns of England, and booklets on Canada are in great demand among the young farmers, who thereafter take advantage of the thirty-dollar immigrant rate "from Liverpool to the harvest fields," and become good Canadians.

I smiled at a mysterious automatic pump for increasing the water pressure when the city supply was too low to insure a good stream from the faucets of the fifth story, for Winnipeg, like a girl in the let-down-tuck stage of her teens, has outgrown her water supply system. I counted the boilers in the basement and noted the fireproof divisions of the cellar; I peeped into the big store-rooms which occupy the central space on each of the five floors; I regarded the gap where soon a pair of elevators will be installed; I admired the careful fire protection by which any point in the building can be instantly reached with a huge fire hose; I smelt the cookery of the immigrants in the big kitchens, and saw many of them eating dinner at the long tables in the dining-rooms; and everywhere I marveled at the cleanliness and order.



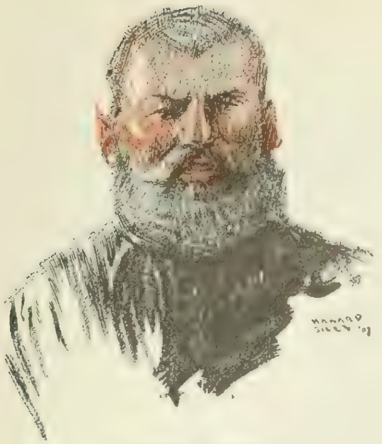
Canadian mounted police

It is no small task to keep up this absolute cleanliness with scores of various nationalities of immigrants living, bag and baggage, children, canary-birds and household effects, in one room apiece for a varying number of days. Most housewives would shrink back aghast from the demands of the situation, but the officers of the Bureau of Immigration manage it, and manage it easily, without apparent friction or fuss. Everywhere the clean, antiseptic odor of a hospital prevails. The rooms are thoroughly gone over with an antiseptic soap compound, and are frequently kalsomined. Everything, from the gongs of the double fire-alarm system to the floor of the office file-rooms, shines with scouring.

Those who fall ill go to the hospital building, where a slender, frail head nurse with olive hollows under her eyes does the work of two housewives and a book-keeper, and only longs to go to the foreign field that she may do yet more.

"I'm afraid I'm not strong enough, though," she said wistfully. "Perhaps I shall never go. There is a great deal that can be done here."

And I could only wish her fulfillment of her pathetic dream as she turned away patiently to the measles ward, for it was the season of the year when



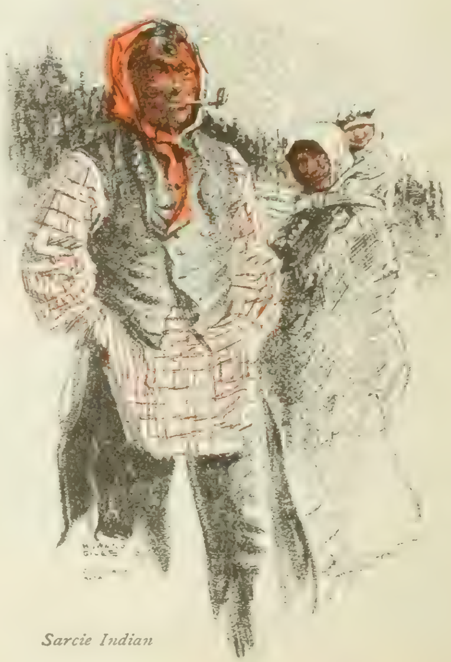
Doukhobor Russian

Mamie and Gretchen "have them," and Mamie and Gretchen are among the most important sojourners in the Immigration Halls.

Indeed, the children are everywhere. One tiny mite did a cake-walk, holding up her diminutive petticoats and singing to herself down the long corridor. An English baby beat his chubby fists on the table and crowed gleefully. In another room a Swedish youngster eyed us for a minute with great, sad, serious, blue eyes, and without a whimper of warning burst into a tearless roar that made me decamp in terror. Babies crawl on the floor, and sprawl over the cots, and toddle along beside their mothers' skirts. I hardly dared step without fear of putting my foot on some little creeper.

The families are made very comfortable in well-lighted, simply furnished, orderly rooms. The single men have dark, but clean and comfortable rooms assigned to them. The storerooms on each floor contain everything that the immigrant might, could, would or should have to tide him over until he can get things going in the new country and secure resources of his own. Blankets, tinned goods, lanterns, shovels, picks, spades, washboards, boilers, pillows, clothes, mattresses — everything from a package of Uneeda Biscuit to a disc plough emerges at call from those many-shelved store-rooms to fit out the immigrant as he needs. The department plays nurse, teacher and maiden aunt to the prospective farmer, and sends him on his way in peace.

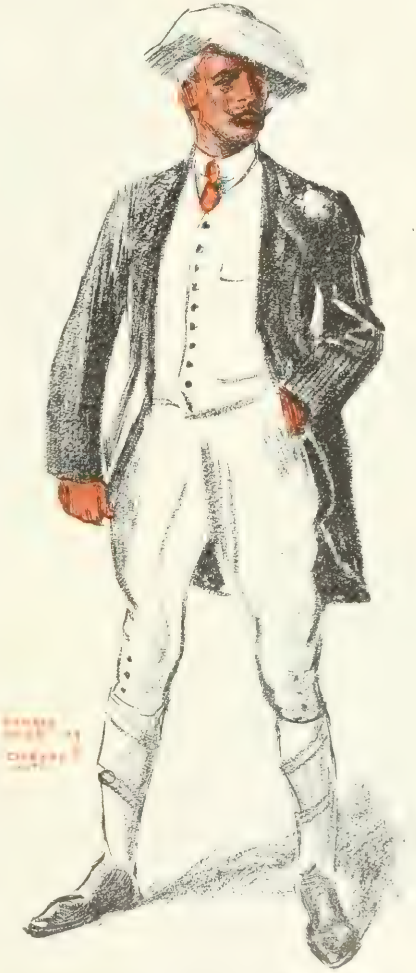
It is no small undertaking to uproot a man from his home over-seas, or in a well-settled country, and bring him to Canada to take over one hundred and sixty acres of raw land. Yet "The West" calls to him as it has called to men since the days of Semiramis, and westward he goes, leaving the lights o' London behind him, leaving the purple coast of Ireland, or the steppes of Russia, or the elm-shaded streets of New England or the chestnut groves of the sunlit Apennines behind him, leaving manor and farm and hut and chalet to those who are content to prune the ancient hedges and keep all things in the old traditional way.



Sarcie Indian

They say it is the man who wants the almighty dollar who comes to Canada. It is not true. It is the man who desires to fulfil his dream—the man who has heard of the Gardens of Hesperides, and goes seeking them. The Greeks were wise, and in their wonder-story is the germ of all truth. The golden apples were but the excuse—it was the search that lured, and thus it is to-day.

And so Commissioner Smith, seeing this, gives more to the immigrant than spades and blankets. He gives experience and patient, wise, humorous advice to the twentieth-century Argonaut. Many of them need it, for conditions in Canada are absolutely new to the city-bred people who have depended on mowing somebody's lawn to keep a jingle in their pockets, and on the corner grocery to put the casual loaf of bread in the pantry. In my enthusiasm, I said gaily that I wouldn't mind homesteading myself.



The English "remittance man"

He looked me over, taking in my patent-leather slippers and lace collar and my smoothly-gloved hands.

"You know what a homestead looks like?" he queried, with a quizzical twinkle. "It's a piece of ground just the way the Almighty left it. There's no house on it until you build one; no water unless you carry a flask; no food unless you take it in your pockets; nothing on it but a piece of sky, and that's too far away to keep you warm in winter. You take my advice, and save your money to buy a piece of land where some other fellow's knocked the corners off."

I had been suppressing a smile for three sentences, and as he finished, our eyes met. We both laughed.

"Good-by," he said. "Come again when you return to Winnipeg. I may be able to do more for you when you've seen the immigrant in his adopted wilds."

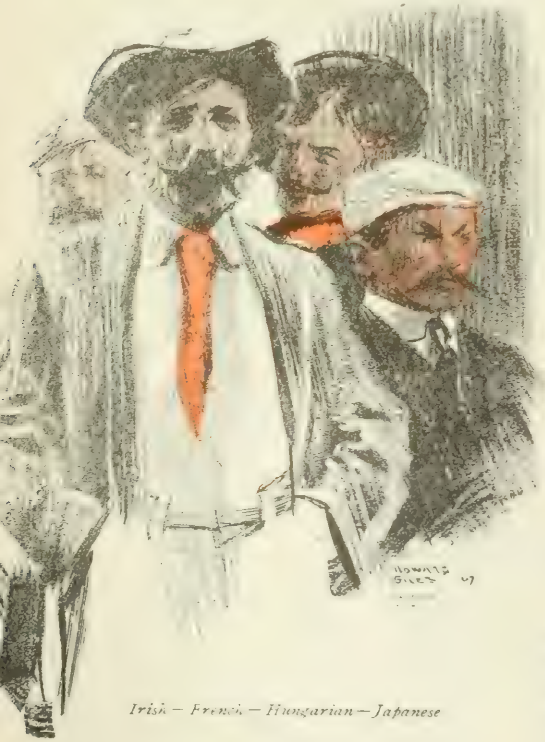
I promised to do so, and departed on a six-thousand-mile journey, so that it was nearly a month before I saw the Immigration Halls again, and almost greeted them as old friends.

In that time I had seen the immigrant becoming the settler, the farmer, the citizen, the millionaire, in half a thousand towns of the open prairie and the bush country. I had seen him breaking his first eighty acres and putting up his log-and-clay shack; sowing miles of wheat and raising record crops of barley, oats, alfalfa, and potatoes; getting a lumber house; breeding blooded cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry; filling the red elevators beside the railway to the top; adding an "L" to his house; accumulating a useful bank account; becoming prosperous and happy.

"Remember this," said the commissioner. "We all came out here with fifty cents and a tooth-pick, just as these men are doing now. Isn't that so, Mr. Bowtell?" he inquired of one of the immigration agents who stood by.

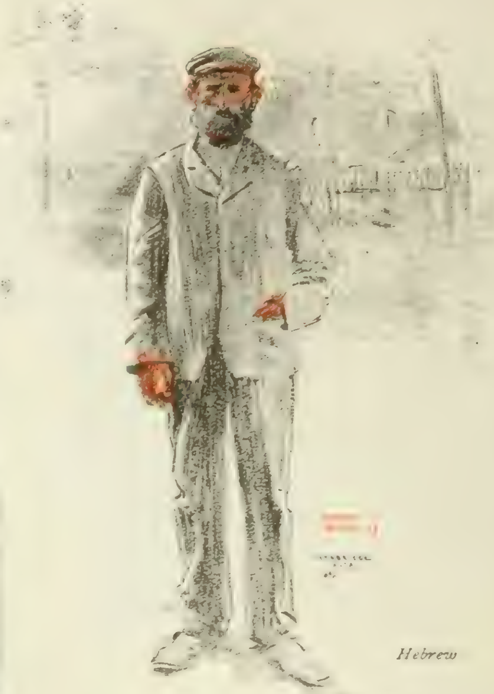
"That's right," answered Mr. Bowtell, laughing. "Some of us didn't even have the tooth-pick."

"Not even the tooth-pick," laughed Commissioner Smith. "Remember that when you're writing about the immigrants. These men will all be well-to-do in five years' time, but ten to one the fellow who comes here with twenty thousand dollars to spend—spends it, and doesn't get a thing back. Then he goes home and tells how there's no chance in this country. It's a country for the man who is willing to work and can use common sense."



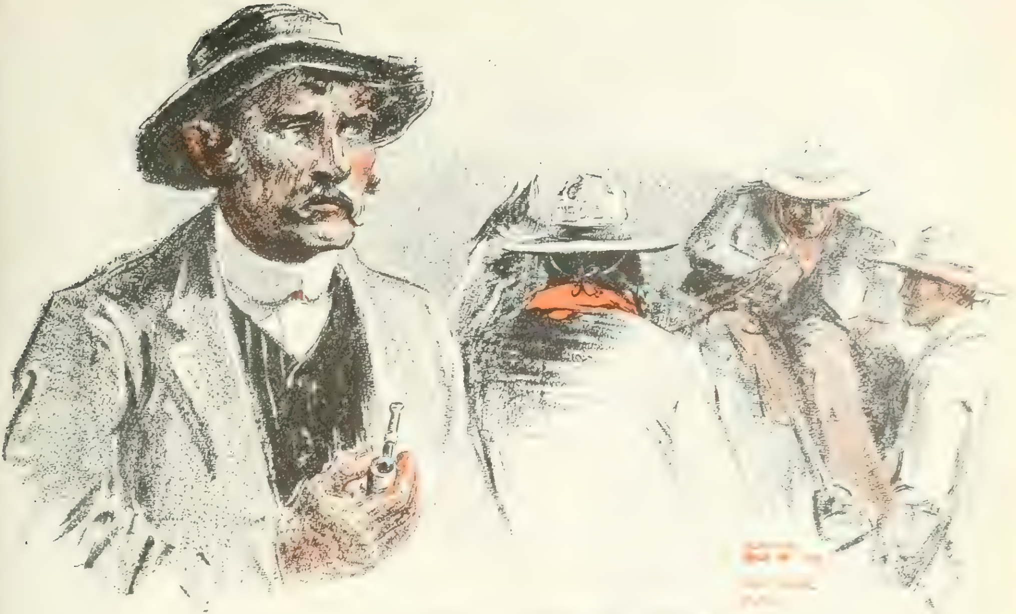
Irish — French — Hungarian — Japanese

Stories of misapplied farming and wasted money are not uncommon. Stories of fortune making by industry and courage are even more rife. From the Russian Doukhobor to the settler from Illinois or Devonshire or Melbourne, it is the poor man who has made the money by the work of his hands and his head, while the speculator and the younger son have given up the country as a bad proposition.



Hebrew

In all towns of importance there is an immigration officer, and usually an immigration hall. Peter and Ole and Albert Edward are prepared for the fortunes of the road. At every little railway station the immigration officer is waiting to receive them, house them, pilot them, and look after them until they are in a position to depend on themselves, which is really surprisingly soon. Certainly the man who comes to Canada to settle is well cared for. And they are



Scotchman — Indian — American ranchmen

very grateful. In the files of the Immigration Bureau are sheaves and sheaves of letters from these men, reading something after the order of these which I copied then and there.

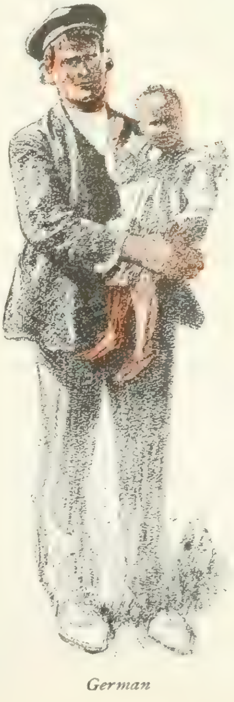
One man, who came from Iowa one year, took up land, and next year brought his family, writes:

"I started with three thousand dollars and a carload of settler's effects. To-day we would not sell for thirty thousand dollars, and it is only five years since we came West."

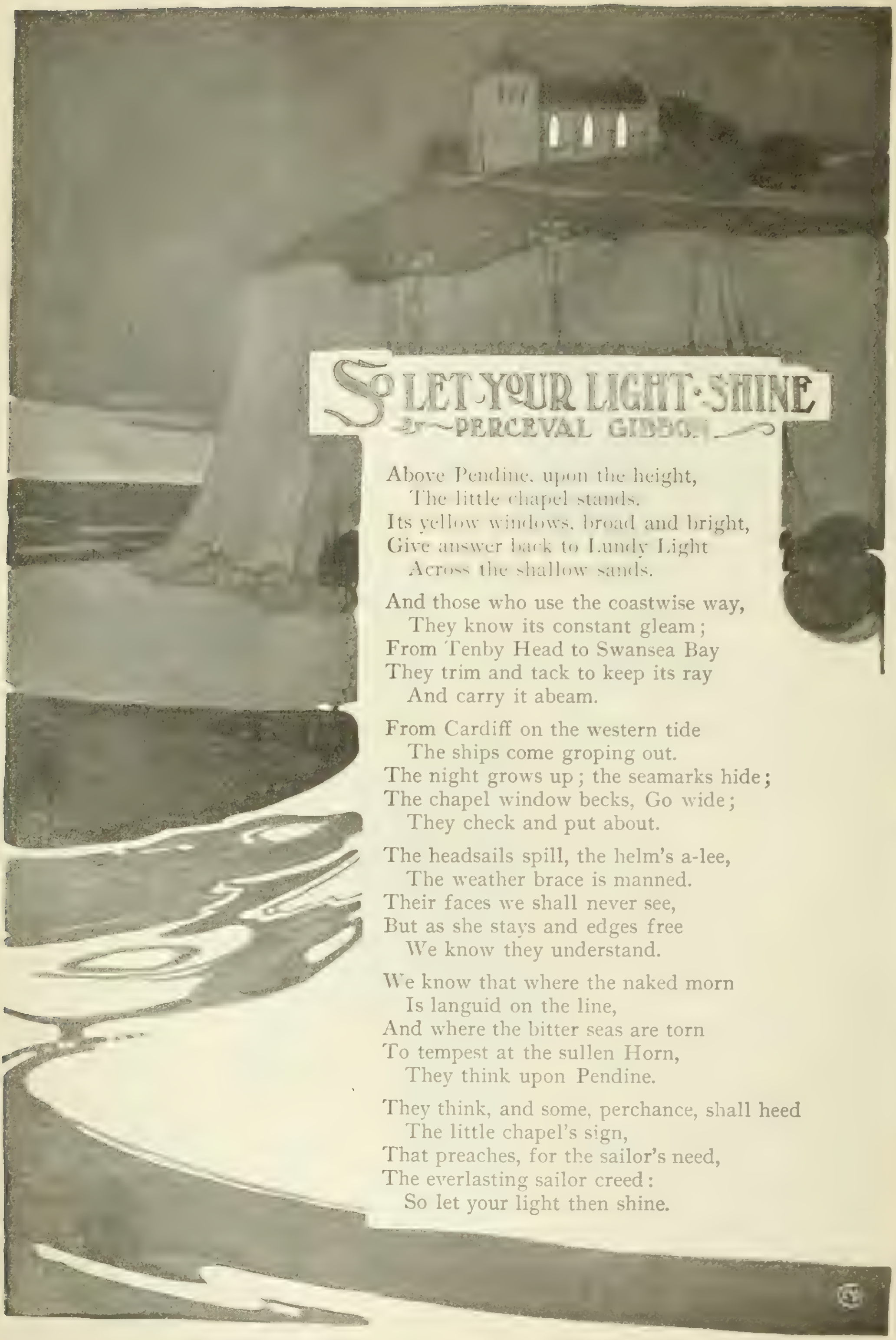
Strathcona is the twin city of Edmonton, the last town to the north, where they have eighteen hours of daylight in the summer.

"Some three years ago my family and I experienced your very kind and courteous treatment, and a word of thanks has long been due you. Three years ago last fall we reached Strathcona with just one hundred dollars borrowed money. Since then we have bought an improved quarter-section, live stock, and implements. We also own two city lots worth four hundred dollars each, and I expect to make about a thousand dollars on them this spring. I earn seventy dollars a month working in town during the winter months and work on my farm through the summer."

These letters tell the story, both of the poor and the well-to-do man. They have worked and they have succeeded, and they thank the Bureau of Immigration, the department that has little to do with red tape, but much with red blood, the department that works day and night and Sunday, whose people live with the immigrant and work for him, from keen-eyed, quick-moving Commissioner Smith to the sub-assistant with the dustpan.



German



SO LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

Above Pendine, upon the height,
  The little chapel stands.
Its yellow windows, broad and bright,
Give answer back to Lundy Light
  Across the shallow sands.

And those who use the coastwise way,
  They know its constant gleam;
From Tenby Head to Swansea Bay
They trim and tack to keep its ray
  And carry it abeam.

From Cardiff on the western tide
  The ships come groping out.
The night grows up; the seamarks hide;
The chapel window becks, Go wide;
  They check and put about.

The headsails spill, the helm's a-lee,
  The weather brace is manned.
Their faces we shall never see,
But as she stays and edges free
  We know they understand.

We know that where the naked morn
  Is languid on the line,
And where the bitter seas are torn
To tempest at the sullen Horn,
  They think upon Pendine.

They think, and some, perchance, shall heed
  The little chapel's sign,
That preaches, for the sailor's need,
The everlasting sailor creed:
  So let your light then shine.

The Peasant

By Mae Harris Anson

Editor of the Minneapolis Journal Junior

A CEASELESS throng was passing the window of the Royal Alexandra Hotel where I stood waiting. For a time, it meant no more than a hurrying stream of people who overran the walks and streets as the first thin line of water ripples around temporary barrier and spreads here, there and everywhere along the line of least resistance. And then, suddenly, it was borne in upon me that they were people, with a difference

Men, women and children were of a type seldom seen in the new world, for the peasant is known to us only in pictures or the travesty of comic opera. And these people were genuine peasants,—the peasant of the French Revolution, of Tolstoi, of Millet and of Bastien Le Page,—the patient, plodding peasant who had walked the furrows as a beast of burden and bent his back to the weight of oppression for tens of generations.

I went out among them, and mingled with the throng as it surged up and down Main Street, marveling at every detail of the wonderful, shifting play of life in the Great City of the Plains. There were Galicians, Roumanians, Poles, Croatians, and Slavs of every sort, while above all the medley of strange dialects rose the queer consonants of the Russian. As their eyes met mine, I looked deep into them,—ah, the centuries of suffering, of privation, of cruel, grinding toil that gave harvest of only a hairline of comfort beyond starvation, that looked out from those hundreds of eyes,—from the eyes of the toddler of three, as well as from those of the grandam of sixty.

Yet even as I gasped at this, there flashed out the message of that Great Hope which had brought them from their native land where they had shivered under the ages-long fear of Turk or Tartar, that is inbred among the peoples of central Europe. Already there was a new alertness in their bearing, even while they still set their feet in the heavy, plodding step of the peasant. There was a tightening of the lax muscles of the face, a firmer set to the lips,—the hint of that look of "the race dominant" which is the heritage of the native born of the North American continent. And at that revelation there came the understanding of what the wonderful Canada to the west meant to them—the Last Land of Hope.

As I, too, fared forth into that west, and covered it north and south, this same Great Promise of Hope traveled with me. It pulsed from the earth of a garden at Prince Albert; it called from the twenty-mile stretch of Paradise that I saw shimmering in the heat of a June midday from the top of Red Deer Hill; it whispered in the swaying pines and poplars at Edmonton, and raced in every ripple of the North Saskatchewan; it beckoned from the hills of Calgary, and stood waiting on every stretch of sweeping prairie and of rolling, wooded hill and valley that lay between.

Like the "Cloud that was a Pillar of Fire by night, and a Pillar of Smoke by day," I saw the awakened Spirit of the North stand with welcoming hands outstretched toward the hurrying crowds of alien settlers, destined not only to work out their own salvation, but to make her another Garden of Allah by the faithful labor of their toil-worn hands.

There are weeks and months, and, sometimes, years of the hardest toil before them, ere they win the fruition of this Promise of Hope. Yet in the days of darkest discouragement, they never lose that elusive look of hope that dawned upon their faces almost with the first breath of the prairies that they drew on the windswept streets of Winnipeg.

It is a light beautiful as that which "never was seen on sea or land,"—the light of a nation's soul awakening from sordid bondage that is a relic of the Dark Ages, into the warmth and life of a land glowing with God-given sunshine and a rule of man which decrees unswerving justice alike to high and low, to rich and poor.

They follow the plow, even as they once trod the furrows of their fathers before them, but Hope lightens the labor with the knowledge that they work as free men; that the spoils of their labor are all their own; that the land they till is theirs to do with as they will, without let or hindrance from a grinding over-lord.

Great migrations there have been before in the history of the world's great movements of a people from old conditions into new, but always to the accompaniment of war, or bloodshed, or persecution, or long-suffering under oppression. Those movements have made history to the clash of cymbal and beat of drum—history that tingles and glows with epics of great forbearance, superhuman effort, splendid sacrifice and godlike death.

This pilgrimage of the twentieth century is a march of peace. The world at large hardly knows its magnitude, nor realizes its significance, for there are no battlefields marking conflict in the change from the old order to the new. Yet historians of Canada a century hence, when all these varying nationalities shall have been amalgamated into a markedly dominant power in the world, will acknowledge that this peaceful, almost unnoted, invasion of the Last Land of Hope was fraught with as much world-significance as that which first brought civilization into the west with the grinding of the keel of the Roman Legions upon the sandy shore of Britain.

A Song of Thanks

By Frank L. Stanton

THANKFUL for strength in strife:
For faith more steadfast than the stars above:
Thankful that life is life,
And love is love.

Thankful for homes, and herds
That hide the hills; for harvests ultimate;
For the sweet, prattling words
Of children at the gate.

For Hope's "Good-morning" and
Faith's sweet "Good-night," when we are realmed in rest
Led by an unseen hand
Safe to an unseen breast.

Adventures in a Garden

Wherein a Nose is put out of Joint

By Mary Livingston

It was the week after Christmas. Snow had been falling steadily for several days. This morning the sun shone down upon the children's garden, turning it into a fairyland of frozen rainbows. Along the newly opened paths, the heaped-up snow looked like unbroken lines of feathery breakers on a calm white sea. It was so quiet that the snapping of frost-bitten twigs, the creaking of heavily-laden boughs were but a part of the brooding silence.

The gate to the garden opened and in came Archibald.

The door to the house opened and out stepped Little Honey.

He was muffled to the eyes in leggins, top-coat and fur cap. He was armed to the teeth with toy pistol and tin sword.

She was a vision in red, from the bonnet covering her sunny curls to the stockings beneath her short skirts. She hugged a huge doll, almost as big as herself, close to her breast.

"Hello, Little Honey!"

"Hello, Archie!"

The garden was no longer silent. Snowbirds and sparrows came suddenly from somewhere and chirped and chattered among themselves. Intimate, friendly noises themselves heard. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the fairies were peeping round the corner of the barn to see what was going on. The garden was no longer lonely.

"What did you get for Christmas, Little Honey?"

"I dot a doll and—"

"Hump! A doll. I got a dandy bobsled and a drum and a drawing-board—"

"I dot a muff."

"Girls get such silly things. I got a pair of skates and a boat and about a million books and—and these weppums!" He paused at this climax.

"What's weppums, Archie?"

He hesitated. Little Honey did have a way of asking inconvenient questions. Then a sentence from a book his father had read him came to his aid.

"Weppums," he said, "are these arms which you see me bearing in a manner becoming a gentleman and a scholar." Again he paused for breath.

Little Honey seized the opportunity.

"Did you det new arms for Kismas?" she inquired. "Where's your nother arms, Archie? Oh"—with a burst of light—"I dess you mean new mittens. I dot new mittens, too."

"Mittens, nothing! These are arms—these weppums." He thrust the sword and pistol proudly before her. "I guess you didn't get anything as dandy as those."

Little Honey stood on one leg like a scarlet bird, and pondered. She was accustomed to look up to Archibald as a superior being, but at Christmas one likes to make a good showing.

"I dot a doll," she said, "and mittens, and pitcher books, and dishes, and"—her blue eyes brightened—"a bruvver!"

"What do you mean, Little Honey?" He demanded.

She nodded an emphatic head. "A 'ittle, tiny, baby bruvver, and"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"he dess looks like his coat."

Archie's face fell. He dug his toe into the snowy path.

"I'd like to know how you got it," he said, "I asked Santa Claus for a baby myself."

Little Honey danced happily on her scarlet legs.

"So did I. And he went wight up to Heaven and said, 'A bruvver for Little Honey, please,' and a angel gave him a bundle and Santa Claus brought it wight down our chimney and left him in a basket all tied up with blue wibbons. Let's go in and see him wight now, Archie."

"No," said the boy shortly. "I'm going home."

He stuffed the toy pistol into his overcoat pocket and gave the tin sword a dissatisfied glance. "I think it was real mean of Santa Claus," he said.

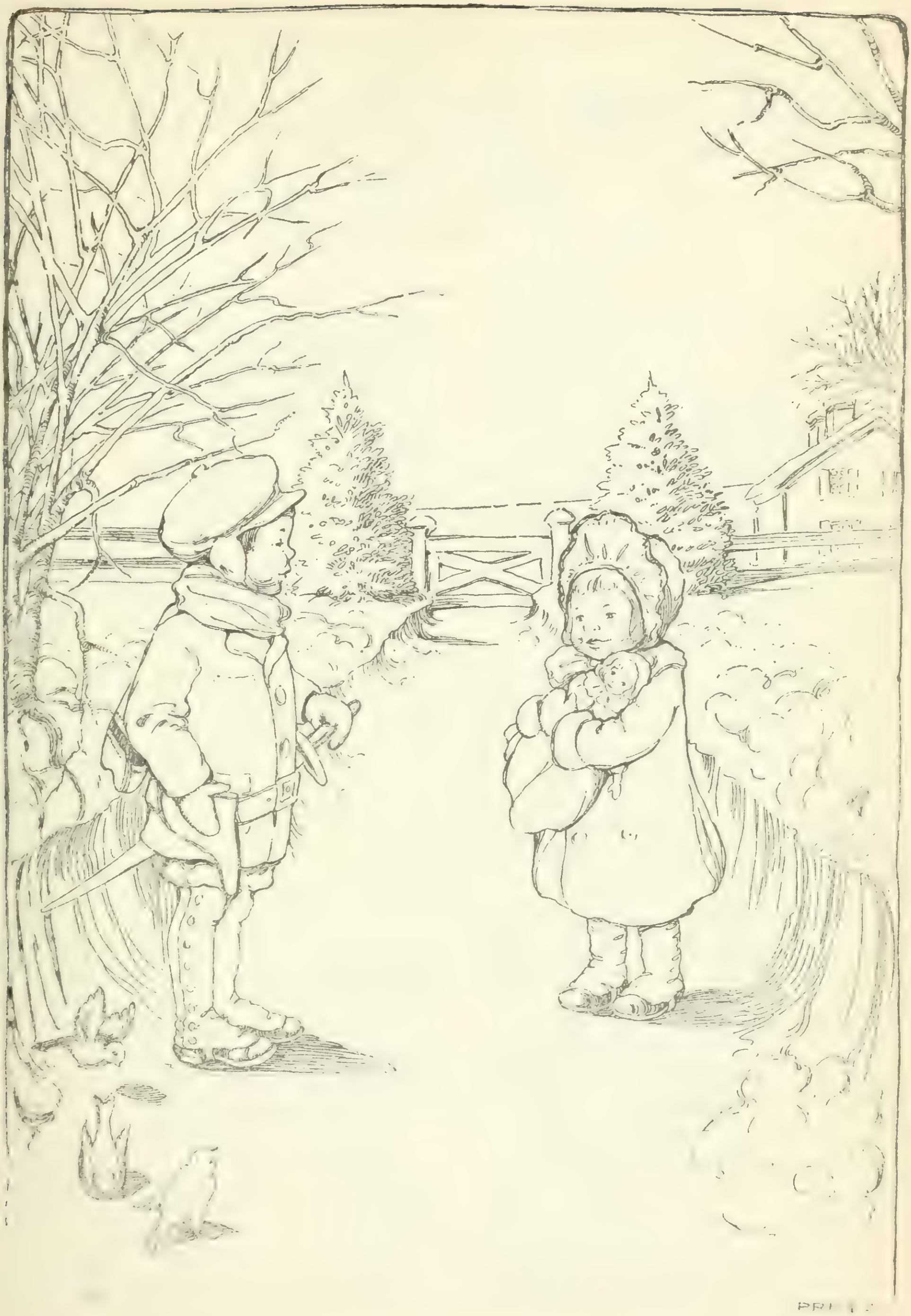
Little Honey's lip quivered.

"Good-bye, Archie," she said.

"Good-bye Little Honey."

The boy went out through the gate. The child went in at the door.

The intimate friendly noises died away. The birds flew off across the fields. Silence brooded over the lonely garden.



THE GARDEN WAS NO LONGER SILENT

A School-Ma'am's Experience in the West

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

FOR four years previous to the summer of 1900, I had been teaching school in my native Ontario town on my "Model" certificate. About this time I thought that I should finish my non-professional second with normal training, so resolved to attend the Regina school, and, subsequently, take advantage of the higher salaries offered in the West. Furthermore, I had a married sister living near Regina who had taught in what were then Territories, and we wanted to see each other.

So, one hot July day, I and two other girls, who were coming holidaying, left for the Northwest. We came tourist and had comfortable quarters, not at all crowded. We amused ourselves watching the landscape, reading—"Red Pottage" I think was the rage then—and had our fortunes told, with cards, by a dashing dark lady, who augured for me a particularly gloomy future.

We met with no misadventures, but with one or two misters. One was an interesting youth of about nineteen or twenty, who was, he said, consumptive, and was going "cow-boying" for his health. I wonder if he is as healthy looking now as he was then. Another was the omnipresent traveling printer. This one was going on a paper at Brandon. So our crowd was a section of the usual traveling public.

I arrived at Regina at eleven p. m., and awoke late the next morning with the genial prairie sun in full possession of the room. I opened the window and looked out. A fresh, rose-scented breeze touched my cheek. The sky was like a great blue bowl turned down to meet the earth. I missed the girdle of trees, and felt as though there must be a lake over there at the sky-line. The barracks and its environs stood out in the distance, like a great enchanted castle, and, sweet and wavering with the breeze, there came from it a bugle-call.

Far, far off on every side, and ever lessening into mere dice, were squares of the gray green of oats, the warm green of wheat. Mites of settlers' houses were dotted here and there. Filling in all the chinks and widening out into great distances was the "desert and illimitable prairie."

My sister had a horse, saddle, and habit, which she placed at my disposal, and now came the problem of learning to ride. I had read in stories of the fair creatures who go on ranches to visit, and, a day or so after their arrival, are in the full enjoyment of the delightful exercise of horse-back riding—going like the wind, neck and neck with the bronco busting hero. Unfortunately, as I am not of heroinic material, that was not my experience. I am light and the pony was small and quiet, but it was with great effort that I was hoisted to the saddle, and then I hung to the horn for dear life and said an *ave* and a *pater* every time the pony took a quick step.

While the whole family, hired man, girl, and all, were out helping to put me through my paces, along came the Methodist and Presbyterian students, mounted on their steeds. They instantly became interested in the ceremonies and said that I would get on better beside another horse. So one got on one side of me and one on the other. Sure enough, away we went like the wind. John Gilpin's feelings weren't in it with mine. I wanted to stop and couldn't, and my pony seemed determined to pass her escort, which she did, and continued to put on speed as long as she could hear the other hoof-beats. The "divines" could see that I could not stop her, and that the only thing to do was for them to check their steeds. When the competition stopped so did my pony, and she began to "sit down and eat," as I inanely expressed it afterward.

I managed to turn her around to get safely home. That night I went, like all the heroines do, to bed, but not to sleep. However, it was not an unquiet mind, in this particular case, but an aching body, that caused my sleepless eyes.

But I persevered in my equestrian efforts, and, by the time the normal started, was able to ride back and forth with a good deal of enjoyment.

Regina Normal School was then under the rule of the wise, the chivalrous, the clever Dr. Goggin. All who were there in attendance were benefited by his precept and example, and by that of his able staff.

One morning, when it was very muddy, I came in from the country, on the heavy roads, and reached school very late. As I entered the room a smile went all around.

"Oh horrors!" I thought, "Is my face muddy, or what?"

One of the young ladies explained to me the cause of the smile. Dr. Goggin was a great stickler for punctuality, and when he entered the class-room in the morning always noticed who was there and who was not. That morning I was the only one absent, and he had said: "All here but Miss S—. I expect she will come in presently, with a homestead on one foot and a pre-emption on the other."

One other disagreeable morning I rode in to school. It was muddy weather, and yet freezing at nights and when I got to the livery barn my shoe was frozen into the slipper stirrup. There seemed to be no one around, and just as I was sitting shivering and wondering what I should do, there passed along a handsome, elderly man in a fur-lined coat. He politely asked me if there were no one about. Should he look them up? I thankfully accepted his offer, and he went in, bringing back the stable-man. On returning, the gentleman commented on the state of the roads, expressed his pleasure at being able to be of service, and, with a courtly bow, passed on.

"Do you know who that was?" asked the liveryman.

I replied that I did not.

"That," said he, "is Nicholas Flood Davin."

I never saw the gentleman again, but it was but a comparatively short time ere this polished, chivalrous, and scholarly Irishman, had met his most deplorable death.

Normal over, my first school was a short distance from Calgary. It was a January day when I arrived and 35° below. I saw no sleighs running, yet there was snow on the ground and it was cold. The secretary of the school, who came for me, explained that this was unusual weather and the snow would not last.

The first day of school it was cold with snow on the ground, and I started out with felt shoes, fur coat, gauntlets and cap—in full winter regimentals, in fact—but I came back with my felt boots soaking, and I was weak with the heat of the day and my warm clothing. A Chinook had come up and had made quick riddance of the snow.

The following summer such sunsets were never seen! Such blendings of copper and burnt orange, purple and amber and red, and beautiful barbaric tints that not even a painter could name.

My district was a strange mixture of peoples and tongues: Mennonites talking German, Scotch, with their Gaelic; an Indian reserve was near by; there were Yankees talking United States and Canadians talking Canuck. But they lived together in harmony, and we all attended Mennonite and Presbyterian services on alternate Sundays in the school-house. I taught in that district six months, drew $280, had a good time, and went everywhere.

Then I came up to Regina for my summer holidays. On my journey I fell in with a lady teacher from a Mormon district near Cardston, and a Bible woman from Toronto, both bound for the latter place, and I had a pleasant trip. On arriving at Regina my friends told me of a new school ten miles from town, which I might secure, and be nearer "home." I did so and resigned my place in the land of the "Sky Pilot."

After a jolly holiday I again went to work. It was a brand new school and a nice one but lonely. Eleven was the maximum number of children and many of them had never been at school before, and did not even know how to play. I tried to teach them, in addition to the other things, the games we used to play in Old Ontario. But, as I have said, it was lonely, and at noons and recesses when I was not writing letters I was standing at a window, watching the tumbling weeds in their absurd gymnastics over the still landscape. When I got my letters written I would run out and give them to a passing implement man or anyone going to town, and my trust was never betrayed, for they were always posted.

I boarded about two miles from the school and journeyed too and fro on my white pony, Ghost. Ghost had had many a previous owner, for his shoulders and flanks were scored with brands and a lazier, trickier old steed never lived. Ghost and I used also to go the ten miles to spend Saturday and Sunday with my friends at Regina.

An old Yorkshireman, with the wit of an Irishman, used regularly to greet me, as I ambled past his farm, with a solemn, "Good morning, King William." One evening in threshing time I was invited over by his wife. Bounteous was the repast spread before the hungry threshermen, and we women-folk could not hand it out half fast enough. In the midst of the chaff and nonsense that always goes on in such a gang, my Yorkshire friend, thinking to put me out of countenance, asked, "Now Miss S—, of all the fine young men here which do you think is the best looking?"

"Well, Mr. J—," I said, after due deliberation "I think you're the finest looking yourself."

Of course the laugh was then on our host, and, as penalty, after all the dishes were washed and dried, I was presented with three very black lantern glasses to clean.

Thus the time passed merrily along, until the school, which was kept open only in the summer, was closed until spring should come. I was to come back in March, but, never wishing to rest on my oars, and hearing that a school near Moosomin wanted a teacher for the winter months, up I came to the "civilized east" again.

This district was a stretch of land bordering on the Pipestone creek, and was nicely sheltered, by poplar bluffs and hills, from the cold winds.

There was quite a large attendance at this school, but they were all good, peaceable children from the eighteen-year-olds to the tots. I remember how the big boys, when it came their turn to sweep, would chaff each other about who would make the cleanest bachelor, and when the teacher's turn came, the broom was always unceremoniously taken out of her hand by some housewifely girl.

There was good fishing in the creek when spring came, and the larger girls and boys used often to take our trolls, and go down to the low green valley of the Pipestone to catch a few pike for our supper.

I invested in a pony when I had this school also, but with poor success. My horse was a half-broken colt, that went famously only when going in the direction desired by his coltship.

One morning I got started off for school and, armed with a good quirt, thought that I should get there all serenely. But, all of a sudden, my steed bolted for home, taking the shortest cut through a thick poplar bluff, tearing my clothes, bruising my face and arms, and using me up badly. I managed to hang on through it all, however, and slid off just in time to escape being decapitated by the pony's rushing through the open stable-door.

I decided, after this, to sell my nag and take to more civilized amusements.

This school was certainly situated in a beautiful spot, with bluffs and hills around it. At noons, the children and I picked armfuls of lovely flowers, and fairly filled the school with crocuses, lady's slippers, blue bells, red lilies, roses, honeysuckle, portulaca, wild peas, and flowers of every description in endless succession.

I taught this delightful school a year, but Fate, inscrutable, uncheatable, intervened, and—presto!—the change was made. The "school marm" was a housewife, and, for the last five years, school teaching has been, with me, only a retrospect.

Homestead Song

By Dorothy Green

LOW in the west the sunset fires are burning,
Leaving a pure and quiet afterglow;
Softly the plain, from gray to purple turning,
Fades in the distance where the dim trails go.
Curtains of twilight blur the buttes afar
And clear to southward gleams a single star.

Red on the dusk our fire of sage is leaping,
Pale, pungent smoke-wreathes circle, drift and die.
Only the night-hawk, far above us sweeping,
Shatters the silence with his mournful cry.
Only the river through the darkness flowing,
Murmurs of times and scenes beyond our knowing.

Clear through the night our blended voices ringing
Weaken the echoes, mock the grey wolf's call,
Song follows song but at the last our singing
Falters to silence as the red flames fall,
Till in the glowing coals we gaze unspeaking,
Each seeing there the place each heart is seeking.

Hushed are the voices, ash the sage-fire's embers,
Crowding the blue, the stars their vigils keep.
Only the night-wind, wandering, remembers,
While all the plain is wrapped in dreamless sleep,
Frail, lonely cabins, though but brief your stay,
Long will you live in memories far away.

The New Port

By JOHN V. BORNE

Key Harbor, Georgian Bay,
Canada, November—(Special)

THE development of a great iron mine at Moose Mountain, eighty miles north of this place, by a company of which John W. Gates of New York is president, may mean the cheapening of steel all over the United States; and is immediately responsible for the creation on one of the finest harbors in the interior of America, of a new Canadian port on the edge of what has hitherto been a wilderness of rock, water and timber.

The docks now being built will be able to ship daily eight thousand tons of first-class iron ore to American lake cities. When the infancy is on such a scale, what will the maturity be? All summer the place has been the home of a host of Italians working under skilled commanders, and living in the curious shacks of which they are strangely fond. The engineers and foremen have dwelt in more commodious tar-papered camps; and the only English-speaking family—that of R. M. Pratt, the engineer in charge, who has had a unique experience in building railroads and docks on the north shore of Lake Superior—spent the summer in a comfortable cottage overlooking the new creation; and in sight and hearing of the occasional surf of Georgian Bay, breaking into an amazing litter of thirty thousand islands.

There is something almost weird about this twentieth-century development along the barren shores of Ontario. For summer resorting; for the simple, strenuous life of the fisherman camper; and for the hunter of the elusive deer, Georgian Bay and its timberland have long enjoyed a fame among the elect. But as for great engines of export and import so far from the established streams of commerce; and the incoming and outgoing of ships carrying twelve thousand tons of cargo and drawing over twenty feet of water—why, the prophet of such things would have been regarded as a thousand times worse than the tallest fish liar in the country. For what an ignorant fool once called "piscatoris exaggeratimus," there is some excuse. But for visions of a first-class port safely bulwarked behind the Thirty Thousand there could be no excuse in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

And yet the reality is before my eyes. So quietly is the transformation being accomplished that I have not been able to discover fifty lines about it in any Canadian publication. That is due to something else than the incurable modesty of Canadian contractors. The docks are part of the undertaking of the Canadian Northern Railway, a system which, from a hundred miles of new track in 1897, has grown so rapidly that it is now operating just about four thousand miles of line from Nova Scotia to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Half the story of this extraordinary infant of days is not known to half the people of Canada. Building, not talking, seems to be the forte of the men behind one of the most distinctive engines of Canadian expansion. It is the splendid isolation of Key Harbor that has kept it secluded from the world, as well as the indifference to notoriety of a few captains of industry.

To reach Key Harbor I had to come fifty miles north from Parry Sound on a construction train, through a wild country populated by a few deer hunters; and then ten miles down Key Inlet on a smoky little tug, hauling a scow-load of chattering sons of Italy, being transferred, with their worldly goods and the Company's boxes of good macaroni, from newly-finished grading, in the Pickerel River region, to work on the docks. Except a few black ducks there was no sign of life in the trip through one of the prettiest stretches of water I've seen in a long while. An Indian reserve borders the Inlet in the south, but never an Indian was visible.

It was dusk when we arrived at Key Harbor. A night in a Canadian Engineer's camp is an agreeable experience — first-rate food, including fish newly sacrificed, beds whose only want was sheets, and company brainy enough to suit a professor, and correct enough (at times) to edify a doctor of divinity.

There was wind and rain and the sound of breakers to the southwestward when we went abroad this morning. Key Harbor is only commercially beautiful for situation. The rocks around the mouth of the Inlet often become a veritable magnet for the winds which chase each other from promontory to promontory, and skip the water. Over the smooth, undulating floor of rock, creviced in one place, scooped out in another by the washing of water when Lake Huron was at a higher level than it has been these many generations, and almost everywhere netted like a Rocky Ford Canteloupe, you may take your way dry shod in the rain, as firm-footed as though you were on Broadway or in the precincts of State Street. There is little live timber along the foreshore, but any quantity of piling and trestling heaped round the centre of construction.

That centre is a tunnel blasted out of the rock and running into the water, where it is being flanked by eighty feet of cribbing. In the tunnel will run a leviathan belt of rubber. Astride of the tunnel will be a trestle, from which trainloads of crushed ore will be shot into a hundred and sixty-eight bins, that will empty their contents into the belt at the rate of one hundred and forty-four pounds per second. The belt will carry its terrible load to the tunnel-end; where the ore must be re-elevated fifty-seven feet by a second belt to a second trestle for loading vessels from a second battery of chutes. As the ore is on this belt it will be automatically weighed. All the machinery in course of delivery is of the most up-to-date order; and it is worthy of note that the belting and automatic scales could be obtained only in Leeds, England.

Close to the power-house, and alongside a wharf of natural rock is the Government steamer "Bayfield," which has been surveying the channel and fixing buoys and lights. In twenty minutes from open water, steamers can be moored, for the dock is straight in line with the last mile of the course—the whole entry will be made with the help of four simple ranges. The water alongside the new dock is twenty-four feet deep—three feet, six inches deeper than the lock at Sault Ste. Marie.

Here, then, is the beginning of a big new commerce with the United States; and an enormous traffic between Western Canada and Eastern Canada and Europe. Here, too, will be the first great crossroads of business in these new and most notable regions of trade-expansion on the American continent. Take the North-and-South route first. The iron ore will be brought to Key Harbor from the Moose Mountain mines, which I visited before coming here. They are about thirty miles north and a little east of Sudbury, the town having next to the largest copper-nickel mines in the world, and the junction of the Soo line and the main line of the Canadian Pacific. Rails, as a part of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway which for a year has been in operation for one hundred and fifty miles northwards from Toronto, through the Muskoko Lakes, were laid to the mines during last summer. There are two incompleted sections between the mines and the harbor—the heavy bridging necessary to cross the French River, between Lake Nipissing and Lake Huron; and the branch from three miles south of the French River to Key Harbor.

Going north from Romford Junction where the Canadian Northern crosses the Canadian Pacific six miles east of Sudbury, you pass first through a French farming district, and then through a country very similar to that of northern Minnesota—lakes, streams, rocks and woods—till you strike a mining camp occupying a considerable clearing in the virgin pine forest. There the railway ends, sheer against a wall of rock, over 150 feet high. Into the wall a force of men have been blasting all summer. When you climb the hill you find the rock to be almost black—it is solid ore, containing an average of about fifty-eight per cent. of iron. Diamond drills have proven the continuation of it to a depth of 500 feet. As the tests have shown forty-two million tons of ore in sight, the drills have been put to work in other places with similar results—except that nowhere else is the precious stuff piled up so high as it is at the rail-head, where it will gravitate into the crusher; and load itself into the forty-ton cars.

I walked through the bush half a mile in one direction and a mile and a half in another and saw one outcrop after another of the black stuff, and examined the core of the drill that showed that at a hundred and fifty feet below a drift of sand on the hillside, the ore was just as good as it is nearer the surface. That the Moose Mountain deposit is one of the best and biggest in the world was admitted by all the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers who visited it three months ago. The company of which, as I have said, Mr. F. W. Gates of New York is the president, own 4,700 acres of land around that beetling mass of ore, and will next year be shipping an abundance of it to Cleveland and other coal-handling ports.

Let it not be supposed that south-of-the-lakes Americans will receive all the excellences of this proposition. The people who control the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway have a great interest in the mining company. Along with the Key Harbor development they are preparing for smelting and iron works at Toronto, that will eventually employ 15,000 men—the biggest metallic industry and the most convenient to Pennsylvania coal that Canada possesses.

Look now at the East-and-West importance of Key Harbor. The three prairie provinces of Western Canada are growing four times the amount of what they produced ten years ago. Not a tithe of the grain-growing land is being cultivated. To haul the wheat to market is a tremendous proposition. It has called into being the Canadian Northern Railway. In 1897 its hundred-mile line, away out in the country was operated by thirteen men and a boy with two engines, and ten cars. It reached Port Arthur with four thousand miles of line less than five years ago. In its first season it drew seven million bushels of wheat to the head of navigation—more than the whole export of the Canadian West twenty years ago. It has a seven-million bushel elevator at Port Arthur—the largest in the world—and coal docks of as great a capacity as may be found anywhere in the Dominion.

Key Harbor is to be the eastern entreport for the main business of the Canadian Northern Railway. From it there will be built a three hundred and eighty-four mile line to Ottawa—there is already a line between Ottawa and Montreal—giving the Canadian Northern its own access to St. Lawerence tide-water, for the Company has already over 500 miles of line in the Province of Quebec. For a year there has been no access to Toronto, the chief distributing center in Canada. The magnitude of the proposition is obvious.

But there is another unique feature of this north-and-south, east-and-west traffic at Key Harbor. The secret of successful transportation is return freight. Boats that bring wheat from the west take back coal. If they bring wheat to Owen Sound, or Collingwood, or Midland, or Detroit, they must go empty to Cleveland for coal. With Key Harbor the case is not so. The freighters will bring wheat from Port Arthur, unload ore from Moose Mountain, exchange it for coal at Port Arthur and accomplish the round trip with full bottoms.

See what this means. Port Arthur is as near Cleveland via Key Harbor, as Duluth is to Cleveland direct, and, via Montreal, is nine hundred and twenty-one miles nearer the European market than Duluth is, via Cleveland, to New York, with two hundred and one fewer miles of rail haul. To get a cargo of Duluth wheat and a cargo of Duluth ore the Cleveland buyer has to pay freight on two voyages of 8 miles each. The cost of a cargo of wheat to Key Harbor from Port Arthur and of a cargo of ore from Key Harbor to Cleveland will be just about the same as the transportation of only one cargo from Duluth to Cleveland—the difference being the mere cost of loading and unloading. In other words the ore shipment from Key Harbor to Cleveland will be clear gain over anything that is now possible in lake transportation.

* * *

Beyond the Wall

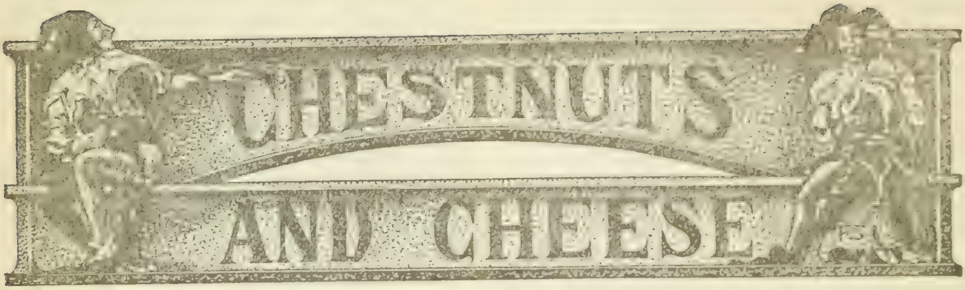
By Dorothy Green

THE picture hangs in the class-room,
A scene of the long ago;
The walls and the marble pavement,
The seats in a curving row.

And all the nearer picture
That lies just under my hand
Seems like a chance-found entrance
Into another land.

Full well do I know the meadows
Just over the low grey wall;
The rippling grain in the sunlight,
The wandering winds that call.

And out from the droning class-room
I pass, whenever I please,
Into the pleasant country
Beyond the beckoning trees.



A BARGAIN IN STOCKS

STOCKS were all down a few points to-day," remarked the broker.

"The idea!" exclaimed his wife. "It's a wonder they didn't advertise it as a bargain day."

WHEN HE DRANK

EMPLOYER—Are you addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors?

Applicant—No, sir. I drink a glass of beer occasionally.

Employer—How often is occasionally?

Applicant—Only when I am alone or with some one, sir.

HE "HAD WENT"

THERE was a lad in a certain school who would persist in saying "have went." One day the teacher "kept him in," saying: "while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times." When the pedagogue returned he found the boy had dutifully performed the task, having written "have gone" fifty times. On the other side of the paper, however, was this message from the absent one: "I have went. John White."

SONNET TO CARE

By Richard Kirk

ALTHO' none else welcome, I will welcome thee
To my unblest abode to-night, O Care;
And tho' none solace thee, lo! I will share
This garret with thee, Care, right cheerfully
If thou wilt do this simple task for me.
And I will give to thee this crown to wear,
Of poesy, and by thy prowess swear—
If thou wilt do it.—Yes, eternally!

Ofttimes have men thy honored name reviled,
Forgetting quite thine old proverbial worth;
But I will cleanse thine honor long defiled,
And make thy fame enduring on the earth,
And thee with votive offerings make fat!
Come, then, O Care, *and kill my neighbor's cat.*

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE

By John Wilkes

A MAN may rant and a man may rail
When a honk-honk honks at him;
A man may pant and a man may wail
As the honk-honk-honk grows dim;
But the same man smirks and the same man smiles
And to honk-honk-honk is prone—
See the same man's quirks and the same man's wiles
When he gets a honk-honk of his own!

UP TO THE JURY

INSURANCE official—Of what complaint did your father die?

Applicant—The jury found him guilty.

ALL OFF

TWO ladies were being shown through the Hospital for the Insane. As they entered a ward, one turned to the other and said, "I wonder if that clock is right?"

An inmate standing near overheard her and instantly replied, "Great Scott, no! It wouldn't be here if it was!"

ONE IDEA OF PROSPERITY

WHAT is your idea of prosperity?" asked the argumentative person. "Prosperity," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "is any state of affairs that enables you to remind the parties concerned that things might be worse."

SOMEWHAT MIXED

FRIENDSHIP, boys and girls," said the school director who was making a few remarks, "is a thing to be cultivated and practised by all of us." Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models—David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and Scylla and Charybdis."

ONE MILE FOR TWO CENTS

THE venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited across the line in Minnesota, and shambled into the smoker.

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar 2-cents-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot bag.

"Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said slowly, "but here be 2 cents. I never rode on one of those pesky flyers and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

THE teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of Canada.

"And now, boys," she announced afterward, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am."

FEELING HIS OATS

THE Parrot—"I notice since you have become a pet in this house the lady has been feeding you on Scotch oats. Have any effect on you?"

The Owl—"Well, I should say so. Instead of saying plain 'Hoot' as usual, I say 'Hoot mon.'"

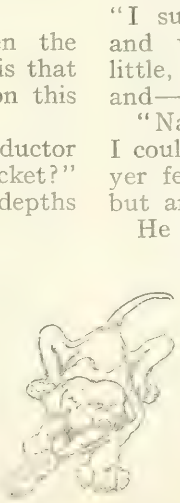
UNDERSTANDING HIS QUALIFICATIONS

THE manager of an office had advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments.

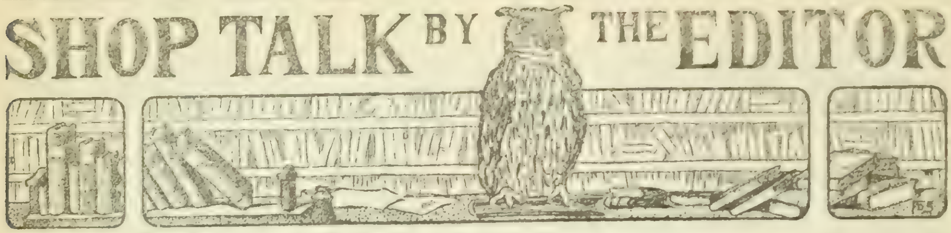
"Well," he said to a late applicant, "I suppose you can read anything, and write anything, and figure a little, and use the typewriter a little, and—"

"Naw!" interrupted the boy, "If I could do all them things, I'd strike yer fer yer own job. I ain't nothin' but an office boy."

He got the position.



SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



THE LITTLE EMPIRE BUILDER

APART from its artistic charm, there is a deep significance in our cover design for this month. The foundation of an empire is laid by the older folk, but it is to the children that we must look for its upbuilding. The little lad in the picture which Florence Pretz has drawn for us, is typical of the future makers of the nation—brave, serious, interested, studying his problem, ready for his work, worthy son of the founders of the land, a real little Empire Builder.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

TWO thousand miles of canoeing, including a narrow escape from drowning in the Athabasca River, was just one part of the exploring expedition in the Canadian Northwest from which Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has recently returned, bringing back with him rare botanical and zoological specimens, original maps, photographs, and much new and valuable scientific and literary material; and a great enthusiasm for that northern land which he calls the white man's last opportunity.

Mr. Seton spent seven months on his trip. He discovered a number of lakes and rivers to which he, in conjunction with the Geographical Survey of Canada, is giving names. He studied the animals, making an especial study of the barren ground caribou, the wolverine, the white wolf, the Arctic fox, the lynx, the musk ox and the wild buffalo—of all of which he obtained photographs. He studied also the potentialities of the country and was astonished at the enormous areas of high class agricultural land which after lying idle for so many centuries is now being developed and into which settlers by the thousands are pouring.

Who has not sat entranced over Mr. Seton's nature stories? Who will not welcome an opportunity to hear his account of this new and marvellous land?

All of which is preliminary to saying that the Canada-West magazine has been so fortunate as to secure Mr. Seton's first article on "The New Northwest" and will publish it, with a map by the author, in an early number of the magazine.

THE MAN WHO ARRIVES

IN this number of the Canada-West we are reproducing from the Reader magazine a remarkable article by Sara Hamilton Birchall, "The Man Who Arrives." We are doing this for two reasons: First, because the article itself is unusual, Miss Birchall having succeeded in getting away from the main-travelled roads of discriptive writing; and, second, because we want our readers to know what the Reader Magazine is doing for Canada.

When a publication like the Reader Magazine devotes some seven or eight pages to the discussion of a question of first importance to every good Canadian, it does Canada a great good. When it tells of the thousands of men who are arriving here—of the thousands of men who are building homes here and making fortunes here—it incites other thousands to come and do likewise, and it helps just that much in the great work of making Canada a great nation. Canadians would find it difficult to repay such a service.

As we have said, Miss Birchall has succeeded in getting away from the main-travelled roads of descriptive writing and has made for herself a trail that abounds in picturesque and entertaining features. She has seen the Canadian immigrant with fresh eyes and unjaded enthusiasm and she has depicted him in his various nationalities so well that the world may see him too. She has caught the exact spirit of those who seek the West to try "a hazard of new fortunes."

Irish, German, French, Hungarian, the Russian Doukhobor, the English remittance man and the rest are there. Miss Birchall travelled from Winnipeg to Victoria, B. C. and back again, studying "The Man Who Arrives" in the immigration offices and in all his later phases, and she wrote her article with her material before her. Altogether, she has given us an unusual and most interesting and valuable production.

"THE HOMESTEADERS" NEXT MONTH

THERE could be no more complete contrast than between our last serial, "The Furnace" by Philip Payne, with its dramatic situations and record of deep passions; and the new one, which begins in the February number.

"The Homesteaders," by Mrs. Beckton, has the same everyday, realistic atmosphere that one finds in "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and in "Cranford," and it holds the interest in the same manner. As a picture of life in Western Canada it is perfect. The writer knows whereof she writes, and she writes with a sympathetic touch and in a clear pleasing style that takes one immediately captive. The illustrations for the story will be by Frederick Schwalm, which is a guarantee that they will give an added charm to the story.

FROM SASKATCHEWAN

THE following letter from Russell T. Blight of Grenfell, Saskatchewan, is characteristic of the correspondence that comes to our desk from the readers of the CANADA-WEST, and we reprint it because we believe you will be as interested in reading it, as we are.

"Having just received the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE, I feel I must write and say how pleased I am with it. Its contents are interesting, and it is a delight to read it every month. It will be my pleasure to recommend this magazine to others, because I think it is a splendid book for the West, and I wish you every success."

It is a real pleasure to us to read such letters from the people of the Last West. The CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE is for them, and their approval is its greatest success.

DR. SHAILER MATHEWS' PAPERS

WHAT does Religion mean to you? To those whom we call The Orthodox, of any land or any race, it means the subscribing to a creed, and the living in accord with the principles implied in it? The orthodox Jew lives very close to his creed; so does the orthodox Brahmin. The orthodox Christian—well, some of them do. To the ethical-culturist, Religion means lectures on Aristotle or Bernard Shaw; to the infidel it means superstition and tyranny, something to be attacked. To the mass of mankind it means faith in a creator, who is in some way responsible for us, his creatures.

Religion has changed the map of the world. In times past, men and dynasties and nations have risen and fallen for it. And right now, to-day, in this "business" age, there is no other subject that can claim so wide spread an interest. To be sure, most people do not talk so much about it as they do about the stock market, or the weather, or the newest thing in literature or hats; but for that matter, do most people talk very much about any of the things that lie deepest with them? It is only to a tried and sympathetic listener, and even then only when the mood and the conditions chime, that one speaks of the love he feels for his home and his family, or of the thrill that comes at a sudden and unexpected glimpse of his country's flag, or of what he hopes to do,—and what he wishes that he had not done. The things that are nearest the heart are the things about which we are the most silent.

But what man or woman is there, educated or ignorant, who has not sometimes wondered why we are here; has not had his times of speculating on "the whence and the whither" of the human soul; has not felt the awe that comes of meditating on the marvel of infinity.

Some there are who are not content to simply speculate, but spend the best of their time and their ability in the study of these matters, bringing to bear the whole strength of their minds for the solution of problems that are, by the nature of things, of vital concern to humankind. When a man of mental power, acknowledged far above the ordinary, and of sound and tried judgment, and, withal, a clear and entertaining writer, has anything to tell the world as to his conclusions on these matters, the most of us are wide awake to listen.

Such a man is Dr. Shailer Mathews, whose articles on "The Modern Man and The Gospel" are scheduled for an early appearance in the CANADA-WEST. Dr. Mathews is widely known as scholar, educator and author, besides being the editor of a successful magazine, "The World To-day." He is also Dean of the University of Chicago Divinity College. Among his best known works are "The Church and The Changing Order," "The French Revolution—a sketch," "The Social Teachings of Jesus," and "The Messianic Hope in the New Testament." His writings are marked by broadness of vision, sound scholarship, and a lucid and finished style.

The series of articles on "The Modern Man and the Gospel" will be of especial interest to the modern man and woman. Dr. Mathews recognizes the questioning tendency of the day, recognizes that it is a legitimate outcome of the life we live. He is not discouraged by it, he does not even stop to deplore it; but he sets himself to answer some of the questions that the modern man is asking. He utters no reproaches that the firm faith of the fathers is in danger of becoming but wavering faith in the sons; he indulges in no exhortations, and in no eloquent generalizations. His method is a careful sifting of testimony, and a masterly presentation of arguments. It is a great task to undertake, the attempt to make plain to puzzled minds the truth about things that have to do with the human souls, and no one could be better fitted by training, temperament and ability for such a task, than is Dr. Mathews.

We prophesy that you will look forward from month to month for the next article of the series.

The Editor.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

EDWARDSBURG
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The city of New Westminster, B. C., on the banks of the Fraser River, enjoys the distinction of being the only fresh water harbor for ocean going vessels on the Canadian Pacific coast. It is the business centre of a large developed agricultural district. Some of the largest lumber mills of the coast are located on the Fraser within the city limits, and immense quantities of building materials are loaded direct to ocean going vessels for export to Mexico, South America and Great Britain. Upwards of fifty manufacturing plants are in full swing. Good openings for flour mills, shoe factory, fruit and vegetables canneries, splendid transportation facilities are afforded by the C. P. R., G. N. R., and three suburban electric car lines now running and under construction, and numerous lines of Fraser River steamboats. Population 12,000 and rapidly increasing.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for February, 1908 No. 4

COVER DESIGN by Frederick D. Schwalm
Illustrating The Homesteaders

Frontispiece — Illustrating "The Message of Long Pete" — **Frederick D. Schwalm** — 330
The Homesteaders. A Novel. Illustrated with painting by Schwalm — **Jessie Beckton** — 331
Mineral Development in the Kootenays. Illustrated with photographs — **N. A. Bowers** — 339
The Confidence Woman. Fiction — **Fred Nason** — 345
A Manitoba Summer Evening. Verse — **Robert J. C. Stead** — 348
Made in Vermilion. Illustrated with Map — **L. H. Bickford** — 349
Sleep and Death. Verse — **Arthur Stringer** — 353
The Last of the Iroquois — **Cy Warman** — 354
The Torn Letter. Fiction. — **Arthur Pearson Scott** — 355
The Night for Visions. Verse — **Dorothy Green** — 358
From Forest Fastness to Ocean Dock — **Agnes Deans Cameron** — 359
The Message of Long Pete. Fiction. Illustrated with painting by Schwalm — **Percy Howard** — 362
Valentines. Verse — **Jeannette Cooper** — 366
A Paternal Corporation. Sixth Paper. Illustrated with photographs. — **E. Cora Hind** — 367
Vestal. Verse — **Florence Earle Coates** — 376
Without Benefit of Steam — **Louise Darby** — 377
The Green Stone Ring. Fiction. — **Chas F. Raymond** — 380
Two Years in Regina — **H. C. Lawson** — 384
Nubbles and the Queen's Supper. Illustrated with drawings — **Sara Hamilton Birchall** — 386
Homes. Illustrated with drawings — **Hugh G. Holman** — 388
Shop Talk — **The Editor** — 390
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor — 392
Industrial Openings — **The Editor** — 394

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscription, $1.00. Single Copy, 10 cents.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be re-printed without permission

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to
Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co., WALKER THEATRE BLDG. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
Eastern Representative—Lawrence G. Cluxton, 97 Mackay St., Montreal, Que.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION

John Deere Plow Co.
Limited

Winnipeg **Regina** **Calgary**

We represent

Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.; Deere & Mansur Co., Moline, Ill.; Moline Wagon Co., Moline Ill.; Monitor Drill Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Dain Mfg. Co., of Ottumwa, Ia.; Kilbourne & Jacobs Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; Western Wheel Scraper Co., Aurora, Ill.; Havana Metal Wheel Co., Havana, Ill.; Omega Separator Co., Lansing, Mich.; J. L. Owens Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Canada Carriage Co., Brockville, Ont.; Speight Wagon Co., Markham, Ont.; J. Fleury's Sons, Aurora, Ont.

We'll emphasize one line—the story of its goodness is the story of all.

JOHN DEERE
GANG PLOWS

Challenge the Comparison of the World.

Most plows are built to fit a price In other words, the price is fixed, and the plow built so it can be sold profitably at that price.

John Deere Plows are built as they should be built—and the price follows—fixes itself.

Draft is not a matter of theory—but a load. It is not determined by opinions, but by tests, which show the pull in pounds.

John Deere plow bottoms are of special shape—they lift the ground like a thin wedge splits a log.

Quality and Ligh Draft a John Deere Motto for seventy years

Send for booklet fully describing the **John Deere Gang,** built especially for northern trade, the best thing in the gang plow line ever offered to the farmers of the north.

John Deere Plow Co.
Limited

Winnipeg **Regina** **Calgary**

The Baby's Picture

It makes no difference how often baby goes to the photographer—and for the sake of admiring relatives his visits should be frequent—the record of his infant days is incomplete unless there are home pictures to supplement the more formal studio photographs. Mother or father or sister can readily make a series of pictures of the little ones that will grow more precious year by year. Picture taking is easy now and inexpensive too, the Kodak has made it so.

"The Kodak Baby Book" is the title of a helpful little booklet that tells how to successfully keep a photographic record of the baby—how to make the pictures, how to arrange them. Illustrated with a dozen home pictures of the author's own baby.

Free at any Kodak Dealers or by mail.

Canadian Kodak Co. Limited **Toronto, Canada**

The Famous Last Mountain Valley

We have 100,000 acres in the Famous Last Mountain Valley, and tributary to the Main Line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Full particulars as to description, and easy terms of payment upon request.

ALLEN & LITTLE

Strassburg and Govan Saskatchewan

THE IMPERIAL GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

Capital Fully Subscribed,	$1,000,000
Capital Paid up	200,000
Government Deposit	100,000
Capital Reserve	50,000
Assets, 1906	281,047.94

Issues the best Accident and Health Policies in Canada
Guarantee Bond Issued to cover all Positions of Trust.
These Bonds are accepted by Federal & Prov. Governm'ts.
CANADA'S STRONGEST COMPANY.
W. O. TASSIE, Western Manager and Director.

Policies Issued and Claims Paid at the Western Office, 817-18-19 Union Bank, Winnipeg. Telephone 4434

20 Acres of choice Kootenay Fruit Soil

Ideal location on west arm of Kootenay Lake, close to Nelson, B.C.
Surrounded by Improved Ranches. Has good stream of water running through it

In order to test the merits of this magazine we have decided to offer this block at an exceptionally low price and easy terms

Special Price: $65 per acre. Terms: $\frac{1}{4}$ cash, bal. 1, 2 & 3 yrs. Interest 6 per cent. Perfect title

Cut this out it will not appear again. Enclose copy of ad. when answering this advertisement

TOYE & CO., Fruit Lands and Real Estate, **Box 51, NELSON, B.C.**

Write me for information about our Kootenay . . Fruit Lands

I have been in the Real Estate business here for twelve years, and know the country thoroughly.

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO ME

Send me information about your Kootenay Fruit Lands

Name ....

Address ....

S. M. BRYDGES, Nelson, B.C.

(Brydges, Blakemore & Cameron, Ltd.)

IN VINO VERITAS
WILSON'S
INVALIDS' PORT WINE
BRACING TONIC
A LA QUINA DU PEROU

For Maids and Matrons

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(a la Quina du Perou)

Banishes Anaemia.

Restores the rosy hues of health.

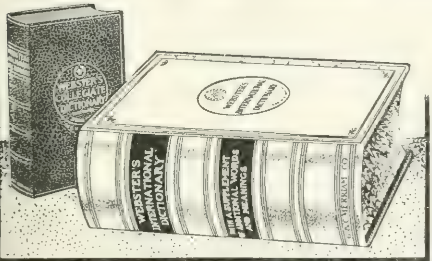
Is equally admirable in sickness and health.

Dr. J. M. Beausoleil, President of the Canadian Medical Association, says: I know and recommend your excellent tonic "Wilson's Invalids' Port." I prescribe it to young persons and to debilitated woman, and the result is most satisfactory.

I congratulate you for having filled with the greatest of care a time-honored prescription, which is approved by the Medical Profession.

I heartily wish you all the success you deserve.

Big Bottle
All Druggists everywhere


WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A LIBRARY IN ONE BOOK.

Besides an accurate, practical, and scholarly vocabulary of English, with 25,000 NEW WORDS, the International contains a History of the English Language, Guide to Pronunciation, Dictionary of Fiction, New Gazetteer, New Biographical Dictionary, Vocabulary of Scripture, Greek and Latin Names, English Christian Names, Foreign Quotations, Abbreviations, Etc.

2380 PAGES. 5000 ILLUSTRATIONS.

SHOULD YOU NOT OWN SUCH A BOOK?

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY.
Largest of our abridgments. Regular and Thin Paper Editions. 1116 PAGES AND 1100 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Write for "The Story of a Book"—Free.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

BUY DIRECT

and save

Middlemen's Profits

Last month we placed our

10c. Bouquet Cigars

on our Mail Order list at

$1.50 for a Box of 25, prepaid

simply to convince the **Smoker** of the many advantages of **Buying Direct** and thereby saving to himself the profits of jobber and retailer, as well as necessary travellers' and advertising expenses.

Our Sales were so encouraging that we have decided to leave this liberal offer open for another 30 days.

"The Bouquet Cigar is one of exceptional quality, and regular size (4½ ins.), long filler, and rather soft. The regular price of this cigar at the retail stands is 10c.

Remit in Express or P.O. Money Order to

THE
Bahama Cigar Co.
— Box 441 —
WINNIPEG, MAN.

A New Name on a New Building

If you are on the market square in the heart of Winnipeg and look south along Princess street, the first thing to strike your eye will be the great iron sign of the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. It stands out against the sky on the top of an imposing six story warehouse and compels attention. This name is one to conjure with in the Western Canadian implement trade for though in a new position on a new repository, it represents some of the best manufacturing history of the United States and some of the fairest, squarest farm machinery wholesaling known to the agriculturists between the Great Lakes and the Coast. In a word, the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. has succeeded the Fairchild Company Ltd. of Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary.

The new firm continues to carry the lines of the Fairchild Co., consisting of goods manufactured by Deere & Co., Moline, Ill.; Deere & Mansur Co., Moline, Ill.; Moline Wagon Co., Moline, Ill.; Monitor Drill Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Dain Mfg. Co., of Ottumwa, Ia.; Kilbourne & Jacobs Mfg. Co., of Columbus, O.; Western Wheel Scraper Co., Aurora, Ill.; Havana Metal Wheel Co., Havana, Ill.; Omega Separator Co., Lansing, Mich.; J. L. Owens Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Canada Carriage Co., Brockville, Ont.; Speight Wagon Co., Markham, Ont.; J. Fleury's Sons, Aurora, Ont.

The personnel of the new organization includes Mr. H. W. Hutchinson, formerly president and general manager of the Fairchild Co. Ltd., who will be secretary-treasurer and general manager of the John Deere Plow Co. He is a prominent figure in the implement trade of the Dominion and brings to bear on his new duties an invaluable prestige and experience. Mr. Hutchinson will have as assistant manager, Mr. D. Drehmer, who possesses an intimate knowledge of Deere & Co's. business. The regular staff of travellers will be retained, and the broad policy and principles of the business carried out as heretofore.

The new repository has a frontage of 132 feet on Princess Street, and a depth of ninety feet to a track in the rear. The building is six stories and basement and is constructed on the most approved type of slow burning construction. The columns throughout are of cast iron and the girders of steel which carry heavy wooden joists placed four feet on centers. The floors are five inches thick, of solid wood, and are calculated throughout to carry a load of 200 pounds per square foot. The building contains a freight and passenger elevator, the passenger elevator and stair being enclosed in a fireproof shaft, and the freight elevator shaft is built of brick in connection with the vaults, and is designed to carry a tank which will be installed later in connection with the sprinkler system. The doors from each floor to the elevator shaft are automatic fire doors, so that in case of fire any one floor is absolutely cut off from the rest of the building. All windows on the rear elevation are of the most approved type of fireproof windows, glazed with wire glass. The front of the building is faced with pressed brick in a soft shade of buff, and is trimmed with Tyndall stone.

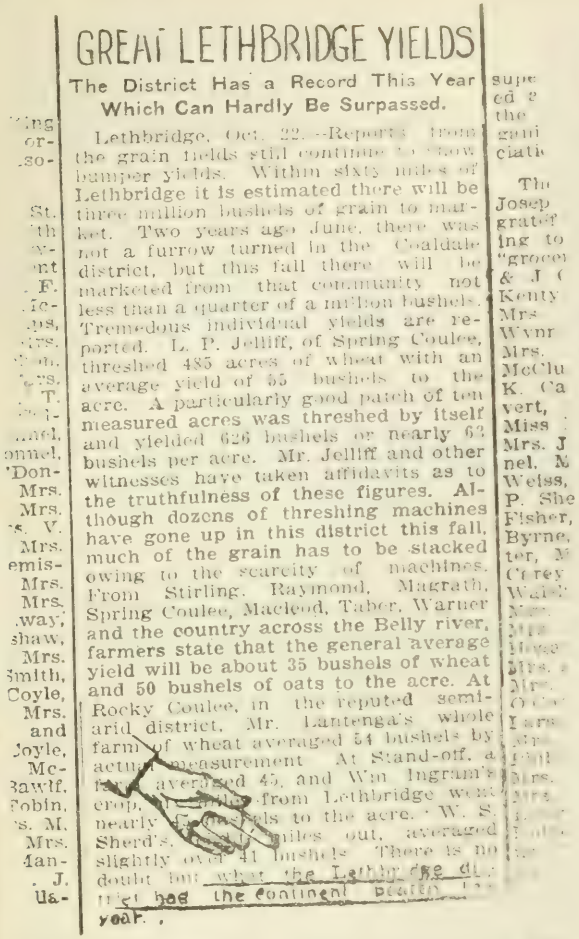
The ground floor is built three feet above the sidewalk thus allowing good light for the basement. Both front and rear and the show windows on the ground floor extend clear to the floor, which gives a fine view of the magnificent showroom, which occupies the entire ground floor.

The basement extends under the sidewalk on Princess Street. The sidewalk is constructed with prismatic glass set in concrete giving a well lighted basement, which is occupied by the repair and fitting departments.

The front portion of the first floor is occupied by the offices of the Company which are fitted up in a luxurious manner, all the woodwork being quarter cut oak, and the walls and ceiling decorated in harmonious colors.

The building is heated by low pressure steam, and the elevators are both of electric high speed construction.

In connection with the new repository on Princess Street, Winnipeg, the John Deere Plow Co. Ltd. have a track warehouse with a total storage capacity of 250 cars, a fine four-story warehouse and office at Regina, and a two story repository in Calgary.



GREAT LETHBRIDGE YIELDS

The District Has a Record This Year Which Can Hardly Be Surpassed.

Lethbridge, Oct. 22.—Reports from the grain fields still continue to show bumper yields. Within sixty miles of Lethbridge it is estimated there will be three million bushels of grain to market. Two years ago June, there was not a furrow turned in the Coaldale district, but this fall there will be marketed from that community not less than a quarter of a million bushels. Tremedous individual yields are reported. L. P. Jelliff, of Spring Coulee, threshed 485 acres of wheat with an average yield of 55 bushels to the acre. A particularly good patch of ten measured acres was threshed by itself and yielded 626 bushels or nearly 63 bushels per acre. Mr. Jelliff and other witnesses have taken affidavits as to the truthfulness of these figures. Although dozens of threshing machines have gone up in this district this fall, much of the grain has to be stacked owing to the scarcity of machines. From Stirling, Raymond, Magrath, Spring Coulee, Macleod, Taber, Warner and the country across the Belly river, farmers state that the general average yield will be about 35 bushels of wheat and 50 bushels of oats to the acre. At Rocky Coulee, in the reputed semi-arid district, Mr. Lantenga's whole farm of wheat averaged 54 bushels by actual measurement At Stand-off, a farm averaged 45, and Wm Ingram's crop, [illegible] miles from Lethbridge went nearly [illegible] bushels to the acre. W. S. Sherd's, [illegible] miles out, averaged slightly over 41 bushels There is no doubt but what the Lethbridge district has the continent beaten this year.

The above is photographed from the "Free Press" of Oct. 24, 1907

Prairie Lands

IN

SOUTHERN

. ALBERTA .

LEAD

Virgin Prairie ready for the plow—no brush no stones

Climate Ideal

Loam Soil on Clay sub-soil

Spring and Fall Wheat Grown

Note average yield

We own and have for Sale

either retail or en bloc, 5,000 acres of the above prairie land at a remarkably low price. Also lands in the Eagle Lake and Tramping Lake Districts, Sask. Particulars and prices gladly furnished on request

Canada Loan & Realty Co., Ltd.

315 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Canada

ROBT. TATE, Pres.

E. H. SUMNER, Sec.

WITCH HAZEL
TOILET SOAP

CONTAINS A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF

Witch Hazel which makes it **Healing and Beneficial to the Skin**

Made only by The ROYAL CROWN, LIMITED, WINNIPEG

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR

Everybody does.

No matter what tea you have been using, if you try GOLD STANDARD once you will never be satisfied with any other. The flavor is so rich—so good, and different from other teas. It has that distinctive quality due to our perfect blending of select teas.

ASK YOUR GROCER

Gold Standard

ASSAM & CEYLON TEAS

Guaranteed the Best

THE CODVILLE CO. LTD.

Winnipeg, Man.

Canada-West for March

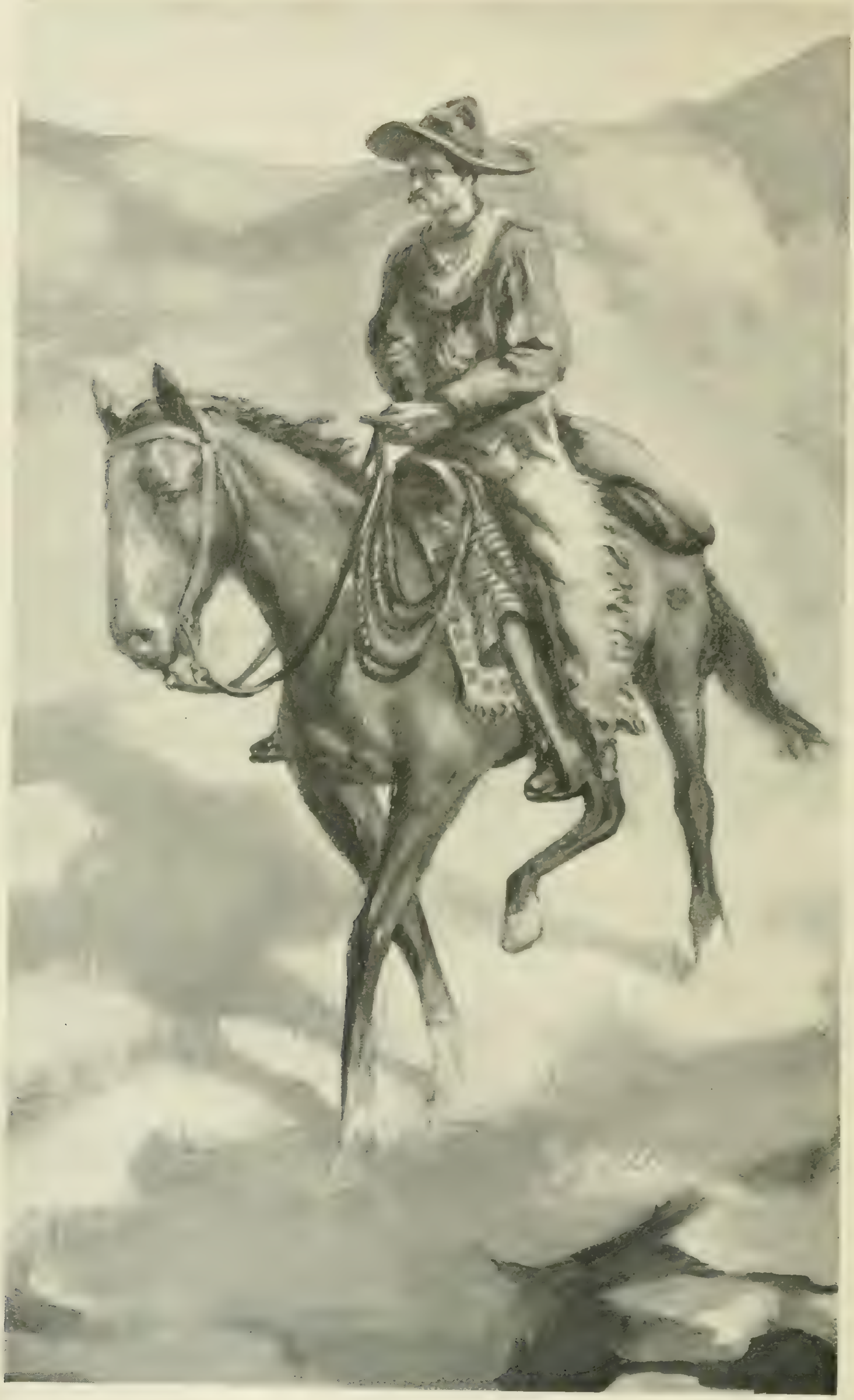
LAWRENCE J. BURPEE,
Librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, writes on
"Western Canada's First Farmer."

A Cover Design by Harrison Fisher

Agnes Deans Cameron tells "Where Grow Milady's Furs"; there will be other general articles by other well-known writers: "In the Ruins" is a romance of unusual and compelling interest by Cy Warman—it is this story that Harrison Fisher illustrates — and the other fiction is of the high standard that the Canada-West Magazine maintains.

Buy the March Canada-West

The Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg



DRAWN BY FREDERICK C. SCHWALM

He took the trail for town

The Message of Long Pete—See page 362

CANADA-WEST
MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
1908

VOL. III.
No. 4.

The Homesteaders

A Novel

By Jessie Beckton

CHAPTER I.

Great Mother in the world across the wave,
  Far sundered by the waters though we be,
Howe'er self-seekers in their folly rave,
  The ties of kinship hold across the sea.

"If it were not for Joan I should emigrate."

We sat in solemn conclave, my two brothers and I. That morning a letter had arrived from our lawyer apprising us of the interesting fact that with the exception of a small legacy of £350, lately left to Dick by his godmother, we were penniless. The big mining company from which our father had drawn his comfortably large income, had collapsed. The shock of the failure had taken from us the best and kindest of parents and toppled us from the lap of luxury on to the hard stones of an unsympathetic world. How were we to start afresh in life and what best use could we make of our capital? Our old home was gone, swept away as though it had never been, and our only resource had been to accept for a time the frigid hand of hospitality held out to us by an uncle, who, unencumbered himself, had plainly no intention of burdening himself with the setting forth in life of other people's offspring. All openings had been discussed and declared closed for want of capital or experience, until at last, after a rather disconsolate pause, Dick had made his remark about emigration.

"Why should not I go, too?" I asked a little wistfully. "I would go through anything to be with you and Peter, and besides what is there for me to do here, any more than for you. Let us all emigrate, 'sail for the golden

West'_[as the song says, and make our fortune."

Visions of a united home life rose rosily before us. Those of office drudgery, a struggling against genteel poverty, were mentally, swept away; with youthful bounds of enthusiasm we plunged into a new future. We determined to emigrate. The great prairies of Western Canada, as forming part of the nearest and most promising of our Colonies, should be our destination. Immersed in pamphlets and guides we eagerly studied ways and means. Apparently little or no capital was required, once on that golden land of promise we had only to plough, to sow, and to reap a plentiful wealth-bringing harvest. All we should require was a team of oxen or horses, a plough, a wagon and a few provisions to last out the interval between our start and the harvest, and a house built of logs or lumber. Of course there would be plenty of hard work, but that we were prepared for, there would be a severance of all old ties, but sick at heart as we had been at the cold shoulders turned towards us in our altered circumstances, that troubled us but little.

Anxious as they were to be rid of us, our good uncle and aunt cast deprecatory hands on high on hearing of our decision. It might be a good opening perhaps for Dick and Peter, but for Joan! What was a girl of twenty brought up as she had been to do in a farm life, it was quite absurd, altogether preposterous. She might remain for a time with them, until her brothers had made something of a home; she could be useful to her aunt in many ways, etc., etc.

"Poor Joan," decided sympathetic Dick, "she shall come and be useful to us; we will all start together."

Our tickets we found from the helpful pamphlets, could be booked from Liverpool to Winnipeg, 2nd class for the comparatively small sum of £10 each. But here happily for us some twinge of conscience prompted our relative to insist on our travelling at his expense in what he considered to be a more suitable manner. If we would "emigrate" it was scarcely fitting or necessary that we should sail as "emigrants." Led by the same spirit maybe, he presented both Dick and Peter with two good guns, whilst my aunt took me to her dressmakers and ordered some plain useful coats and skirts, print frocks, and blouses to be made for me, as being, she said, more suitable for the life I was to lead than my present wardrobe, which I had decided to take with me in its entirety. I am bound to confess to her wisdom, although I found myself very glad in after time, that I had carried my prettier garments as well. She also gave me from her plentifully supplied storeroom many articles of linen, lace curtains, and other things that I found invaluable in beautifying our prairie home. These things we regarded as flotsom and jetsam, salvage saved from the wreck.

Everyone nowadays knows too well the ocean track from the old World to the New, to need a description of it here. It was a lovely May morning that we said our adieux to our relieved relatives and the dear overcrowded old country, and set sail for the 'Golden West.' After an uneventful passage we sighted Newfoundland on the seventh day; on the eighth entered the broad mouth of the beautiful St. Lawrence River, sped quickly down between its gradually narrowing shores, and on the 9th dropped anchor in the harbour of Montreal. Here as we left the ship and stood a little forlornly amidst our piled up baggage awaiting the onslaught of the customs official, we began to realize that we had indeed "burnt our boats behind us" and were fairly launched on a new life.

"Anything to declare?"

"No, certainly not, we were emigrants, settlers, going to take up free grants of land in the North West. Our trunks, contained nothing but personal clothing, etc. The guns, also personal necessities, were, we had been told, not dutiable." The man smiled, opened one or two boxes, passed a hand mechanically down the sides, and returned the keys.

"I hope you'll hit it all right," he

volunteered in an off hand way as though impelled to give a little gratuitous advice, "but I should advise the young lady to stop down East, till her home is ready."

But we were not requiring any advice however kindly meant, and went instead to the depot of the Canadian Pacific Railway and booked seats to Winnipeg, the gateway to the great prairies of the West. Here, too, we deposited our luggage, receiving in its place small brass cheques which were to be our only care for it, until we gave them again in exchange at our journey's end.

It would take too much space to enlarge on the details of the way, on the great travelling hotel with its saloon, dining, drawing, and smoke-rooms, and the deft manner in which the negro porter converted our day seats into quite comfortable, if cramped sleeping quarters. The first part of the journey lay through scenery of no great interest, but on the second day its character changed as we ran along the shores of Lake Superior. On one side of us, almost touching, rose great rugged rocks, their bare grey shoulders partly veiled in yellow lichens and small ferns; on the other, its tiny foam flecked waves lapping with gentle murmuring the shore we skirted, lay the vast body of blue water, glistening and shimmering in the intensely bright sunshine, whilst the pine and the tamarack threw long dreamy shadows out into the blue and towards the little groups of grey rock islets that dotted its surface.

"It is very lovely, is it not?" said a voice behind me, as I sat revelling in the beauty of it all. A dark, dank divine whom Peter earlier in the day, to rid himself of the burden of his self-imposed society, had meanly foisted on my acquaintance, slid into the seat opposite to me.

"It is indeed," I said, withdrawing my enraptured gaze from the smiling beauty outside, and by way of enlarging on the conversation he was evidently desirous of opening; "I am afraid we shall not see anything so exquisite on the prairie."

"On the prairie" he echoed dully, "are you thinking of visiting those great barren tracts? Ah! No! you will find no beauty there; nothing worthy of a delay in your journey to the grand scenery of the Rockies, British Columbia and Vancouver."

"But we are not going so far," I said smiling a little, "we are emigrants going out to take up land and farm."

Never shall I forget the look of black dismay that broke on the poor man's face. Had I announced our intention of returning to England in a fishing boat or of jumping en masse from the highest point of the Rockies, it would have been no greater.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed after a moment's delay, in recovering his breath, "do you really mean that you and your brothers are going to take up the life of settlers? Have you any idea of what it means; of the toil, the discomfort, the heart breaking weariness, often the despair that such a life entails? Have you the least notion of a farm life on the great desolate prairie, the lack of all luxury, the difficulty, and the danger?"

"Indeed," I made answer, secretly taken aback by the tide of this discouraging eloquence, "we have thoroughly gone into the matter, we are not expecting too much, are prepared to work, to endure hardships if necessary, and we are told in the pamphlets."—"The pamphlets" burst in the good man, throwing out his long lean hands in contemptuous repudiation, "what do they tell you of the hardness of the life, the incessant toil. No one can deny that from them you may obtain valuable and as far as it goes correct information, but it is one side only of the picture. Then again what do you three young people, evidently reared in a home of comfort and luxury, know of work and "roughing it?" Better turn back ere it is too late, before launching yourselves on, what must inevitably prove to you to be, a struggle with misery and failure. I must talk to your brothers at once and point out to them the absurdity, the even cruelty of the thing." And he departed in gloomy haste in the direction of the smoking car.

For the first time my courage wavered. What if he were right! Were the difficulties so much greater than we had imagined? Were we so unsuited to the work and to endurance? Should we in the end succumb to failure and despair? My throat tightened as I pictured my two big good-looking brothers, of whom I had always been so proud, wasting their young lives in a mere struggle against difficulties and dangers. In the opposite section a bright cheery little woman was boiling a kettle over a spirit lamp and setting out the contents of a tea basket. The pleasant tinkle of the china, brought a feeling of homesickness and loneliness. The kettle boiled, and its contents poured on the fragrant tea, the cheerful little woman looked up brightly.

"Won't you come across and have a cup with me?" she asked pleasantly, "I am quite alone, it would be so nice to share my tea with someone."

"Going West, aren't you?" she queried presently, as we sat hobnobbing over the friendly tea cups.

"Yes" I said conscious of the new loss of enthusiasm in my voice.

For a moment her bright eyes rested on mine, a quick note of enquiry in them.

"Have you ever noticed," she said after a little pause, "that there are some people who go through life like a ray of sunshine and others like a dull Scotch mist? I think that dreary old gentleman who was talking to you just now, has damped all your ardour, your voice had such a bright hopeful ring in it as you were speaking to him, and now, it has all gone. I could not help hearing what you were saying; he seemed very scornful of the one-sided view taken by the pamphlets. I wonder it did not strike him that his own was just as one sided. You must not be too much influenced by him. I have seen a good deal of the life on a prairie farm, and although I agree with him in warning you that there are a great many drawbacks and much to go through, I can assure you there is a pleasanter side to the picture. I do not say there is a fortune to be made out of it, but there is the makings of a home and a competency, perhaps more. Everything depends on the people who attempt it."

Cheered by the tea. and still more by the kindly interest, I waxed confidential and poured out my little story of how and why we had determined to go 'West'. When I had finished there was a suspicion of moisture in her bright eyes as she laid a firm capable looking hand for a minute on mine.

"I quite agree with you," she said, "to keep together is worth a great deal of risk."

For a long time we sat talking. She gave me some of her own experiences of prairie life, gained in the pioneer days when everything was so new and untried that no one knew quite what to expect or what was before them.

"But now," she said, "it is all comparatively smooth and easy, that is, if you keep to the settlements. There you will find you can buy all necessaries at the store without having to carry it, as we had to do in bullock wagons, perhaps one hundred miles, across the unbroken plain. You will generally meet with friends who for the most part are only too willing to hold out a helping hand to new comers. Usually there is a church with a resident clergyman, a doctor, a public school with a free good educational system. There are plenty of small social pleasures. Of course, there is work, plenty of it. from morning until night. and specially true is the old adage 'Man's work is from sun to sun but a woman's work is never done.'

"There are many privations, sometimes hardships, and worst of all the homesickness that often saddens and cripples so many. On the other hand, the life is healthy, full of interest: the prairies are beautiful in their vastness, purity and virgin strength. My advice is, go and try it, the New Land wants such as you with your youth, energy and culture, and if you make no great fortune, I predict you will at any rate create a happy, prosperous home. Would you do as much with a like material in the old established country?"

I could see when presently Dick and Peter came back to me that the old gentleman had been as good as his word and had been doing his best to put everything before them in as depressing a light as possible, but under the more cheery influence of my new friend they recovered a more sanguine tone and soon we were once more looking forward hopefully to the future.

Leaving the shores of Lake Superior we plunged into the pine forests and again emerging from them, on the morning of the third day, came once more upon signs of civilization, and found that Winnipeg was close at hand. Mrs. Redwood insisted on carrying us off to her own home instead of our going, as we intended, to one of the hotels of the town.

"You have no idea" she said, laughing, "of the dangers a 'tenderfoot' runs; he is considered fair game for anyone who has anything to dispose of and often gets terribly taken in, so you must come home with me, and my old man shall help you to see about taking up land and where it is best for you to go."

And we, only too grateful for such kindness and warm hospitality offered so freely and naturally, agreed joyfully.

We were prepared to find Winnipeg a large city but were a little surprised at its size, its broad streets, handsome buildings, and extensive shops.

We might have spent weeks there with our new friends, their natural kindness, united to the law of Western hospitality, urging us to remain for as long as we could or would. But we were anxious to push on and remained only long enough to secure our free grants of land and draw up some plan of our final settlement.

The immigration agent gave all the assistance in his power and advised our going to a settlement about thirty miles from the main line, where a long belt of timber offered an advantage over the entirely flat prairie, inasmuch as it secured a certain amount of shelter and firewood to the settlers. The boys were able to secure two quarter sections adjoining each other about seven or eight miles from the small town of the settlement, on the edge of the timber line, and left the office the proud possessors of 160 acres apiece of virgin soil. Here at last was a foothold and a beginning, and bidding our friends goodbye with many expressions of gratitude for their kindness, we resumed our journey still further West.

Leaving Winnipeg we found ourselves at last on the actual prairies, no longer to be called the 'great lone land' known only to fur traders, the Indians, and the vast herds of buffalo now as a wild race, extinct, but a country prosperously settled up, where hundreds and hundreds of acres of magnificent wheat land lay under careful cultivation, and the homesteads of the farmers gave a homelike comfortable aspect to the vast plain. Everywhere the prairie, where uncultivated, rolled in long lines of yellowy green grass, to the far horizon of blue sky; broken only by groups of small bluffs, or a reed bordered pond or sleugh that reflected the blue of the sky above, and sparkled in the fresh sunshine. Mile after mile, hour after hour, we sped through the same scenery stopping now and again at the small stations to embark or disembark a passenger, then on again into seemingly endless space. Night closing in at last blotted it all out.

In that faint darkness of an early summer night we reached our destination and found ourselves, surrounded by our piled up luggage, a little helplessly watching the receding monster which had brought us so far, as it fled shrieking into the gloom, and wondering what our next steps were to be. No porter came to our rescue, the few people who had assembled to welcome the incoming of the train from the East, had vanished. One man only remained to put out the lights and lock the doors of the wooden building. Him we accosted.

"What are you going to do with all that luggage, Boss?" he interrogated as he leisurely surveyed it and us. "Better put it in the shed till morning. I'll give you a hand; the boys seem to have cleared off pretty quick to-night."

The luggage having been disposed of, our new ally conducted us to one of the hotels of the town, and we followed him blindly, our footsteps echoing dully on the narrow wooden pavement.

Being close on midnight the little Western world lay apparently asleep and we too were very glad to follow its example, close our eyes and blot out in restful slumber our travelling experiences, the responsibilities of our new life, and a tiny leaven of homesickness.

But with the morning sunshine, and such sunshine as flooded the prairie, hope and happiness came back, and springing from my fresh, little white bed, I made haste to pull up my blind and gaze down into the new world to which I had come.

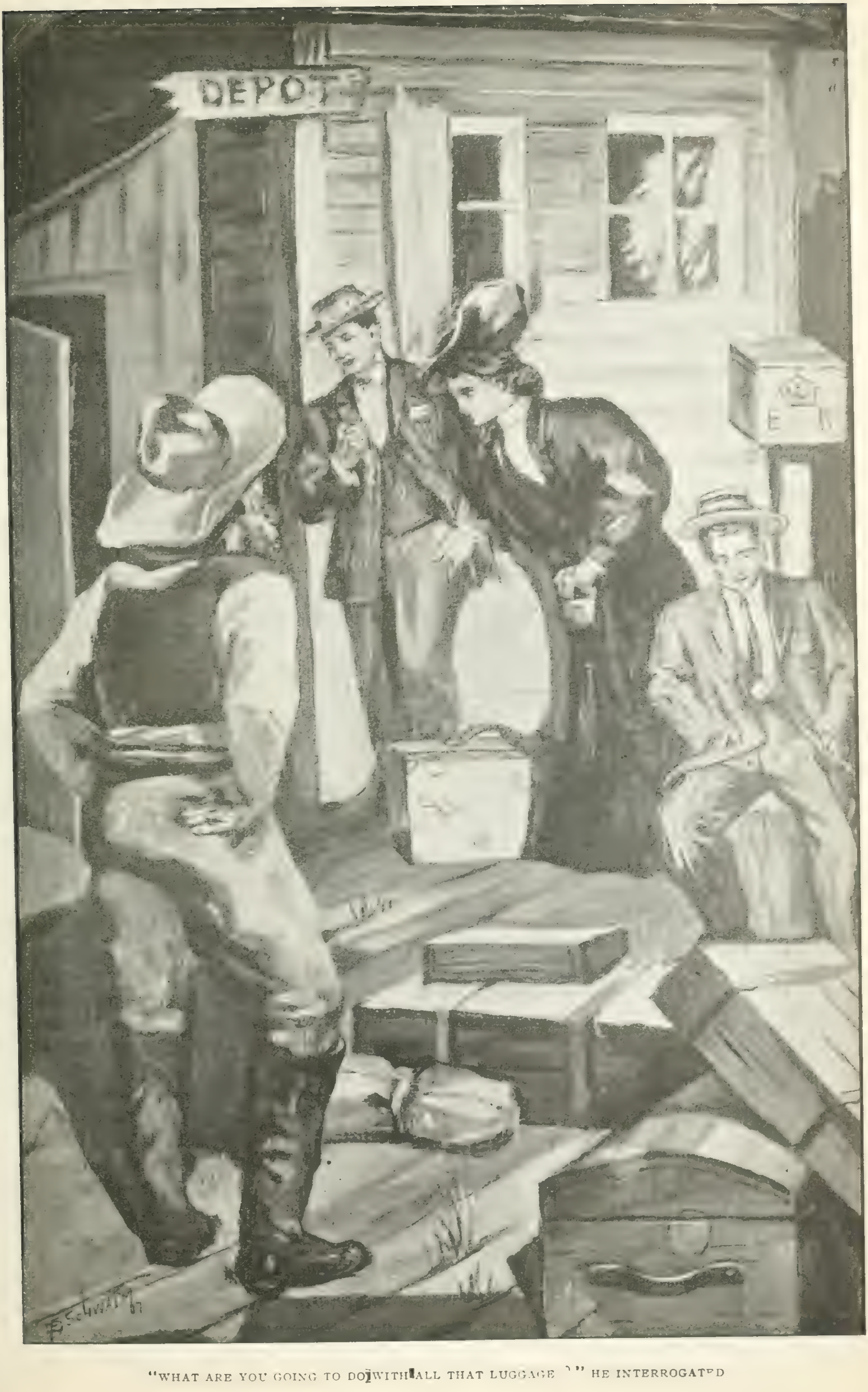
What a medley of civilization and early settlement! The hotel lay at the end of the long centre on Main Street and here the buildings, principally stores and offices, ranged on either side with conscious pride and dignity. As though in emulation, other streets appeared at different angles and then, revelling in the space and freedom, the rest of the houses broke bounds, and scattering, rioted away on to the great green prairie beyond. Side by side with good solid buildings of stone and plaster, little wooden shanties squatted contentedly, blinking their small yellow, pink and green eyes as happily in the intense sunshine as their smarter neighbors. When, having breakfasted, we sauntered out into the wooden streeted town, we found our shopping labors simplified and greatly helped by discovering that all the principal stores lay side by side in the one long street, and we had only to walk from one to the other in search of the various household and farm requisites we had now carefully to acquire.

It was a most anxious and weighty business. First of all there was our capital to be considered. When that was gone there would be no more until we had worked for and earned a further supply. There was Mrs. Redwood's warning to the "gullable tenderfoot," the anxiety as to what to get and how to buy it; though we had drawn up a careful list at Winnipeg with the Redwoods' help and had been well primed on many subjects. The principal thing was a good team of oxen and on this we consulted the proprietor of the hotel who advised us to pay heed to the earnest asseverations of a gentleman in careless, not over clean attire, who assured us he had just the very thing we were in need of, a splendid yoke of strong, well trained, docile beasts. After much pretended wisdom and careful judging on the part of Dick and Peter, who knew no more of the merits and requirements of oxen than of sailing the Channel Fleet, and a great deal of bartering and bargaining meant to impress the seller that they, the purchasers, had no intention of being taken in, the huge beasts passed into our possession, and I have no doubt proved to be as useful and as aggravating as others of their kind, no more and no less.

No need to go in search of our requirements; as flies round a honeypot, so gathered the implement, the machine agents, and others having articles for sale. A "tenderfoot" was in town getting his outfit. He was apparently an object of much solicitude and attention. With the bluff candor of the Westerner, combined with the crafty skill of the trader, they proffered goods and advice. But to most Dick presented a stolid front; he knew what he wanted and to a great extent what he was going to give for it. Gradually our worldly goods increased as our capital diminished. To the oxen were added, harness, a wagon, a plough, a set of harrows, several smaller necessaries such as axes, a spade, bucksaw, ripsaw, hammer, nails, rope, and buckets.

To the land agent in the town Dick applied for information as to how and where we should find our land, for truly to our inexperience, and in view of those countless acres, it seemed like looking for the traditional needle.

"You take the South Trail," the agent said in the manner of one who directs you to the first turning on the left, "you can't mistake it, as there is no other in that direction, follow



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL THAT LUGGAGE?" HE INTERROGATED

Straight on until you come to the settlement. I will give you a letter to Billy Fergusson and ask him to lend you a hand in finding your section posts. Yet stay a moment, Mac Ireton is in town, and he, I believe," getting up to examine a map of the Township that hung on the office wall, "is on the adjoining section to yours. Yes, I thought so, he's on 22, you're on 23. I'll look him up and send him round."

Following the general rule we had dined in the middle of the day. It was during the evening meal, a species of tea-supper that our prospective guide "came round." Sharpened by the pure bracing air of the prairie, our appetites had assumed alarming proportions, and it was not until the more substantial dishes had been followed by "pie" and "biscuit" in great variety that I began to turn my attention to the occupants of the other tables that stood in the room. They were mostly men and for the greater part garbed in the conventional "boiled shirt" and tweeds of the town, but here and there in flannel and buckskin were those whose bronzed weather beaten faces proclaimed the sterner, sturdier life of the farmer of the plains. Presently the door again opened and yet another added himself to the little company. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the look of quiet strength that comes to those who have worked and endured. In spite of his western dress, flannel shirt, overalls of duck, high boots to the knees and wide brimmed leather bound cowboy hat, it was unmistakeably an English gentleman that after a curious glance over the room, came straight to the table at which we sat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Dick, in a clear, well-bred voice, "Are you Mr. Tremayne?" and as Dick bowed in assent, "My name is Ireton. I believe we are to be neighbors. I called round to see if I could be of any assistance to you in getting out to the Settlement. I came in with a load and am going back with an empty wagon. I shall be very pleased to help you in freighting out your things. I could also show you the way, and I have promised Bent to help you find your section posts, that is of course if you will accept my services."

"It is really awfully good of you," said Dick, "I hardly like to take advantage of your offer, but to tell you the truth we are beginning to feel just a little bit stranded in spite of the kindness everyone has already shewn us and it is a great temptation."

"You need not thank me or consider yourself under any obligation," said Mr. Ireton. "It is quite the other way, as you will understand when you have been 'out' a little while. A neighbor, especially if he is a fellow countryman, is a great boon. Anything I can do for you will be quite as much for myself as for you." I thought he looked at me a little curiously as Dick introduced his sister, and it was with the least suspicion of a smile that he asked me if I thought I should like the life and was prepared for all the ups and downs of it, laughing outright when I said, "Yes, I was prepared for anything."

"What are you going to do when you reach the Settlement?" Mr. Ireton asked presently. "Will you put up at the hotel until you can look around, or perhaps you have friends there who will take you in."

"No," we said with rather doubtful smiles, "we have no friends, and we did not think of the hotel, we thought of buying tents and camping out."

He smiled too, but his eyes had a gleam of amusement in them that ours lacked.

"I think," he said, "you would be wiser to put up a lumber shanty; you could do it for about $35; a tent would cost you nearly as much and be of no use afterwards. But if you will make use of my house for the present you are more than welcome. There is an upstairs room, a mere attic it is true, that Miss Tremayne could use, and we men could roll down on blankets downstairs for a night or two until the shanty is ready. It would not take longer to put up and you will want something with a roof over it to store your things in for the summer. I think your sister would find a tent very uncomfortable for even a short time," he went on, when Dick had thanked him very much for his generous offer, but said that he did not think we had any right to take advantage of it. "And I assure you the gain would be quite as much on my side as on yours. Then, too, our sections adjoining I could help you a good bit and," as though looking round for another argument, "we could be of great use to each other; it is lonely work farming, by one's self; your coming would be a great and real boon to me."

So at last it was settled, and when, promising to come round again in the morning, he bade us "good-night" and went away, something of the friendlessness of our position seemed to go with him, and a tower of strength and security to have arisen for us poor waifs and strays. The mere fact of a settled inhabitant of this great wide land, in which as yet we had no home, having as it were taken us by the hand and bidden us welcome, had taken away something of that desolate feeling experienced by the homeless and friendless.

(To be Continued)

Mineral Development in the Kootenays

By N. A. Bowere

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

OUT in the Canadian West there is a mining center that has seen the success of every type of enterprise from a prospector's hand "rocker," to a fifteen million dollar copper company. It is a comparatively small region; with the exception of its western corner it lies in the counties of East and West Kootenay, British Columbia, but while its area is only one twelfth that of the Province, it produces over seventy-five per cent. of the total mineral values and represents one third the mineral output of Canada.

Although the Kootenay mines now enjoy a well established prosperity that affords regular dividends, yet their present rank was not gained without a long and bitter struggle, and in the two score years since mining began, the frontiersmen have time and again faced and fought defeat with the true western spirit. These men displaying a manhood broader than the ordinary type, were truly the last pioneers, —for where is there another West like Canada's—and their varying fortunes, preparing the way for great industries in a rugged wildness, deserve record in the history of the West.

As early as 1840 the Hudson's Bay Company blazed a trail from Fort Steele westward to Arrow Lake, and then for nearly a quarter of a century parties passed regularly within easy reach of mineral deposits ready to yield untold wealth to the discoverer. But these men came for furs—their dreams of riches could only take the shape of bundles of warm pelts—so in the long years of their trading, the earth was untouched.

It remained for the hardy prospectors, working up the Columbia in the early sixties, to bring out the first reports of gold in the Canadian basin of that great river. The electrical effect that such reports always produce in a mining region was quite evident in those times at Spokane and Bonner's Ferry, the chief frontier towns of the

WAITING TO RECORD MINING CLAIMS

American North west, and parties were at once made up for a more careful examination of the south-east corner of British Columbia. This marked the beginning of a period of mineral development that has seen such success, and diversity of products and, withal, so much of the unexpected that it stands alone in the History of Mining.

The early exploration parties, choosing various routes and methods of travel, had one common aim—gold, and so strong was the lure of the golden magnet that men sometimes pushed on in the face of dangers sufficient to daunt the hardiest. Not a few parties were stranded, their members struggling back a few at a time; other parties never returned, but still others sent out messengers, bearing in buck-skin folds the glittering evidence of success, and demanding supplies for the camp. News of such as the latter spread like wild-fire and for a decade or more the frontier was often in a furor, the extent of which varied directly with the value of the strike."

Typical of these early excitements was the rush to the Big Bend country in 1865-6. The Big Bend is the gigantic letter "U" traced by the Columbia as it doubles back on its course some 200 miles north of the international line. It was far up toward the vortex of this bend on a tributary now known as McCullock Creek, that a crew of fourteen men washed out 450 ounces of gold in a single day: that is to say, something upwards of five hundred dollars per man. News of this was spread by one of the fourteen who was sent out for supplies, and before he was ready to start on the return journey, there were a dozen men on the trail ahead of him. Nor was the excitement confined to a small trading post — men left other mining camps and hurried northwards in twos and threes, over uncertain trails, or banded together in scores to charter a steamer for the trip up the river.

Within a few months several thousand men, representing almost every class, had arrived at the center of interest; a settlement sprang up in what proved to be the heart of a rich placer region, and for a time it flourished in a glow of prosperity. In French Creek a $375 nugget was found, and altogether an aggregate of three million dollars in free gold was taken from Smith, French and McCullock Creeks before the more easily accessible deposits were exhausted. Then, some eighteen months after the first discovery, returns from the workings fell very low and there came the unwelcome news of the loss of the little steamer "Forty-niner," upon which the men had depended for supplies. At once the nomadic tribe of the prospectors were as anxious to get away as they had been to come, and in an incredibly short time they had entirely deserted the place, leaving whatever they could not readily transport over the trails, and abandoning everything bulky and cumbersome.

But the universal history of mining

has been that when the stampede is over, perhaps long after the unduly expectant throng has left in disappointment, the calmer, more deliberate class of men come in and begin in a systematic manner to develop the possibilities of the district. In this latter period comes the development that is of a permanent benefit to the country, it is the time for investment, as distinct from speculation. For this reason skilled technical men and the capital which follows them are seldom swayed by the clamors of a new El Dorado. They merely keep a careful watch of progress until such time as there is reasonable assurance of returns.

The course of events in the Big Bend was no exception to this rule and just recently, after the district had lain for thirty years under the ban of condemnation, scientific men have set to work to search out the probable origin of those rich deposits exhausted in the early sixties.

In leveling a cabin not long since, a party of surveyors unearthed a billiard table and a pair of English hand-cuffs; relics that speak eloquently of those days of old that were "days of gold."

By careful reasoning that could not have been applied in the superficial work of the early days, it has been proved that comparatively large areas are masses of rubble, ground up by glacial action, containing free gold in paying quantities. Three companies are now employing large hydraulic plants to wash the gravel of these glacial deposits in the midst of the basin long ago declared "worked out." And this, in spite of the fact that the railroad is some eighty miles distant. Undoubtedly the construction of the proposed spur through this district will be the signal for development on a far larger scale.

Most of the western mining regions were first opened on the discovery of placer gold. So readily can gold-bearing gravel be worked by crude methods, without outlay of capital or long anxious waits for returns, that it offers special inducements to the imaginative type of men upon whom we have always depended for advancement of the Western frontier. Then by the time the placers begin to fail, the trails have become worn and there are sure to be present men competent and ready to develop the other mineral resources.

A CORNER OF THE GIANT COPPER ORE BODY AT PHOENIX

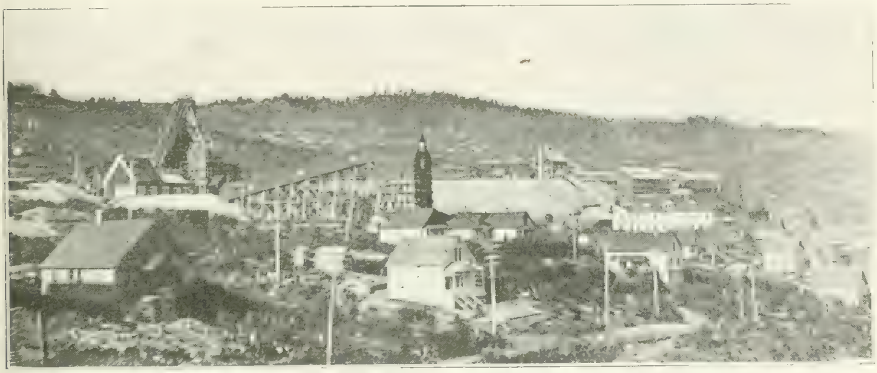
Owing to difficulties of transportation in British Columbia, there was considerable lapse of time between the early placer workings and the commencement of lode mining. The first mine to be developed to any extent was the Silver King, opened in 1890; this ore was shipped 190 miles by pack and barge to the Northern Pacific railroad, and then by rail clear to Denver, Col., for treatment. The very difficulties of such shipments as these were an advertisement; the returns proved the worth of the ore, and companies were at once formed to build reduction works near the mines. The era of lode mining had begun.

There are two distinct types of lode mines in the Kootenays that must be kept in mind separately. First, the high-grade silver-lead ores, occurring usually in small deposits and of sufficient value to allow of long distance shipment for reduction; second, the vast deposits of low grade copper ore whose profits depend wholly upon the handling of a maximum tonnage at the minimum expense per ton. Now Denver on Slocan Lake is the center for mining of the first type, and the second is known in that region lying west of the Columbia and just north of the international line. Part of the latter, lying outside of the Kootenays, is known as the Boundary, but its story is linked with theirs, and the achievements of one are common to both.

Mining men everywhere have heard of the "Slocan." In 1892 its port of entry, New Denver, was the most talked of town in the Northwest, simply because two trappers chanced to recognize a rich silver deposit in the hills the preceding fall. Assays of ore they brought out in September '91 were so promising that in the ensuing excitement, men hurried into the mountains in the face of the coming winter, and by January 1st had re-recorded 140 claims on the slopes of the Slocan. Of course these men all brought out rich samples of the ore and had them assayed, but when E. E. Coy took ten tons of ore to Tacoma and came back with $5000 in gold coin, the real value of the discoveries were appreciated. The largest deposits were silver-lead, but promising mineral indications were found all through the mountains and rich bodies of zinc and other minerals were discovered and staked. From time to time there seemed to be even extra encouragement for the miners, as when the 100 ton boulder of galena, carrying forty per cent. lead, was discovered. Indeed, for five years the mines paid well, and steadily increased in value and output. A constant stream of mining supplies flowed into the heart of these two hundred square miles of barely known wilderness, and in 1895 the railroad came. Heretofore even "traveling light" into the Slocan had meant a long, rough journey by water and rail, but with the advent of the railroad, the last drawback disappeared, and when the first car of ore was loaded, there blossomed a prosperity that seemed too bright to last.

In 1897, ore to the value of three million dollars was shipped from the Slocan, but in the general feverish advancement mines began to crowd the output; they shipped ore when they should have been timbering tunnels and doing general development work. Striking statistics, showing almost fabulous tonnage and returns, furnished golden opportunities for wild-cat schemes, and for a time popular estimation rated the mines far above their actual value. This period of inflation could not last long, and the crisis came as the Slocan slump, when on top of other troubles, the American mills, to which the ore was sent, refused to receive any more foreign shipments. Visions of fortunes were quickly dispelled, there was a sudden drop in the stock values and the mines shut down.

Than this, nothing could have been a more serious blow to the Kootenays, and for a time popular interest even fought shy of mines. To be sure, mining went on in a small way, but it was half-hearted work and no improvements or larger plans were made. This was the period of lowest depression, for at length men grasped the rational view of mining as an industry of commercial importance, not a get-rich-quick scheme, and a very little money crept into the Slocan as a sign of returning confidence. Many mines that were closed down during the general depression were well able to afford reasonable returns under careful management, and these are now opening with a fair outlook. Now that Canadian smelters are comparatively close to the most isolated mines, there is, in place of the speculation of earlier times, a limited but well directed investment for practical development of the properties, and wild-cat companies must seek other fields. The recovery will be gradual, capital is slow and cautious in such cases, but mining properties are not now held high, and a region of such rich and extensive mineral resources as the Slocan cannot long remain in neglect.



PHOENIX, B.C.—AT LEAST 13 MILLION TONS OF ORE UNDERLIE THIS TOWN

There could be no stronger contrast to the Slocan, the one-time crack mining region of the Province, than is presented by that section just north of the international line, where vast copper deposits—among the largest known—are mined by great corporations. When the ore in the Boundary was first discovered it was passed by in contempt—what was the use in staking claims on copper ore running only five dollars to the ton? And true it was that handled in the ordinary manner, there could be no profit in these ores, but in the course of time there came men who did not do things in the ordinary way. F. A. Heinze was the first to see possibilities here. In 1895 he brought the Center Star mine at Rossland, erected a smelter at Trail on the Columbia, and connected these by a narrow gauge railroad. For three years he kept things in general activity, put money into mining properties, and added to the smelter from time to time, in order that it might handle the ores from newly opened camps that could live only because of the Trail smelter. And then the Canadian Pacific realized that low-grade copper ore had been demonstrated a success. They bought the Heinze interests entire, made the Trail-Rossland line a broad gauge road, connected it with the main line and planned spurs to all good mines that would ship ore to the company's smelter.

King Copper had arrived. No sooner had the C. P. R. thus proclaimed the success of the industry than representatives of other companies were sent to reconnoiter. In the hills to the west of the railroad terminus they found copper deposits of unheard of extent. Of course these deposits were staked; they had been taken up immediately upon the success of the first low grade mine, but they were of lower grade than anything treated heretofore,—hardly more than one and one half per cent.—and in that isolated region the claims were not held high.

Never did ore carrying one and a

half per cent. of copper cause the excitement known in such camps as those of the Slocan, but while it could not, as it were, call from the hill tops and draw a multitude, it did something even more potent,—it whispered in the ears of certain men who sat in well appointed offices down in the States. These men conferred, and, later there came others to consult with them. A map was spread out and a finger indicated a spot separated from the railroad terminus at Trail by 125 miles of rugged wilderness. The owner of the finger said, "put the railroad through there;" and the men on the other side of the table acquiesced. That was ten years ago. To-day what was then an undisturbed wilderness, is an ndustrial center of international importance. During the past year it produced the inconceivable amount of one million five hundred thousand tons of copper. And the scale of operations, that makes these figures possible, is in itself even more astonishing the results.

In the mine at Phoenix, where the ore body is so great that it seems as if the whole mountain were composed of it, the glory system of mining is used; that is, great chambers of seventy-five feet wide by as many high are blasted from the solid ore, the loosened material rolling of itself into bunkers previously built beneath the proposed room. A tunnel runs below these bunkers and as fast as the ore is broken up, it is passed on into ten ton cars and taken by electric motors to the crushers. The crushers, huge massive jaws of wonderful strength, receive chunks of ore as high as thirty-six inches square and rapidly crunch them down to pass through an eight inch opening. In these mines one company employs an army of several hundred men, who do nothing but prepare and place blasts, and see that the ore is broken up small enough for the bunkers. Every month two freight cars of dynamite are needed to supply these workers. Last year an uncommonly successful set of blasts brought down an estimated amount of fifty thousand tons of ore, and the crew in that division were kept busy for three weeks in "bull-dozing"—breaking up the larger pieces with small charges of powder—and passing it through the bunkers. From Phoenix camp alone a total of one million tons of ore has already been taken, and Granby Consolidated has, by diamond drilling, proved some thirteen million tons of ore to be still in place.

But not in the mines alone is the basis of operations out of the ordinary; the smelters are planned on the same scale and present many unique features in the reduction of ore.

The processes of smelting and converting, while not complicated, have offered rich rewards for improvement. It must be remembered that the margin for profit on each ton is very low, the keynote of success being quantity. Therefore, any device or feature of a system that can add its might to the daily output, increases profits enormously. In the few years of their operation, the several big companies have, from time to time, introduced original devices in systems, until now the smelters are models of economy, handling the ore by aid of gravity and using compressed air and electric power throughout.

For the laymen there is a fascination in these modern plants, the scene of twenty-four-hour-a-day activity in the heart of the wilderness. There is something that astonishes him in the automatic opening of great furnace doors, lifted silently by compressed air. There is a human-like deftness about the forty ton traveling crane gracefully moving the gigantic pots in the converter room; and at night, when the glare of the molten rock throws shadows over the black iron shapes, it seems as if demon giants were at their fiery play.

These two mining centers—the silver-lead and the copper—have been aptly compared to the hare and the tortoise that Aesop made famous. At the outset of the race the hare (the Slocan) bounded away with such speed that no one gave heed to the sluggish tortoise. But now, while the hare is napping by the roadside, the achievements of the tortoise have astonished the world. Or, in other words, the Boundary's biggest company, the Granby Consolidated, last year paid twelve and a half per cent. dividends on a capital of fifteen millions.

I have spoken of only the main centers and systems of mining in the Kootenays, depending upon the chief types and a few examples to give a general idea; but the whole region is known to be mineralized and importtant mines are met on every hand. Last year one hundred and twenty-one mines shipped ore to smelters, built especially to receive their products. The progress already made is astonishing when it is considered that twenty years ago, lode mining was unknown in the Province. But great as has been the development thus far, we have seen only the fore-runner of what is to come.

Whenever new lines of railroad are constructed, facilitating a more careful examination of the mineral indications, new mines are discovered and worked, and inasmuch as there are some twenty-five thousand square miles in the Kootenay and Boundary and as yet only 667 miles of railroad, it is evident that the near future will see the thorough development of a mineral region of universal importance.

The Confidence Woman

By Fred Nason

THE doctor, the judge, and the philosopher had foregathered in the latter's study according to their time honored custom. Their postprandial cigars were creating the inviting atmosphere that conduces to introspection and confidences, the fragrant black coffee steamed at their elbows, and their souls were bathed in the philanthropic calm that comes of good living and dismissal of cares. Their quiet was eloquent of homage to the Epicurean divinities, and the reflected glory of his cook animated the philosopher's benignant visage which beamed through the smoke of his Havana like the rising sun through the morning mists.

However eloquent silence may be it fails at times to compass the whole range of human emotions, and so, after due deliberation, the Philosopher laid aside his cigar, sipped his coffee, and prepared the way for speech by uttering a vigorous, "Hem."

"Hearken ye, for the oracle would speak," said the Doctor.

"Silence," growled the Judge with magisterial gruffness.

"My dear friends," began the Philosopher, "the admission which I am about to make to you grieves me deeply, but veracity and an inward something (nothing in your line, however, Doctor) bid me speak. The fact is that I am growing old, senility is overtaking me; in short, I am an old fool."

With the ineffable courtesy that marks close and long-standing friendships among us his companions granted him a silent assent.

"However," resumed the Philosopher, "I hope that you bear with me until the end of my tale for my experiences will undoubtedly prove of great value to yourselves in postponing the inevitable disintegration of your own mental faculties in the near future."

This remark met with only the cold, unappreciative silence that it merited but the philosopher repressed a grin as he observed the Doctor furtively attempting to smooth his rather sparse hair over an incipient bald spot while the judge glanced at his corpulent expanse of shirt front with less than his usual complacence.

"As I was saying," continued their host, "we, or rather I, have plainly reached the seventh stage of life, and here is the justification for my statement. Yesterday morning, Doctor, I undertook to comply with your orders. I arose early, breakfasted lightly, and walked to the office. The weather was glorious, Mary had surpassed all previous performances in the concoction of omelettes and rolls and I felt at peace with myself and with my fellowman. No doubt I allowed my benevolence of spirit to become obstrusive for certainly when I had reached my place of business I had become an obviously easy mark."

"Huh, been touched again, I suppose," said the Judge whose ruffled feelings were still slightly discomposed.

"Exactly, my dear friend. Legal acumen has brought you to the point with a mathematical nicety perfectly astounding to the lay mind. As you say, I was 'touched,' but with such an artistic and adept hand that, as you might phrase it in your vernacular, I was separated from the goods without getting wise for an instant."

"Who was it this time?" queried the Doctor. "A ruined homesteader, with eight small children and eight large mortgages?"

"No, you are entirely wrong and sadly deficient in that perspicacity which distinguishes our friend of the gown and wig. He, I mean she, was a tall willowy brunette with—but let us skip the details for I paid very little attention to her personal appearance."

"Oh" exclaimed both of his auditors with a marked correspondence of emotion.

"To continue," said the Philosopher ignoring their sarcasm, "this young lady was ushered into my office by my imbecile office-boy who can never withstand the blandishments of a female agent, and taking advantage of my obvious good temper she opened fire upon me at once. 'I have come to apply to you' she said, 'upon the recommendation of a personal friend of yours, a medical man. He has acquainted me with your benevolence and patriotism and I am about to appeal to both. I represent, as local secretary, the newly formed Western Woman's Aid Society. Our aim is, broadly speaking, to develop and improve the West and our immediate object is the betterment of the condition of thousands of my sex who are cramped in their present surroundings and denied the free and boundless opportunities which this great, golden land holds out to them.'

"She followed this introduction (eloquent, was it not, Judge?) with a great deal more in the same strain and at last I was thoroughly convinced that I had before me a rare opportunity of attaining the heights of generosity, gallantry, patriotism, and immortality at one and the same time for the trifling consideration of one hundred dollars. At her request I made my donations in cash and saw my name, despite my protests, emblazoned upon the scroll of immortals which, I may state incidentally, included several of my acquaintances.

"But, my dear friends, this is not the end. Here is where the ruthless hand of advancing years made itself felt. Had I been a young man, immersed in the mad scramble of the market place, I would probably have dismissed the subject from my mind and my self-esteem would have remained at par. Unfortunately, such is not my condition. After I had attended to my morning mail I allowed my thoughts to revert to this new society. I swelled with pride as I thought of our glorious country welcoming and sheltering oppressed and downtrodden womanhood. After a short flight through these exalted realms of thought I returned to more practical considerations. I remembered that Mary, that paragon of cooks, had become rather insistent of late concerning the necessity of an assistant. Truly, this was not an unheard of thing; in fact, Mary has always indulged in periods of such insistence, but—disturbing thought—

what if, at last, by some mysterious, subconscious, mental influence Mary should succeed in convincing herself that she could not remain in my employ with her request ungranted! What a melancholy fate awaited my bachelor household deprived of it's mainstay! What could ever compensate me for that feeling of security I enjoy from knowing that the policeman is nightly ensconced in my kitchen, fortifying himself with Mary's incomparable pie and coffee, and ready on the instant to do mighty battle in my behalf while my neighbors' fitful slumbers are broken by visions of possible midnight marauders! Finally, would I ever secure such another cook? Never! Therefore, Mary's services must be retained at any cost and it was my imperative duty to secure an assistant.

"How providential, I thought, that at such a critical juncture this society should be brought to my notice. There, of course, I could secure the services of one of those acmes of feminine talent who would regard me not only as a master, but as a benefactor, and who, expanding under the influence of our noble domain, would lighten the burden of my increasing years by gradually assuming all of my onerous household cares, and who, above all, would enable me to retain the priceless services of Mary.

"With these pleasing reflections I sought out the offices indicated to me by my charming visitor of the morning and mentally prepared myself for the interview. On my way certain misgivings presented themselves. Would the fair secretary consider me a susceptible old fool capable of masking a desire for intrusion under a veil of patronage, a sentimental old duffer transparently disguised in the white robe of Charity? No, a thousand times no. Armed with an honest purpose I had nothing to fear. My call should be strictly one of business and surely a man of my age and standing may patronize his own charity without being suspected of pressing unwelcome attentions upon one who is, in a sense, his agent, even though that agent be possessed of unexceptionable personal charms.

"At this point, gentlemen, let me call your attention to the advantages of the learned professions over the unremunerative activities of the philosopher. You, Doctor, are never called upon to expend your talents and then see them come to naught, except in certain hypochondriacal cases where the fee solaces you for any loss of professional pride. And you, Judge, have but to speak to see your will transformed into action. I ignore certain of your decisions reversed on appeal.

"But regard the fate of the philosopher. I walked seven blocks, I ascended three flights of stairs, I solved a delicate ethical question of deep import to mankind and then, having arrived at my destination and my conclusion simultaneously, I found my physical and mental labours fruitlessly expended. In short, instead of the rooms of a benevolent association graced by the most charming of women, I found a prosaic real-estate office guarded by a stubby and freckled office-boy."

The Philosopher paused and lit a fresh cigar with exaggerated deliberation. The pause was eloquent and commanded remark but the Doctor and the Judge were strangely silent.

"Well," continued the philosopher with a satisfied sigh, "my case is proven; I am an old fool beyond any reasonable doubt. But how did you fare, Judge? I recommended our fare confidence worker to you. Did you also attain the heights of generosity and soforth?"

"Call it that if you like," replied the Judge, with excessive dignity, "but, in justice to myself, I must state that my part in the affair was attended by no loss to my self-esteem and I shall not tire you with any long-winded deprecatory argument in my own behalf. It is true that I was visited yesterday by a very beautiful young woman with dark eyes and —well — in short the same person, I presume, with whom you became enamoured. I was too deeply engrossed in my affairs to listen to eloquent appeals and had too much sense to become fascinated by the said lady's personal appearance and I was influenced to contribute solely by your initiative. It is certain that that would have been the end of the matter so far as I was concerned had I not recollected that my wife asked me some time since to try to secure a servant. I was deceived and I admit it but it reflects upon neither my mental condition nor my personal dignity, sir."

The Judge regarded his friends with his severest official frown but it failed to command the effect it invariably had in the court-room. The Philosopher's companion-in-misfortune smile only deepened and the Doctor rolled in his huge leather chair uttering hysterical gurgles.

"Idiots," growled the Judge and then relapsed into silence and sought comfort from his cigar while the Philosopher fixed a questioning eye upon the Doctor who was vainly seeking articulate speech.

"I will not attempt to justify my own actions in this affair," began the Doctor at last, "but I believe I can bring you a little solace in your grief."

"A free confession is good for the soul," remarked the Philosopher, and the Judge condescended to relax the severity of his countenance a trifle.

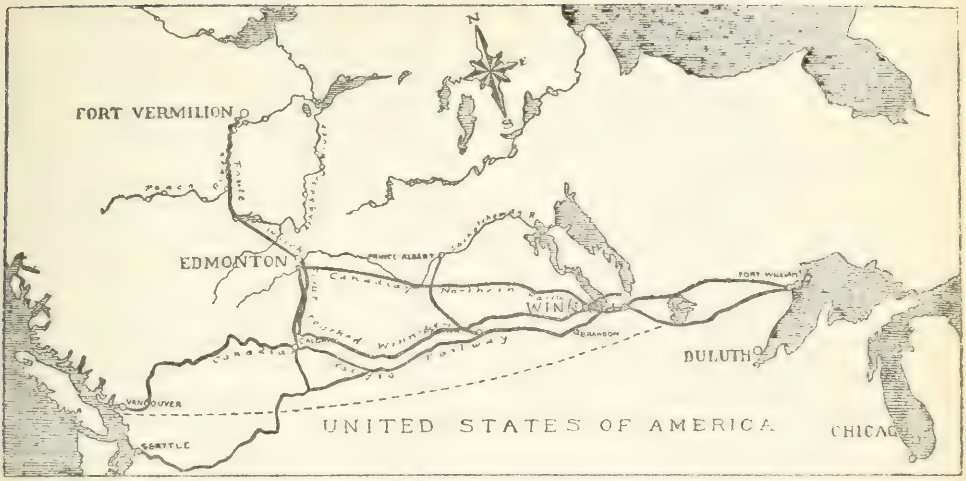
"As I was about to say when you intruded your irrelevant views concerning confession," continued the Doctor, "my wife wishes your presence at a little dinner to-morrow. It's in honor of her pet niece who has just come here from abroad. She is representing Lady W—in her philanthropic work and is about to establish an office in town. At present she is using an office lent by Jenkins, the real-estate man, who happens to be a cousin of Lady W—. I see that I do not need to extol her charm of manner as an inducement."

"Well, my friends," said the Judge, "I perceive by the movements of our host's colored Major Domo that the hour for night caps and adieus has arrived. Henry Clay Jefferson, if you have the presumption to desecrate my toddy with that slice of plebeian lemon-rind you will appear before me in court to-morrow. Gentlemen.—Success and long life to the society and its secretary."

A Manitoba Summer Evening

By Robert J. C. Stead

THE breeze sighs slowly through the lisping grass.
Sweet the dampness of the evening dew;
The stately wheat rubs blossoms neighborly;
The fleecy clouds are anchored in the sky—
A sky of depth of such transparent blue
The early stars seem nodding as they pass
Into the night; the sunset overhead
Is rivalled only by the sunset in the West:
The sounds of toil are still, and dead
Are morbid aims held potent in the morn;
All nature has composed herself to rest:
Night's mystic garb God's handiworks adorn,
And Faith is lord of reason till the morn.


FORT VERMILION
N
E
S
Peace
Route
EDMONTON
PRINCE ALBERT
Canadian
Northern
WINN
FORT WILLIAM
BRANDON
CALGARY
Winnipeg
Railway
Canadian
Pacific
DULUTH
VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
CHICAG

The *Manitoba Free Press* brought its barrel of flour over the route shown by the heavy black line.

Made in Vermilion

By L. H. Bickford

Associate Editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean

ILLUSTRATED WITH MAP

A LITTLE wooden barrel, made in Norway, complete as to staves and hoops, and on its head a scarlet plaster bearing in white letters the inscription, "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle;" such is the souvenir sent out to representative American publications by the *Manitoba Free Press*, which can certainly claim to be both original and felicitous in its holiday remembrances. One year it bestowed upon its journalistic friends a pen made from the quill of the Canada wild goose and the Cree legend of the wild goose put for the first time into print; another year a miniature sack of reindeer pemmican from Fort McPherson within the Arctic Circle, another, a sack of "No. 1 Hard" Manitoba wheat, and still another a genuine Indian peace pipe. Very suggestive of the wonders of the great new land up in the northwest all of these, but no one of them as interesting, as full of food for thought, as this little barrel with its surprising label.

A little book accompanies the barrel and tells among other interesting things how in 1859, John S. Klippert, of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, a member of many learned societies and an authority on wheat, declared that the tide of population then moving westward "must soon return to the wheat producing region." It was at this time believed that the western boundary of Ohio marked the limit of the wheat producing area of North America. And this was only fifty years ago, and the flour in this little barrel "travelled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson's Bay stern wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabaska and across to the mouth of the Athabaska River, thence by the Athabaska River to Athabaska Landing, nearly 400 miles in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton and from Edmonton it travelled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg." From Winnipeg to Chicago is another 800 miles and more, and Chicago is considerably west of the boundary of Ohio, "the limit of the wheat producing region."

It is a very fortunate thing that all people do not believe in the limits that are set for them even by authorities. The men whom Klippert expected to see returning to the border of Ohio not only—to quote the book again—"journeyed on beyond the Mississippi but their sons and grandsons have for years been crowding across the international boundary and have pressed far into Western Canada and still the wheat springs up in their wake. Yesterday a wilderness, to-day the abode of the pioneer, to-morrow a waving field of grain." Such is the Epic of the Plough which under this wide arching heavens is written across the vast expanse of fertile soil that stretches away westward from the valley of the Red River across the continent to the foothills of the Rockies and northward to the valley of the Peace River.

"Since the dawn of history," goes on the booklet, "wheat bread and civilization have gone hand in hand. The emergence of mankind from savagery occurred when the first miller, regardless of anything save the pangs of hunger, plucked a primitive wheat berry from the stalk and using his teeth for mill stones, ground wheat for a customer who would not be denied—his stomach. Thence onward, taught forethought by dire experience, man planted and reaped his slender crop by the most primitive implements and ground his poor stock of wheat in a rock mortar, putting by his store of rudimentary flour against a time when need was sure to come. Then larger fields were cultivated with clumsy yet improving tools and with greater crops following more intelligent handling.

"In time came the creaking windmill and step by step the advance went on to the present era of crops unprecedented in the world's history for magnitude and quality and mills with rank upon rank of steel rollers.

"The origin of wheat has no exact date. Our cultivated wheat has arisen from wild ancestors in Southern Europe and Asia. The Egyptians grew wheat on the banks of the Nile closely related to wheat grown in Western Canada. They are believed to have derived it from Mesopotamia. A grain of wheat was found in a pyramid of which the date of construction was 3000 B. C. Grains of wheat have frequently been found in ancient Egyptian sarcophagi and everyone has heard stories of their having been planted and having germinated. No such story has ever been verified; and all scientific experiments with mummy wheat have failed to secure its germination. In ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia, before they obtained metal to make sickles, only enough wheat was raised to provide a small portion of the people with bread which was therefore an article of luxury. When the Israelites felt the pangs of hunger in the wilderness and longed for the 'fleshpots of Egypt' they protested loudly to Moses, 'We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt, the barley, the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic.' It is evident from their list of grievances that they had not been accustomed to wheaten bread as a part of their regular food while they served as bondsmen in the land of the Nile, and further proof that bread was then a luxury is found in the part that it played in the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Mosaic law.

"The Chinese, who seem to have a more or less valid patent on almost everything in modern use modestly claim that wheat was grown in China some 2,700 years before the beginning of the Christian era. In the ruins of prehistoric dwellings in Switzerland three kinds of wheat have been found. In Hungary and Lombardy wheat has also been found in prehistoric remains. It was cultivated in the stone age when man used flint implements, at a time when the mammoth and the rhinoceros flourished in Europe. Undoubtedly it has undergone many changes during the time it has been cultivated by man but the fact that it claims a record of more than 4,600 years of faithful service to mankind is the best evidence of its sterling character and value as food.

"Primeval man reduced wheat to flour by means of a handstone for thousands of years. The grain was placed in a hollow stone and pounded into meal by means of a stone crusher. The first grinding mill was the saddle stone. This marked the initial step in the development of milling processes. It has been used throughout the world. The Greeks and Romans knew it and it is still in use. The upper surface of the stone was made concave; in this hollow the grain was rubbed and ground by means of another stone. Two limestone statuettes from tombs on the Nile near the Pyramids of Saggarat show women engaged in grinding with the saddle stone. Both of these are of date about 2200 B. C. Six hundred years later when Joseph became Pharoah's administrator of grain supplies the chief baker was imprisoned and subsequently hanged for producing bad flour. His grinding was done on the saddle stone. On this side of the Atlantic the aboriginal inhabitants were saddle stone millers as their relics attest and it is a remarkable fact that their saddle stones were greatly superior in shape and finish to any European saddle stone that has come down to the present day.

"In some countries the mortar was the successor of the saddle stone. The quern, an Italian invention of at least two thousand years ago, was the next step in the progress of milling. It was the first complete grinding machine in which the parts were mechanically combined. This was the machine in use at the dawn of the Christian era. It is still in common use in China and Japan.

"Originally, the woman was the universal miller and supplied the power which drove the hand stone and the saddle stone. Then slaves and, later, criminals did the drudgery and grinding. The slave and cattle mill preceded the water mill. First the Greeks and then the Romans used water as power for grain grinding. The earliest allusions to the water mill, the world's first power mill, occur in writings from 85 to 65 B. C. The windmill came into existence much later than the water mill. The year 1200 seems to be about the date that windmills were introduced into England. A windmill tower of the Crusader period still exists in Syria. In 1784 the steam mill entered the milling field.

"A peculiar fact in connection with the development of milling is that to-day every type of mill known in the history of flour making can still be found in active and practical operation in some quarter of the globe so that the course of the various processes may be clearly traced by using actual modern examples. Some Indian tribes of this continent crush grain in prehistoric fashion; the saddle stone method, such as was used in the time of Abraham, is still doing duty in parts of Africa; in the Transvaal the pestle and mortar may be seen in common use, the quern may still be found in use in certain parts of Europe and Asia; the slave mill was but the prototype of the treadmill; mills driven by cattle are not unknown to-day; watermills, tidemills and windmills are still making flour in this era of giant roller mills. From the beginning down to the present day the story of milling processes may be read by the curious in the devices and machines still in use and still doing the actual work of making flour for human food."

After the interesting little historical survey of wheat and milling from which I have given extracts, the booklet goes on into the development of the present manufacture of flour. I quote again:

"The manufacture of flour as it is understood in the largest sense to-day, is really a new industry both on this continent and in Europe, for it has been created since the introduction of new process milling which alone made the operation of large flour mills possible, and this occurred only some thirty years ago. The saddle stone process was that of the individual or household miller; the advent of the quern and its improvements marked the beginning of the manorial or village milling. With the millstone came the grist mill, grinding for a larger district and exacting a toll from the farmers who brought grain to it, latterly developing in a moderate way into the merchant mill in some favorably located spot. Essentially the millstone era was the grist mill period. This was swept away almost entirely except in the more isolated rural districts by what is called the 'revolution in milling,' which first brought the purifier into use and soon after substituted chilled iron rollers for the long used millstones, thereby enormously increasing the output of the plants, creating the large modern mill with its traffic extending to remote districts at home and abroad and relegating the grist mill to complete obscurity and disuse. With the change came the present race of merchant millers as distinctly different from the typical grist miller of the millstone period as he was different from the quern miller or the last named from the slave miller of Roman days. So recent was the dawn of the new milling era that millers who saw it are still in their prime.

"The introduction of the purifier in Minnesota in 1870 was to milling what the introduction of the reaper was to agriculture. No other one machine has accomplished what it did for the world's bread eaters. About the time of its introduction good flour sold for ten dollars or more a barrel. The average price for flour in these days is about one third of its average then. The purifier did not reduce the cost of making flour but it enabled the miller to grind from the despised spring wheat which immediately commanded a price equal to that of the best winter wheat flour. This gave a great impetus to milling, increased the demand for spring wheat, rendered valuable the crops of Minnesota and Dakota and Western Canada and led to the agricultural development of this vast section of the country. To Edmund le Croix, a native of France, belongs the credit and honor of introducing and building the first purifier on this continent. He was an educated Frenchman but unaccustomed to business ways and lacked a knowledge of the English language. Had he been shrewder and more suspicious he would not have allowed the fruit of his work to escape him and he might have obtained some of the millions which went to others as the result of his experiments. The history of the purifier is an unwritten industrial romance. Fragments of it have been told but the entire story, abounding in dramatic facts, awaits the coming of a comprehending novelist to weave it into a tale of absorbing interest. It is the story of the stealing of inventive ideas, of the securing of patents by those not rightfully entitled to them of long and costly litigation, of the death of Le Croix, broken-hearted and poor, and years afterwards of the death of the man who appropriated Le Croix's invention and after attaining immense wealth came to disaster.

"The substitution of rollers for millstones was the most radical change ever made in the science of milling. It is claimed by the Hungarian millers that the millers of this continent appropriated their methods and that to the millers of Budapest belongs the credit of having first adopted the roller process of making flour. It is not claimed by the millers of this continent that the roller mill was invented by them, nor can they deny that stone rollers were in use in Hungary before they were adopted on this side of the Atlantic. It is claimed, however, that the system in use on this continent was neither invented nor first used in Budapest. The Hungarian roller mill millers claim that the first roller mill plant was installed in Budapest in 1874; that rollers were shipped by them to Minneapolis in 1878, to Switzerland, the United Kingdom and Russia three years earlier, and to France in 1876. But the Farrell Foundry of Ansonia, Conn., entered an order on September 21st, 1874 for chilled iron rollers for George H. Christian and Company of Minneapolis. However, in seeking the original of the type of rollers now in universal use one must go back fifty years earlier. Unquestionably the inventor of the roller mill was Helfenberger, who in 1820 built and experimented with the first roller mill at Rohrschach, in Switzerland. This, however, was never developed by him. Jakob Sulzberger, of Frauenfeld, Switzerland, invented the first successful system of grinding with rollers. His mill was built in 1832 and started in 1833 and was an immediate and complete success. The honor of the invention, as well as the practical adaptation of chilled-iron rollers for making flour, belongs unquestionably to Switzerland.

"During the early eighties, rollers rapidly succeeded the millstones in all the principal mills in Canada and the United States and soon became the standard for new and modern mills the world over. Following the purifier and the roller came a train of useful inventions which were incorporated in the roller system of milling, dust collectors, scourers, bolters, separators, sifters and other machines. After the radical changes incident to the revolution of milling, the progress of trade has been in the direction of minor improvements and a close attention to economy in the cost of production, made necessary by the most intense competition and the reduction of profits to a minimum; and on this continent the geographical direction of the growth of milling capacity, like the movement of the production of high quality wheat, is northwestward.

"Of 131,614,000 bushels of wheat grown in Canada in 1906, 94,201,984 bushels were grown west of the Great Lakes, on 5,063,800 acres, out of the total area of 173,318,862 acres in Western Canada west of the Red River, capable of producing wheat."

There is much beside the extracts I have given that is more than ordinarily interesting in the little book but nothing more so than the statement, so simple on the surface but speaking so eloquently of the marvels of the Northwest that "the flour in the little barrel was made at the Hudson's Bay Company's mill at Vermilion in the Peace River Region 700 miles due north of the United States boundary, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle and 650 miles west of Hudson Bay."

Sleep and Death

By Arthur Stringer

TWO sisters they: one wanton, light of heart,
Who takes us to her breast and laughs good-bye;
One chaste as ice, in her white room doth lie,
But him she loves, she never lets depart!

The Last of the Iroquois

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories" etc.

AMONG the interesting discoveries made by the trail blazers in the employ of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the new trans-continental line being built across Canada, is the finding, away up in the Canadian Rockies, of a band consisting of some three hundred families of prosperous, peaceful, happy Iroquois Indians.

Wild as were the ancient Iroquois, this band, beaten and baffled by their brothers and driven westward by the whites, fought their way to the foothills of the Rockies. The present generation is able to follow their backward, blood-stained trail as far east as Illinois. They made many attempts to settle but were driven on and on.

In the Blackhawk uprising they were driven from the States, and for safety were forced to flee to the Northwest.

They travelled many months through strange lands and territories ruled by savage Indian tribes. They sought shelter with the Blood, Blackfeet, Cree, and Beaver Indians, but were treated like outcasts, and finally driven further westward.

From camp to camp they journeyed until they struck the Nez Perce country, in northern Idaho, going thence to Spokane and Yakima settlements, but they were not allowed to remain. From the Yakima valley they went into the Colville district, where half their number were killed in combat with the Colvilles and Coeur d'Alenes.

Finally they settled in the Rocky Mountains at the mouth of Yellowhead Pass, and as no one appeared to molest them they remained. For a time they traded with the Hudson's Bay people, but for more than one hundred years they have not been in communication with either factors or traders.

The men devote their time to tribal sports such as games between boys foot racing and ball playing, the last named pastime being a cross between lacrosse and baseball, the bat being similar to that used by cricketers, with a net on the end.

To the traveler and explorer, the discovery of this remnant of the once powerful Iroquois nation hidden away in the hills is interesting, but to the promoters of the new National Highway, and the Government which is backing the builders, arguing always that the wilderness is more than worth while, it means much. It proves beyond a dispute, what the Government experts, many of them, have always held, that there are favored sections and sheltered nooks even far up in the Northern Rockies where horses and cattles could be bred and grown successfully.

The engineers responsible for the main facts here set forth, aver that the horses owned by the Indians at Yellowhead are good range horses.

Here it seems to me is a golden opportunity to carry out the ideas advanced by Buffalo Jones, the well-known "Creator" of Cattleo, which is the cross between domestic cattle and the buffalo. Jones contends that a blend of mountain sheep and the Persian lamb would produce excellent mutton and a breed of sheep hardy enough for even a Dakota winter, and we all know that the chinook-fanned hills of Northern British Columbia are balmy compared with the Dakotas.

It is to be hoped that if the Dominion Government will not interest itself in this matter that the colonization agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific will endeavor to take up this matter of the cross of the Mountain Goat and the Persian Lamb.

The Torn Letter

By Arthur Pearson Scott

A RAILROAD journey by oneself is a tedious affair at best, and Alan Denton was finding it even more so than usual. It was a gloomy day; the long line of billboards lining the track, cutting off all view of the woods and meadows, seemed more than ever hideous and offensive. Denton looked through his magazine again, and finally, as a last resort, began to read an article that he had skipped before. It was a description of some recent finds of papyrus manuscripts in the sands of Egypt, with a fac-simile of a page from some old Greek poet or other.

"It was a matter of great difficulty," he read, "to piece this page together, for the papyrus had crumbled to pieces as it was brought to light. But a patient study of the broken words, and a comparison of the irregularities of the edges enabled us to reconstruct the page somewhat as one puts together a puzzle map."

Denton was only languidly interested in the article, and soon shut the magazine and turned to look again at the uninviting landscape. His elbow on the sill of the car window sent some bits of paper fluttering down. He leaned down mechanically and picked them up. They were evidently pieces of a letter, for he noticed parts of words written in a clear hand.

"I suppose that this is the sort of material that the chap had who put the Greek poem together," he thought. His glance fell on the pieces that still lay on the window-sill, and the last letters of the word in his hand caught his eye. He fitted the pieces together.

When a man is as intensely bored as Denton was, a very trivial thing can arouse a gleam of interest. He quickly gathered all the pieces in sight, and laying his magazine on his knees, began to fit the torn bits together. Gaining interest in his pastime, as word after word stood out again, it was not long before he had reconstructed the whole page. It read:

619 Alberta Ave.,

Dear Jack:

Thank you very much for the exquisite roses. I'm so sorry that I was out when you called. I hope to see you when you get back to the city.

Sincerely yours,
Katherine Ranleigh.

"Name and address, but no city mentioned. I wonder who she is. And where does she live?" he mused.

Not until he had finished reading the note, did he realize that he was looking at private correspondence, never intended for his eyes. "Well, it doesn't seem to be particularly private," he thought in justification, "and besides Jack should not leave his letters around."

It was getting dark, and Denton put the bits of the letter in his pocket, and went back to the dining-car. In the smoker after dinner, he noticed several city directories. Half ashamed of himself for his curiosity, he glanced in them all, without finding his Lady of the Note.

He took a comfortable chair, and lighted a cigar. Half closing his eyes, he listened to the rhythmical click of the rails as the train sped through the darkness. His thoughts wandered idly from the important law-case that he had just helped to settle, to his work in his own city. He felt pleasantly conscious that he had safely passed a critical point in his career; already his friends were working to secure for him the nomination as assistant city attorney. Then suddenly he found himself thinking of the torn note, and wondering who this Katherine was.

There was an Alberta Avenue in his own city. Perhaps she lived there. As a matter of curiosity he might see, when he got home.

After killing the time as best he could for a while, he made his way to his section and turned in.

Next morning he drove directly from the station to his office, and plunged into the accumulated business of the time he had been away.

One evening a week or so later, he was sitting in the lounging room of his club. Feeling in his pocket for a match, he found the torn bits of the note.

"I might as well settle this mystery," he said, and crossed the room to get a directory. At last! The Ranleighs lived in his own town--that was one important point settled.

This added light on the matter only piqued his curiosity. The more he thought, the more eager he became to meet the fair Katherine — he was already thinking of here as Katherine, and rather assumed that of course she was fair. He sat down and tried to figure out some plan of procedure. Probably in the number of his friends he could find someone to—he sat up suddenly, and gazed eagerly at the newspaper that lay on the arm of his chair. His eye had caught the very name that he was thinking about!

"The Charity Bazaar of the Seventh Presbyterian Church will be held this evening in the church parlors. The committee in charge consists of Miss Elizabeth Avery, Miss Irene Nash and Miss Katherine Ranleigh."

"This is certainly a curious coincidence," he said to himself. He sat staring at the item for quite a while, and then rose abruptly and left the Club.

It was a clear, cold night, and Denton walked rapidly along the crowded down-town streets, trying to make up his mind about the whole matter.

"It's absurd to think of going down there," he told himself. But the interest that had been aroused in him was too strong to be set aside thus.

"Well, have it your own way," he said finally, half aloud, as if his better judgment was conceding a point to his impulse. He swung himself onto a passing car, bound for the Seventh Church. He went boldly into the vestibule of the Church, got a ticket, and passed into the Bazaar. The rooms were ablaze with many colored lights; booths and side-shows lined the walls and filled the center.

Denton paused a moment as he entered, looking around somewhat at a loss. At Charity Bazaars, however, bewildered strangers receive prompt attention. In another moment, Denton was weakly answering a charming flower -maiden that he preferred a red rose to a white one. She pinned it on his coat, and as she took his money, she said, "And have you seen the educated pig? Really, he's wonderful!" And without waiting for an answer, she consigned him to a young fellow who assured him earnestly that his education would forever remain a fragmentary imitation of the well-rounded and genuine article unless he availed himself of this unique opportunity of seeing Boswell, the literary Porker. Denton could not think fast enough to find a way of escape. and soon found himself in a side room, watching Boswell perform. He cursed himself inwardly for being such a fool as to imagine that he could find a person whom he had never seen, among such a crowd. He wondered if he dared to ask someone where Miss Ranleigh was; but the guilty knowledge that he had no business whatever to be inquiring for her kept him silent. He looked around the audience in desperation, seeking for some familiar face. Fortune favored him as he was going out, for he almost ran into a man whom he knew distantly. He hailed him joyfully.

"Hello, old man!" he said, "I'm glad to see someone here that I know."

"Why, how are you, Denton? I didn't know that you belonged to this flock."

"I don't. I—just happened in."

"Well, glad to have you help us out. I must hurry over to my job in the picture place. Come over and get a souvenir post-card for the loved ones at home. And don't fail to have your fortune told by Miss Ranleigh, the Gipsy Queen. Do you know her? No? Well, it is worth half a dollar of any man's money to have her gaze into your eyes and read the future for you," and with a hasty farewell he was off.

Denton lost no time in working his way to the Gipsy Queen's tent. A sign in front announced that a complete life reading of the past, present, and future would be given for only fifty cents. There seemed to be a slight lull in the stream of those seeking to penetrate the veil of their futures, for through the half open flap of the tent he saw the Queen herself sitting on a divan, leaning back against a pile of cushions, her eyes closed. The tent was richly draped with Oriental hangings. A red-shaded lamp lighted the interior. Denton paused at the door, gazing at the Queen. He felt no surprise that she was beautiful—he had somehow expected that. He forgot himself in looking at her, his pulses beating faster as he thought, "Katherine, this is Katherine."

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and rose.

"Won't you come in," she said pleasantly, as she saw him apparently hesitating.

"I'm afraid you're tired," he answered, entering and taking the seat she offered him on the divan.

"Not so very," she returned lightly, "though I have been very busy. I was just resting a second, and thinking. And now, you must cross my palm with silver, and then I shall be able to read your hand."

He did so, and laid his upturned hand on a little stand that she placed before him. As she took her seat opposite, she looked keenly at his face, trying to read something there that might be of service to her in her palmistry. She made rapid mental notes.

"He is certainly a gentleman, and rather a good-looking one; face: intelligent; chin: firm, but not obstinate; smile: pleasant; eyes: nice and grey, and honest, and—"

She dropped her glance suddenly, for the grey eyes betrayed such frank, though respectful admiration, that they were a little disconcerting. She bent her head over his open hand. The light touch of her fingers as she turned his hand a little toward the light, thrilled him strangely. He forgot everything except that she seemed more admirable every moment that he gazed. Presently she spoke:

"Your life has seen a good deal of conflict. You have a strong will, which has usually brought you success in what you have undertaken. Your hand shows both strength and action, and an appreciation of the finer things of life. You should be rather fond of poetry, and perhaps of music, though the chief interest of your life is your profession. This little cross line denotes a serious illness when you were a boy."

"So far, so good," he said. "But what of my future?"

She glanced up again. There was a note of interest in his voice that puzzled her a little.

"Are you so anxious to know?" she queried.

"Indeed I am. What do you read?"

"You will be successful in most that you undertake," she said, looking at his hand again, "This is your heart line. See, it is crossed by only one deep line. It should be about this period of your life, though I cannot tell whether it is past, or to come in the near future."

"It isn't past," he said.

"Then you will meet her soon," she said smiling. "And I congratulate you, for I read that you are to be successful."

"I'm not so sure," he answered seriously. "I want your advice and help. I have already met her; seen her, that is, though I haven't met her formally. By the merest accident I saw her name on a torn piece of a letter, and it has haunted me ever since. And by a still more curious chance, I saw her name in the paper. I came here to-night to see her. I've found her, and —" he halted abruptly.

Miss Ranleigh listened in surprise as he began this curious confidence.

"I am afraid that this is not in my province," she said. "I have told you that you are to succeed. And now—you must excuse me. I am afraid that there are others waiting—"

"But it is in your province. No other person can possibly help me. I—you are—" He stopped, embarrassed by the sudden enlightenment in her eyes. It had at length dawned upon her what he meant. She rose quickly, and spoke with frigid dignity, "I do not quite understand what you mean, but I must ask you to go."

He bowed without speaking. But as he put his hand on the flap of the tent, he turned.

"I know it seems unpardonable," he said, "but I——there are some people here that would introduce me. Do you think that she—that you—would let me be presented in the regular way?"

He stood in the rich shaded light of the hanging lamp, his strong clear-cut face aglow with eagerness for her answer. The sincerity in his voice and manner was unmistakeable. Her resentment melted, and she found herself saying, "In case you did that, I might forget this evening."

"To-morrow evening, then," he said.

"The Gypsy Queen predicts that you will be welcome," she answered with a smile.

The Night for Visions

By Dorothy Green

THE night, the night for visions! Through the day
Men struggle onward in a glare of light
Haggle at farthings, weep and curse and fight:
But when the shadows fall they stop to pray
Or hearken what the spirit voices say.
Then the freed soul, rejoicing in its flight,
Goes soaring far in realms of clearer sight,
Slipping at last, these hampering bonds of clay.

So found the bard whom seven cities claim,
Wandering sightless under Heaven's blue,
For through the dark the splendid visions came
In throngs that seeing mortals never knew,
And down the echoing ages rings the fame,
Of him who dreamed and made the dream seem true.

From Forest Fastness to Ocean Dock

The Story of British Columbia's Giant Evergreens

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club, Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

> "For the trees, I ween, which have long grown green
> In the light of the sun and the stars,
> Must bend their backs to the lumberman's axe,
> Mere timber and planks and spars."
>
> CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY

"WANTED! ten buckers, twenty barkers and seven left-handed knot sawyers!" Such the legend before the village-store in any British Columbia lumbering town.

Lingering round on knowledge bent, to find out what a "bucker" or a "barker" may look like at close range, one discovers that they are not strange wild animals but men, long, lean, brown men, clad in top-boots, jeans and blanket coats—muscular and silent. They call one another "lumber-jacks"; when they stand for days knee-deep in water poking recalcitrant log-booms out of mud-banks, they are "slough pigs." An expert lumber-jack easily earns his $3.25 a day, sawyers and mill-men get more.

The forest area of Canada is one and a half billion acres, and of this total, British Columbia contains 182,750,000 acres, the greatest compact area of merchantable timber in the world.

As far north as Alaska the coast is heavily timbered, the forest line following the indentations of the shore and river-valleys and fringing the mountain sides.

The Douglas fir is the most widely distributed and valuable tree of the Pacific Coast; in British Columbia it grows from the sea to the Rockies and from the international boundary north to the parallel of 51°, where it is supplanted by the cypress or yellow cedar, hemlock and spruce.

The Douglas fir divides with the Sockeye Salmon the honor of being British Columbia's chief asset, having an adaptable range of usefulness which runs from 2 x 5 picture moulding set "British Columbia tooth-picks," spars 140 feet long which square 30 to 36 inches. When in the lone places one looks up to those far tops of fir rustling in the upper currents of air and soughing a song of their own making, it is of ships' spars one dreams, and bridge-work and long black wharves stretching out in the twilight where rail meets sail.

It is on Vancouver Island that this tree attains its greatest size towering three hundred feet in the air with a base circumference of from thirty to fifty feet. Combining the same specific gravity of oak with great strength, it is the staple timber of commerce, classed often by the trade as "Oregon pine." In the opinion of Prof. Macoun, it is a valuable pulp-making wood. Whenever this *Pseudo-isuga Douglassi* points its giant tops skyward or where, shorn of bark and tresses, it is carried to far lands where the strange ships go down, its name keeps green in memory that kindly botanist, David Douglass, who in the early twenties of the last century explored the forest vastness of "New Caledonia."

The Red Cedar (Thuya gigantea) and the Yellow Cedar (Thuya excelsa) though not so tall as the Douglas Fir, outgirth it, specimens sometimes running 18 feet diameter at the stump.

In addition to its commercial value for shingles and interior furnishings, the cedar is a perennial thing of beauty and the indispensable friend of the settler. Out of its straight-grained logs he builds his forest shack, covers it with hand-made shakes, constructs his furniture, and snake-fences his fields, and all with the most primitive of tools, a saw, an axe and a froe. The long and slender pendulous fruits of the cedar and its strong pungent odor when cut make it very easy to identify.

Out of the cedar the Hydah Indians of Queen Charlotte build their big war-canoes fifty and sixty feet long with an eight foot beam. Each canoe is hollowed out by rough axe and fire from the trunk of a single cedar, and will carry safely for hundreds of miles over the heaviest sea, a family of four generations with dogs, chickens, household gods and assorted babies. The cedar is the "family-tree" of the Siwash.

The great White Spruce (Picea Sitchensis) is par excellence the wood for paper-pulp manufacture, and its habitat is the low, swampy and delta-lands. The texture and fibre of the White Spruce render it invaluable for making doors and window-sashes, shelving, salmon-boxes, barrels and fruit-cases. The wood is very white, is elastic, and bends with the grain without splitting, so that it is much used in boat-building and the making of oars. It resists decay and is not attacked by insects.

The sharp-pointed short spruce needles are quite impossible to grasp with the naked hand and this renders the spruce easily distinguishable from the other British Columbia coniferæ.

One feature of the forest here is their density. As high as half a million feet of lumber has been taken from a single acre, which seems almost incredible to the Eastern lumbermen who when he cuts 20,000 feet to the acre thinks it a decent average.

Owing to the great size of the trees, British Columbia logging operations run into money requiring much more powerful machinery than similar plants in Eastern Canada and the United States, also the absence of winter snows forbids this easy method of log-transit, making necessary the construction of expensive skid-roads or railways.

The story of the fir from forest fastness to ocean-dock is full of interest. First on the scene is the timber-cruiser, a wonderful woodsman so expert that by an acute sixth sense he can spy out the coveted timber locations, and give one within a thousand feet the cutting capacity of every acre, and all this without use of the fine-spun book-rules of the mathematician.

Then comes the engineer, and plans a way out for the logs to the sea, no easy task. Meanwhile, the fellers swoop upon the timber making wide swaths in the forest and letting in upon all the wild, shy things for the first time in the centuries, glimpses of the good sun and the blue sky of heaven.

The fellers are followed by the buckers who cut the fallen trees into the required lengths, after which the swampers get everything ready for transportation to where, at the sea-edge, the lumber-mills are built and the ships of the world await their cargo. All the harbors are ice-free during the winter and lumbering may be prosecuted for 365 days every year.

In the early days logging was carried on by ox-teams, 24 oxen two abreast being harnessed to one fallen giant. As the roads cleared up, horses gradually superseded the oxen, then the taking out of the mammoth firs was done by a big road-engine which reached the long steel fingers of its inch diameter cable for a mile and a half or two miles into the woods, strongly coupled together its strings of logs and dragged them exultant over skid-road to the sea. And now as the timber most easily accessible from the coast is logged off, the road-engine is being rapidly replaced by log-cars and locomotive.

Rich with latent usefulness are these crowded areas of evergreen. To the east across the Rockies in the wilderness of wheat a new empire is building, the people are crowding in and all of them must be housed. These new little raw towns along the railway tracks, the railway trestles and the great wheat elevators are built of British Columbia lumber.

Eastward by land and westward by water, British Columbia shares with those who need it her forest dower. It is no uncommon sight to see lading here, side by side, ships from Scotland, Shanghai, Ostend, Chili, Suva, Sydney, Yokohama, Cape Town, Kobe, Melbourne, Freemantle and London.

Little did the builders of old Fort Victoria dream of this activity when away back in 1843 with bribes of beads and blankets they induced the Indians to bring in long cedar posts that the stockaded bastions of the fortress of the fur-traders might be well and truly laid. Indeed so little was known in the Mother Country at this time of the timber possibilities of this Outpost of Empire that the gracious Baroness Burdette-Coutts sent an iron church by sailing vessel "round the Horn" and through two oceans, that the miners, the fur-trappers and the painted Indians might be gathered into a sanctuary's fold.

But it is the transmuting of forests of nodding spruce into paper for the nations that one finds perhaps the most fascinating outlook. The papyrus of the Nile was the first source of the world's paper supply. The Beech-groves of Germany and England succeeded Egypt. And now it is to the spruce woods of Canada that the paper-using peoples of the earth turn.

The first modern paper was made from cotton and entirely by hand. The demand becoming greater than the supply, the wit of man searched the earth for other plant material with the necessary fibre; the papyrus and palm, cotton, flax, all proved inadequate. The demands for paper were inexorable and ever increasing. Every zone was searched—Esparto grass, straw, nettles, thistles, peat, the refuse of the sugar-cane and the stalk of the hop, all in succession were tried and the ideal material not yet found.

Then in an inconspicuous laboratory in Saxony in 1845 one Keller hit upon wood-pulp, and the paper-supply problem was solved. The most satisfactory pulp-woods which have declared themselves are white and black spruce, Canada balsam, poplar, aspen and pine; and the greatest of these is spruce.

From wood-pulp an enticing array of articles is made. The quick imagination sees in these forests of Pacific Spruce—paper, parchment and cotton-wool for hospital dressings; pails, dishes, cigar-boxes; panels and cornices for the architect; car-wheels, water pipes and electric conduits; coffins, boats and carpets; mattresses, lead-pencils and shoe-heels; horse-shoes, buttons and bicycle-handles; tennis-hats for the lady of leisure and fruit-jars for the housekeeper.

Atmospheric conditions in the Pacific Province are especially favorable to tree growth, a yield of 500 cords of pulp-wood per acre being not uncommon.

Owing to its unexcelled water-powers, wealth of raw material and geographical location, British Columbia occupies a position of eminent advantage in bidding for the paper-pulp and lumber industry of the world, and in her forests of fir and spruce we see the last theatre of the lumberman in America.

The Message of Long Pete

By Percy S. Howard

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTING BY F. D. SCHWALM

THE row started over the old question of who were to be the masters, sheepherders or cowpunchers. The cowboys had certainly been much longer in the valley than the sheepmen, their enemies, in fact the latter had moved in but a year and a half before; and if they had acted squarely things might have been peaceful for years; but they had gone to work and bought up the land surrounding any water there was, and put up—what the cowboy hates above all things—barbed wire fences.

People who have not been among the ranches of the West will hardly understand perhaps how the fencing of a few springs will ruin a beautiful summer range and how. if the thing is properly run, a great many cattle and sheep can water at springs comparatively close together; but it is a vital thing with ranch men. In this instance the sheep herders had but about four thousand sheep, but they were determined to run the cattle out of the country and so have a range of from thirty to forty miles entirely to themselves. Therefore, they had bought an acre here and there wherever there was water and these they had fenced in.

Long Pete, foreman of the Circle Bar ranch, had ridden to town, purchased wire cutters and returned to camp, and the next morning a thousand cattle were roaming in the sheep pastures and drinking at the springs. The sheepmen promptly drove the cattle off and set the dogs on them; but Long Pete and Jo happened to be riding in that neighborhood and discovered the cattle stampeding with the dogs after them. Only one dog got back to the sheep camp, and that one, we heard afterward, looked as if a bullet had come uncomfortably close.

Thereafter war was definitely declared by the herders. Any cowboy was to be shot on sight, law or no law, so said Augustine Sabastien, the German in charge of the sheep camp.

The first one of us to run up against the enemy was Harry Foster, the youngest chap on the ranch. except Pete's son Frank; and when he came back and told Long Pete and the rest of us about his experience I tell you there were things doing. He had ridden over to a nearby ranch on Sunday afternoon, when who should crop up but old Augustine himself. Harry saw his danger but being young and inexperienced was not quick enough in pulling his gun and in consequence found himself looking down the eight inch barrel of a Colts.

"Vell, I think I shoot you right now you miserable little coyote. Dat vill show your gang not to fool mit me," Augustine spluttered out, which was not a really cheerful greeting but Harry stood his ground.

"Shoot and be damned;" he said. "But let me tell you that if you do Long Pete will cut the heart out of you."

Long Pete's name only added to the Germans' rage. "Long Pete," he roared. "I vish it vas Long Pete I haf before me. He is de—" and then the door opened and Emma Carter, the daughter of the ranchman, entered. She was a pretty girl and I guess she looked prettier than ever to Harry as she came flying across the room.

"How dare you pull a gun in my father's house?" she cried and then she stood there and told Augustine things about himself that surprised him. It seemed he had been planning to marry her, never having calculated that she might refuse him. He said as much, his gun still close to Harry's head.

"Do you stick up for him," he demanded, "before me who haf vished to marry you?" And then at the burst of angry scorn from the girl, Sebastien turned his eyes in her direction. That was all Harry needed. In an instant the revolver was flying across the room and Augustine found his late quarry looking at him over a ring of cold steel, and all he heard was, "Git!" and it did not have to be repeated. Harry marched him to the stable, saw him mount his horse, and bade him not fool with the cowmen again. What he said afterward to the girl who had saved his life he omitted to tell us.

Long Pete did not take much part in our comments on Harry's story. He was never one to do much talking. He was a quiet man wrapped up in his work and in his son, now a boy of eighteen. I had often wondered in the time I had been with them why he was so popular with the men for he was never what you might call a mixer. He had come to the ranch with his little boy ten years before they told me, and very soon had been made foreman. That was all anybody knew of him. It was partly this reserve, partly the fact that he spoke a little differently from the rest that gave us all the idea that he had once been used to other things. He made something of a friend of me but even to me he never spoke of anything in his life previous to the ten years he had been on the ranch.

He sat that evening, listening to Harry and the rest of us, and occasionally he put in a word but it was always a word that counted. "Of course we've got to have the water," he said "but avoid trouble where you can, boys."

But, as it turned out, Pete was the next one to run up against Sabastien. One day while riding a bad horse he broke a spur; this of course was a bad fix to be in and the next day he took the trail for town to purchase a new pair, the boys calling after him mock warnings about keeping shy of the sheep camp. The fact that Frank, who had been away for a week, would come in on that afternoon's train undoubtedly added to his willingness to visit the town. The father and son were inseparable chums and I can fancy how Pete counted on the long ride back to the ranch with his boy for his companion.

On arriving in town, he put his horse in a small unused stable and taking off his "chaps'' strapped them to the saddle leaving his revolver with them. The stable door opened into a yard with a seven foot board fence around it and on nearing the gate, some hundred feet from the stable, who should appear around the corner but Augustine Sabastien. He had evidently been watching Pete approach for he was ready and the first Pete knew a revolver was thrust into his face. Sabastien's specialty was taking men off their guard. He never risked his precious neck where the other man had an equal chance. He was very pleased with himself now.

"Vonce more," he said, "I got de drop on one of my dirty enemy. Gif me yet your revolver."

Long Pete did not speak; he only smiled. This put Augustine into a rage. "Gif me your revolver quick," he shouted.

"Help yourself you blustering idiot," said Pete. "It is on my saddle."

"I am not going to shoot you to-day," said Sabastien "Your frent let me off vonce, now I let you off vonce"—which was the only decent thing anybody ever knew Sabastien to do—"but I vill chase you out of der town and der next time I see you I shoot you on sight. Now you get ready."

Under the guidance of Augustine's gun, Pete went into the stable and after Augustine had secured the revolver from the "chaps" he ordered Pete to saddle up. A careful observer might have thought that Long Pete was taking an unnecessary length of time on the off side of his horse but Augustine was drunk with his own prowess and never noticed that fact nor the additional one that the lariat was untied and the noose lying handy. Pete called to him to get out of the way as the horse was inclined to use his feet and even this hardly-to-be-expected thoughtfulness did not rouse his suspicions. Anyway, Pete had a manner that men were apt to obey.

The German, secure in his possession of the revolvers, backed toward the middle of the yard. Pete was in the saddle and out of the door in a trice and the second he was out, there came the swish of a rawhide rope and before Augustine realized what had happened, he was off his feet and on his back, his gun going off fruitlessly in the air. Away went Pete down the road while the German followed some ten feet behind but not of his own free will. The rope was under his arm so he was in no danger of being choked to death. Moreover the long hot summer days had produced a beautiful soft bed of dust some four or five inches thick. But he was not thanking heaven for these mercies. Instead, as soon as Pete slowed up so he could speak at all, he proceeded to indulge in all the threats at his command flavored with a varied assortment of German oaths.

"Have you had enough?" asked Pete quietly.

"Enough, you say? Enough, yes, I haf had too much already I haf you arrested—" but he didn't get any farther for once more he was being dragged through the dirt.

"Now," said Pete, "if you have had enough say so and don't say anything else or I'll drag you to your blasted sheep ranch."

That settled it. Augustine said he had had enough and he added no unnecessary remarks; so with a quiet warning to stay away from the town while he was in it Pete left him and rode back to the stable. There, having put the horse away and collected the revolvers he went up town to do his shopping.

As the town had only two stores Pete did not take long in securing his wants and, this accomplished, he dropped in at one of the half dozen barrooms and stayed there talking with the proprietor and the men who came in. The cowmen and the herders patronized an entirely different set of saloons. Pete told a little about his recent experience with Augustine and his friends who knew both men managed to patch out a very fair idea of what had happened.

"You want to look out for him, Pete," they warned after they had got through laughing at the picture of the stout Teuton travelling through the dust at the end of Pete's lariat; but Pete only smiled. I think his mind was much more on the meeting with his boy than it was on the irate Sabastien. He strolled down to the station long before train time and walked up and down waiting. I suppose when a man has had the sole responsibility of bringing up a son that it does give him a different feeling toward him. No one had ever heard him mention Frank's mother but I have an idea that he sometimes talked to the boy about her. Just once Frank said something to me in which he referred to his mother and it was in a tone as if he were speaking of something holy.

Pete had a right to a feeling of pride as the tall fresh-faced young chap stepped off the train. There was no nicer boy in all the country than Frank. His face lighted up when he saw his father. "Halloo dad," he said "how did you happen to be here?"

Pete explained about the spurs, trying to conceal the fact that the boy's arrival had been much more than half the reason for his coming; but the boy knew, and his hand was on the older man's shoulder as they went down the street together.

"I've left my truck in this back room of Mike's," Pete said. "We'll get that and then we'll saddle up and get started." They turned into Mike's saloon, Pete smiling at some story the boy was telling and then—there came a shot!

Frank stopped, staggered a step or two, and with his father's arms about him sank to the floor. Even then he tried to smile up into the agonized face above him. "I'll be all right dad," he said. "Who the deuce let his gun slip like that?"

"Slip nothing!" yelled Mike. "It was that—— Sabastien, the ——coward! He thought nobody seen him but I I'll — —him!"

Pete said no word. The two men lifted Frank and carried him into the back room where there was a couch. It happened that there was no one else in the saloon. Sabastien had used his usual caution in selecting his time.

"I'll send for the doctor" said Mike and ran out on his errand.

The boy looked up at his father who was trying helplessly to stop the blood. "I'm afraid I'm done for, dad," he gasped. Then his voice grew a little stronger. "We haven't done much that was wrong, dad," he said, "never even branded any strays. You said that my mother—believed there was another world—after this," his voice grew fainter again. "I guess—we'll—be—together." And when Mike's messenger came hurrying back with the doctor there was no need for him.

Long Pete hired a wagon in the town and brought his dead boy back to the ranch. They offered to come with him, different ones, for friends are friends in the West if they are anywhere; but he said no. He would go alone.

I shall never forget how we saw him come driving up and how we knew, the instant we saw his face, what it was that lay covered up there in the wagon.

We buried the boy out under the big pine where he used to lie and read when he was a little chap. Pete went to a chest he had and took from it a prayer book— a prayer book bound in soft, purple leather and lettered in silver. I knew that it must have belonged to the boy's mother. Pete read the burial service from it, his voice as calm as the great mountains that stood sentinel on the horizon, his face set like a mask. The men, in leather "chaps" and high heeled riding boots stood about, their heads bent, their hats in their hands. It was a strange funeral. When it was over Pete thanked us still in the same quiet voice.

"I am going to ride," he said, "no, alone, John," for I had tried to have him let me go, "If I am not back to-morrow, boys, I will send you a message." Then without another word but with one last look back at the old pine he went into the stable. I followed him but it was not to me he spoke. He did not know I was there. "I broke her heart," he said in that same colorless voice, "and now the boy is gone."

I went back softly and presently he came out with two ponies. Still in silence, he mounted one of them and, leading the other, rode away into the settling gloom of coming night.

A feeling of great uneasiness possessed us all but we told each other that it was a natural thing for him to ride away the first sharpness of his loss. "It was just like him to take that other broncho," said Jo who had been on the ranch when Long Pete first came to it. "He wouldn't ask no one horse to carry him all night, the way he means to ride." And then the older men told us stories of Pete's quiet courage and of his kindness. "He used to drink some when he first come," said Jo, "but after the kid got old enough to notice he cut it all out. Seems like he felt he owed it to that boy to give up everything for him. I've wondered a good deal about Pete. There was a man stopped at the ranch once for a day and he claimed to have knowed Pete's folks in England; but Pete told him he was mistaken and the man, who was a decent sort even if he was a swell, just begged pardon and shut up. But none of us that heard him ever believed the chap was mistaken."

The next day passed and Long Pete had not returned. The end of the second day had come. The boys at the ranch were riding in, one by one, unsaddling and lying down to smoke before the evening meal. All at once

Jo sprang to his feet and pointed toward the ridge at the southwest. "What the devil is that?" he cried. "Have those — shepherders — " his voice died away. The object he was pointing at was near enough now for us to recognize Grey Jenny, the pony Long Pete had led away with him. She was coming on at a mad pace, And behind her something was running, or dragging!

We were all on our feet, gazing with strained eyes, for although Grey Jenny would always come home if turned loose, she would not be coming like that unless she were in deadly terror. Jo ran and opened the corrall gate and in raced Grey Jenny, one white lather with sweat, and shaking like a leaf, her eyes standing almost out of her head. But the object she dragged behind her! What was that? The shape was a man's, or the remains of what had once been a man. There was a rope tied from the horse's tail to the grewsome thing. And the thing, horrible sickening, awful—had been Augustine Sabastien.

That was Long Pete's Message. Pete himself we never saw again though we searched faithfully. Some have it that he is still living and that he has been seen with a bunch of Indians who roam the mountains in search of game, but the boys on the ranch do not believe it. We found the skeleton of a white man in Devil's Coulee a year and a half after and thinking it might be Pete we buried it with all reverence. But we never had any proof.

If you ride through that country to-day you will find no sheep. There were no doubt good men among the herders but they had to pay the penalty of being associated with a malignant, cowardly brute like Sabastien. Popular feeling ran too high for any sheep man to find it a healthy place to stay.

Harry and Emma married and he is now foreman at the ranch. Two sturdy little lads play among the flowers in front of the ranch house, and when the pretty mother runs out to see that they are all right and give them a swift caress, she calls them Frank and Pete.

Valentines

By JEANNETTE COOPER

I.

WHAT is my lady like? She is like a flower,
She is like a sunny day, sweeter every hour;
She is like a snatch of song—
Like a wee bird's trill;
She is like all lovely things,
Only lovelier still

II.

Bend lower, Cupid, take good aim,
My love's a tiny lass,
The stately lilies bow their heads
In joy to see her pass.
But may I, can I, dare I tell
This dearest wish of mine?
'Tis to persuade this little maid
To be my valentine.

A Paternal Corporation

By E. Cora Hind

Sixth Paper

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"I will take mine ease in mine Inn"

ALL the world travels to-day, either on business or pleasure bent, and rare it is to find man or woman who has not, during a twelve month, spent at least one night in an Inn or a "take in" as one witty wag expressed it.

To the business man, weary with much labor, the important things in his inn are a good bath, a good meal and a good bed, he is not strong on scenery. Of those who travel for pleasure there are two distinct classes, one small and the other large. Those of the smaller class have been called of the "Red gods" and long for the wild places of the earth, where they may sleep on spruce boughs under an open sky. At sunrise they awake, stretch, strip and plunge into the nearby stream or lake and fifteen minutes later are ready for breakfast, of which quantity is the prime requisite—muddy coffee in a tin cup is nectar, and the ubiquitous bacon and flapjacks ambrosia, fit for the gods. To these ardent souls palatial hotels, and log inns are like prisons, they want all outside, even when it is raining.

The large majority, however, of the people, who travel to-day want to go, where they can enjoy beautiful scenery, or visit places of historic interest, and in the doing of it they want to revel in all the comforts of the most luxurious homes.

To meet this need the Canadian Pacific Railway has set throughout the three thousand odd miles of its length sixteen purple amethysts of varying size and tone and linked them together by a golden chain of palace sleeping and dining cars, so that whether the tourist lands at Victoria from the Orient, or at Quebec from Great Britain or Europe or arrives from the south at Montreal, Winnipeg, or Moosejaw it is possible to see all that is finest and best of Canadian scenery, public institutions, industrial enterprises and historic treasures, that lie scattered over the length of the greatest transcontinental line in the world, without once being severed from the silken luxury in which it is at once the pleasure and profit of "A Paternal Corporation" to enfold its guests, of whom, should all its hostelries chance to be full upon one day, it can care for 2500. It places hotels and chalets where natural beauties tempt the tourist to linger, but where there is not sufficient business to attract the man looking for a commercial proposition, and though some of these houses may not even meet expenses, they are maintained at the same high standard of efficiency as the most profitable hostelry on the line.

There is no better way to test the real merits of these various hostelries than to follow the example of two Australian women, mother and daughter, who last year, returning from wintering in Great Britain, landed in Quebec in late June, and at the beginning of October, sailed from Victoria on the Empress of Japan, bound for a month in the Kingdom of Flowers, before sailing for Sydney, Australia.

In dropping anchor at Quebec the Australians but followed the illustrious example of Jacques Cartier, who did

THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC AT QUEBEC

THE PLACE VIGER HOTEL AT MONTREAL

the same some 375 years earlier and of Champlain who landed there in 1608. The Australians, however, had the advantage of those early and intrepid spirits, for they went direct to the Chateau Frontenac and secured rooms on the fourth floor commanding the marvelous panorama of the St. Lawrence, as far as the eye can see, also the beautiful valley of the St. Charles. Speaking afterwards of this visit they said it was with the greatest difficulty they tore themselves away from the Chateau and the view, to visit other points of historic interest for whenever they turned from the matchless view from the windows, they were caught from the beauty within and spent hours in going up and down the quaint stairways and in merely standing and looking down the long corridor, beautiful with its white panellings, polished oak floor and Axminster rugs, between the gracefully moulded pillars into the long drawing room and, beyond to the ladies' pavilion; or lounging in the ladies' drawing room which is perfectly round and perfectly appointed. Coming as they did, almost direct from old France they were struck, as every one must be with the perfection with which in a new land the old beauty of line and color has been preserved. Throughout its three hundred rooms there is not a jarring note of form or color, while its outer walls of grey stone and dull brick seem a part and parcel of Canada's oldest and most historic city. Dreaming of the days of the Chateau St. Louis, on the site of which the Chateau Frontenac stands, they finally wandered away to view the monuments of that long ago time when brilliant wicked La Pompadour ruled France and the new world also; and later the memorials to the struggle between the two great nations whereby half a continent was added to British possessions beyond seas, the monuments of Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm, the old St. Louis gates that, could they speak, would tell the tale of many a wild sortie, the Citadel, the Parliaments Buildings, the Governor's Garden, the Basilica, the post office, where on the northern facade is preserved the legend on which Kirby founded his entrancing novel of Chien D'Or. Days passed and still the Australians stayed, they must visit the ruins of the Chateau Bigot, the falls of Montmorency, the Isle D'Orleans, the shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupre and the Plains of Abraham, where a part of the great battle ground is now devoted to the peaceful game of golf, the links being said, by famous players, to have no rivals in the world.

At last one morning in early July the travellers bade a lingering goodby to Quebec and departed for the Place Viger Hotel, Montreal. In some things the site of the Place Viger is just as fascinating as that of the Chateau Frontenac for it was here that 250 years ago French carpenters, fresh from the labor of old France, erected, from the timber of the virgin forest the first windmill that was to grind the corn of those days and to lay the foundation of the great industrial and commercial city of to-day.

The Australians found it hard to think themselves back into that old time from the grand hotel of the French Rennaissance with its prototypes to be found on the banks of the Loire, and yet with every modern convenience, protection and comfort that anyone of its possible 350 guests ever dreamed of. They passed up the beautiful main stairway of Carrara marble, with its historically symbolic decorations, to the magnificant drawing rooms and thence out on to the summer promenade, that stretches nearly the entire 300 feet of the building and from which splendid views of the city are obtained.

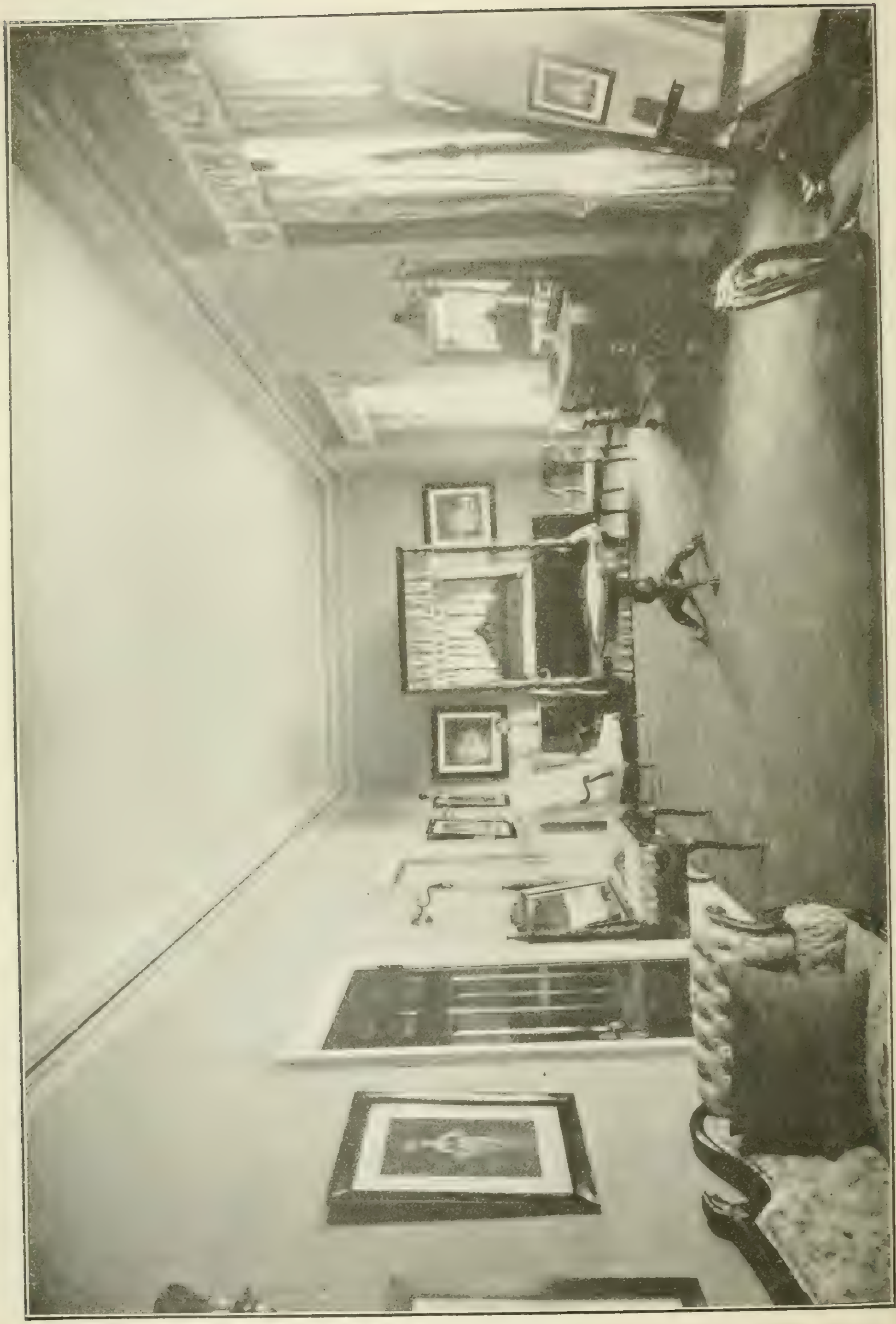
Ten days at the Place Viger proved far too short for all the travellers wanted to do but in that time they managed a glimpse at least of the splendid docks and the great factories, but devoted most of their time to visiting the historic spots, such as the church of Our

DRAWING ROOM IN THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOTEL, WINNIPEG

Lady of Bonsecours dating back to 1657, with its "little heaven", the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. James Cathedral; the Chateau de Ramezay, Bonsecour Market, with its glimpses of the primitive Habitant, the Elgin Gallery, McGill and Laval universities, and did not neglect the lovely Mountain drives, the shooting of Lachine Rapids and a visit to Lake St. Louis.

Leaving Montreal the travellers declared, "just one day at Caledonia Springs Hotel and then Ottawa and on to Winnipeg," but the day at Caledonia Springs lengthened into three, for the hotel was so restful and the springs so refreshing after strenuous sightseeing, and there was hard work ahead at Ottawa. At Ottawa the time was spent almost entirely between the Parliament buildings, the Central Experimental Farm and the Chaudiere Falls. As the train pulled out from Ottawa mother remarked to daughter, "I have taken the sleeper right through to Winnipeg, for I noted the Royal Alexandra was the next Canadian Pacific hotel."

After the long journey round the north shore, the travellers came at night to Winnipeg, and passed at once from the platform to the brilliantly lighted rotunda of the "Royal Alex" as Winnipeggers delight to call the big hotel with its four hundred and fifty chambers; the sweet strains of the orchestra, the tall palms, the stately pillars, the softly shaded lights and the exquisite coloring made a welcoming picture that the tired women will never forget. After a bath and a night in the sumptuous beds for which the Royal Alex is already famous over a continent, the travellers spent the morning in admiring the splendid drawing and reception rooms and examining in detail the lovely appointments of the Vice-regal suite, which chanced at the moment to be vacant. Here was not the beauty of outside scenery that had lent such a charm to Chateau Frontenac and Place Viger, but presently the life and stir of the main thoroughfare of a growing Western city asserted its charm and the greater part of the afternoon was spent in watching the tide of business ebb and flow and seeing the great trolley cars dart down the incline under the splendid arches of the sub-way. Presently they sought Manager Wills and said, "Winnipeg seems to be purely a commercial town, there is nothing historic to see, is there?" With a quiet smile the manager told them if they would take a car going northward, under the sub-way, they would be able in an hour to visit the cathedral and grave yard of St. John's (Angelican) where some of the tombs dated back to 1803 and where the first missionary to the Red River, with his wife and infant son are laid to rest; the Kildonan church, earlier known as the church of Frog Plains, built by the personal labors of men and women brought out by Lord Selkirk, and last the Seven Oaks monument that marks the place where Governor Semple fell in that final struggle between the Hudson's Bay and the North West Trading Company. If they cared to go South they could visit the stores and offices of the "The Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company," and might witness the ceremony of packing goods for the north, where everything has still to be carried in York boats and must be in packages convenient for carrying across portages. They would unfortunately, be too late in the season to see the costly contents of the famous fur rooms as that had already been shipped to the London market for the current season. Further they could take the St. Boniface car and crossing the Red River by Norwood Bridge visit the town of St. Boniface and see the site at least, of the cathedral famous in Whittier's poem; the graves of Louis Riel, doubly a rebel from constituted authorities, who paid the penalty of his crimes on the scaffold in 1885, and, his mother, Madam Riel, that splendid pioneer woman, who living well on into her eighties died, still believing that her notorious son had been a patriot and a martyr; the grave of Archbishop Tache, also, the brilliant and kindly prelate who did so much to mold Roman Catholic thought in the Canadian West more than half a century



VICE-REGAL ROOM IN ROYAL ALEXANDRA, WINNIPEG

THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

ago and who was a direct descendant of La Verandrye, the first white man to visit the Red River.

If they choose to spend a further day in sightseeing they could take the trolley line north along the river and visit Lower Fort Garry, with its walls and bastions complete, as in the days when it was built to withstand the possible and indeed probable attacks of Indians, though now its chief office is to make a fitting frame for the picture of the summer residence of the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company with its velvety lawns, fine trees and splendid flower beds.

This programme sounded so tempting, the Australians followed it to the letter and after a pleasant week in Winnipeg started for Moosejaw their next objective point. It was August now and they wanted to see something of the wheat plains. They found the Canadian Pacific hotel at this point a miniature in comfort and luxury of appointment of its big neighbor at Winnipeg. They were lucky in getting rooms overlooking the lovely garden that the Canadian Pacific has evolved in fifteen years from a strip of prairie as bald and bare as the palm of the hand. This hotel is so beloved of travelling men that it is always crowded and the travellers learned that a $100,000 extension was to be built immediately to accommodate the ever-growing traffic from both east and south, for this is the point where the Soo line joins the main line of the Canadian Pacific.

A day was spent driving over the plains where the wheat was just showing yellow in the splendor of sunlight unbroken by cloud or the shadow of mountain range, 1500, 2000 and 3000 acres in a single field.

Banff, majestic Banff, was the next point at which a stop was made and as the Australians drove up the winding road to the Banff Springs Hotel of the

Canadian Pacific they were speechless with the beauty of the scene—forest and river and mountain peaks in endless succession, while right beneath the balconies of the hotel, which is perched upon a side of the mountains, the Bow River, rushing downward from the west, plunges over a precipice, making a magnificent fall. In spite of its 300 guest rooms the hotel was crowded and rooms in great demand; however, having ordered ahead, mother and daughter were shown to their quarters and enjoyed a bath hot from the sulphur springs miles furthur up the mountain, before breakfast. It was still early and the sunrise glory was turning the snow capped peaks to rosiest pink and softest blue. All day they went hither and thither, up to the springs, down to the cave and basin; the drive round Tunnel Mountain and an hour in the museum completing a day of varied interest, and at nightfall when with others they gathered in the great rotunda around the open wood fire, always acceptable in the mountains after dark, they were not unduly weary, only langourously tired, for here, 4500 feet above sea level the mountain air, charged with aroma of the pines, is like wine in the day time and a sleeping potion at night.

They fell asleep presently to the sough of the wind through the pines, the distant faint echo of snow roaring down a mountain side and the song of the river as it rushed downward to find an outlet at last in the Arctic Ocean. A second, a third, a fourth day they lingered for what beyond could be better than Banff.

On the fifth morning they were up and away for Laggan and the "Lakes in the clouds." It is only thirty-four miles to Laggan and a short drive to the first of the three lakes—Louise, on whose shore stands the lovely Swiss Chalet beloved of all tourists. From its spacious balcony there is a view of

"GLACIER HOUSE," AT GLACIER, B.C.

Lake Louise and the surrounding mountains that, seen for the first time, holds you in its spell forever. The next few days were spent by the Australians in visits to Mirror and Agnes Lakes, Paradise Valley, the Valley of the Ten Peaks and other beauty spots, and then once again the call to move forward.

THE NEW EMPRESS HOTEL AND THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA

Onward past the "Great Divide" and down the Valley of the Kicking Horse, round the base of Mount Stephen, which towers more than 8000 feet above the railway, and whose glacier looks as if it might fall at any minute, but which will require further aeons to move, and paused at the Mount Stephen House at Field. From the balconies of this splendid house the views are gorgeous and here the Australians got the first glimpse of mining, from a tramway coming from a silver mine that seems to be somewhere on the clouds. Field is the entrance to a wonderful region. A few hours' ride to the north is a most lovely Valley and Takakhan Falls that drops 1200 feet to Yoho Valley. Three days at Field proved all too short for what the travellers wanted to do, but August was running on and there was still much to see and do, so the line of march was resumed with the Glacier House, Glacier B. C., for the next objective point. Domiciled in this commodious and yet homelike chalet the Australians found themselves within speaking distance, as it were, of the world's largest ice field, the Great Glacier of the Selkirk, while above the chalet rises Sir Donald, grandest of all the peaks of the Selkirks. A week glided away at Glacier and still much was left unseen but it had to be left for future visits.

A week was divided between the comfortable hostelries of Revelstoke and Sicamous, where fruit from the famous Okanagan Valley appears in such abundance and the terraced lawns of the chalet form such striking contrasts to the native tangle beyond.

Vancouver and Hotel Vancouver with its 250 rooms, always full and its $250,000 addition already underway. It is a hotel much affected alike by tourists and commercial traveller. The Australians revelled in the views of Mount Baker, the Cascade Mountains issuing directly from the sea, the mountains of Vancouver Island across to the west and in the wonderful panorama of the waterfront and the streets, and marvelled much at the growth of a city that in 1886 had but one house standing after the great fire. A week was spent visiting Stanley Park, English Bay, New Westminster and in exploring the great freight docks where a quarter of a mile of boxes of canned salmon is no unusual sight. Then came a rainy day and they explored the splendid hotel and marvelled once more at the wonderful finishing and furnishings of the beautiful native woods.

By this time it was past the middle of September and so, reluctantly, they said good-bye to the mainland, boarded the luxurious Princess Victoria and in four hours had steamed across the beautiful Archipelago and landed in Victoria, Vancouver Island, and driven to the "Empress," newest and most luxuriantly-modern of all the hotels owned by the Canadian Pacific. Standing absolutely alone, at the head of the harbor it has the splendid Parliament Buildings on one hand and the best business portion of Victoria on the other.

Here the travellers finished the month of September visiting the Gorge, Beacon Hill Park, the fine museum and making brief trips to Nanaimo and other points of interest and day after day revelling in the glorious profusion of roses and dahlias abloom in every garden. All good things come to an end and on October first, mother and daughter stood hand in hand on board the Empress of Japan and watched the vast line fade and the mountains become indistinct blurs and said to one another, "it is all wonderful but, after all, the very Rockies themselves are not more sublime than the audacity that built, equipped and manages the Canadian Pacific."

Vestal

By Florence Earle Coates

SHE dwelt apart as one whom love passed by,
    Yet in her heart love glowed with steadfast beam;
    And as the moonlight on a wintry stream
With paly radiance doth glorify
All barren things that in its circle lie,
  So, from within, love shed so fair a gleam
  About her that it made her desert seem
A paradise, abloom immortally.

Without Benefit of Steam

By Louise Darby

NEARLY two centuries and a half ago the French governor of Canada fined two men £6,000, the value of the furs obtained in a trading expedition into the far Northwest, because the expedition was not authorized by the Government. A few years later a powerful English company was formed to trade in the country about Hudson Bay. To the man of to-day, accustomed to depending on the railroad, it seems a marvel that any extensive trade could be carried on in so vast a region as the Canadian Northwest without the aid of modern engines. Yet the commerce of this territory was so valuable that for a hundred years it was a bone of contention between the most powerful nations of Europe, France and England. What made this commerce possible? Two things: the wonderful system of waterways, spreading out like a fan from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains on the West and almost to Lake Superior on the south, —and the canoe.

The "Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," as the English company was called, contented itself with establishing posts on the bay at the mouths of the large rivers. Each spring the Indians floated down the rivers in their canoes bringing furs to trade at the company's "factories." The more adventurous French quickly adopted the canoe for their own use, and early in the eighteenth century they paddled up the Ottawa, crossed the Voz Portages, floated down to Lake Nipissing and then through the French River to Georgian Bay. Threading the islands of the bay, they reached the Sault, and portaging the rapids of the St. Mary's River, finally floated on the broad waters of Lake Superior. The bolder spirits were soon over on the rivers about Lake Winnipeg and into the Hudson Bay Country. In 1728 their leader, Verandrye, even tried to reach the "Great Western Sea."

After the conquest by Wolfe, the Scotch fur traders of Montreal pushed out over the same route and establshed posts far up in the country that is now Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The Grand Portage, on the northwest shore of Lake Superior, became a great rendezvous. Here ended the long journey of the "mangeur de lard," pork eaters, as the voyageurs from Montreal were called, and the bold "coureurs de bois" took the bales and carried them far into the fastnesses of the Indian country. These Montreal traders improved upon the Indian canoe so that one boat could carry more than a ton of freight in addition to its crew. These canoes were so light and strong and speedy that the Indians looked upon them with awe as the gift of the Manitou. With such canoes, young Alexander MacKenzie made, in 1789, his famous voyage of discovery, down the river that bears his name to the Arctic Ocean; and four years later, with his daring voyageurs, crossed the Rockies and paddling down to the Pacific realized Verandrye's dream of a journey to the Mer de l'Ouest.

This activity forced the Hudson Bay traders to venture away from the shores of the bay, and soon there were rival posts along all the great rivers, the Nelson, Churchill, Saskatchewan (both branches), on the Red River in the south and on Lake Athabasca in the north. Thus the waterways became routes for the two streams of commerce, one having its outlet on Hudson Bay, the other on Lake Superior. The conflict between the two companies grew hotter and hotter until finally, in 1821 they were united as the Hudson's Bay Company, and the genius of Governor Simpson brought order out of chaos. He organized the routes of trade and introduced the York boats. These famous boats soon supplanted the canoes as freighters, though the canoes continued to be used by the officials as despatch boats. A York boat carried from three to four tons, including a crew of nine men called "tripsmen." The freight was packed in bales of about one hundred pounds each, called an inland piece. Forty pieces made a cargo. The tripsmen became so expert that they could load and pack a boat in five minutes. As soon as the ice was out in the spring, brigades of York boats started from Fort Garry (Winnipeg) in rapid succession and hurried through Lake Winnipeg and down the Nelson to York Factory at its mouth, returning loaded with general merchandise, brought from England in the company's vessel. Another important route, was that of the "portage brigade," from Lake Winnipeg up the Saskatchewan and through the lakes to Methy or Portage La Loche, more than two hundred miles northeast from Prince Albert. The return trip took four months. At Portage La Loche the brigade was met by the Mackenzie River brigade which delivered its furs and returned, laden with merchandise, to the far North, even as far as the Yukon. So this powerful company used the network of waterways, from the Arctic to the States, as a comprehensive transportation system, with canoes as express, and brigades of York boats as freight trains.

But for many months this transportation was securely tied up by the ice. The many posts scattered through this wide land would have been completely cut off from each other if the water had been the only means of communication. Fortunately the cold that closed the rivers also brought the snow, and another mode of travel was made possible. Sledges drawn by dogs, and runners on snow-shoes could make their way from post to post, though it was impossible for them to carry much weight. To the lonely men, shut up so far from the world, letters and newspapers were the most welcome gifts the gods could send, and as mail carriers the sledges and snow-shoe runners could be used. Governor Simpson, the organizer, arranged the winter schedule so that each post would receive and send out mail at least once during the season. About December tenth the winter packet left Fort Garry for the north. Three hundred and fifty miles over snow and ice the dogs jingled their bells, until Norway House at the foot of Lake Winnipeg was reached. There the mail was rearranged and divided into two packets, one going east to York Factory on Hudson Bay, and the other up the Saskatchewan to Carlton House, where it turned south again and returned to Fort Garry through the Swan River district. At Carlton House, runners from the upper Saskatchewan met the packet, delivered their mail, received some in return, and hastened back to Edmonton (the farthest north of the present railway system). There they were met by runners from Athabasca and the Mackenzie. A newspaper brought a thousand miles by dog sledge and snow-shoes! It must have been appreciated.

With the settlement on the Red River, the demands for freightage exceeded the capacity of the York boats and the settlers began to send their goods overland in carts. These "Red River carts" were two wheeled affairs, built entirely of wood without nails or other hardware, and were drawn by ponies harnessed in rough tanned oxhide, called "shagganappi." From the harness the ponies came to be called shagganappi ponies. Ten of these carts with three men formed a brigade, and three hundred carts used to start every season on the "trip" to St. Paul over the prairies. Another much travelled route was across country to Carlton House, each trip being about five hundred miles long. In later days these carts travelled even as far as Edmonton, taking a whole summer for the round trip.

Far away on the western prairies, where later the cattle barons held sway, the early traders used the Indian pony and "travoie" for carrying large packs. The travoie is just the Indian device of two poles fastened together over the back of the horse with the ends dragging on the ground behind. Over the pathless springy turf of the prairies the ponies hauled incredibly large loads.

The day of such primitive modes of travel could not last forever. In Eastern Canada and in the States to the south steam engines were rapidly coming into use, first in boats and then on the railroad. With the Confederation of Canada began the great struggle between the Dominion and the Hudson Bay Company for the vast territory which the company had jealously controlled for two centuries. Finally the Government paid the company a cash bonus and one twentieth of all the land, and the Northwest was thrown open to settlement. It took some years to overcome the impression, carefully fostered by the company, that the country west of Lake Superior was habitable only by Indians, Eskimos, and fur bearing animals.

Slowly the tide turned. In 1886 the first Canadian Pacific train crossed the continent, settlement following quickly where it had not preceded. During the last ten years the tide of settlement has been flowing faster and faster until it has reached remarkable proportions—and the end is not yet.

With this magic growth in population and its accompanying needs the transportation facilities have kept pace. On the 10,000 miles of navigable rivers, steam and tows of flat boats have taken the place of canoe and York boats, and railroads, whose mileage increases from day to day, are covering the face of the land. In the more thickly settled portions the rails have already gridironed the country and are fast pushing out into the remote and undeveloped sections, where they are followed, almost over night, by towns with electric lights and grain elevators. The Canadian Pacific has built innumerable branch lines; the Canadian Northern, with its eastern terminus on Lake Superior, has a mileage of 2400; another transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is being built with its main line running through Edmonton, the present farthest north of the other roads, and it will send a branch up into the Klondike to Dawson; and the Great Northern is pushing over the border and will build far up into the Canadian country. The Canadian Pacific was built wih the help of immense Government subsidies, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk receive less, and the Hill road will be built without one cent of aid, relying only on the natural wealth of the country to pay the dividends on the large capital invested.

It is curious to compare the present transportation routes with those used before the advent of the steam engine. The old canoe route from Lake Superior to Fort Garry is paralleled to-day by both the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern from Fort William, Port Arthur to Winnipeg. The winter packet's trip from Edmonton to Fort Garry is paralleled by the main line of the Canadian Northern. The railroad early caused the disappearance of the picturesque Red River cart and its accompanying tripper from St. Paul and St. Cloud. The Canadian Northern will build to Fort Churchill and again the summer shipping in Hudson Bay will become of commercial importance. The projected Georgian Bay canal will complete a deep water way from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence, over practically the old canoe route to Montreal; so that in a few years sea-going ships will load at Fort William. Of course the routes for boats along the rivers remain the same, although their relative importance is less, except in the far north, where the rivers are still for the traveler the path of least resistance.

Thus, suddenly, like the coming of its own spring, has this northern country developed from a wilderness into an organized, modern commonwealth. Where yesterday the mangeur de lard and the coureur de bois met for a brief carouse, the arc light now shows grain ships loading from the largest elevator in the world; where the trippers with their ponies and creaking carts gathered once a year for the three months' journey to St. Paul, the continuous clang of bell and shrill of steam is heard, as trains depart for all points of the compass; and far in the north, where voyageurs labored perilously a whole summer to reach the Arctic, it is now but a pleasant vacation jaunt on a Mackenzie River boat. The Spring of this country's development is but just slipping into Summer; what shall the Harvest be?

◆

The Green Stone Ring

By Charles F. Raymond

THERE was a mystery about the man. I felt it as soon as I saw him and heard him speak. But not until November first of this year were the facts of his life before me.

It was rather late when he got onto the sleeper at—and took his berth which was just above mine. I was fatigued and had retired early. But with that curiosity which possesses most mortals, I peered out from well behind the curtains, interested in learning just who my companion of the next few days would be.

The passengers were nearly all in their berths and the good-natured porter had turned the lights low. In the dimness, I saw the form of a man whose hair was white but whose erect figure spoke of youth. His voice was young, too, but with an infinite sadness in it.

"Porter," he said. "wake me at five minutes to three and do not fail."

"We ain't nowhere abaut that time, sah; the first station am—"

"Wake me at five minutes to three," he repeated quietly. "Take this that you may be accurate." Suiting the action to the word he handed the porter a heavy peculiar looking silver watch.

As I have said, I felt the mystery of the man from the first. I now made a mental suggestion to myself that I would awake when the porter called him. I did so and I heard a voice say, "All right, my watch now."

"Yes, sah."

The curtains were drawn again and nothing was heard save the low rumble of the sleeper on the rails.

Sleep was taking possession of me again when I heard a low voice from above.

Impelled by a curiosity of which I was ashamed I leaned with my ear as close as possible to the upper berth, and heard these strange words;

"Spirit, I am on my—" The rest was lost in the whistle of the train.

Again I listened and heard the words;

"Spirit, I am on my way—" then there was silence.

Nature will not be cheated and I fell asleep and did not wake until the porter drew the curtains aside and informed me that all were up save myself.

My mysterious companion of the night was dressed and in the smoking compartment of the car. He had been up some time for his cigar was nearly finished.

He was a man of striking appearance, full brown eyes looking out from beneath heavy brows, handsome and aristocratic features. The face under his white hair was that of a man about thirty. His hands were those of one who did no manual labor, and on the little finger of his right hand there shone a green stone in a light setting of silver.

Anxious to get some clue to the strange words I had heard the night before I tried to engage him in conversation. He was perfectly civil but it was evident that he was lost in his own thoughts and impatient of interruption. Naturally my interest grew. I found myself wishing for the night, thinking to hear the remainder of the mysterious sentence.

Again I gave myself the suggestion before slumber that I would immediately wake should the porter visit my section, and the first touch on the curtains found me awake. An instant later I heard the voice of the man in the upper berth:

"All right," he said, "my watch now."

Listening, if possible, more intently than ever I presently heard the words, "Spirit, I am on my way—"

The suspense was maddening. I pressed my ear closer to the wall above me. Again I heard the words but could catch no more.

The third time I heard, "Spirit, I am on my way to pay my vow." Then all was silence.

The next day I found the white-haired man more approachable. He seemed glad to escape from his own society and we spent a large share of the day together. There was much to talk about. He had seen life and had travelled extensively. But while I had the feeling that he had explored every corner of my mind and soul, I was no whit nearer the solution of the mystery.

We detrained at Winnipeg, and for two days we were almost constantly together. And still I knew nothing further of him than that he was an Englishman and his name was Francis Ardleigh.

On the evening of the third day I met him at dinner. "I leave for the West to-morrow," he said. I was genuinely sorry, quite apart from any consideration of my unsatisfied curiosity.

"I hope we shall meet again," I said, "Shall you be back this way?"

He did not answer that. Instead he said, "I wish you would come to my room some time this evening; will you?"

Of course I assented but business detained me and it was late when I reached there. He was waiting however.

Drawing from his pocket a parchment envelope he handed it to me. Looking at it I read the words, "To be opened November first, 1907."

The white-haired man with the young, tragic face waited until I had read the superscription; then he spoke.

"I know that I can trust you," he said simply. "I want your promise not to open this until the date written on it—November first, 1907, at 3.05 a.m."

I considered a moment; then I promised

He rose and gave me his hand. "I thank you," he said, "Good-bye." He turned and was gone.

Looking about I found that his luggage had been removed. I enquired at the office but they were sure he had left some hours previously. I never saw him again. Nor, until November first of this year, did I know the mystery of his life.

The day and hour arrived. I opened the parchment envelope and found four closely written sheets within. At the top was written,

"My confession."

It ran as follows:

"I was the only son of parents who had the means and the inclination to gratify my every caprice. Neither by nature nor training was I fitted to deal philosophically, or even rationally, with any sudden blow. Withal I was of a disposition that trusted implicitly any whom I had claimed as a friend. For years everything smiled upon me and when, at the age of twenty-five, I became engaged to the belle of that London season, a beautiful creature with a delicate spiritual face and wonderful violet eyes, I felt that life was indeed a boon. My whole soul was wrapped up in Margaret and I believe that she returned my feelings fully. We spent heavenly days together, planning our future life, pitying all the world but ourselves.

"I had a friend, Ralph Ingraham, who had been one of Margaret's admirers before she promised to be my wife. He more than anyone else was the confident of our happiness.

"I know, now, that all the time he was trying to supplant me. Then, I was blind.

"A short time before the day set for our wedding I was obliged to make a short trip in connection with my property.

"Margaret and I parted as lovers part. I returned to find her gone—fled with my friend.

"My first impulse was to seek him out and kill him but that was too kind a fate. I shut myself away from my friends who would have sympathized and devoted myself to planning my revenge.

"Six months later I received my chance. I learned from private sources that Ralph was obliged to go to Western Canada and would be in Winnipeg at a certain time. I was there to meet him. Had Margaret been with him I think my purpose might have faltered but he had left her in Italy where they had been since leaving England. He was alone.

"With a skill that I learned from the evil to which I had sold myself, I greeted Ralph, laughingly assured him that what he had done was wisest for all of us, and listened while he described to me Margaret's ever increasing loveliness and the admiration she excited wherever they went. He was wearing a ring set with a green stone that was an heirloom in Margaret's family and that was supposed to possess some wonderful power, but just what no one knew. Margaret and I had often speculated about it and about the strange old silver watch that was a legacy from the same ancestor. He was carrying the watch also. It was very beautifully carved and he liked the attention it attracted.

"You can imagine how my hate grew and how my purpose strengthened. My plan was not complete but I knew that in some way I should soon accomplish my revenge.

"It was but a day or two before the way opened. Ralph, in the highest spirits at finding me so complaisant, proposed of his own will a hunting trip into the wilds of the great Saskatchewan. That was all I asked. There was the loneliness that I needed for my revenge. We had an Indian guide when we started but I managed to get rid of him and we went on alone together. The game was plentiful and Ralph congratulated himself on having come. Sometimes in the stillness and the beauty of nature I would for an instant forget what it was that had brought me here but it always came back to me with tenfold bitterness. Even if my thoughts had not of themselves reverted to my wrongs, Ralph would not have allowed me to forget them. Margaret's name was ever on his lips and it was not long before I was cognizant of all the steps by which he had persuaded her that it was he she really loved. He had no shame for his perfidy; rather he took pride in having outwitted me.

"The days went on until the time was ripe. One evening we came to a little river of which I had learned from the Indians. Early the next morning we launched our canoe upon it. Almost in less time than it takes me to write this, my enemy was struggling in the water; then a quicksand had him. The Indians had told me the truth. I moved the craft away. Then as he pleaded for mercy, I promised him that for the watch and the ring I would spare his life. I could not bear that Margaret's possessions should go down with him. Eagerly, trembling with haste and terror, he held them out.

Cautiously I moved within arm's length. Had he reached out and grasped my hand, I too would have been in the water. But he trusted me, even as I had once trusted him. I took the ring and the watch and moved away to a safe distance. Then while he slowly sank I talked to him of Margaret. As I had suffered, so I meted out suffering to him. He sank to the shoulder; to the neck; then a few bubbles and it was all over. I looked at the silver watch. It was five minutes past three.

"I returned to London. I had taken no particular caution but I was not suspected of connection with Ralph's disappearance. Margaret came back to her parents. I caught a glimpse of her once in a closed carriage. She was in deep mourning and her eyes looked startingly large and dark in her white face. She saw me and a look I could not fathom crept over her features, remorse, grief, and what seemed to me an agony of horror.

"A week later she sent for me. Even with all that lay between us my heart leaped at the summons. It sank again when I saw her face. Anguished accusation was on it.

"'Francis,' she said, 'I wronged you and I wronged myself. It is too late to speak of that now. But I want you to know that I take my share of responsibility for your crime.'

"I felt my face grow ashy. Until her voice brought it home to me I had had no feeling about the deed I had done, except that I had accomplished a thing that I had to do. I had been in a sort of dream. Now, of a sudden, I saw the act as it was. But how did she know? What did she know?

"'Until to-day,' she said, as if in answer to my thoughts, 'you have worn the ring. And every day that you have worn it I have known where you were, have seen you, have heard your voice.'

"I stared at her, unable to speak. Even then I wondered at her calmness. Poor Margaret; she had conquered her emotions before she sent for me. All these months she had been living over the horror of what she had, in some awful vision, seen. She went on after a moment.

"'That must be the power of the ring about which we wondered. Do you remember how that once when we were looking at it you slipped it on and when I was called out of the room I knew all that you had done during my absence. We planned then to test it but we never did. Other things came up and we forgot it.

"'One morning, four months ago I was in the garden of the villa where I was living in Fiesole. I had been gathering flowers and my arms were full of them. Suddenly I saw before me a wild scene; great trees, a swift flowing river, the awful hushed beauty of primeval nature. It was as if the Italian garden had been blotted out and this other scene put in its place. And then I saw you. You were in a little boat, a canoe, and I saw my ring on your finger. I could see no one but you'—she shuddered—'but I heard your words. Then you were silent and after an instant you took my old silver watch from your pocket and looked at it. I could see the time. It was five minutes past three.'

"Margaret's voice was silent. We sat looking into each other's wretched eyes. It was I who spoke, finally.

"'Ralph wore the ring,' I said. 'Did you ever see him in a vision?'

"She shook her head. 'Others had worn it. I never saw anyone but you.'

"Then we were silent again. I knew that it was my awful crime, not Ralph's death, that put that agonized look into her eyes. Some influence he had had over her that had enabled him to persuade her to fly with him before my return, but it was I all the time that had her love. That was why she could see me when I wore the ring and could see none of the others.

"We parted with a clasp of the hand. That night I left London. I came back to the land that was the scene of my crime. I hope that, by my expiation, I may win for Margaret some measure of peace. Surely if my suffering be great enough she may be spared. It is for this that every night, at that horrible hour, I am awakened that I may meditate on my sin. I am never for one instant free from the thought of it. My hair has grown white since I started on this journey.

"To-night I have sent the ring and the watch to Margaret. Now I go to pay my vow, to die as died the man I murdered."

Two Years in Regina

By H. C. Lawson

Secretary Regina Board of Trade

WHEN the editors of the principal western papers called a meeting recently to deal with the question of telegraph rates, Regina was selected as the most central point, and visitors from Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Nelson, B. C., and other places foregathered there. Their comments on the city were interesting and highly gratifying to the citizens. The men who had been there two or three years before were loud in their exclamations of astonishment and praise. "The way these streets are kept would give points to many a larger city," was a generally voiced opinion.

The truth is, Regina has been spending money on herself. spending it wisely, and it shows. She has, in the last two years, expended more than $600,000 on her business thoroughfares, and now the sidewalks and pavements are such as do her credit.

Everyone knows how one new article of furniture seems to necessitate other new ones. A city that shines resplendent with asphalt pavements and up-to-date curbs and sidewalks needs the best in a water supply system and drainage. So something over $160.000 was spent for a new pump and sewers and water mains.

Regina has an excellent water supply from the springs of the Boggy Creek and with the improved system no city can surpass her in the matter of drinking water, over a million gallons daily being now available, in contrast with 200,000 gallons a year ago.

It is a matter of congratulation that Regina has been able to accomplish all her improvements without raising the rate of taxation which still stands at the same figure, namely fifteen mills, of which only eight mills is available for general purposes, seven mills being required for school purposes.

From an educational standpoint Regina maintains a position worthy of the capital of the Province. The Victoria school was completed about a year ago and is a handsome building situated in the South-west portion of the city. It contains ten rooms with accommodation for 540 pupils. The Alexandra school has six rooms with accommodation for 300 pupils and is situated in the centre of the city.

About two years ago a small school was built at the North end of the city with accommodation for one hundred pupils but this year this has had to be supplemented by the new Alberta school. This is a very handsome building at the North end of the city, and cost $60,000. It has 10 rooms with accommodation for 500 pupils. It is steam heated and has every modern improvement.

Some idea of the rapidity with which Regina is growing may be gathered from the fact that the number of pupils attending school is fifty per cent (50%) greater to-day than it was a year ago.

Since the schools re-opened after the summer holidays, four new rooms have had to be added.

In addition to these the high school has four rooms with one hundred pupils and four teachers; and the normal or training school, which is under the direction of the Provincial

Government, is located in the Alexandra school.

This year will also see the completion of the new City Hall. This beautiful building stands on the old market square between Hamilton and Rose streets facing Eleventh Avenue, and will cost $150,000. The new Post Office and Custom House building is nearly opposite, being on the corner of Scarth Street and Eleventh Avenue. It is one of the handsomest Post Offices in Western Canada. It is expected that this building will be ready for occupation by the spring.

Other very substantial buildings have been erected this year. One of the largest of these is the Darke Block on Eleventh Avenue, which is nearing completion. It contains stores on the ground floor and eighteen suites of offices on the four stories above. It is on concrete steel reinforced construction and modern in every way. Next to this building on the corner of Cornwall street and Eleventh Avenue is the Masonic Temple, constructed of solid pressed brick. It is now occupied and practically completed and is devoted to stores, offices and lodge rooms.

The Metropolitan Methodist church on the corner of Lorne street and Eleventh Avenue was opened on Sept 22. This is a very handsome building constructed of red pressed brick.

The Young Men's Christain Association building, on the corner of Cornwall street and Twelfth Avenue, will be ready for occupation early in the year.

A very large number of residences have been erected this year and some very handsome ones among them.

But perhaps the chief pride of the city are the new hotels. Regina is a hospitable place and it has been a source of regret to her that she could not offer adequate entertainments to more then a small number of strangers within her gates. Now, however many come, and very many do come, there is a place for them.

A western city that puts her mind to it can accomplish a great deal in two years. Regina is a bright and ever brighter example of that fact.

Nubbles and the Queen's Supper

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "The Book of the Singing Winds"

DRAWN BY
FLORENCE M.
PRETZ

MY, MY! Fairies are just the busiest folks in all the world, and you thought fairies didn't have anything to do but play all day?

Sometimes they have to water the grass and flowers with their little dew-jars, and sometimes they have to tell the flowers when to open, and wake them up in the spring, and sometimes they have to keep the fairy queen's palace all spotless shining white, and sometimes they have to mend a butterfly's wing, and sometimes they have to take a lost bug home, and sometimes they have to come and tell children stories so they will be happy all day. Oh, there are millions and millions of things for the fairies to do.

Of course, they don't all do the same things. The bees are honey-makers, and the ants milk the little green fairy cows and the fat bumble-bee makes yellow corn-bread—if you look right closely, you'll see baskets full of it on his legs—and some of them do one thing and some another. But they all are as busy as busy can be.

Fairy bread is made up in the Daisy Bakery, where you can see the flour spilt all about any summer day, and Mrs. Ant is the baker. The bees bring the honey to every fairy's door in the morning, but Mrs. Ant never gets through her baking until afternoon, and one warm day she had just taken the last loaf out when her oldest boy, Nubbles, came in.

"You're just in time, Nubbles, dear," she said. "I want you to take this loaf down to the fairy queen's palace, and you shall have a drink of honey when you come back."

So Nubbles took the loaf, went down the stem of the daisy-tree, crossed the grass-bridge, scampered down the grass-road, and what do you suppose he found where the back-door ought to be? Why, he found Little-Boy, sound asleep under a rose-bush, right square on top of the palace back yard. Well, sir, Nubbles didn't know what to do. He tried to crawl under, but there wasn't room. He tickled Little-Boy's nose with one feeler, but Little-Boy put up his hand in his sleep, and nearly knocked Nubbles over, so he ran around and around, and didn't know what to do.

Just then Billiken came trotting down Daisy Lane on his pet beetle, and he took a straw and tickled Little-Boy's nose.

"Ker-chu!" said Little-Boy, and opened his eyes.

"Hello, Billiken!" he said. "Was that you tickling my nose?"

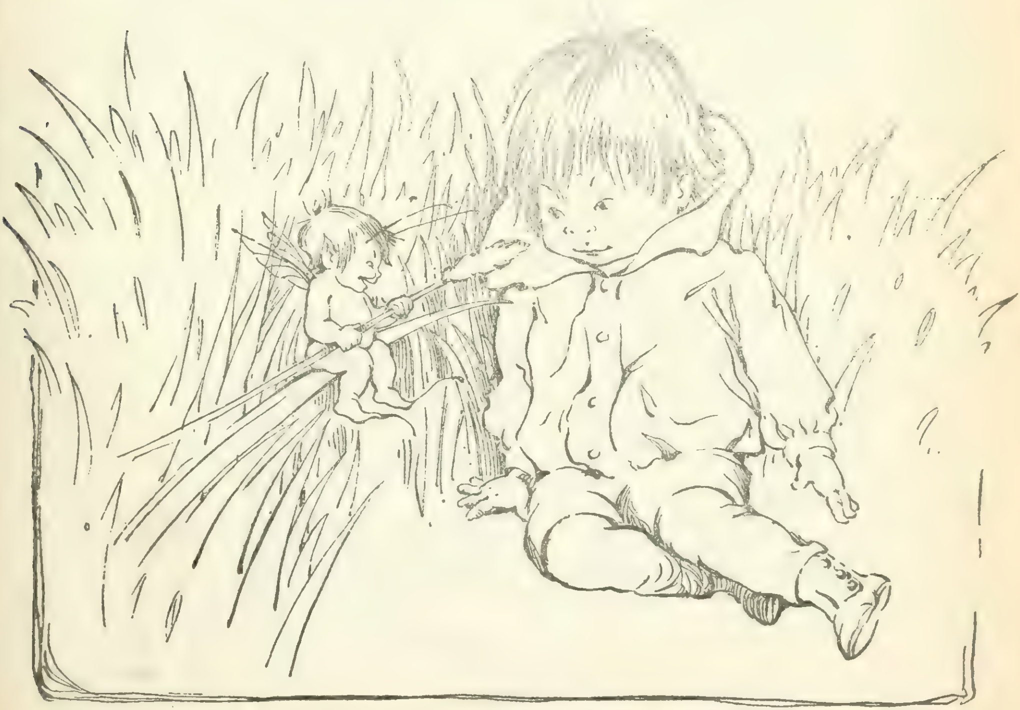
"Well, I should think so!" said Billiken. "Why, here you are lying right on top of the fairy queen's back door, and Nubbles can't deliver the bread for her supper."

Up hopped Little-Boy and looked, and sure enough there was Nubbles trotting around, trying to find where in the world the back-door had gone to.

"Well, did you ever!" said Little-Boy.

"No, I never!" answered Billiken. "Come on. Let's have a game of romps!"

And off they went to fairy land.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE M. PRETZ

"HELLO, BILLIKEN! WAS THAT YOU TICKLING MY NOSE?"

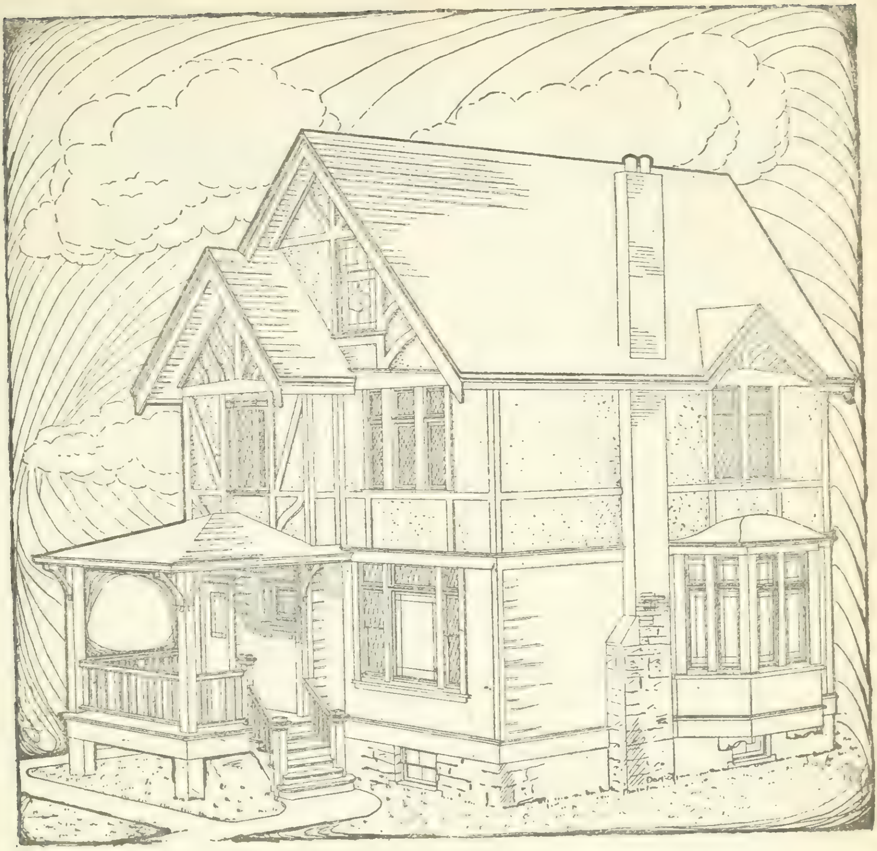
HOMES
BY
HOLMAN
HUGH G HOLMAN ARCHITECT
WINNIPEG

THE residence in this issue is in the Elizabethan style. The exterior is of frame and Old English half-timbered work; the windows, most of which are leaded, carry out the idea, and the appearance of the house is more than ordinarily attractive.

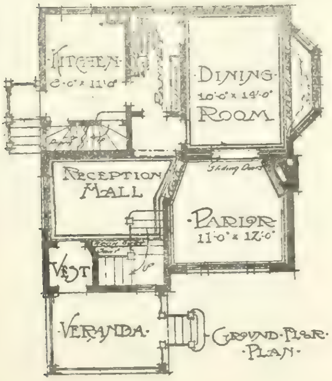
The interior is pleasant and homelike. The ground floor has a vestibule, a large hall, parlor, dining-room and kitchen: the pantry is in an ideal location, and is fitted up with all the most modern appurtenances. There is a rear stair from the kitchen to the second floor which is an item of great convenience. The main stair is in a novel and pleasing position, and is of good proportions. It will be noted that all rooms are accessible from the large hall. The parlor has a mantel and fireplace; the dining-room and stairs have seats in convenient places and the former has a large bay window which greatly adds to the attractiveness of the room. The reception room is well lighted and roomy and practically adds another room to the house.

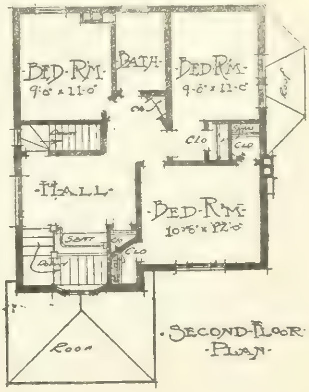
The second floor has three bed chambers, each with a large closet; there is also a linen closet off the hall and a medicine closet off the bath room. In the event of wishing to use the available space in the attic a stair may be built over the rear stair from the ground floor to the second. There is a large basement with concrete floor, and here will be found an ash-pit, fuel-bin, soft water tank and furnace. The plumbing is of the best and the building is heated by hot air.

Any person contemplating the erection of a home would do well to thoroughly examine this design; it may be reversed to suit any location. The cost of building is $3500.



ELIZABETHAN STYLE RESIDENCE


·KITCHEN·
8·0" x 11'0"
·DINING·
10'0" x 14'0"
ROOM
Sliding Doors
RECEPTION
HALL
·PARLOR·
11'0" x 12'0"
VEST
·VERANDA·
GROUND·FLOOR·
·PLAN·


·BED·R'M·
9'0" x 11'0"
·BATH·
·BED·R'M·
9'0" x 11'0"
Roof
CLO
CLO
·HALL·
·BED·R'M·
10'6" x 12'0"
SEAT
CLO
CLO
Roof
·SECOND·FLOOR·
·PLAN·

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

A HARRISON FISHER COVER

THE Canada-West cover designs are attracting much favorable comment for their variety as well as for their artistic value. For the March number we have a design by Harrison Fisher, one of his deservedly-famous girls' heads—and one of the most charming that he has ever done. This will illustrate "In the Ruins," a story of peculiar and searching interest by Cy Warman.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

CHRISTMAS is past with its kindliness, its gifts, its family re-unions, its laughter of little children, and its smiles of retrospection and peace from the silvered heads in the inglenook—the smiles that reach the borderland of a country that we in our lives of rush and turmoil and attemptings have little time to think of.

> "The year goes on and on!
> Or winter dusk, or summer dawn—
> Or fang of frost or kiss of rose,
> The year goes on, and ever goes;
> But rounds it not from Winter's stress,
> To Summer's lavish fruitfulness?
> Aye, gleam with gloom, and smile with tear,
> Our harvest ripens none the less—
> Our harvest of *The Golden Year.*"

And New Year's day has come and gone. With noise and rejoicings we saw the old year out, and welcomed in the young heir, nineteen hundred and eight, and we made the usual crop of good resolutions. There's a perennial joy in cleaning off an old year's slate, and sitting back in a Morris chair with a good cigar and weaving grand and noble determinations into the curling smoke.

But now Old February is here, prosaic February, and we want something solider than smoke and not so fine-spun. Let's not make any new resolutions this year; let's work awhile on the old ones.

First of all, then, there's that old determination about "knocking." Canada is the best country on the map. The weather's just right. Our wife is ten times a better wife than we had any right to draw by all the laws of the game. And our friends! We wouldn't change our friends for the fattest farm on the fat Saskatchewan. And then 1908 is going to be the biggest and brightest and best year that we have known. It's going to be big and bright, because, thank God, we've grown a bit since last year; we've found out that this old world is awfully like a looking-glass. It gives back to you just exactly what you take to it.

Therefore, in 1908, we shall take smiles to the looking glass of the work-a-day world. We shall see them ripple back from hard, old, wrinkled faces whose lines had almost forgotten the trick. And we'll take cheery words out into the market-place, and just fling them at the people we meet. we're going to surprise some people who have thought us a grouch. They'll have another thought coming. Half the money stringency, no, four-fifths of it, was caused by the "knockers." The Christian Scientists can teach us all one thing. They have grasped the fact that thought is the biggest thing we know anything about.

Canada is going to have a wonderful year; mines, forests, fisheries, pulpwoods, fruit, wheat, never before were in such richly promising condition. The eyes of the economic world are turned on Canada with anticipation. It is up to all of us this year, as it never was before to make good. One man can't do it, and two men can't;

it's like the good old games you played at preparatory school, Rugby, and lacrosse, and "soccer" and big-side hare-and-hounds, every fellow has got to get in and play for the side. And the side in this game is Canada, not Manitoba or Alberta or Saskatchewan or British Columbia, not even that subtle phrase that we love so well "Western Canada," but the biggest thing "*The Dominion of Canada.*"

Come, let us all pull together, and together will we reap "*our harvest of the Golden Year.*"

WHERE GROW MILADY'S FURS

MISS Agnes Deans Cameron whose articles on Canada—particularly the recent one on "Wheat, the Wizard of the North" in the Atlantic Monthly—have been attracting such wide-spread attention, will write in next month's CANADA-WEST on "Where Grow Milady's Furs." Miss Cameron is a Canadian who knows her country thoroughly and who is always sure of readers. There is much of romance as well as of practical interest in the story of the fur trade and Miss Cameron may be trusted to do it full justice.

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

MR. Ernest Thompson Seton, the prince of the nature-story tellers, has felt the spell of the great northwest and writes enthusiastically of the strange new things that he discovered in his long journey through that land of surprises. It is of the greatest interest to get the view point of a sincere, clear-headed thinker like Mr. Seton and as to the charm of his descriptions, no one who has read "The Biography of a Grizzly," or "The Trail of a Sand-hill Stag," or any of the other stories that have taken their places as animal-story classics, will need to be assured of that. The CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE will publish in the April issue the first article that Mr. Seton wrote on his return from the north. He calls it "The White Man's Last Opportunity," and it will be illustrated with photographs taken by Mr. Seton.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

IN announcing last month our coming series of articles by Doctor Shailer Mathews on "The Modern Man and the Gospel," we took the ground that while they may not talk a great deal about it, to most men the subject of religion is of very vital interest. The letters that have come to us since the announcement of the articles give an added support to that opinion. We regret that the space this month does not allow of more than one letter, so that our readers might have some idea of the variety of views expressed. On one point, however, there was remarkable unanimity; no one of the writers questions or denies the great interest that the subject has for the present day man and woman. The letter which follows is typical in point of view of several that were received. Next month we shall print others.

"EDITOR CANADA-WEST,

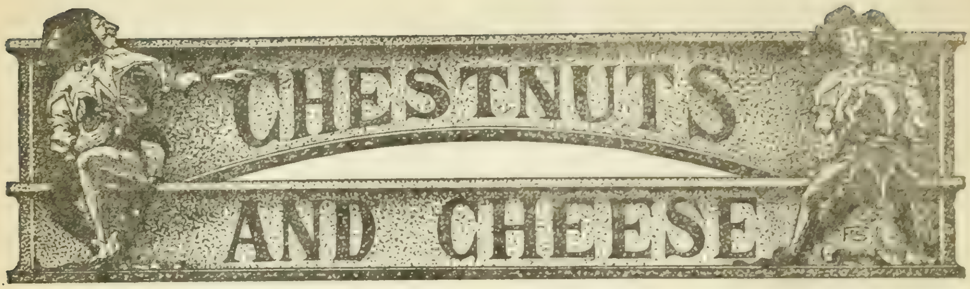
Dear Sir,—You ask, is the modern man less religious than his forbears? No, he is not but his ideas of what constitute religion have changed. He has eliminated the superstition; the belief in miracles— he sees in Jesus a brother, a man born in all respects like as we were and divine even as we all are. He regards as sacred whatever serves mankind and not anything else. For him religion is to do good, to be kind, to love justice; he does right because it is right, not to gain a reward after death; and as to another life he "does not know." If there be one surely the best way to prepare for it is to do all the good he can while here.

Jan. 1st, 1908. F. M. WHEELER."

CANADA'S FIRST FARMER

AN exceedingly interesting article to appear in the March CANADA-WEST is by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa and a man well known to Canadians. The CANADA-WEST has from time to time published articles by him all marked by careful scholarship, broad reading and the writer's gift of selecting the significant and interesting points. In "Western Canada's First Farmer" he has found material of a decidedly novel character and has presented it with his accustomed skill.

The Editor.



CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

IN HER OWN COUNTRY.

"THE Zulu belle like a prophet is,"
Said punning Tim O'Connor,
"For, in her native land, you see,
She never has much on 'er."

TEN-YEAR-OLD Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's half a dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure and take a cab home."

When Fred got home he was thoroughly drenched.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" exclaimed his father.

"I did, father," replied Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

A TEACHER in a Winnipeg school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final *g*. One day when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny reread as before, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the *g*?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again confidently: "*Gee*, what a good time I am havin'!"

AN old South Carolina darkey was sent to the city hospital.

Upon his arrival he was placed in the ward and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made the rounds, he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feel right tol'ble, sar."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yassar."

"What did you have?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, sar."

A LADY OF NOTE.

SHE was musical, quite, so she made a gown
Of organdie, cleverly planned,
With accordeon plaits running all up and down,
And fluted to beat the band.
She looked truly swell, and would frequently harp
On being high toned and all that,
And of course to B natural, had to B sharp
Enough to abide in A flat.

MRS. Homer—Don't you think your husband is rather headstrong for an invalid?

Mrs. Neighbor—Yes, and the doctor to blame for it, too.

Mrs. Homer—Indeed! And why, pray?

Mrs. Neighbor—He won't allow him to take any nourishment but goat's milk.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
PURE
TABLE SYRUP

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited
ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The city of New Westminster, B. C., on the banks of the Fraser River, enjoys the distinction of being the only fresh water harbor for ocean going vessels on the Canadian Pacific coast. It is the business centre of a large developed agricultural district. Some of the largest lumber mills of the coast are located on the Fraser within the city limits, and immense quantities of building materials are loaded direct to ocean going vessels for export to Mexico, South America and Great Britain. Upwards of fifty manufacturing plants are in full swing. Good openings for flour mills, shoe factory, fruit and vegetables canneries, splendid transportation facilities are afforded by the C. P. R., G. N. R., and three suburban electric car lines now running and under construction, and numerous lines of Fraser River steamboats. Population 12,000 and rapidly increasing.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.

CANADA-WEST

Walter E. Gunn Co.
Publishers

Edited by
HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for March, 1908 No. 5.

COVER DESIGN by Harrison Fisher
Illustrating "In The Ruins."

Frontispiece Illustrating "In the Ruins."	**V. L. Barnes**	426
In the Ruins. Fiction	**Cy. Warman**	427
Where Grow Milady's Furs Illustrated with photographs	**Agnes Deans Cameron**	434
The Railway that Didn't Illustrated with Map.	**John V. Borne**	439
A Land Deal with the Doctor. Fiction	**Andrew B. Hogg**	444
The Wind and the Sea. Verse	**Robert Little**	448
British Columbia Illustrated with photographs	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	449
The Question. Verse	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	455
Western Canada's First Farmer	**Lawrence J. Burpee**	456
The Saskatchewan Trail	**Floyd D. Raze**	458
The Passing of the Cowboy	**W. Hodgson**	459
Consul Taylor, Optimist	**J. E. Jones**	461
Banff. Verse	**Jeannette Cooper**	463
Morning in the Northwest. Verse	**Arthur Stringer**	464
The Old Days and the New	**John D. Lageson**	465
A Nurse from Teulon	**Louise Darby**	467
Adventures in a Garden. Fiction Illustration by Florence Pretz	**Mary Livingston**	470
The Homesteaders. Fiction Illustration by F. D. Schwalm	**Jessie Beckton**	473
The Holiday West Illustrated with photographs	**Arthur Hawkes**	481
Homes Illustrated with drawings	**Hugh G. Holman**	485
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor		487
Shop Talk	**The Editor**	488

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscription, $1.00. Single Copy, 10 cents.

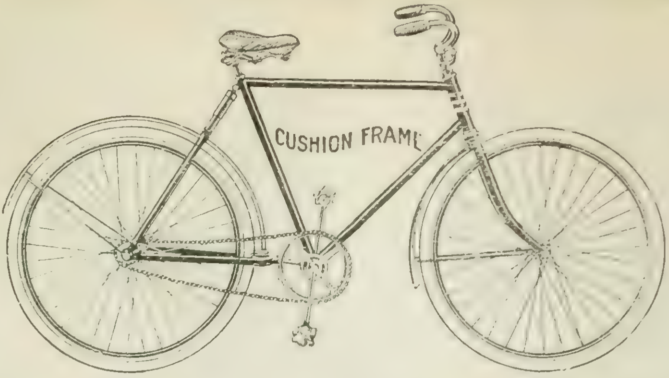
All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be re-printed without permission

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co. WALKER THEATRE BLDG. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Eastern Representative—Lawrence G. Cluxton, 97 Mackay St., Montreal, Que.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE EDITORIAL DIRECTION OF WESTERN CANADIAN IMMIGRATION ASSOCIATION



CLEVELAND RAMBLER **MASSEY IMPERIAL** **BRANTFORD PERFECT**

The **Best Price** to pay for a bicycle is the price of the **Best Bicycle**.
We manufacture none but the best and have built up such a reputation for first-class bicycles that we cannot afford to sell a so-called "cheap bicycle."
If we are not represented in your town, send for Catalogues. We are the largest manufacturers and jobbers of bicycle supplies in Canada.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG - CANADA

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FOR

MAXIMUM COMFORT

USE

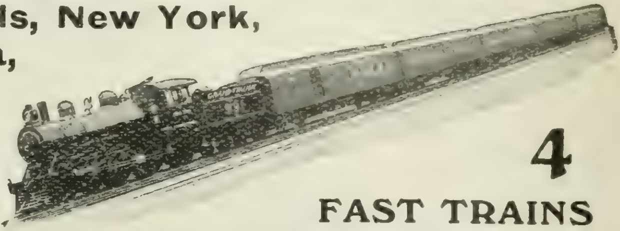
Canada's Double Track Railway

BETWEEN

Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Niagara Falls, New York, Philadelphia, Boston

⁂

FINEST ROAD-BED.
MODERN & LUXURIOUS EQUIPMENT
UNEXCELLED DINING CAR SERVICE



4 FAST TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO

For Rates, Reservations, Time Tables, Etc., Apply to

A. E. DUFF

GENERAL AGENT - PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

260 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG, MAN.

CANADA-WEST for APRIL

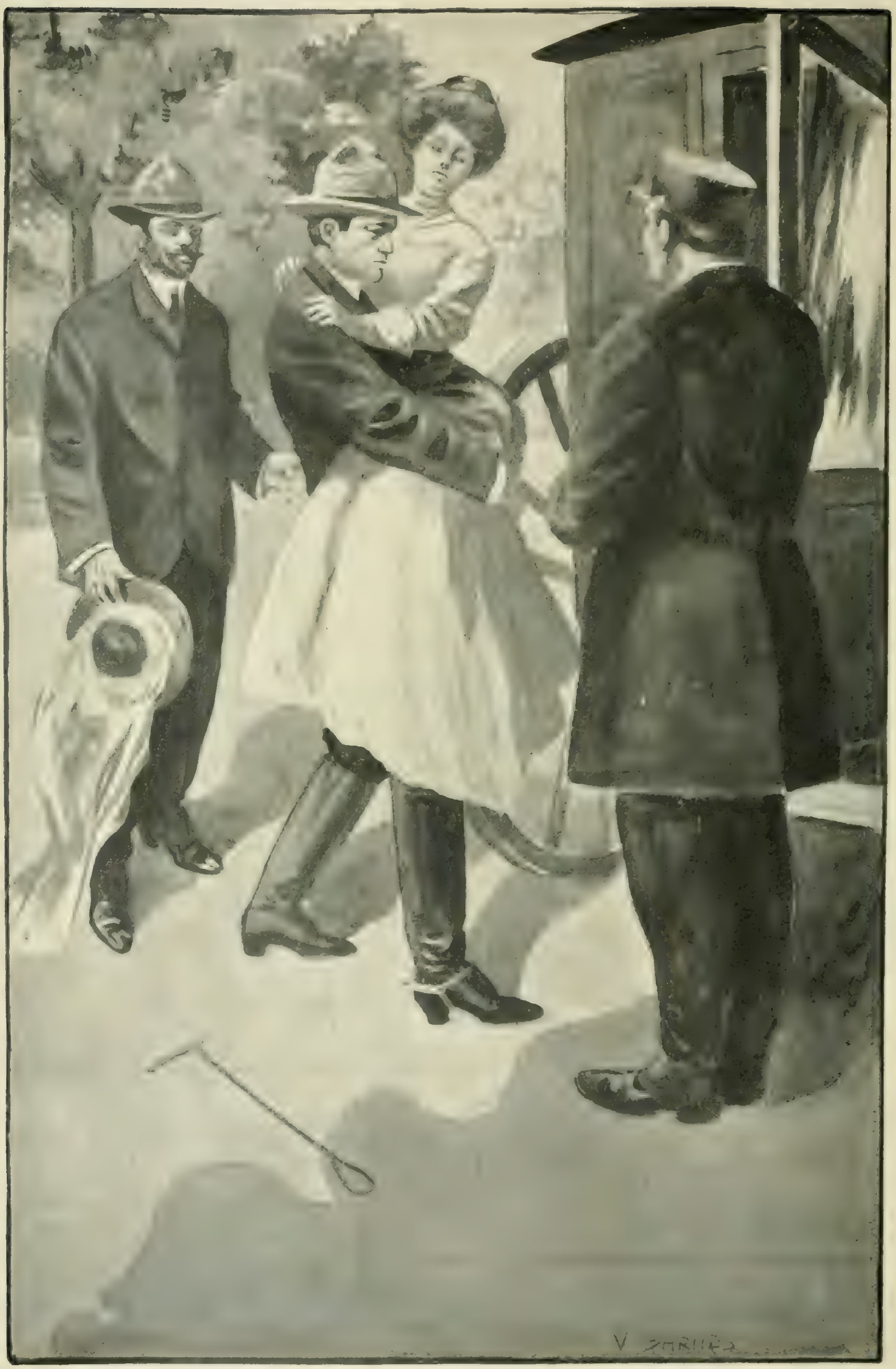
NELLIE L. McCLUNG
Who writes on "The Poor Rich Farmer" for April Canada-West.

THE next number will contain Ernest Thompson Seton's great article, "The White Man's Last Opportunity"; Cy Warman's story "With the Locating Engineer"; the third installment of "The Homesteaders," by Jessie Beckton; other articles and fiction by well-known authors—among them: Gay Page, John V. Borne, Nellie L, McClung, Arthur Baldwin, Mary Livingston, F. W. Crandall, and Agnes Deans Cameron.

DON'T MISS THE APRIL NUMBER

10 cents the copy — SUBSCRIBE NOW — $1.00 the year

Walter E. Gunn Company, Walker Theatre Building, Winnipeg



DRAWN BY V. BARNES

Lifting her in my arms I carried her steadily, but with beating heart

In the Ruins—see page 427

CANADA-WEST

A MAGAZINE
of the SUNSET
PROVINCES

VOLUME III.
NUMBER 5.

In the Ruins

By Cy Warman

Author of "Stories of the Railroad," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON FISHER AND VA-TIER BARNES

I COULD answer you easily enough if I were willing to deceive you, but you're too good a friend. I might, to another, say I came to Canada for canvas-back and Canadian Rye, since you seem to anticipate my taste and thirst, but the whole thing is too serious for jest. To a mercenary man I might attribute my coming to the call of the Last West—that I am here to assist in the construction of the new "Transcontinental," the Grand Trunk Pacific—or, to flatter our host, that I prefer the Royal Alexandra to the Saint Francis—No! No! Champagne is only a misdemeanor, but that bearded stuff you call Scotch is a crime. Some rye whisky and plain water for me.

And yet, if I were to attempt to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the lights in these brackets would be blurred and dimmed by the morning sun before the tale was told. I see you are interested. I had forgotten that you had turned story-teller and were now devoting your time and talent to the Hoosier pastime of marketing your imagination. However, I fancy you would have some trouble selling my story. It's too tragic, too *triste* and leaves so much behind:

"Fragments of song that nobody sings,
Broken vows and pieces of rings,
Trinkets and tresses of hair—"

O! God of Love! How many times

have I recalled that sweep of Taylor's, then, taking new courage I have gone about my day's work, only to return to the ruins of life and finish the stanza:

"Brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
Heaps of dust, but we loved them so,
And the garments she used to wear."

Well, old friend, since you insist I will—just a drop, you know; tho' I break the rule of a life time when I mix my drinks. The fact is (Jove, that's rare port) you lift the curtain that cuts off the past when you ask me why I came to Canada. As I have not the heart to deceive you I'll tell my story to you. Let me have a light first, please—thanks.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning, as I swung into Golden Gate Park, just as I had done each morning for months, I saw the fleeing figure of a woman as she dashed down one of the winding roadways. Somehow, her veil, blown back, seemed to beckon me, but as I knew neither the horse nor the rider, I took another trail, saying to my-perfectly satisfied self, "heart-whole, and at my age a man may almost count himself immune."

And so, with the wind of the ocean blowing by, and the hoofs of my hunter beating Ocean Boulevard, I tossed my happy face to the morning and rejoiced that I was free and large and strong and able physically, financially and intellectually to enjoy life as one should; to escape from the roar of the City and catch at least a fleeting glimpse of God's good world.

Presently I drew rein and stood watching the white gulls winging their way to sea in the wake of an ocean steamer. Up from the shore came the low, soft sob of the sea, and all about were singing birds. Never, in all my life, had life seemed so sweet, the world so fair, the sea, the sky, the sound of the sea and the singing birds, in short, the *ensemble* was a sort of soul-symphony and I was glad.

From this sweet spell I was rudely awakened by the honk of a horn. Like most men who love a horse, I had resented the intrusion of the ill-smelling motor, and now I felt a real biting, bitter hatred for the thing. However, the sound of hurrying hoof-beats on the boulevard drew my attention, and the next moment I saw the fair figure which had attracted me as I entered the park, coming towards me as if winged by the winds. I had left the boulevard a few yards and was screened from her view by a low spreading cedar, but as she passed, my own spirited steed whirled to face the road. Her horse, already frightened by the motor, shied at mine, and by the quick effort to retain her seat she threw her weight upon the stirrup so suddenly that the strap broke and the rider of the runaway was thrown violently to the ground.

Tossing the rein over the head of my hunter, I leaped to her side. I lifted her, helpless and limp, in my arms and bore her away while the honking motor brushed by without even slacking speed. To all appearances she was dead. I tore at her collar and loosened things at her white throat. A park officer hurried to my aid with water he had brought in a tiny drinking cup. He emptied it onto her handkerchief which I held in my hand. I bathed her face, then bending held my ear to heart and heard it beat. Never before had I given thanks with all my selfish soul in the way I thanked God for that faint heart-beat.

Presently, pillowed upon my lap, her beautiful head resting in the hollow of my arm, she opened her angelic eyes and gave to me, a typical man of the world, my first, last and only glimpse of heaven. She looked at me steadily at first and sternly, shaming me and causing me to shift and hold her less caressingly in my arms. The park officers had taken my horse and hurried away to call the ambulance. She was first to speak:

"Lift me to my feet, please," she said, and her voice was a million times more musically sweet than the soul-symphony nature sang.

I obeyed, but when she put weight on her feet she gave a little frightened cry and I gathered her to my breast, and eased her down again.

Don't think—(There, you and your

port are revealing old scars to-night)—don't think I am over sentimental, but that was the one real moment of my life—the moment I held her so. I lifted her hands, one after the other, and saw that her arms were unhurt. The toes of her boots peeped from below her riding skirt, and when, at my request, she moved her feet I gave new thanks that at least her limbs were not broken.

When the wagon came I found myself prepared to hate the surgeon and his men who would lift her and carry her away. As if she read my thoughts, she put her hand gently upon my shoulder and said, "You lift me, please," and I, never prouder of my great physical strength, raised her in my arms and deposited her gently in the ambulance. "Thanks," she whispered.

In answer to the officer's question she gave her name, "Mrs. Santone," and her house number. The fact that she was "Mistress" anybody only served to increase my confusion. When the ambulance drove away I mounted and followed. When the ambulance stopped I was at her side. She seemed not at all surprised, and as I bore her up the steps and into her own room she murmured "How good of you to come along."

I made no answer. My sluggish, British blood had at last been stirred and was now boiling. Here at last was the "one woman." Twice she had lain against my breast, quivering and trembling like a wounded bird. Her dazzling beauty, her breath upon my face, her soft hand prisoned in mine, had bewildered me, but the cruel fact that she was the wife of a man with a musical Italian name, had left me stunned and dazed. As I put my card upon a table near her she reached for it, read my name, and showed the first smile I had ever seen upon that fair face. "Ah yes, yes. Now I know; you live at the St. Francis, but I never knew your name—Thank you, *so* much, more than I can tell you—now," and then, placing my card under her pillow, she turned her face from me, for she was in great physical pain.

I dined alone that night. Not because I had no friends, but because I preferred my own company. The food was tasteless, the wine was flat. Alone in my apartments I bit into a big cigar that seemed determined not to help me. I picked up a book and opened it as if the place had been marked for me. The words went deep and indelibly down in my memory as I read:

"O, bitterness of things too sweet,
    O, broken singing of the dove!
Love's wings are over fleet,
And like the panther's feet
    The feet of love."

I rose and walked to the window and looked out upon the lights of old Frisco that was, but is not now and never will be again. 'Frisco, wayward, wicked, experts say; and yet with all her faults the fairest, the most fascinating city I ever knew.

There was a gentle rap at my door, and as I turned from the window a neatly uniformed bell boy was bowing himself in and offering me a letter which lay upon a silver tray.

Thinking only and always of her I felt a strange warmth tingling through my already fevered veins as I touched the envelope and asked the boy to wait. The note read:

"Dear Mr. Wilmott: Mrs. Santone asked me to call and say that she is much improved, and to convey to you her thanks for your kindness.

As you will have noticed, she has carefully kept your name from the reporters. And may I thank you also, and assure you that your friend and my patient will soon be abroad again.

Dr. Longwood."

That helped, some. Now I picked up an evening paper and saw a poor picture of the fairest face in Frisco, above it the scare heads, and below the story of the runaway at Golden Gate Park, of the accident to the beautiful Mrs. Santone, of the mysterious stranger—very tall and extremely handsome. I have my share of vanity, perhaps, but any reference to my physical charms was, for the moment, beside the mark. I read on and learned that Mrs. Santone was a great social favorite, but had, until quite recently, been in mourning for her late —Don't smile, man. I know what you are thinking, but I am not guilty of that.

And yet, if you were shipwrecked, would you not, even as your fellows sank, feel thankful for the line that towed you through the surf in safety to the shore?

Within a fortnight we met again almost on the spot where she had fallen. In fact, I found her there, looking the ground over for the first time since that eventful day. Yes, if it satisfies your craving curiosity, I had gone to that spot for the same purpose. She was, if anything, more charming than ever. We rode away together. After that we rode daily, except Sunday, when I rode alone. We lunched together at the Cliff and watched the oily looking lions lolling in the surf and sunning themselves on Seal rock. Having plenty of time, we wasted never a moment when we could, with decorum, find each other. The days and weeks and months went by like playhouse scenes in childhood. We forgot that life held such things as hurts and heartaches. I bought new books which we took to the seaside for her to read to me, but they lay in her lap with leaves uncut while we watched the sea gulls soar and the ships go by. Life, for us, was like a pretty play, and we didn't want to go home.

The Summer waned, the Summer flowers faded and died, but life was good to us, and the hazy, dreamy days of Autumn indescribably sweet. When, finally, she went South I had to wrestle with myself to remain behind, but I did, filling in the months with a trip to Honolulu.

When she came back, early in April, with the first faint hint of Summer and singing birds, I was there to meet her. She had not changed. We had known each other nearly a year now, and I could wait no longer. I must know her answer. It was all I had hoped for, save that she imposed one condition—I must not question her going and coming. She had a good and perfectly proper reason for keeping one secret from me. When I hesitated she put her hands upon my shoulders, lifted her sweet face and said: "My dear, if you can't trust me, wholly and absolutely, then I shan't marry you."

Now could you get by that? No. Well, I agreed, but when, a week later, I rang her bell and the maid said her mistress was away, I felt hurt. It seemed to me she might have told me when, if not where she was going; but she was gone.

It is hardly necessary, having confessed so much, for me to (What! You are not going? O, I beg your pardon—God save the King! Certainly I'll stand up) I say it is hardly necessary for me to assure you that I spent a fretful, feverish night between that dusk and the following dawn. I called again at Mrs. Santone's that day, and on the following day rang her phone. The same answer. On the fourth day I went to the house. The maid was nervous and I noticed that she had ink stains on her fingers. I insisted upon leaving a note for her mistress and she let me into the library. I scribbled a line and was about to blot the envelope when I noticed upon the narrow blotter "Seaside Inn." That much I could make out upside down, but I pocketed this blotter and carried it away with me, using a fresh one for my own letter. Holding the blotter between me and the electric light I was able to read,

"Senorita Monistario,
Seaside Inn
Santa Cruz,
California."

Burning with jealousy I instantly determined to take the first train South and know the worst. Not until I was mounting the steps of the inn at nine that night did it dawn upon me that this Spanish housemaid might possibly know another maid and that other maid might quite reasonably be employed at the Seaside. When I had written my name in the book of names I strolled out on a side veranda, found a cigar and a seat and sat down to smoke and think. The tide was tumbling in from the misnamed Pacific, slamming up against the shore sobbing, sighing and then slipped back to be engulfed again. From a vine-clad Summer shelter came the low laughter of soft-voiced Senoritas' "Ah, *Dulce Mio*!" said a masculine voice, "Sing for us."

Then up through the summer-scented gloaming came the nerve-soothing notes of a guitar, and "*Dulce Mio*" sang:

THE SONG OF A SERENADE.

One night beneath my window, when the stars were bright above
The music of a mandolin, blent with a lay of love,
  Came stealing through the stillness, like the balmy breath of Spring,
  I opened wide my window and I heard a singer sing:
'Cupid is an Archer and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies as from a falconette:
  His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true,
  Be wary of the Archer when his arrow's aimed at you.'

By now the moon had mounted so that it shone down through the trees. The rioters in the shelter scattered and, strolling two by two, went down where the sorrowing sea had lain its white face on the sand and sobbed itself to sleep.

I had almost persuaded myself that I was utterly in the wrong, that this Senorita Monistario had nothing to do with the case, when slowly, as lovers are wont to walk, a man and a woman emerged from the shadows and stood for a moment at the foot of the steps that led from the graveled walk to the veranda.

My first impulse was to quit my place, but as the thick vine screened me perfectly, I thought it better to sit tight until they passed. The moonlight fell upon the man's face—a firm, clear-cut face, partly shaded, however, by a broad-brimmed Stetson. It was a strong face, one that you would remember. He was so out of the ordinary, so tall and straight and handsome that I had scarcely taken my eyes from him until she drew him into the shadow and said something soft and low and kissed him good night, or he kissed her, or both.

"Adios," said he, and hurried away up the path that led toward the town. When she had mounted to the second step she turned to look after him. The moon was full upon her and I saw that she had a graceful pose. She lifted a jeweled hand and unwound the soft, creamy something that swathed her head. The moon was full upon her face. I gripped the railing beside me and shook, chilled to the very marrow of my bones.

Dazed and dumb I watched her walk across the floor and enter the hotel. I rang for brandy and soda, saying to my brave British heart "be still." I called upon my sluggish British blood to cool down, reaching for my cigar case.

All of which helped, a little, but four-flush as we will, a cigar is only a smoke—a woman's a woman.

I had lost out.

Presently, as I smelled my moustache scorching under my nose, two men came down the path by which my rival had left and stopped almost at my elbow. It was the handsome man—I knew him by the outline of his figure, his lofty bearing, and his broad-brimmed hat.

"I must see her" he was saying to the man who was hanging on his arm.

"You mus' not," the man hissed in broken English. "They are hot upon your trail. They know you are here and are guarding every pass on the border. They are leaving 'Frisco at eleven o'clock—go up to town by the midnight train, pass them on the way. Wear your clothes and your sombrero with the rattlesnake band. I will take your horse and ride south, showing myself, so that they can follow. The day after to-morrow you can take the steamer for Honolulu while I lead the man-catchers to the *terre caliente*."

The tall man was silent. "I will tell her all," the other urged. "Remember, Senor, it is for her you go."

The two men turned and disappeared. I entered the house, paid my bill made some excuse for my hasty departure and followed.

Upon my arrival at 'Frisco I saw the dark man leave the train and enter a closed cab. I stumbled to my hotel. Then and there I took pen and paper and wrote;

"Dear Friend:" no, she was not my friend. She was more–or less. That was too warm, too soft.

"Dear Friend:" how glacial that would have sounded yesterday? Yesterday! O, how many years since yesterday!!! Can you—(is that a fresh bottle?—O, I'm not complaining—what's a few bottles more or less between friends?) Can you imagine me railing at God to give me back my yesterday, then bowing my head and sobbing out my soul until the unwritten letter was baptised in tears?

Heaven help the self satisfied man who approaches forty without having tasted either a great joy or a great sorrow—without having loved.

Presently I grew calm—the storm subsided—and I wrote: "Dear Friend:—I am changed—the world is changed. You, who were the light of my life, have passed out. I sit alone in utter anguish, in deepest darkness, waiting a day that will not dawn. I do not love you. That is all. Don't ask me why; but if ever you should read the date of my demise, chiseled upon my tomb, deny it, for I die to-day—this day, April 17th, 1906.

Wilmott."

Having burned the bridge I set about heroically to try to adjust myself to the new order of things.

Naturally, being a Britisher, the first thing I prescribed for myself was a bath. After that I went to bed, but despite the fact that I had not slept for ages, I could not sleep. I arose, dressed, and went through the ceremony of breakfasting, ordered my horse and rode at a mad gallop for the park. Do you know that the nod of a friend jarred upon me that day, and a woman's smile was almost a sacrilege? I could not understand how anyone could smile. The once beautiful park lay moist and melancholy under a gray fog that obscured the sun. Not a bird sang. Even the sea seemed to have hushed itself to sleep. My greatest consolation, the only one in fact, was that my sorrow had rather softened me. There was no bitter hatred in my heart for anything.

"I shunned the worm upon my walk
And left the white rose on its stalk."

I rode the best part of the day trying to tire myself out. How or when or where I dined I scarcely remember, though I am sure I drank very little. My sorrow was not the sort that can be drowned. Moreover, I had my life to live—one owes that to his Creator—to himself. I am not a quitter.

I recalled distinctly that I went to my window, as usual, to say "Good night" to 'Frisco–dear old 'Frisco that was, but is not now and never will be again. Somewhere, in a tall tower, a deep-voiced bell was beating out the hour of midnight. I remember now that I laughed and shuddered at the sound of my own voice and asked the clock: "What's the odds?"

Presently I laughed again and then, with a strange drumming in my ears, I fell asleep.

Once or twice I awoke in fevered and distressing dreams. At length I awoke again and felt the room swaying. A collection of Japanese armour which hung upon the wall, broke away and crashed to the floor.

I leaped from my bed, clapped my hands to my ears to shut out a million moans and groans and shrieks of anguish. I tried hard to think but my bewildered brain would not work. By now the floor of my bedroom was heaving and falling like the deck of a ship on a troubled sea. The whole building swayed as if it were falling, and just as I was beginning to wonder how long I would have to endure the agonizing suspense—whether I would lapse from being before I finished this two-hundred-foot fall, or live to be crushed like a fly, the building rested and swung the other way. For fully a minute this great structure, rooted in thirty feet of cement, swung and swayed Once, while I was trying to step into my clothes, I was thrown across the room and smashed a window. I thrust my head through the broken pane and realized for the first time that I was witnessing a catastrophe, the like of which the world had never known. The air had a smoky taste and a sulphuric smell which smacked of hell. It seemed to me that the prophecy of the pessimist had been fulfilled and that the wrath of God had come down to smite this Sodom by the Sea. Bells were tolling in the tottering towers as the crazed earth shook out the knell of the doomed city. The first thing I heard distinctly was the wild, hoarse unearthly scream of a horse, maddened by the awfulness of it all. The house rose, lurched sidewise, then fell back with a jar. The whole cosmos was in convulsions. I looked out again. The air was filled with smoke and dust, and up to my window, two-hundred feet from the belching earth, came the wail of a woman, the cry of a child, followed by the heart rending howl of a dog. Strangely enough, until that woman screamed I had not thought of—of yesterday. But at the first faint thought of her, the past four days were blotted out. Half dressed and hatless, I leaped from the swaying stair. How I reached the street without a broken bone, I do not know. The first man I met was doubled up laughing idiotically.

"What has happened?" I called.

"Happened?" he repeated straightening up, "why hell has the hiccoughs and can't stop," and I left him laughing.

Despite the mystifying confusion, I found her home, or rather the ruins of what had been her home. Groping my way through the gray dust that delayed the dawn, I stumbled up the steps. At the door a man, bare-headed and bleeding, blocked my way.

"Let me pass" I demanded.

"Back" he called, and without another word I grasped him and hurled him to one side. He landed against a window with such force that he crashed through and fell to the ground. Falling upon my knees I began burrowing at a heap of wreckage at a point where I fancied the floor of her sleeping room had fallen. I dug and tore at the debris until my nails were splintered, torn and bleeding. It seemed the same invisible hand that had led me down the drunken street was still directing me. Wrenching free a broken bit of studding to which the lath and plaster still clung, I found her. Manifestly she had not been abed. She was dressed in a travelling dress just as she had come from the Sea-Side Inn and in her dead hand she held my last letter.

The next few moments are indescribable.

"Wilmott" said a voice which I heard indistinctly: "Wilmott," and I turned and faced the man who had guarded her door—the same dark, handsome man whose face had hovered one maddening moment above hers in the shadow of the vines.

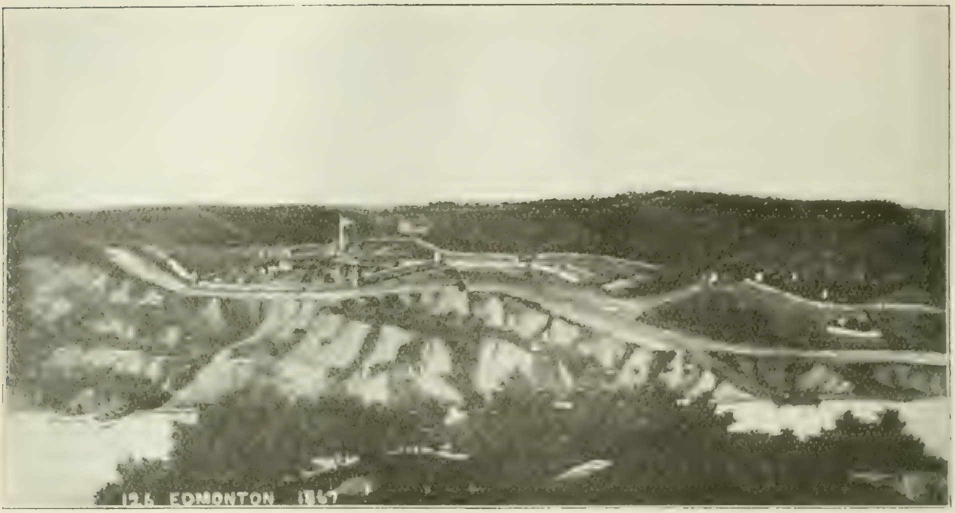
I got to my feet and bowed to the stranger. "Wilmott," he repeated for the third time: "You are wrong—you were wrong. I am her brother."

As he spoke he stooped and lifted my cruel letter which lay in the hollow of her hand.

A few moments, hours, or ages after this, when my dethroned reason returned I found myself holding her in my arms, just as I had held her upon that sweet day, centuries ago in Golden Gate Park, rocking to and fro and saying to the dark man bending above me: "I'd rather have her so than not have her at all."

It seems a strange and selfish thing to say, but I heard myself say that.

Then, looking back on pain from which
I shrank,
To stony ways I walked with bleeding feet,
So bitter now the cup that what I
drank but yesterday
Would now seem sweet.



EDMONTON, AS IT LOOKED IN THE YEAR 1867

Where Grow Milady's Furs

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

> "Then dark they lie and stark they lie—rookery, dune, and flee,
> And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance with the houseless snow.
> But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear,
> The sealing-boats they filch that way at hazard year by year."
> —*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE names of two Canadian cities are inseparably connected with the world's fur-trade, and both of them have a royal flavor:—Victoria, on Vancouver Island, is the headquarters of the Pacific sealing fleet, and Edmonton away up on the banks of the silver Saskatchewan gathers in the land-furs from the far north and is the world's greatest raw-fur centre.

Victoria is known as the city of roses and homes and incomparable sunsets; the Princess of Wales, on her last visit, called this bit of England on the shores of the Pacific, "the most beautiful city in the Empire." It is a scenic paradise, the home of retired officers of army and navy, the haunt of artists and literati, and a summer halting place for a yearly increasing army of American tourists. Here among the roses the Canadian Pacific Railway has just placed one of the most luxurious hostleries in the world; its feet run down into the blue waters of the Pacific, and from its corridors you can watch the little craft of the Pacific sealing fleet set out from their moorings for their long cruise to the Arctic, and at the season's end return, wending their way among lines of shipping from the world's four corners to unship the precious packages of

A SINGLE ONE OF THESE SKINS IS A GIFT FIT FOR A PRINCESS skins gathered up by Behring Straits, "where the gray sea goes nakedly between the weed-hung shelves, and the little blue fox is bred for his skin and the seal they breed for themselves."

The man who procures your sealskin jacket for you is a sailor, of the breed of those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters. He is also a good shot, and in order that you may be warm as you whirl along in your auto, he cramps himself below hatches for six months in the year in somewhat stuffy quarters that have a decidedly "sealy" smell.

A FORTUNE IN FURS IN AN EDMONTON WAREHOUSE

Now, come with me up the Saskatchewan to the city of Edmonton, the old "Last House" of Hudson's Bay Co. days. This is the most unique city on the map of America to-day, the acme of Topsy-Turveydom. With the coming of the railway, Edmonton popped out of the chrysalis of an Indian bartering-post into modern city-hood with municipal ownership, single-tax, Worth gowns, Poole coats, and people who tear round in autos and live in tents because the carpenters can't build their houses fast enough.

But it is still pre-eminently the city of furs. While pianos and fashionable millinery are coming into the front door of the city; and electric-cars and street paving, Carnegie libraries and churches are occupying the attention of the city-fathers;—out from the back-door slips the alert figure of the trapper as of yore.

This is the man who matches his wits for nine long months with the thief of the woods, Kak-wa-har-kas the wolverine, to bring you your beaver muff, your marten stole, and ermine trimming.

Here Antoine steps out from the end of steel, tightens his pack, calls to the dogs, and with a friendly look to the stars starts out on the trail that points north, the trail worn smooth with the feet of men who trod these ways when Queen Victoria had not yet donned her first party-dress and in the days when a new nation was going through birth-throes on the seaboard of the Atlantic.

Let me introduce you to Antoine Mamousette; he is good to look at. Tall, lithe, arrow-straight, the blood of six nations flushes that tanned cheek, lends brightness to that eye. If the priest should make for us a family-tree of this true son of the church, we would trace the blending of Cree and Crow and Canadian-French, Ojibway squaw and Scot from the Tweed-side. It is a mixture that makes for hardiness and the silence bred from loneliness.

Antoine is the type of a race whose lineage harks back in honorable line to the very beginnings of things. The trapper is of the earth's first families. Furs caused the subjugation of Siberia when the fifteenth century was yet an infant: and skins were legal tender when cashier's checks were unheard of, and clearing-house certificates but a chimera of the imagination.

The Japanese and Chinese used furs 2500 years ago. and Herodotus tells of their use by other ancient people The Romans prized furs during the latter days of the Empire, and the luxurious Saracens made much display of them. The Crusaders brought furs into general favor in Europe, and throughout the veering changes of fickle fashion this one custom of coveting the soft pelts of the fur-bearers has never changed among the rich and the would-be rich of Europe's wealthy capitals.

A BEAR CUB IN THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY

How interdependent we all are: And what momentous things get their pivotal turn from what is seemingly vapid and trifling! If milady's interest in sables and mink and ermine had ceased, if it had but flagged for a season, the exploiting of the whole top slice of the map of North America would have been delayed for half a century, perhaps for a far longer period.

And as with the eastern coast and the interior, so with the whole Pacific foreshore and its rich hinterland. It is true that the will-o'-the-wisp, the light-o'-dreams that men wooed under the name of the mystic "Anian Strait" took Cook and Vancouver and Fiery Jack and Don Perez and the rest of the Spanish navigators into Pacific waterways, but it was the glimpse which Behring caught of seal and sea-lions and sables on the rocky shores of the Pribyloffs that made commerce the hand-maid of adventure.

The fur-trade, then, was Canada's first and for many years her only industry. The lumberman followed and the cattleman; close on the heels of these came the miner and the unclassified adventurer. Scraping the surface of the earth, measuring the height of 300-feet Douglas firs, literally stepping across streams channel-choked with fish, and guessing mines of coal and gold and gypsum, nickel and silver and the richest native copper, it one day occurred to an experimental soul to try a crop of wheat on the prairies, those prairies sacred from all time to the horse-raiser and the cattle-man.

Tradition and science and capital and "vested interests?' and the rest of the boog-a-boos called it high treason and foolish folly, but the man who experimented cut a harvest of forty-bushels to the acre and once more in the topsy-turvy history of humanity foolish folly won out.

Then with one accord came the man with the transit and the faith-endowed men who build railways into fastnesses. Following close along to the end of steel and penetrating beyond it, we see the pioneer with his wife and babies, encumbered with but little of the gear of this material world but having in his eye the smouldering fire of the man who sees visions and dreams. With the building of the railroad and the throwing open of free lands, comes the flood, that great army of wheat-growers, who, speaking sixty languages, think only one, the language of freedom and home-making and self-respecting independence in a new land.

But while a new nation is being born upon the wheat-plains, up north in that white world that fringes the Arctic and drops down to the northern limit of grain, has the trade in furs died out? No: it has been steadily and surely growing and appreciating in value. Year after year Pierre and his relatives on both sides of the house (French and Scottish and English where his European ancestry harks back, and Cree and Crow and Athabascan on the spindle-side,) have gone out with the falling of the leaf in autumn and returned with the green leaves and the running of the sap in the spring, laden with the spoils of trap and gun.

Half the year has the trapper withdrawn himself from the forts of the Fur Company, those centres which spell Paris and New York and the gaieties of the fashionable watering-place for him. It is a trade that means loneliness with much time to think things over and have arguments with yourself. If you are of a social or of a controversial nature, don't try to qualify as a trapper of furs.

What kinds of skins are sought by these silent track-followers in sub-Arctic wilds? The chief Canadian furs of commerce to-day are beaver, musk-rat, hare and squirrel; the mink, badger and skunk; the northern and the southern lynx; five distinct kinds of bears; foxes of as many varieties, from the common red to the $1000 silver-grey that every trapper dreams of when the wind from the north is in his teeth; the grey wolf and the timber wolf; and most valuable of all musk-ox, seals, sea-otters and so-called Russian sables.

Canadian collectors forward their furs to the seaboard consigned to the world's fur-centre, the great concentrating and distributing point.

London. Thither trends not only the peltry-produce of Asia and Europe, but also the fine furs of Chili and Peru, the fur-seal of South Shetland, Buenos-Ayres nutria, and the inferior skins of Africa. The world's furs meet in the market on the Thames, but of them all, those that come from the north latitudes of "Our Lady of the Sunshine" are easily the best and most sought for.

The climate that produces hard wheat and hardier manhood, gives also the perfection of fur. There is nothing to match the full pelage, the exquisitely soft and fulvous tones of the choicest skins in that pack which Antoine Mabousette slips off his shoulders with a sigh of relief in the trading-room of the Hudson's Bay Company at Dunvegan on the Peace.

◆

The Railway that Didn't

First Paper

By John V. Borne

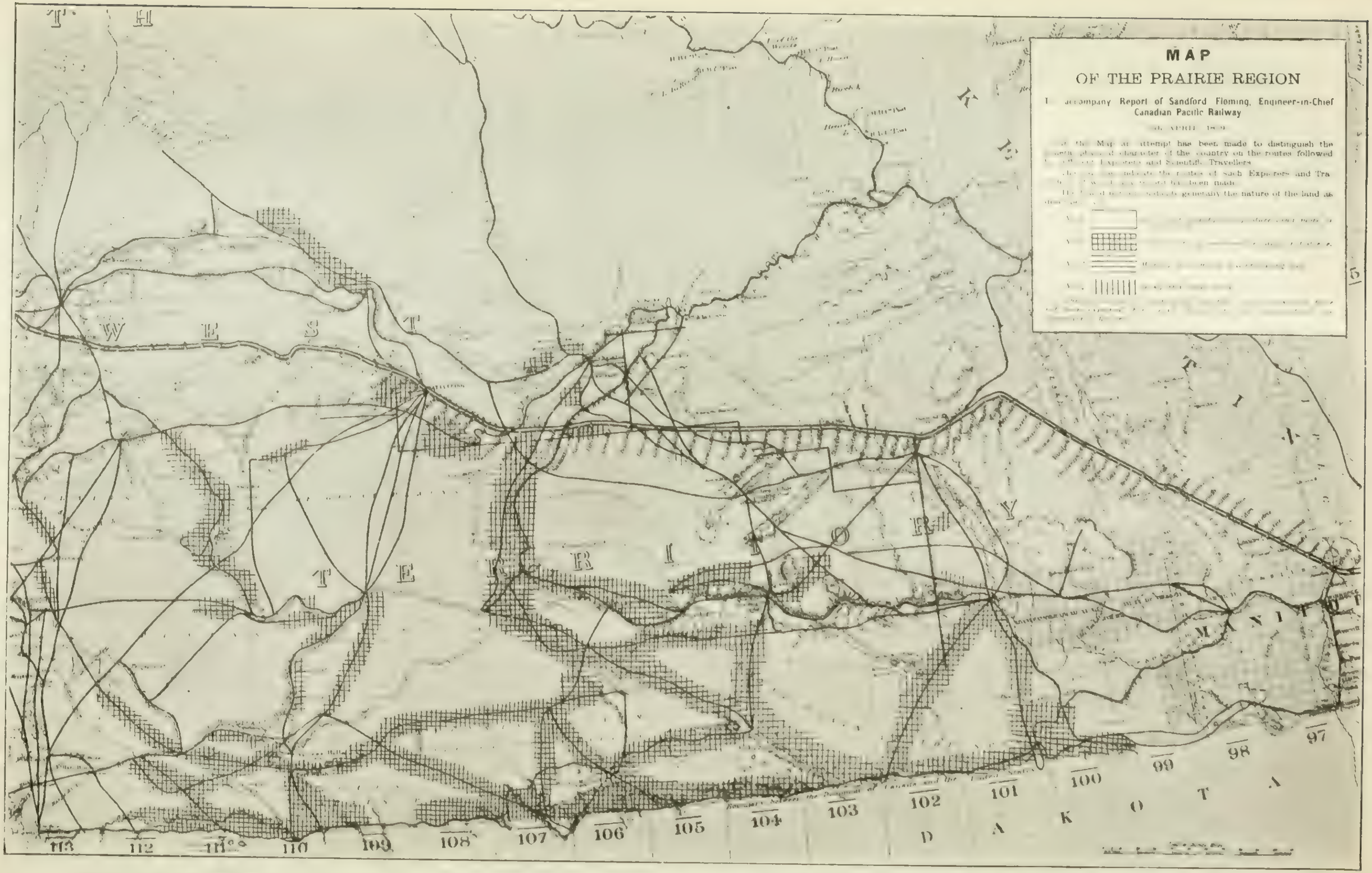
ILLUSTRATED WITH MAP

THE newest country is always the nearest to antiquity. It is like the pedigree of the parvenu—its lineage is lost in the mists of antiquity, only the mists begin very recently. In a way, it is easy to take prehistoric peeps into Western Canada; and when you find a man, still in the prime of life, who was in at the beginning of Western Canadian history, you become doubly interested in the things that have become venerable before they have become grey.

I am only thirty-six; but, when I compare the present West with what it was when I first knew it, I almost feel old—and I was not here in the real early days. There was only one railroad between the forty-ninth Parallel and the Arctic Circle; when Prince Albert, which is now calling for all kinds of manufacturing plants, could only be reached by a two hundred-and-fifty mile drive across the prairie; and when Edmonton seemed so remote as to be almost mythical. Louis Riel was awaiting trial after his concluding rebellion; and many who brought nothing into this Western world were still wondering whether they would ever carry anything out. It was possible to find buffalo skulls from which all the skin had not departed; and, even along the transcontinental railway, you had a sense of weird remoteness from every kind of social life. The country was without form, and void. But it was good to be there.

I would not exchange my experience of those times for anything; except for similar experience in the earlier days when there was not a locomotive within a thousand miles of the empty places that have now become opulent cities. Whenever I can, I dip into the records of pre-railway days with much the same relish with which, at school, I was wont to devour stories by Fenimore Cooper, and his literary kindred. And perhaps I could perform nothing more interesting for those who, although they are making the country, have little access to what may be called the ancient literature of the plains, than to resurrect for them some of the beginnings of the present epoch.

Passing by, for the present, that rare splendor of romance, adventure and tragedy which is concealed in the archives of "The Honorable Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," I shall review a book which has probably never been referred to in any modern magazine—the report, to the Minister of Public Works, at Ottawa,


MAP
OF THE PRAIRIE REGION
accompany Report of Sandford Fleming, Engineer-in-Chief
Canadian Pacific Railway
the Map an attempt has been made to distinguish the
physical character of the country on the routes followed
Explorers and Scientific Travellers
indicate the routes of such Explorers and Tra
The nature of the land as
T H
W E S T
T E R R I T O R Y
K E
T I
M A N I T O
D A K O T A
113
112
111°
110
109
108
107
106
105
104
103
102
101
100
99
98
97
5

The Canadian Pacific Railway Route, as originally surveyed, avoided lands which were then described as being " of questionable value." Many of these districts have since proved to be among the best wheat-producers in the world, for example, the territory between Regina and Prince Albert. On " the Great Plains " between the two branches of the Saskatchewan there is still abundance of free land by Sanford Fleming, C. M. G., who, having built the Intercolonial Railway, was then Engineer-in-chief of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was then struggling through a sickly infancy, under the direct tutelage of a somewhat bewildered Administration.

Some day there will be appointed a real live editor of Government documents—a man who can reconstruct the past, and make it move across the modern stage with all the vim and intellect of its own time; rather than a confirmed antiquary, and second undertaker for the things that have been, and are not. The report of Mr. Fleming—he is Sir Sanford now; a hale veteran, as keen a worker for an imperial telegraphic intelligence service, reaching to all corners of the King's dominions, as he was for the Canadian Pacific—is a fit subject for the Able Editor, when he arrives. It discusses the situation of the great project in nineteen pages; it has four appendices running to one hundred and twenty pages.

For the present purpose, the interest of the document is in its postscript—which is often the case with postscripts—and the first part, describing the physical character of the prairie region; and the last,—a map of the same territory—are the vitally interesting sections for this writing. The other appendices deal with particulars of contracts for work then in hand, from which one might, at some other time, abstract a great deal of irritating information for those builders of railways to whom the low prices of material thirty years ago will suggest that the Fleming report is ancient history indeed.

Lord Salisbury used to advise public servants to study large maps. He was a wise man. I am sorry that I am able to display only a very small reproduction of the map, dated April 5th, 1879, which was then the most up-to-date representation of the geography of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. You examine it with mingled admiration and amusement—admiration, because of the true pioneer work it represents; and amusement, because, in an important respect, it reflects the limitations of those to whom perforce, fell the task of spying out the country from a point of view other than that of the hunter or Indian trader. By a strange conjunction of circumstances, this map reminds me of conversations over-heard in mid-Atlantic, during my boyhood, wherein patriotic Ontario men earnestly advised innocent travellers not to go to the West, because the country was no country at all.

The explorers of the seventies looked at the prairie region through Eastern spectacles. They had been accustomed to the woodlands of the St. Lawrence Basin. Their idea of the new country's possibilities was conditioned by the extent to which its physical features approximated to those with which they were familiar. Every sentence in their reports that indicates admiration for the prairie soil is, so far, only an admission that, after all, there might be another country than Ontario; and that, even where trees did not abound, cultivation might flourish.

The proof of this is in the classification of soils. West of the 100th meridian of longitude, in south-western Manitoba, the checkered indicator tells you that the soil is "pasture land of questionable value; not sterile." If you look at the latest map of that district, you will find it a perfect network of railways, placed there because this "pasture land of questionable value" (of which the most that can be said is that it is "not sterile"), has for many years produced enormous crops of wheat. It follows, therefore, that the land they described as "soil of rich quality, and pasture land more or less fertile," must be remarkably productive. Whatever else these conscientious explorers may have done in their camps, or around the convivial board, they did not see the prospects of the country through the roseate hues of early dawn. Their moderation remains a distinctive feature of their everlasting monument. Where they say the country is good, it must, indeed, be very, very good. They only knew in part; and they prophesied in part.

We know, and, accordingly make known.

The map of 1879 was the foreshadowing of a Canadian Pacific that was never to be. My friend, Mr. James Tyrrell, who has an enviable record as an explorer, north and northeast of the Wheaten West, tells me that around Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis, he found the stakes and some of the telegraphic apparatus of the engineers, who worked on the location of the main transcontinental line across the narrows of Lake Manitoba; and, close by the shores of Lake Winnipegosis to the Swan River. The scheme to build a railway across the spacious plains was vehemently opposed by statesmen of that time who honestly believed that a decent revenue would never be earned in the far country. They said, indeed, that its achievements would be enshrined in unpaid bills for axle grease. And so, in that day of doubting Thomases, who were skilled vote catchers, it was regarded as essential to run the railway through the part of the country which offered the best prospect of continued, profitable crops; and the line was surveyed, and the stations named as we see them on a neighboring page.

It seems strange to present-day eyes to see the main transcontinental line crossing Lake Manitoba and skirting Lake Winnipegosis. That route was in direct line with the railway as it was built to Selkirk, the intention being to leave Winnipeg on a branch line into the United States. For twenty-five years, the Selkirk angle was turned by every train; and the building of the railway in that peculiar shape is one of the many evidences that the change to the more southerly route was decided upon comparatively late in the day; and to meet some consideration rather than that of immediately opening up the most fertile country. The explanation is, of course, that as the railway was projected as an Imperial asset—a mighty link in the chain of British intercommunication and dedefence—it was virtually necessary to prevent a large portion of Western Canada being made tributary to United States railways that would surely invade it from the south, when once the problem in axle-grease was happily solved.

The railway was to go straight northwest from Selkirk, and cross Lake Manitoba so as to reach the most fertile country, after the rich Red River Valley had been tapped, and its future progress assured. The road was to make straight for the Swan River Valley, turn southwestward, and then, just beyond the Manitoba-Saskatchewan frontier, was to take an almost directly westward course, so as to strike the north branch of the Saskatchewan at the Elbow, a little south of where the Canadian Northern crossing of the mighty river now is. There was reason for reaching the Swan River Valley.

Mr. G. C. Cunningham, reported in 1877:—Its extent is about sixty miles in length, by about twenty miles in width; the soil is remarkably rich and productive. Throughout, it consists of large plains clothed with tall succulent grass, alternating with strips and admirably adapted for building purposes. Near Swan Lake, may be seen spruce, tamarac, oak, elm, maple, birch and poplar, each species being represented by trees of very considerable growth.

Mr. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, had earlier written about the locality:—There the Swan River winds about in a fine valley, the banks of which rise to the height of eighty or a hundred feet. Beyond these, an apparently unbroken level extends to one side for a distance of about fifteen or twenty miles to the Porcupine Hills, and for an equal distance on the other, to a high table land called the Duck Mountain. From this, southward to Thunder Mountain, the country is the finest I have ever seen in a state of nature.

It was twenty years before the Swan River Valley received transportation facilities. When the Canadian Northern was built into it, a part of the old route was utilized, especially along the gravel beaches, which will, for all time, prove that, at one period, the northern lakes were very much larger than they are now. But the Swan River Valley is not so much better than the rest of the country between it and the South Saskatchewan. Here, for instance, is what Sir Sandford Fleming himself wrote in 1874:—

Looking back over the thousand miles of prairie country travelled since leaving the wooded district east of Manitoba, it is worthy of note that absolutely level plains formed no great proportion of the vast area which came under our observation. We were agreeably surprised to find that by far the larger proportion was undulating and, in this respect, not unlike much of the Province of Ontario, while eminences of considerable elevation, not greatly inferior to the mountain at Montreal, were occasionally met with. In many places, small groves and fringes of trees adorned the prairie and gave the landscape an agreeable, park-like appearance.

Frank Moberly, who was in charge of an expedition in 1872, said of the country between Fort Pelly and the Swan River Valley itself, that it was found nearly level, thickly wooded, and with soil, admirably fitted for farming.

There is valuable testimony as to the character of the country that is bounded on the north by the great Saskatchewan; on the west by the South Saskatchewan; and on the south by a line drawn from east to west through Big Quill Lake, through which the Canadian Pacific was intended to run, alongside the same Government telegraph poles you see from Canadian Northern trains nearly all the way from Humbolt to Clarksborough. Mr. A. L. Russell, in his report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, 1877, wrote:—"During the six years I have spent in surveys in various parts of Manitoba and the Northwest, I have never seen greater luxuries of growth than that here, nor do I consider the soil of that Province, which is frequently a stiff clay, as inviting to the farmer as is the more friable soil of this section."

Mr. Russell came south from Prince Albert for ninety miles, the first twenty of which were through an excellent farming country which continued good as far as Garripey's crossing of the Saskatchewan where are several settlers who speak favorably of their claims; thence southwest for the next ten miles to the Hill "Minitchinasse," the road passing through the belt of timber skirting the river.

Of the land nearer Prince Albert, here are three extracts from the Hind report, already quoted:—"The valley of Long Creek offers by far the most attractive features for settlement, of any part of the country through which we have passed since leaving Prairie Portage. * * * Birch Hills to Lumpy Hill:—Followed through broad valley, rich in alluvial meadows, ponds and lakes, with hills on southeastern side gently sloping towards it and covered with the dead trunks of burnt aspens. The soil is similar to that of Long Creek. Passed near source of Carrot or Root River, which rises within twelve miles of south course through numerous lakes, and falls into the main Saskatchewan at the Pas. * * * From Lumpy Hill to Big Hill:—The trail, taking an easterly direction, passed over a series of hills and intervening valleys, constituting a height of land. Thence the vegetation still continues luxuriant; lakes are numerous; aspen groves and flowers abundant. As we approach the great prairie, the country becomes more undulating."

These things were written a generation ago. They are more than justified in this foot-note upon them; taken from an article by Mr. William Redwood in the *Western Daily Press*, describing his journey over the Canadian Northern Railway from Edmonton to Prince Albert, as one of a party of British journalists who toured the country last year, as guests of the Dominion Government.—"At Vonda, we received an address from the Board of Trade representative. A staging erected at the station contained some remarkable samples of grain, roots and vegetables, and particulars furnished showed that, though Vonda has been settled only a few years, half a million bushels of wheat were sent out last year, and it is believed this year the yield will be 750,000 bushels, which, at sixty pounds to the bushel, would furnish a pound of breadstuff for every man, woman and child in Great Britain, and would postpone hunger just so long for the people of a great Empire.

Vonda was in the Hind's district. They didn't dream of it. The station proposed for the place near where Vonda is was Finland.

(To be continued)

A Land Deal with the Doctor

By Andrew B. Hogg

"YOU haven't been in any deals with the Doctor, I suppose," remarked Parker, the general store magnate and postmaster.

"Not yet," admitted Craig; "but," he added, with the averted look peculiar to important men, "I expect to be before long. In fact, we have something under consideration at present."

"The doctor is certainly a good partner," declared the postmaster.

"He never loses," replied Craig.

Mr. T. Wilson Craig wore a grave and cunning frown as he resumed his walk toward the office. The hope of business connection with Doctor Russell, though as yet based on mere rumor, was no slight stimulus to his dignity and shrewdness. While he walked along the village street, giving his courteous greetings to clients and condescending nods to others, he unconsciously watched for the massive form of the Doctor. The searching, freezing stare, he thought, of that individual would, at last, excite no uneasiness. Not seeing him, Craig pulled the morning mail from his pocket, and studying the envelopes, strode pensively through a doorway adorned with the sign "Law Office."

"Oh, here you are," exclaimed an impatient voice.

"Good morning, Doctor," replied the young lawyer, smiling pleasantly, "sorry to keep you waiting. Come inside."

"My scheme," announced the Doctor, after considerable talk, "is simply this: You can sell that farm for me at two thousand. You know what it cost; fifty-six dollars at the tax sale. about fifty more for Torrens title, and the cost of holding it six years. In selling it, you're not supposed to have any record of those facts. It's a marsh in wet weather, you know, but this season it's dry, and it looks fairly high: so you can advertise it as 'high and dry.' We can easily dump it on some American. Most marsh land on the other side grows willows; this puts all its strength into grass; and there are some people in the world who don't know the difference between marsh grass and prairie grass. You understand?"

Craig's eyes glowed with intelligence. "Leave it to me, Doctor. Real estate will be going some this fall, if I know anything, and there will be plenty of buyers. In fact, Doctor I have in mind now a person—"

"Yes, yes," snapped the Doctor "but you mustn't get excited in a real estate deal. I want to ask you something. You were telling me of a friend of yours in Winnipeg who is now in the business."

"Green, you mean," prompted Craig. "Why yes; we went to public school together. How did you come to think of him? Oh, of course, you were telling me. He fooled your boy on those city lots. I know Green well, but he's not a particular friend of mine."

"Ah, that's what I expected," continued the Doctor. "Now, we'll just let Mr. Green get us a buyer, and he can stand between us and any little trouble that may arise afterwards."

"A great scheme," exclaimed Craig.

"It's a good principle," added the Doctor, "in planning a deal, to look some distance ahead. Good morning."

A faint twinkling smile lingered in the corners of Doctor Russell's eyes as he ordered his first morning drink.

"Another deal finished, I'll bet," remarked the bartender.

"Not yet," replied the Doctor.

Mr. Craig's stenographer had only two letters to write that morning.

"A letter to C. H. Green, Esquire, Real Estate Agent, Winnipeg, Manitoba," announced her employer. Then from the lips of the dictator came a well studied message, worded in his most finished business style:

"Your letter re the matter of our selling farm lands to hand some days ago.–Paragraph–Same meets with my hearty approval. At the present moment, I have one piece of good stuff on the market, which you may be able to handle. This is a real snap. Only two thousand dollars for a half section, containing three hundred acres of the best unimproved wheat land in the Province. The present owner got it for a song years ago when nothing was moving, and I have the sole selling of it at above figure. You will doubtless have some American customer with whom we could negotiate a deal for same. We invite personal inspection of the property."

Mr. Craig lit a cigar, and gazing out across the prairie, continued dictating:

"A personal letter to the same party.

"My dear Green: Just a word in reply to your personal remarks. Am glad to hear you are now in Real Estate, and doing well. Glad also to hear the other items you mention about yourself.

"As for myself, I am prospering beyond former expectations, having a good practice, a cosy home of my own, and mighty good prospects, both in business and politically. Of course, you surmise, I had to go through the mill to get into the profession, but I took the shortest cut, and am now reaping a fairly good harvest from the foundations laid in years of drudgery

"With regard to this deal mentioned in mine of even date herewith.–Period–I think we could work together in this, and make a little on the side. The owner of this land does not know its value. Besides, he thinks himself rather wise, and it would be a pleasure as well as a cinch to work a little game on him. He offers us good commission for selling, but we might as well add on some for ourselves. We can easily dispose of the farm at three thousand."

In the evening, Craig strolled to his cosy home, blissfully contemplating the make, the style, the effect upon the villagers, the satisfaction to himself, of the luxury that he soon could purchase, the only one in the countryside, an automobile.

"Will be up to-morrow's train with buyer for farm. Three thousand quoted. Green."

This telegram disturbed business operations in the peaceful little office of T. Wilson Craig.

"By George," exclaimed the excited lawyer, "that looks like business; only a week since I wrote him."

Next day there stepped from the train a smart young man of urbane appearance, accompanied by a rather crude, bewhiskered gentleman in a broad hat. Mr. T. Wilson Craig, his latest imported clothes, stood ready to meet them.

"How are you, Craig."

"How are you, old boy."

"Careful, we're not supposed to know each other."

These remarks passed very quietly between the two young men.

"This is Mr. Craig, Mr. Simpson," continued Green, as they approached the older gentleman. "Mr. Simpson is an old customer of mine, Mr. Craig from Illinois. We may take a look at that farm of yours. Is it sold yet?

"Not yet," replied Craig impressively. "Some local men want it, but none of them seem to have the ready cash. It is to be a cash sale, Mr. Simpson."

"Well," drawled Mr. Simpson, "I ain't saying I'm going to do any buying, cash or credit. This young man just brought me up here to look around."

To the exclusion of several village passengers who were riding for sheer enjoyment, the three men of business secured comfortable seats in the "Royal Alexandra" bus.

"Not much of a town to look at," commented Craig apologetically, "rather new, you see; but there's lots of business, at least in my line. People are coming from all directions to pick up land. There is nothing in the Province to beat our wheat fields."

Up the broad main street, between ascending rows of plain frame structures, the bus rolled nosily toward the important corner where stood the busy stores and the big hotel.

"You have seen the land," argued Mr. Craig to his prospective purchaser, as they sat snugly in his inner office. "It's just as we represented it: long grass, no scrub, no sloughs, everything to indicate good wheat soil."

"That's a fact," assented the stubborn purchaser, "the land seems all right. Yes, and the price is fairly reasonable. You say you want all cash."

"Spot cash," said Craig.

"Can a clear deed of the place be handed over right away?"

"Within an hour," replied the lawyer

"That's business," admitted Mr. Simpson.

"We can close the deal right now," said Craig decidedly.

"I'll think it over," said Mr. Simpson.

Next morning, with cheerful countenance and beer-scented breath, the Doctor called.

"Sold the farm yet, Craig?" was his question.

"Trying to negotiate a deal," replied Craig.

"I have another little proposition," began the Doctor; "perhaps on it too we could work together. My bank account just now is not big enough for my purposes. Have you any ready cash to invest?"

"If I haven't," stated Craig, as proudly as if talking to one who didn't know the bank manager intimately, "it isn't hard for me to get it."

"Well," continued the Doctor, in that convincing tone of his which outweighed argument, "a fellow is in town who has some city property for sale. From what I hear—mind, I am relying entirely on what I hear—he has some pretty good lots. Shall we buy them, and wait for a rise in value next spring?"

"You're ready to put your own money into it?" queried Craig.

"Certainly," the Doctor assured him, "to the extent of one half their value."

"You haven't made a practice of losing on city property," suggested Craig, as he recalled some of the Doctor's big gains.

The Doctor smiled.

"And you don't figure on losing in this deal?" continued the lawyer.

"I certainly do not," said the Doctor emphatically.

"What is a half interest worth?"

"About eight hundred; perhaps a little more."

"I think I know your man," remarked Craig shrewdly.

"That may be," replied the Doctor, "but if you're talking business to him, I'll not interfere; and don't you mention this affair of mine."

"Agreed," said Craig, "Shall I give you a cheque for the eight hundred now?"

"Have one ready to-night," said the Doctor.

While this arrangement was being made in the seclusion of Mr. Craig's office, another of equal importance was completed in the public sitting-room of the hotel. To the annoyance of some expectant listeners, two men there discussed some grave and secret matter in tones inaudible.

"You have the cash all right?" queried Mr. Simpson.

"You can take that for granted," replied Green.

"And you are relying on your own judgment?"

"I would be a fool if I did not."

"Then, if you can buy at twenty-four hundred," continued the American, "I'll have my half ready. When I see you willing to go into the deal yourself, I know there's no crooked work—not that I suspected anything, no, no; but old chaps like me, that ain't used to business, we have to be mighty cautious."

"Leave it to me, and we'll get that farm for twenty-four hundred."

As Mr. Craig was preparing to go in search of his friend Green, that youth stepped hurriedly into his office. The two old school-fellows had a long discussion.

"As you're going to take a half interest yourself," said Craig in conclusion, "and as you know all the inside facts, of course I can't object to letting it go at two thousand. We may make a deal more to our mutual advantage some other time."

"And the farm is worth three thousand to-day?" repeated Green. "Though I don't know much about land, I conclude it is; and you say so yourself?"

"I certainly do," declared Craig. The lie on his lips repelled the natural smile of triumph, and he uttered the words with quiet solemnity.

"I get my half interest, then, for eight hundred," said Green to himself.

His most promising and brilliant schemes Mr. Craig always explained to his pretty wife.

"You see, my dear," he stated at the dinner table, "I'm putting through two deals to-night, almost at the same time, and with the same parties, yet, I must not, as it were, let my right hand know what my left hand doeth.

"First, I finish the sale of the farm. Green and his friend pay over their two thousand. I take my hundred for commission, and give the rest to the Doctor.—Still, I hardly think I should take the commission. The Doctor is treating me right on that other deal. Anyway, the Doctor gives them a deed, and that deal is finished. By the way, we call the price twenty-four hundred, just to please Green. The more you pay for a place you know, the more you can get for it.

"Then, the Doctor takes my eight hundred, puts another eight to it, and buys this farmer's city lots. Green has nothing to do with this. Nor am I supposed to be in the deal. Doc employs me to draw the Deed from Simpson to himself, but my name does not appear."

"But, dearie," suggested Mrs. Craig, "when the Doctor has these lots in his own name—well, what about you?"

"Ha, ha," laughed the lawyer, "you're not so slow. But don't fear for me. When I sign a cheque to Doctor Russell, Doctor Russell signs a Deed to me. That deed is now prepared."

"You talk about women being cunning," said his wife.

Presently another fear came to her feminine mind.

"After all," she exclaimed, "isn't it only you and Mr. Green who pay out any money on the deal; those other fellows just trade their land, don't they?"

"That's all right," said Craig.

"But," continued the woman, "that Doctor Russell is an old rascal, and I'm sure he doesn't like us."

"The Doctor and I are partners," retorted her husband.

"That makes a difference," admitted Mrs. Craig.

"It certainly does," said Craig. Then he kissed her.

Late in the evening two elderly men stole quietly to the private room behind the bar.

"Well Doc," began Mr. Simpson," I think we have settled matters, as the young cub says, to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned."

"I think we have," responded the Doctor, "to their present satisfaction at least.—Two beers, Charlie."

"It's my treat," urged Mr. Simpson.

"Perhaps it is," agreed the other, "let us figure it out."

"I can prove it" continued Mr. Simpson; "but say—this young barrister is a very clever man. At least that seems to be his own opinion."

"And the other boy is about the same," added the Doctor. "Both need a little teaching. Office boy's can't have everything come their way in real estate. But Sim, let me tell you that you played your part well. There's not a soul in town knows we ever met before—only the postmaster; I gave him a hint, so that he'd help us on if necessary,—I guess the young chaps will be some time finding out the facts."

"Well, as I remarked before," continued the American, "it's my treat, and I can prove it."

"Go ahead," said the Doctor.

"We each have our eight hundred cash."

"Yes."

"You've spent, for that farm, a hundred and fifty."

"About that. What did you pay for the lots?"

"Just one hundred."

"Yes, it's your treat."

The Wind and the Sea

By Robert Little

I STOOD on the shore one summer day
And the sea rolled in like a child at play;
The little waves rocked without murmur or sound
Then frolicked together round and round.

I watched and the sea grew still as death,
The wind for a little held its breath,
Then over the water lay a while
A ripple like a passing smile.

Then the wind swept down and the sea, once still,
Rose like a comrade to do its will.
They met together, the wind and the sea,
Each as if set from a prison free.

Wild grew the wind; the great sea stood,
Then crouched like a man in angry mood,
And they fought it out by night and day;
Then met again to resume their play.

FRUIT-GROWING IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRIES OF THE PROVINCE

British Columbia

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF

From the February Business Man's Magazine

BRITISH Columbia is called "The Paradise of the Pacific," and with reason. No more beautiful country exists under the sun than this province, which is indeed Nature's picture gallery. However, it is a busy Eden,—no lazy man's land. Mining, lumbering, agriculture, fruit-growing, fisheries, mixed farming and dairying, all are carried on in the fertile valleys between the great mountain ranges, and with almost unbelievable success.

Did you ever hear of selling strawberries at twenty-five cents a pound—seven berries weighing sixteen ounces? Did you ever hear of getting seventy cents a dozen for eggs, and ten cents a pound, live weight, for hogs? Did you ever hear of felling trees three hundred feet high and fifty feet in circumference at the base? Did you ever—but what's the use? British Columbia is never believed until it has been seen. Yet here are a few facts that may interest you.

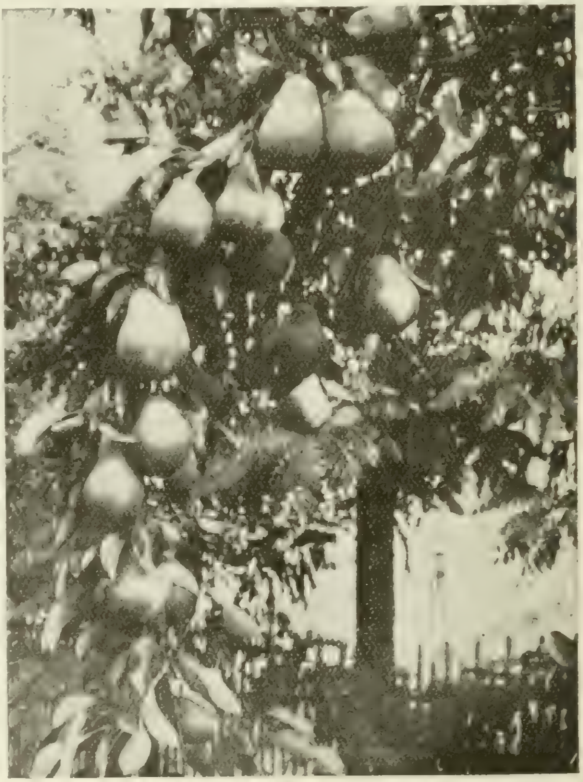
Less than fifty years ago British Columbia was shown on the maps of North America as "New Caledonia." and was held as a fur preserve by the Hudson's Bay Company under lease from the British Government. To the world at large it was a hyperborean wilderness, a home of savage men and wild beasts. One day gold was discovered, thousands of treasure hunters rushed in, and sudden and important changes occurred. The territory was created a Crown colony with a responsible Government, laws were enacted and enforced in accordance with British precedent, roads and trails were made to the "diggings," civic, educational and religious institutions were established, and British Columbia emerged from obscurity and became the Mecca of a vast army of sturdy pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The primary object of the newcomers was gold and the fortunate ones succeeded in winning about $30,000,000 in the period between 1858 and 1868. But the needs of the miners encouraged other industries, and in due course British Columbia's timber and fisheries came to be regarded as nearly equal in importance with her gold mines. During the halcyon days of placer mining agriculture was ignored—for who would waste energy planting potatoes when a crop of nuggets was to be had?—but when the golden harvest became lighter, many miners turned to farming from necessity or from inclination. Cultivated fields and ranches slowly began to appear on the lake fronts and river banks. Those who went into practical farming made money, and to-day their fine residences, surrounded by well-tilled fields and cultivated orchards are the envy as well as the incentive of every new settler. The industry and intelligent efforts of these pioneer farmers demonstrated the capabilities of the soil in British Columbia for producing in perfection every cereal, fruit and vegetable that can be grown in the temperate zone.

Advantages Where Irrigation is Possible.

The agricultural and pastoral lands are not restricted to a small proportion of the total acreage, for Professor MacCoun, the famous expert, after personal investigation of the ground, says:

"The whole of British Columbia south of fifty-two degrees and east of the coast range is a grazing country up to 3,500 feet and a farming country up to 2,500 feet, where irrigation is possible." This is a most important statement, and its truth is being confirmed by the practical experience of settlers who have established themselves in the country. Within the boundaries thus roughly defined by Professor MacCoun, the capabilities of the soil are practically unlimited. All of it that is not too elevated to serve only for grazing purposes will produce all the ordinary vegetables and roots. Much of it will grow cereals to perfection, while everywhere the hardier varieties of fruits can be successfully cultivated. As far north as fifty-five degrees it has been practically demonstrated that apples will flourish, while in the southern belt the more delicate fruits, such as peaches, grapes and apricots are an assured crop. Roughly estimated, the



CULTIVATED ORCHARDS ARE THE INCENTIVE

extent of these fertile lands may be set down at one million acres, but this figure will probably be found far below the actual quantity capable of cultivation when the country has been thoroughly explored. The anticipation of such a result is justified from the fact that at several points in the mountains, even in the most unpromising looking localities, where clearing and cultivation have been attempted, agriculture has been found successful.

The opportunities for profitable diversified farming are practically unlimited. The demand for every product of the farm is great and ever increasing, the present supply being wholly inadequate for the local market. Under a system of small land holdings, with diversified farming every object of cultivation is highly profitable, because produced by labor that might otherwise be unproductive.

The advantages of diversified farming over special farming are many and important, and there is scarcely a district in British Columbia in which diversified farming may not be carried on more profitably than any special branch of industry. Large areas which require irrigation and are now used for grain growing and stock raising will at no distant day be supplied with water and will afford men of moderate means the opportuntiy to acquire homes and pursue general farm work under conditions similar to, but more advantageous and profitable than in the eastern provinces.

Irrigation, though far from general, has already wrought a change in agricultural methods in those districts in which it has been introduced, but so far farming under this system does not appeal to the average easterner. Many who have had no experience with irrigation entertain the feeling that it is suited to especial farming only. When they learn the use of water, applied where and when it is needed, and come to understand that there is nothing intricate about it, or anything difficult to be learned in respect to it, they quickly appreciate its advantages. The productive value of land in British Columbia which has good water facilities is easily four times as great as land in Eastern Canada.

Prosperous Homes and Profitable Occupations.

The milder climate contributes to this in a measure, but the great advantage of irrigation lies in being able to control the elements, or, in other words, being independent of them in the conduct of farm work. Diversified farming is essentially practical where irrigation is required. It enables the farmer to gratify his fancy with respect to crops, and at the same time realize from the land the greatest possible returns. By studying the needs of his locality and adjusting his products to demand, he derives a continuous income without fear of failure from drought or excessive rain. The general farmer may combine stock raising, which includes dairying, in a small way, hay and grain, poultry, hogs and sheep, with a very great variety of small fruits and vegetables. The farmer who understands how to reduce his products to compact form making his alfalfa or hay field support a few cows, which will yield with their increase a considerable annual return each, a few sheep and hogs, which find a ready sale at all seasons, a small band of hens and turkeys, always saleable at good prices, can easily wait for his fruit trees to come to bearing—he will never find it necessary to confine himself to a special branch. Thousands of men who are struggling for a meagre livelihood on exhausted fields elsewhere may find prosperous homes here with profitable occupation in a climate and amidst scenes of beauty and grandeur unequaled in the world.

Dairying pays handsomely, especially in cases where the farmer is not obliged to employ skilled labor to do the milking and butter-making. The local demand for butter is constantly increasing with the population and the prices secured are far higher than in the east. The province prossesses large possibilities for dairying. There are extensive pastoral lands in the interior, while increased cultivation in the lower country will form the necessary feeding ground. With a plentiful supply of good water and nutritious grasses, there is every required facility added. The coast climate is most favorable to the dairying industry. Clover, one of the most valuable plants in cultivation, is practically a weed in British Columbia, west of the Cascade range. Once established in the soil, it is practically impossible to get it out. Lucerne, or alfalfa, is succeeding admirably. In the Okanagan Valley and many other points, three heavy crops of this nutritious fodder are produced annually.

There are sixteen co-operative and private creameries established in the province, all doing well and earning satisfactory dividends. The Provincial government aids the establishment of co-operative creameries by loaning the promotors one-half of the cost of the creamery building, plant and fixtures, repayable in eight instalments with interest at five per cent, the first of such instalments to be paid at the expiration of three years, and the other seven annually thereafter.

Cheese making has scarcely been attempted on a commercial basis, as

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUITS ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD there is but one cheese factory in the province. This factory is at Langley, and has a daily capacity of about 1,000 pounds of cheese. The article produced is of good quality, and finds ready sale.

Potatoes, turnips, beets, mangolds, and all other roots grow in profusion wherever their cultivation has been attempted. Sixty-eight tons of roots to a measured acre, is recorded at Chilliwack, and near Kelowna, on Okanagan Lake, twenty acres produced 403 tons of potatoes, which sold at fourteen dollars per ton, while carrots, turnips, parsnips and beets sell at an average of about sixty cents per bushel. Wheat is grown principally in the Fraser Valley, Okanagan, Spallumcheen, and in the country around Kamloops in the Thompson River valley, and is manufactured at local mills, at Enderby, Armstrong and Vernon. Until the northern interior of the province is brought under cultivation through the construction of railways, the wheat area will not be increased. Wheat is only grown on the mainland coast and Vancouver Island for fodder and poultry feeding. Very good barley is grown in many parts of the province. Oats are the principal grain crop, the quality and yield being good, and the demand beyond the quantity grown. Rye is grown to a limited extent and is used for fodder.

The Average Yields of Grain, and the Price.

The average yields of grain and prices are as follows:

Wheat, bushels per acre. 25.62	Price per ton. $33.15
Oats, bushels per acre. . 39.05	Price per ton.
Barley, bushels per acre. . 33.33	Price per ton.

These averages are very much exceeded in many cases, and according to nature of soil and local conditions. In the matter of oats, as high as 100 bushels to the acre is not an uncommon yield.

Poultry raising is carried on to advantage, a profit of two dollars per year on each hen being average. Ducks, geese, and turkeys do well in many parts of the country. The prices are excellent for poultry and eggs.

Hop-growing, tobacco-raising, beet-culture, cranberry, celery, sugar beet and melon-growing are also carried on successfully. The culture of flowering bulbs on Vancouver Island is a profitable industry, the gains being estimated at over $2,000 per acre.

Cattle-raising on a large scale was once a chief industry of the province, but the tendency of late has been for smaller herds and the improvement of stock. While the province is capable of raising all the beef, mutton and pork required for home consumption, a large amount is annually imported.

Fruit-growing is one of the most important industries of the province. A few years ago the man who would venture to describe the Kootenays as fruit-growing districts would have been looked upon as a visionary or an imbecile; to-day all southern British Columbia is acknowledged to be the finest fruit-growing country on this continent. Not only will it produce fruit in abundance, but the quality of its fruit is superior to that grown in any other part of America. Certain varieties of fruit attain perfection in certain localities—for instance, the Fameuse apple develops its best qualities on the Island of Montreal—but, taking a collection of British Columbia fruit, it is larger, better colored, and better flavored than any similar miscellaneous lot, the product of any other country.

In 1903 the first carload of apples was shipped to Great Britain, the shipment consisting of Spys, Baldwins, Ontarios and Canada Reds. They arrived in Glasgow, Scotland, on November 9 in splendid condition, and sold at six shillings per box, or about one dollar more a barrel than the choicest apples from other districts, reckoning about three and a half boxes to the barrel. The British Columbia apples aroused much interest among fruit dealers, as well as consumers, and many letters were received by the consignors from persons eager to secure shipments of splendid fruit.

In 1904 the British Columbia department of agriculture forwarded a collection of British Columbia fruit to London, England, for exhibition purposes. It consisted of apples, pears and plums, including the following varieties:

APPLES.

Fall Pippins, from Lytton.
Kings, from Lytton.
Vandeveres, from Lytton.
Twenty-ounce Pippin, from Lytton.
Blue Pearmains, from Lytton.
Oranos, from Lytton.
Ribston Pippins, from Kelowna and Lytton.
Wolfe Rivers, from Kelowna and Lytton.
Wealthies, from Kelowna and Lytton.
Snows, from Kelowna and Lytton.
Kings, from Kelowna.
Warners, from Kelowna.
Canada Red, from Kelowna.
King of Tompkins, from Kelowna.
Ontarios, from Kelowna.
Jonathans, from Kelowna.
Northern Spies, from Kelowna.
Belle of Boskoops, from Kelowna
Baldwins, from Kelowna.
St. Lawrences, from Kelowna.
Greenings, from Kelowna.
Golden Russets, from Kelowna.
Alexanders, from Kelowna.
Blenheims Orange, from Kelowna.
Waggoners, from Kelowna.
McIntosh Reds, from Kelowna.
Wealthies, from Victoria.
Ribstons, from Victoria.
Gravensteins, from Victoria.

WHERE THE SUN AND THE RAIN MAKE WEALTH FOR THE SETTLER

PEARS.

Beurre Clairgeau, from Kelowna.
Easter Beurre, from Kelowna.
Beurre d'Anjou, from Kelowna.
Howells, from Kelowna.

Victoria sent a collection of plums, and the exhibit as a whole was greatly admired. The *London Times*, while hesitating to declare the fruit superior to the best English specimens, admitted that they very nearly approached them in color, shape and flavor, even after having traveled six thousand miles by railway and steamship. The Royal Horticultural Society's appreciation of the fruit was shown by the award of the society's gold medal and diploma.

One result of this exhibit was the deluging of Agent-General J. H. Turner with letters from prominent English fruit dealers, anxious to do business with British Columbia fruit-growers. Several of the leading fruit firms have placed large orders for next season's fruit, so it may be confidently stated that fruit trade with the Old Country has been firmly established.

Grapes and Peaches in Southern British Columbia.

The quality of the peaches and grapes grown in Southern British Columbia can scarcely be excelled, the crisp, dry air and bright sunshine combining to impart a lusciousness of flavor lacking in the fruit of hot countries. The recent discovery of fig trees growing wild on Vancouver Island, near Nanaimo, has suggested the possibility of the successful cultivation of this fruit. Almonds, walnuts, chestnuts, nectarines, apricots, olives, and other semi-tropical fruits have been successfully grown. No attempt has been made to grow citrus fruits, but it seems reasonable that the hardy Japanese orange would do well in some of the sunny southern valleys.

The setting out and care of an orchard until it becomes a source of profit requires considerable outlay of cash and personal exertion, but the results after a few years furnish ample compensation. The cost of setting out twenty acres of apple trees in Southern British Columbia is about as follows:

Twenty acres at $100 an acre	$2,000.00
Fencing	200.00
Preparing Land	100.00
Trees (968), at 12½ cents each	121.00
Freight, etc.	20.00
Setting out, at 5 cents each	48.40
	$2,489.40

Root crops and small fruits planted between the trees for the first year or two, and red clover up to the fifth year should more than pay for the trees. The fourth year the trees shoud produce some fruit—probably $100 worth. The cost of maintenance for five years, with the original cost and interest, would amount to $4,836.22, or $242 per acre, less the value of clover, roots and fruit; in the sixth year, the orchard should produce $3,200, and in the ninth $5,800, after which it should pay a net annual profit of $125 to $150 per acre—an assured income for life of $2,500 to $3,000 per year.

This estimate of profits is not based on paper and pencil calculations, but is justified by actual experience of British Columbia fruit-growers. One Kelowna ranch produced over five thousand dollars' worth of fruit from six and one-third acres in one season.

Whether the settler goes into mining, lumbering, stock raising, mixed farming, dairying, poultry-raising, or fruit-growing, he is sure of a good market for his produce in British Columbia. The agricultural industry cannot keep pace with the march of progress, and the thousands of men employed in the mines and lumber camps require more than the farmer can possibly produce. Then there is the Klondike market, and the Oriental trade, so that the future of the province is assured.

Socially, the country is one of the pleasantest on the continent. The "bad man" is conspicuously absent. Peace and good order are universal. The law is strictly administered in the courts, and serious crimes are rare. The provincial police do good service in maintaining a high standard of law and order. Outdoor sports are popular, cricket, lacrosse, hockey, football, baseball, golf and boating being common throughout the province. Churches are in practically every town. Schools are well-provided for in all districts. Taxes are not high. Wages are good. Everything is here to tempt the seller, and to secure him a comfortable and pleasant existence in "The Orchard of the Empire."

The Question

By Sarah Hamilton Birchall

HE went up the hill in the twilight;
(Was it my love, or another?)
Up on the wind-bitten prairie,
Up, in the blinding snow-smother.

My hands will not warm at the fire;
(Was it my love, or a stranger?)
I let him pass, all alone,
Into the night and the danger.

Western Canada's First Farmer

By Lawrence J. Burpee

WHO first proved the incalculable Agricultural richness of Northwestern America?

Who was the pioneer farmer of that vast homestead area bounded by the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains?

Time is not measured in the West by the leisurely standards of the old world, or even by those of Eastern America, and to look back fifty years is to get into regions of ancient history, while a century carries one pretty well into prehistoric times.

Fifty years ago, with one small exception, Northwestern America was still the exclusive domain of the fur-trader; still under the absolute rule of that gigantic monopoly, the Hudson's Bay Company. Even the one small exception—the Red River settlement—was to all intents and purposes under the sway of the same benevolent despotism. Here, however, some tentative efforts had actually been made to till the soil; to vary the monotony of buffalo steaks, or pemmican, with vegetables, and even the rare luxury of bread. Yet fate had been exceptionally unkind to the plucky little band of Scottish colonists brought out by Lord Selkirk; early frosts, droughts, floods, grass-hoppers, everything in fact seemed to conspire to defeat their efforts at agriculture; and it is not altogether to be wondered at that that impetuous little autocrat of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson, could solemnly assure a Committee of the British House of Commons—exactly fifty years ago—that grain could not be successfully grown in the barren soil of what is now the Province of Manitoba. Think of it—the very home of "No. 1 Hard"! Yet Sir George Simpson was not the only one, or the last one, to miss the significance of that boundless field of virgin soil—the future granary of half the world. Hardly more than a decade ago a Canadian railway company refused an enormous land subsidy in the heart of the Saskatchewan valley, because it had been reported valueless for agriculture.

Who will credit it, then, that not fifty, but one hundred and fifty years ago, the agricultural possibilities of the "Last West" had been demonstrated? These pioneer farmers were not English, but French, of the same vigorous race whose farms to-day cover both banks of the St Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec. Twenty years earlier the most dauntless and unselfish of Western explorers, Pierre Gaultier de la Verandrye, had stood, first of white men, upon the shores of Lake Winnipeg. He or his sons, or those who succeeded them, built trading posts at the mouth of Winnipeg river, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, where Winnipeg now stands; on the Assiniboine itself, about where Portage la Prairie stands to-day; on the shores of Lake Dauphin, and farther north, on Cedar Lake, at the foot of the Saskatchewan. Finally, ascending that mighty river, they built a fort at the mouth of Pasquia River—the place is known to-day as The Pas; and another a little below the Forks of the Saskatchewan. It is at these two latter posts that the first experiments in western farming seem to have been carried out.

Unfortunately, no record remains by the men themselves, of how, when, or why they first conceived the idea of tapping that illimitable food supply that lay buried in the rich soil of the Saskatchewan valley. Many of the manuscript journals of La Verandrye and his sons are still extant, in the archives at Paris and Ottawa; but those that cover the period of their Saskatchewan explorations, and the building of their posts on that river, have unfortunately been lost. The evidence of their farming operation depends upon later travellers, British fur-traders and explorers who, after the cession of Canada to England, followed La Verandrye's footsteps into the Northwest, and completed his great dream of an overland expedition to the Western Sea—the Pacific.

Alexander Henry, of the old North West Company, in his expedition up the Saskatchewan in 1808, passed the ruins of Fort St. Louis the uppermost of the two trading posts already mentioned as having been built by the French, before Canada had been ceded to England. Henry and his men, having labored hard all day with pole and line, forcing their heavily-laden canoes upstream against the current of the Saskatchewan, which is very strong at this part of the river, were glad to find a good camping-ground toward evening, and pitched their tents on the very spot where their French predecessors had made a temporary home in the wilderness. Henry examined the surroundings with interest, and notes in his Journal that "some years ago were still to be seen remains of agricultural implements and carriage-wheels." "Their road to the plains" he adds "is still to be seen, winding up a valley on the south side."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the famous explorer of the great river that bears his name, and the first man to make his way overland to the Pacific, confirms the fact of the old French traders having cultivated the soil about their posts on the Saskatchewan. "The French" he says "had two settlements upon the Saskatchewan, long before and at the conquest of Canada; the first at the Pasquia, near Carrot river, and the other at Nipawi, where they had agricultural instruments and wheel carriages, marks of both being found about those establishments, where the soil is excellent." Nipawi was another name for the old French post which Alexander Henry calls Fort St. Louis, a few miles below the Forks. It will be noted that Mackenzie mentions finding the marks of agricultural instruments about both the upper post and that at the Pas.

To these enterprising French fur-traders and explorers, then, must be given the credit of first laying tribute upon the rich soil of the great Northwest. Or rather they were first among white men, for long before white men penetrated to the borders of the western plains a remarkable tribe of Indians—the Mandans—had learned to cultivate the soil in a rude fashion. When the first explorer, La Verandrye, reached their villages on the banks of the Upper Missouri, in the autumn of 1838, he found them surrounded by fields of Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, and native tobacco. Some years afterward the Saulteux, or Ojibway Indians, around the Lake of the Woods, are said to have cultivated corn and other vegetables.

But this does not complete the tale of "ancient" agriculture in the great Northwest. One hundred and thirty years ago the agricultural possibilities of the "Last West" were demonstrated to an even more striking degree—not in the now familiar regions of Manitoba or the Saskatchewan valley, but in what is even to-day a district almost outside the calculations of the most enthusiastic westerner. As long ago as 1778 one Peter Pond, a shrewd Connecticut Yankee, paddled up the Saskatchewan, his canoes riding deep with trading goods dear to the heart of the unsophisticated savage. At the point where Cumberland House was afterward built by the Hudson's Bay Company, he turned north by way of the Sturgeon-Weir route and crossing Frog portage, dropped his canoes into the unexplored waters of the Churchill river. Ascending that river to Ile a la Crosse lake, Buffalo lake, and Lake la Loche, he traversed the afterward well-known Methye portage, and descended the Clearwater river to the Athabaska. On this latter river he built a trading post, only a few miles south of Lake Athabaska, and made it his headquarters for five or six years. Not content with the customary all-meat diet of the fur-trader, Peter Pond planted a garden about his rude fort, and regaled his men with the extraordinary luxuries of fresh vegetables. There is no evidence that his agricultural ambition ever soared to the heights of a field of wheat—with the prospective vision of home-made bread. But even if we must surrender the wheat, and the bread, the man who could venture to raise vegetables in a district due west of Hudson Bay, almost in the latitude of Fort Churchill, one hundred and thirty years ago, is worthy of more than ordinary honor. Surely there is no new thing under the sun! The "American Invasion" that seemed so essentially a thing of to-day—began in 1778. One hundred and thirty years ago a shrewd New Englander had already pushed the northern boundary of the agricultural belt beyond 58 degrees.

The Saskatchewan Trail

By Floyd D. Raze.

WESTWARD I turn and westward go, to-day,
O'er the dim trail that winds along this stream—
How many thousands here have made their way
Adown this thread of hope, lured by the dream
Of riches in the wilderness that lies
Beyond those mountain tops that skirt the sea!
What cheer shone o'er them from these morning skies!
O mighty West, what 'lurements hide in thee!

What ills beset them, none can ever know—
The years that lie behind us speak no more—
They came and passed, e'en as a phantom show,
And sleep, forgotten, with the toils they bore.
But here their footprints linger through the years,
Dim monuments by which the world can trace
The steadfast zeal that conquers human fears
And founds another empire for the race.

The Passing of the Cowboy

By W. Hodgson.

What care they, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life he knows?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains!
A king in the saddle, he rides at will
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chappararas,
And clinking spurs,
Like a centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds,
And he laughs, "Ha! ha! who cares, who cares?"—*Cowboy Song.*

THE old-time, ramping, stamping swearing Billy Harwood of old country inn and stage-coach days has passed away with the years. The old-time cowboy of Western fame has been marching for the past decade towards the same fate, and disappearing from the horizon until it will be a matter of a few short seasons until he will have left the prairie finally to the ploughshare and the ploughman, so long considered by him as mere intruders on his ranges. Intruders they were, but they have come and they are coming in thousands, and the echo of their footsteps already reverberates in the air. The grazing spaces have narrowed, the farms are multiplying everywhere. The day of the cowboy is over.

Cowboy life in its most typical form has always been associated with the west and the wide prairies. In Canada its home has been southern Alberta and the foothills. In the States, settlement of the farmers on his territory drove him to Texas, where he thought he would always flourish on account of the unsuitability of the soil for farming, but irrigation and the ever-present land hunter have dispossessed him even there. The dividing of the ranch estates into farms was the last straw. He is disappearing like the buffalo.

For the past twenty years, Alberta has been the rancher's strongest hold, and probably contained within its borders the largest ranches and the largest herds in the world. There is an element of pathos in it all now, for "land, land, land," is the cry. Land companies and land salesmen; land hunters and homesteaders in their prairie schooners; land surveyors and land agents—the country is crawling with them. What matter that the surveyor's mound pins were pulled for years, and the farmer laughed out of the country, even if he could locate his land? The farmer kept on coming, and by sheer persistence defeated the cowboy. The inevitable has come. With a sigh, he leaves the field to those of simpler and less adventurous spirits, trying to forget the faded glories of the Bar U, the New Oxley, the Quarter Circle C, the Cochrane, and the New Waldron. With the recent sale of the latter ranch and its thousands of cattle, the old time ranch life has given up its ghost, and the farmer triumphs.

The Western Canadian cowboy lived a free, wild life, constantly fraught with danger, a life of adventure, and risk that he loved. Noted for his dare-devil escapades, gallant and gentle with women, a sure shot with his lariet or his .44, there was no better rider on the continent. An exhibition given before the Duke of York called forth the remark that it was the finest horsemanship he had ever seen in the world. He was usually a well-informed citizen with a good knowledge of the world, and often of aristocratic family. As a rule, he knew no fear of the worst buckers and outlaws. Open-hearted and open-handed from circumstance and nature, he was nevertheless an inveterate gambler.

Not for him was the monotonous life of the hay camps. His business in life was to ride the roundups twice each year, which usually took about three months each. Between roundups in the summer time, horse-racing, gambling and shooting, kept him busy. After the fall roundup the expert cowboy left the country for the winter, generally bound for 'Frisco, but when the winter was over he invariably returned to his old haunts in the spring, light of pockets. and often with an assortment of new ideas about poker.

The cowboy dandy—for he is a dandy in his way—had his own ideas of dress for himself and equipment for his horse. He wore the inevitable soft-brimmed Stetson hat of the plains, a carved leather band ornamenting it; flannel shirt with decorative pearl buttons; a gay silk handkerchief knotted about his neck to keep out the dust; long riding-boots, spurs and chaps. The chaps were leather over-trousers, made of dogskin with the fur turned out, which turn rain like a tin roof and are warm for cold night rides. Behind the cantle of his saddle he carried an oil-skin slicker, which completed his outfit.

In the point of saddlery he was a connoisseur. The saddle was expensive, and had to have the very best steel horn obtainable, on account of the constant rope work. Many saddles were brought up in the old days from California and showed the mark of the Spanish leather-workers. Bits and spurs frequently cost him from twelve to fifteen dollars apiece. A lariat and a rawhide quirt he always carried on his saddle, and a revolver or two more for sport than anything else.

Going to town was always an occasion of rejoicing, and a ride with a bunch of marketable horses to Calgary or Macleod a hundred miles or more distant was a pleasure trip to the cowboy. While not opposing the law, the cowboy indulged in pranks of many sorts, and when "the bunch" was in town there was usually something on the carpet.

On one occasion in Calgary the boys passed a group of Salvation Army exhorters on the sidewalk. Quick as a flash one of them roped the big drum, snatching it from under the nose of the astonished drummer, and dragging it resoundingly about the streets to the terror of his horse and the delight of his audience.

The big outfits spread their thousands of cattle over thousands of acres in the palmy days of the ranch, for large tracts could be rented for a nominal sum from the Government. Now all is changed. The big roundups to which every ranch from Calgary and Macleod to Maple Creek and Medicine Hat sent their quota of men and horses are no more. No more the cowboy sings at night to the restless herd. His picturesque figure has vanished with pathetic haste before the civilization that comes in with the railroad. The great, rich, empty territories that were given over to the Indian, the trader, the adventurer and the cowboy is fenced; the countless herds of buffalo have vanished; the prairie sod is cut by the gang-plough. The days when land had no value and men cursed their fate aloud in the loneliness have disappeared. The adventurer moves on to lonelier places, following the ever-receding frontier, and his saddle rests in the back loft of the second-hand store. The cowboy is gone. *Requiescat in pace.*

Consul Taylor, Optimist

An Address delivered before the Old Timers' Associaion at Winnipeg, on February 27th, 1908

By United States Consul J. E. Jones

THERE is no quotation more applicable to my subject than this:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round
it still."

It recalls him who has long since passed beyond the river, but whose memory remains an evergreen to the people of Western Canada.

Consul Taylor was an old timer. He came to Winnipeg when it was a straggling village; he lived to see it well advanced in its wonderful development, and it is passing sad that he could not have been spared to see the realization of his predictions in the Winnipeg of to-day and the greater glory that must some day come to this country.

It was not my privilege to know Consul Taylor personally, but no man can be associated with the United States consulate in Winnipeg, without appreciating the marked ability of the man as reflected in his scholarly reports; nor can he fail in veneration when he listens to the unstinted words of praise from the old residents of Winnipeg,—the old timers. Why he was as welcome as the flowers he brought the ladies in his regular visits. "Universally beloved" is the heritage he left.

We cannot estimate in words or figures the immense amount of good he did for this country. *He believed in it.* To him its glorious future was certain. He looked into the future with the eye of a seer and spoke as a revelator. There was nothing of the pessimist about him. When he came he saw the needs of the country at once and the first report he wrote was upon the subject of railroads.

"The man or company who builds a transcontinental railroad erects for himself and his posterity an everlasting monument. I will not attempt to estimate the financial benefits. They are almost as great" he wrote the late Jay Cooke, the man who financed the Civil War in the United States.

The American consulate, in his day, was a modest office, and one of the old timers in speaking to me the other day said in reply to my query as to the location of the consulate in the old days: "Why most of the time it was under his hat."

Then indeed he had spacious quarters, luxuriously fitted up with love for his fellow man, loyalty to his country and staunch optimism for Canada.

I venture the assertion that the consulate at Winnipeg in his time was of vaster importance than many of the great diplomatic posts of Europe. He was isolated. No telegraph communication with the seat of Government directed his course. He was called upon to deal with questions of great moment; matters that seriously affected the welfare of Canada, and you will agree with me when I say he performed his duties with signal loyalty to his country and with entire satisfaction to Canada. He enjoyed the confidence of everyone, and exercised an influence in the community second to none.

Although not the "pioneer consul", he blazed the trail of good will, and made it easy for those of us who have been honored in following him. His impress is felt by me every day in the generous hospitality of the people of Winnipeg, and I could seek for no greater reward in my official life than to merit the respect that hallows the name of Consul Taylor.

It might be of interest to give some excerpts from his reports, and I regret the lack of authority to quote many of these in full. They are all entertaining, all instructive, all historical. He was part indeed of the history of this section of Canada, and I take this opportunity to pay my respects to Mr. Thompson Seton for the suggestion that Consul Taylor's name be placed in the Hall of Fame in the proposed centennial of 1912.

Consul Taylor's official record in Winnipeg is embraced in three large volumes. His first dispatch to the Government is dated November 5th, 1870, giving notice of his entrance upon the duties of consul, and the last is an unfinished dispatch of March 16th, 1886, when illness checked his brilliant career, and death terminated it the following April. These records of early Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Athabaska,—can't you hear him drawl them out as he stood before you in dignified pose?—are written in his own hand. There were no typewriters in those days. And his records are models of neatness and accuracy.

Early in his work we find him urging upon the Government at Washington the promulgation of regulations expediting the passage of emigrants from Eastern Canada through the United States to the "wonderful fertile valleys and plains of Western Canada." In June of 1872 he sends to Washington an important dispatch imparting the wonderful information that five hundred emigrants have come out from the eastern Provinces by the Red River steamers, and not less than two thousand are now passing through Minnesota taking advantage of the liberal arrangements made by the Secretary of the Treasury. He encloses a clipping from the Toronto *Globe* in which cordial appreciation of his efforts in the matter of emigration is recorded.

One of the earliest reports of the consul was upon the subject of transportation facilities for Western Canada. And he never loses an opportunity to impress upon the Government and people of the United States the urgency of the matter. It became a hobby. In many of these reports the dry humor of the consul stands out prominently. One of his reports upon this subject is impressive. "It took me six days to make the trip to St. Paul, and it wasn't easy going all the way either," he says. In another letter, which is a private one, the consul says "This country is going to be a wonder, and the change will bring with it better accommodations. In my trip to St. Paul recently I was put to my wits' end to keep from freezing and starving to death." From this I assume the stopping places along the road were not Royal Alexandra hotels.

"Transportation is improving," the consul writes several months later. "I made the trip from St. Paul to Fort Garry in five days." He is so elated over the new schedule that he gives it in detail.

"Railroad from St. Paul to Breckinridge on the Red River of the North, two hundred and twenty-four miles, one whole day; Stage four days as follows: To Georgetown sixteen miles, north of Moorhead, where the Northern Pacific railroad crosses the Red River, sixty miles. To Grand Forks, or the junction of the Red River, sixty miles. To Pembina seventy-two miles. To Fort Garry sixty-eight miles, a total of four hundred and eighty-four miles."

Compare this schedule with the up-to-date train service of to-day. You take the train in the evening and next morning you are in St. Paul.

In those trying times of the Fenian outbreak and the Riel rebellion the consul rose majestically to the situation. To a man less devoted to Canada, less loyal to the confidence reposed in him by the Government at Washington, many serious blunders might have been made. He held aloof from embarrassing situations. And yet he did not shirk responsibility. I have been told by one of Manitoba's prominent officials that Consul Taylor was the potent influence that put down the Fenian invasion. However that may be, I find a despatch to the Department at Washington under date of October 3rd, 1871, calling attention to the presence at Pembina of certain Fenian leaders and fearing the frontier will be crossed. He takes it upon himself to send word direct to General Sherman urging that additional troops be sent to the scene, and then records with pleasure the message received the same day from Colonel Wheaton announcing the capture of the Fenian leaders and that no further anxiety need be felt of a Fenian invasion.

On December first, 1871, he recites at length the great excitement that prevailed in Winnipeg over the rumor that the Fenians were coming, and says he was routed out of bed a dozen times by the citizens who wanted to know the facts in the case. He mentions an incident in connection with this matter that recalls our old friend and trusted dispenser of justice, Judge McMicken. It seems that two or three American citizens had been arrested on suspicion. "Assuring myself," writes the consul, "that the men were innocent, I called upon the governor, who directed Magistrate McMicken to see that the men were promptly discharged. Magistrate McMicken was on hand when the cases were called and saw to it, they were discharged."

There is no doubt in my mind, as I learn more of Consul Taylor's sterling integrity, that he would have interposed no objection had these men been guilty.

But enough of this. I could go on rehearsing from his records the strenuous times of long ago, recalling the thrilling incidents of the early history of your country; times that tried men's souls. They thrill me, these stories of the old days, as they must your sons and daughters. For it is to you, old timers of Winnipeg, that we owe this beautiful city. You pioneers of the early days were true to your trust and faithful to your country. It is a glorious heritage you are leaving. You made the desert give up her golden store, meeting unusual conditions in a spirit of trust and confidence; overcoming obstacles which none but an Anglo-Saxon could have conquered, and you have lived to see the glorious realization of your work.

Indeed I envy you the title you have so richly deserved —"Empire Builders."

Banff

By Jeannette Cooper

LOW down upon the mountain side
The foolish little mist-clouds ride;
The lazy sun so late to rise,
Shakes back his gold locks from his eyes,
And peering through the sweet, wet air
Laughs loud to see them lying there.

The little mist-clouds hurriedly
Pick up their fluffy skirts to flee;
He leans to watch the pretty sight;
Their backward glances of affright,
And when they've vanished, every whit,
Laughs all day long to think of it.

Morning in the Northwest

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Woman in the Rain," "The Wire Tappers," etc.

GREY countries and grim empires pass away,
And all the pomp and glory of citied towers
Goes down to dust, as Youth itself shall age.
But O the splendor of this autumn dawn,
This passes not away! This dew-drenched Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's own breath
On life's once drowsy coal, and thrills the blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air—
These, these endure, and greater are than grief!
Still there is strength; and life, Oh, life is good!
Still the horizon lures, the morrow calls,
Still hearts adventurous seek outward trails,
Still life holds up its tattered hope!
For here
Is goodly air, and God's own greenness spread!
Here youth audacious fronts the coming day
And age on life ne'er mountainously lies!
Here are no huddled cities old in sin,
Where coil in tangled langours all the pale
Envenomed mirths that poisoned men of old,
Where peering out with ever-narrowing eyes
Reptilious Ease unwinds its golden scales
And slimes with ugliness the thing it eats!
Here life takes on a glory and a strength
Of things still primal, and goes plunging on!
And what care I of time-encrusted tombs,
What care I here for all the careless drip
Of tears in countries old in tragedy?
What care I here for all Earth's creeds outworn,
The dreams outlived, the hopes to ashes turned,
In that old East so dark with rain and doubt?
Here life swings glad and free and rude, and I
Shall drink it to the full, and go content!

See Shop Talk—A Canadian Poet

The Old Days and the New

By John D. Lageson

BEFORE the territory along the Canadian Northern's main line had been discovered to be a wheat country—in other words, before the railroad was built through—the only human inhabitants of many districts were wandering Indians and an occasional rancher squatting with one or two hundred head of stock in some sheltered spot along a stream.

These ranchers were masters of all they surveyed. They would cut their hay in the sloughs, sometimes several miles away from the place where they were living, they would stack it there and, the winters being mild, would not as a rule at any time haul more than a week's supply home in advance.

The life was an easy one. Once the cattle had been branded, the herd would range over the prairies and would require but little watching. In the winter the stock was turned into a large log shed, with sod roof, without being tied up. They would keep warm there at night, and in the daytime would be turned out to feed around the straw stacks or upon such hay as was thrown out for them. The only real work in winter was to provide them with water, which was accomplished by chopping a hole in the ice of the nearest lake or pond. Sometimes stock would not even be sheltered, but experience proved this to be unprofitable, as one-third or half of the heifers would not calve after this rigorous treatment.

Take the Canora country as an example: The occupation of ranching was profitable as well as easy, and the old ranchers of the district are now worth from $20,000 to $150,000, although as a rule they came with nothing, ten or twenty years earlier. The wild peavine and grasses have raised the beef, and, besides having good herds of well bred stock, many of these ranchers were in possession of good buildings with private telephone line to the nearest town, fine driving horses, and other conveniences.

The advent of the railroad, the homesteaders, the land agents, the steam breaking outfits, the threshing machines and the elevators, with all the other accompanying ills and blessings, changed this idyllic state of affairs. When the rancher's herd got near the homesteader's place, dogs would shoot forth and set them scampering across the country. When a homesteader had filed on a choice piece of hay land this gave him the legal right to take such hay as the rancher might, in pursuance of old custom, still put up there. There was no legal way in which the rancher himself could acquire title to the even sections at a reasonable price, and as a rule they did not see the trend of things until too late, so that they were unable to secure the ownership to a considerable tract of land before it was too late to do so.

In short, soon after the advent of the railroad, the rancher woke up and found himself "a back number;" instead of ease he had worry; instead of large profits he had doubtful gains. There were several ways out of the dilemma: one was to sell out the stock to the settlers and go back East and have a taste of civilization; another was to "trek," as the Boers did in former days, and several of them did so. They travelled out into Alberta and selected a likely spot there, and then early in the spring the herd was started wandering across country, and thus, travelling by slow stages, the whole business was transferred from the Eastern Saskatchewan district into the newer and still somewhat sparsely settled country of Northern Alberta. Still another way was for the rancher to adapt himself to his environment by going in for a smaller herd of higher bred cattle, or even in some instances for dairying. One man, Mr. F. C. Wright, has a herd of two hundred pure bred Black Angus—polled—cattle. Another, Dr. Reed, has a herd of fine Herefords, etc.

Where so many new settlers are coming in, as is the case in any good district in Western Canada, there is always a large demand for working oxen. There is further a large demand for draft horses, so that horse raising becomes profitable; and as a large percentage of the homesteaders are bachelors who understand all about eating butter but know nothing about making it, butter will bring from twenty cents to twenty-five cents a pound, and some of the ranchers therefore purchase small separators and throw upon their women folk the burden of making butter.

The Canora district of Eastern Saskatchewan three years ago, by the advent of the Canadian Northern Railway, was changed, as so many districts have been, from a ranching into a grain growing and stock raising district. The three elevators and the one hundred and fifty barrel capacity flour mill of the town represent the grain growing industry. The evidence of the stock raising industry is not seen until one goes out in the country, and there you will see occasionally as many as fifty or one hundred head of horses or cattle on one place—and usually high bred stock too—and you will see evidence that all of this is profitable, in the tangible form of good substantial buildings, rural telephone lines, good implements and other things which have been provided with money made by stock raising.

The pig and the sheep also are new settlers that have come to stay. The peavine provides both feed and shelter for the pig in his youthful days in the spring, and in the fall the upland hay and peavine make excellent hay. With live hogs selling at seven cents in Winnipeg, and an abundance of beets and barley with which to fatten them, the "gintleman" who in Ireland "pays the rint," at Canora remains true to his instincts and pays the interest and installments upon the land that has been bought. Some of the settlers are not even satisfied with raising the pig, but are beginning to cure the meat themselves, and instead of selling raw material at seven cents a pound, are thus enabled to turn out a finished product retailing at from twenty-nine cents to thirty-five cents a pound.

Here then, we find that Eastern Saskatchewan is not only a natural grain district, where as fine oats grow as may be found anywhere in the world, the ordinary yield being from sixty to one hundred and fifteen bushels per acre; but the great variety of nutritious natural grasses, the gently rolling, well-watered country, with meadows sloping down to the creeks, the numerous lakes and ponds and occasional groves of timber, all go to make this district a most excellent stock country, and the fact that the large ranchers have been driven out by no means signifies that the quantity of stock in the country has diminished. On the contrary, there are at present many farmers whose chief or sole dependence is upon the stock, and there are very few farmers who do not each year derive considerable profit in one way or another from the raising of horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, and from the sale of butter as well.

When the creamery at Canora has been built—but that will be another story.

A Nurse from Teulon

By Louise Darby

As the train for St. Paul pulled out of the Winnipeg station I glanced about to see if there were any interesting looking persons on board. Across the aisle three men talking rapidly in French, toward the back of the car the inevitable young mother with a baby and little boy, ahead of me the back of a woman's head in a perfectly ordinary hat, and all through the car commercial travelers; not a very encouraging prospect for an interesting evening for a girl travelling alone. So reluctantly I picked up a rather stupid book and resigned myself to a dull evening.

"Pardon me," said a deep voice, "have you a time table that I could borrow?"

Looking up I found the woman of the hat standing beside me and as I looked at her face I tossed the book onto the opposite seat and moved over to make room for her on the seat beside me with my most inviting air, even while I was telling her that I was sorry that I too had lost my time table. As she sank into the offered seat I noticed how tall and strong she was, rather angular and broad shouldered for a woman, with long arms and muscular hands. But it was the face that attracted me; by no means beautiful, it was too broad and the cheek bones too high for that, but a most interesting face framed by black hair brushed carelessly back from a broad brow, with a large sensitive mouth and glorified by deep-set hazel eyes shining dewily through long lashes and lined about by the little crow's feet that tell of humor.

The missing time tables proved a good introduction for we both disliked being without one, and we were soon exchanging confidences on travelling. From sleeping cars and porters the conversation drifted to other things, and soon it came out that she was a nurse and had just come from the Presbyterian Mission Hospital at Teulon way up north of Winnipeg between Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba. She had gone there more than a year before from Toronto and was brimming with her unusual experiences. When she found that I was really interested, she talked on quietly, simply, apparently unconscious that she herself had done anything remarkable, but with keen appreciation of all the human interest and picturesqueness in the life she had seen.

"It is a new country up there," she said, "settled mostly by Galicians and Russian Jews and a few Scotch and English. Most of them have been such a short time in the country that they are still poor and hard working so that the hospital is a great boon to them. It is quite an institution with fifteen beds and three nurses. We are kept pretty busy because it is hard to get help and when we went out it was with the understanding that if we could not get men and women to do the work we would do anything that might be necessary. You see my hands, how battered up they are. Really it was almost dangerous to go into the operating room with such hands, but we could not get a man to take care of the fires so the other assistant nurse and I have been taking turns stoking the furnace and three stoves, all burning wood. Then the Galician women whom we could get to do the scrubbing slopped about and flooded things so that we would rather do it ourselves. It was hard on our hands but such a satisfaction to have everything shining. Of course the Mission Board does not intend to have us do such work, but when you are interested you will do almost anything to make things go right. Last summer we painted the floors and most of the wood work and it was really lots of fun.

"It's not all scrubbing and painting. There is plenty of professional work and much that is very interesting. Besides the fevers and ordinary illnesses there are a great many gunshot accidents. Not long ago a young girl was brought in shot through both thighs. It was several days after the accident but luckily they had applied fresh pork to the wounds and that had protected them from infection from the dirty bandages. That is the trouble with so many of our cases, they are not brought in soon enough and there are many cases of blood poisoning because of the delays. A young Scotch girl picked up a shell and tried to find what it was by prying at it with a hatpin. After the explosion her family kept her at home until her poor hands were in a frightful condition and we almost despaired of saving them. It took six weeks working at them every day to clean them from infection so that the surgeon could operate and, now she is at home again, minus some of her fingers but is quickly learning to do everything with those she has left.

"Yes, it is a sad life. At times it seems as if I could not bear it. Then some funny thing happens and the nurses have a good laugh over it together and we are cheerful again. Then up there in that out-of-the-way country there are many interesting things and people to see and they would keep us from being moped even if we were not too busy to have time for such a luxury.

"It is a damp country and the Galicians seem to adapt themselves to the life better than the Scotch and English. They build sod houses, often pretty good sized, and plaster them with mud, smoothing it off carefully on the inside. Then they build a stove out of stones and mud and have a warm and cozy dwelling. Once the doctor and I had driven out twenty miles to see a convalescent patient and on our way back, came to one of these Galician houses where there was a wedding going on. When the door was opened we were greeted by a perfect cloud of steam and the odor was vile. But our curiosity overcame our disgust and in we went intending to stay only a minute. The room was packed with people all dancing madly, the men with their coats off and dressed in shirts, loose trousers and sashes. The ceremony seemed to be over and everyone was absorbed in the strange wild jig. At times the women handed refreshments from the little loft that extended across one end of the house. We were so fascinated by the weird dance that in spite of the foul air we stayed more than an hour.

"We were invited to another wedding not long afterwards, a Jewish one this time. First we went to the home of the bride where a feast was spread out on the long table. There were several kinds of wine and quantities of cakes but they were so hard that I could not bite them. The other guests did not seem to have any trouble with them. After eating for about two hours the whole party escorted the bride to the house of the bridegroom. He had provided another feast and again I had to try to bite hard cakes for another two hours. When the eating was at last over the guests were invited to step outside. In the middle of the road a space had been scraped clear of snow and then the real ceremony took place. A very gorgeous canopy was held over the couple and the rabbi during the ceremony, but of course I could not understand anything that was said. After it was finished everyone trooped back into the house and began to dance. Oh! how they danced! When we finally left they were still hard at it.

"Yes, the Jews up in that part of the country are farmers. You see they come from Russia and have been used to that kind of life, but I think they are the only class of Jews who would live on farms. The others sometimes pretend that they want to take up land so that they can get settlers' rates. But they seldom stay on their homesteads; in a few weeks they are usually to be found wandering through the country with a pack, peddling.

"I tried to learn Little Russian to

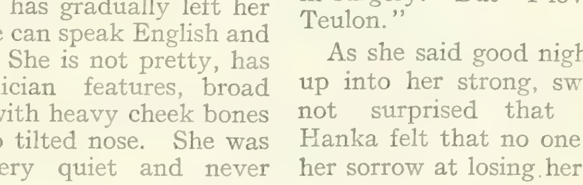
help me in my work but it is a terrible language. I wanted especially to talk to the children but fortunately those little Galicians learn English rather easily, much more easily than I learn Russian. The children are our chief comfort. We have three or four at the hospital whom we are bringing up. They are waifs and orphans and so devoted and grateful to us. It is cheerful to have the lively little things about and one or two of them are a real help. There is Anna Strovinska. She is a pretty little thing, looks like a fair haired English child; you would never guess that she was a Galician. She speaks English well and can do all sorts of housework. After school she is always looking for some thing to help us and will cheerfully spend the whole afternoon scrubbing floors. She can make her own dresses and do it well, too. I haven't seen many Canadian girls as quick and forward as that little Galician.

"But Hanka is not like Anna. Poor little thing. Last summer when I was in charge of the hospital, she was brought in with the look of a frightened little animal on her face. Without being told anyone could see that she had been abused and I found that she had ran away from cruel foster parents. I took care of her and petted her and the hunted look has gradually left her face and now she can speak English and goes to school. She is not pretty, has the typical Galician features, broad and rather flat with heavy cheek bones and long yet tip tilted nose. She was always very, very quiet and never showed any emotion so I wondered if she would care when I went away. To our great surprise she burst into a flood of tears and cried, and cried, and when she heard the others saying how sorry they were to have me leave, she turned on them quite fiercely; 'Perhaps you are sorry to have her go,' she said, 'but you cannot know what it means to me.' I felt so badly that I could hardly keep from taking her with me. Poor little Hanka!"

As she spoke of her little charge the nurse's eyes gazed fixedly into space and looked suspiciously dewy. Then she pulled herself together and asked anxiously about the trains out of St. Paul the next morning, betraying that she was as timid about travelling alone as she was brave and resourceful in the face of trouble and disease. To her it was a real undertaking to get from Winnipeg to Toronto by way of Chicago, but a very simple thing to paint floors, work day after day at a neglected wound, or by patient kindness awaken the mind and win the love of a little, brutish, unattractive child.

Before she left me I asked her if she expected to go back to Teulon. "Not at present anyway. I am going to take a graduate course in New York. I want to learn some of the newest things in surgery. But—I loved the work at Teulon."

As she said good night and I looked up into her strong, sweet face I was not surprised that little Galician Hanka felt that no one could measure her sorrow at losing her beloved nurse.



Adventures in a Garden

THE CIRCUS.

By Mary Livingston.

ARCHIBALD leaned on the low gate at the foot of the garden, dejectedly kicking the pebbles out of the path.

There was nothing to do.

The warm March sun had attacked his snow fort and it had fallen. He gazed at the ruins through a mist of tears, thinking of the hundreds of thousands of Indians he and Little Honey had repulsed from behind its trusty walls.

Father and Uncle Henry were up town, mother had a visitor who just wouldn't ever go home, and Mandy in the kitchen, his faithful friend Mandy, was baking, and cross as two sticks. She wouldn't give him even the tiniest bit of dough.

There was nothing to do.

If only it were time for kites and marbles and circuses. He knew just where his bag of marbles was but his mother had said very firmly that he was not to get down on the cold ground and play marbles. He had the necessaries for a circus ready too, the paper hoops and—

Archibald was seized with a tremendous inspiration.

He tore down the path, calling "Little Honey; Little Honey!"

"Ess, Archie," answered his little neighbor from her nursery window.

"Hurry up and come on out. I know something splendid to do."

A little later he was leading the way to the barn with Little Honey trudging happily after him.

"What we goin' to do, Archie?"

"We're going to give a circus, that's what we're going to do!"

Little Honey's comment took the form of a gleeful gurgle. "Archie goin wide horsie and jump froo fings?" she demanded delightedly.

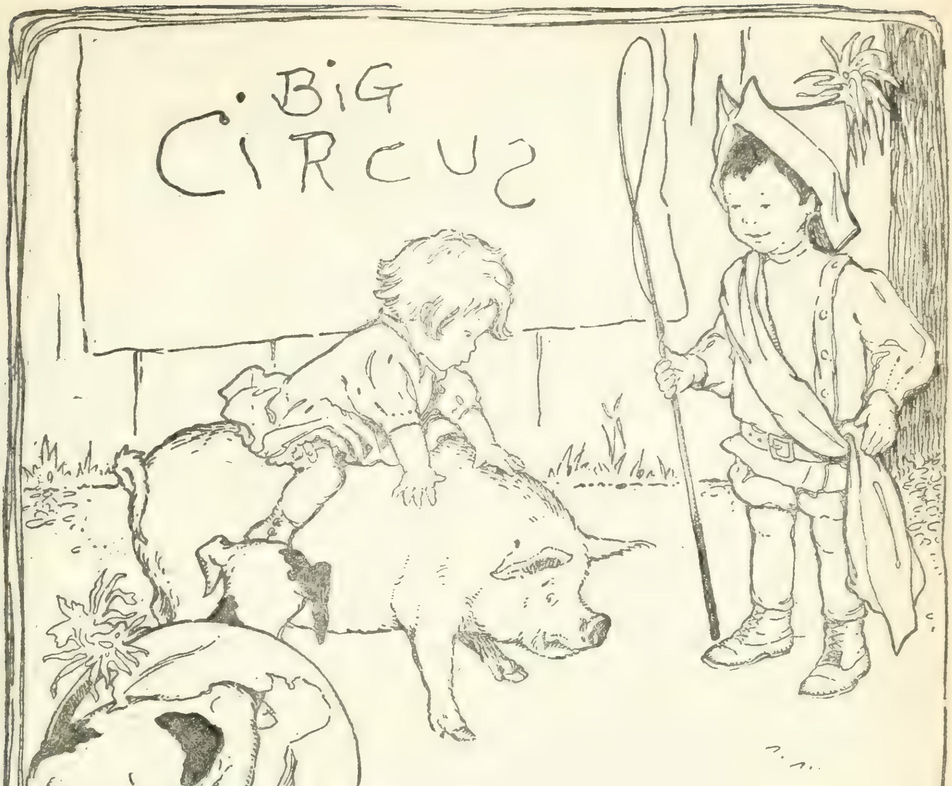
"No, Little Honey, I'm going to be the man that stands in the middle and cracks the whip and keeps everybody going. You're going to be the lovely lady that does the riding."

Little Honey's next remark was a trifle tremulous. "Old Jim awfu' big horsie," she said. "Little Honey t'ant stand on one foot on Old Jim."

"There's no use in a fellow tryin' to do anything with girls, anyway," cried Archibald. Then his wandering eye saw something that suggested a compromise.

"Now Little Honey, this is what we're going to do. There's Jenny over by the fence. She's got the dandiest broad back. You can ride on her and then if you fall you won't have far to go."

"Jenny dess a pig," demurred Little Honey, "I don't want to wide a pig." Then she brightened up. "I'll wide Pwince," she announced.



OLD JENNY MADE NO OBJECTION.

She bobbed her head and opened her eyes as wide as she could in her effort to convince Archie of the friendliness of her intentions. Archibald ignored her objections and continued, "The old rooster will ride on Princes' back. Who'd ever pay a pin to see a girl ride on a dog's back. That's nothing. But you don't often see a rooster ride on a dog's back. That'll be worth seeing."

"Ain't Little Honey worth seeing?" she demanded.

Archibald recognized the need of diplomacy.

"Little Honey is always worth seeing but she'll be more worth seeing riding on a pig than just on a dog."

Archibald's intuitive understanding of the eternal feminine stood him in good stead. He did not have long to wait to get the results from this flattery.

"Little Honey wide old Jenny tannin' on one feet," she answered with decision.

This exceeded his expectations.

"We'll have the circus in the garden and the nurse can bring your baby brother and you bring that old rag doll and the other one that hasn't any arm and the new one—"

Archibald got no further; Little Honey stamped an angry foot.

"I ain't dot no old rag doll and I ain't dot a dollie wif no arm. I dot Jemima what's lovely, and Pearlie—she lose one arm but Nursie's dot it. I'm doin' home wite now."

"Oh, Little Honey, please, please don't" pleaded Archibald. "I've got dandy things for a circus and I can't have it without you;" then at a sign of relenting, "I'm going to run in after 'em now. Just wait a minute."

He disappeared into the house and returned in a very brief space of time adorned with red sash and paper cap. In one hand he carried a sign with the word "circus" printed in straggling letters, and in the other, three hoops gayly decorated with tissue paper flowers.

Little Honey surveyed him with delight. No more mention was made of going home.

"Archie 'oo look so pitty," she gurgled.

Archibald, putting up the sign, pretended not to hear.

The time had arrived when the equestrienne was to mount her steed.

"Come over here, Little Honey?" commanded the ring master. "We'll get Jenny."

Old Jenny was munching her corn cobs contentedly, in her favorite corner of the barn yard, and made no objection when Little Honey, urged by Archibald and assisted with many boosts, finally got upon her back.

"Now, then," said the ring master, "make her go Little Honey!" and he waved his long whip in true circus style.

That was too much for old Jenny, that and the unusual weight upon her back. Away she went at a speed never intended by showman or rider. Little Honey, her chubby hands spread out on the broad back, hung on gallantly until Jenny in her mad career ran straight into the showman and knocked him down and slid the lovely rider off on top of him.

They scrambled to their feet and looked at each other.

"Are you hurt, Little Honey?" said the showman as soon as he had his breath.

"No, Archie, I isn't hurt but I tan't wide on one feet. I tried awfu' hard to stay on dat mean old pig," wailed Little Honey.

Archibald brushed off her dress for her. He was somewhat shaken himself but Little Honey was a girl.

"You rode just splendid, Little Honey," he said, "and you looked fine."

"Circus all over, Little Honey goin' home now," she answered much comforted by the praise.

Archibald watched the little figure trudging away.

"It was a good circus, anyhow," he said. He thrust his hands into his pockets and went whistling down the walk with Prince at his heels.

The Homesteaders

By Jessie Beckton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. D. SCHWALM

SYNOPSIS OF "THE HOMESTEADERS"

Joan Tremayne and her two brothers, left dependent upon relatives by the failure and death of their father, have left their English home and come to Western Canada as homesteaders. At the little town which is as near their land as the railway can take them they are introduced to their nearest neighbor, Mac Ireton. He has come in with a load and offers to help them to carry their goods and to find their section posts.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning we set busily to work to complete our purchases. We had decided to buy only bare necessaries to start with, but to get them good, so that they might do for the house afterwards; so instead of camp and trestle beds as we were advised, we bought strong neat ones of iron with springs affixed, and good mattresses and pillows. Two plain sets of white ware and two looking glasses. Dressing tables and washstands we should be able to make out of the wooden cases in which our things were packed. To the beds were added a strong deal table and four chairs. A stove with the usual accompaniment of kettle, baking tins, saucepans, and frying pans, graniteware teapot, a plain dinner service which included tea cups and saucers, and a set of graniteware jugs. A house broom and scrubbing brushes, and a couple of pails, completed the list. Our smaller groceries we had packed in a wooden case, buying the tea by the chest, coffee by the cannister, sugar by the barrel, and butter and lard by the tub. Two large sides of bacon, three bags of flour, a keg of syrup, and a couple of tins of plain biscuits, were, we considered, enough to start on, having little or no storage room and knowing that within a distance of ten miles all necessary articles of food could be procured from the settlement store.

The third morning saw us wending our way across the great plain, Mr. Ireton leading, his wagon piled high with our goods, halting now and again to allow our more slow going, ponderous oxen to keep up with his horses. And so we made our first real acquaintance with the prairies. I thought of the depressing old gentleman in the car. "You will find no beauty there" he had said. Why the place was full of beauty, a loveliness of its own. Overhead hung an immense arc of cloudless azure sky, that reflected itself in the many little sloughs dotted about; around on every side lay the motionless green prairie, bathed in a flood of intense soft sunshine, rolling away in long swelling sweeps to the far blue grey horizon, unbroken save by the groups of bluff or bushwood, and the reed bordered sloughs on which the wild fowl floated lazily, too indifferent to our approach to rise from the water, or seek shelter in the tall green reeds. Silent and motionless, it spreads before us, no trees, no singing birds, no sign of human life, except in the region of the farms which grew fewer and farther apart as we travelled on. Mile after mile we followed the long serpentine trail, that wound its sinuous way across the great flat prairie, until in the shelter of a tall bluff, Mr. Ireton coming to a standstill called a halt. Here, whilst the teams were "unhitched' and allowed to feed off the short upland grass, we rested ourselves and brought out our luncheon. Driving in a light buggy, the journey out to the settlement, Mr. Ireton told us, was a matter of a few hours only, but with loads and oxen, we should not arrive there until the following afternoon. For the night we should put up at one of the stopping houses kept by those living near the trail who were glad to make a living, not only by their farms, but by taking in such travellers as wished to stop on the road. It was drawing on to the close of the afternoon and the sun was already sinking to the West in a flood of gorgeous splendor, whilst the prairie had donned the purple robe of evening. When we drew up in front of the little homestead in which we were to spend the night, and asked for accommodation for man and beast, I was taken indoors by a rather hard featured, toil worn, but pleasant looking woman, whilst the men went with the teams to the stable. Bidding me 'make myself at home,' she at once commenced preparations for the evening meal, bustling to and fro from the front to the back kitchen, and plying me in a high pitched voice, with a multitude of questions, put in such a straightforward, natural way that within a very short time of my entrance she was in possession of most of the details of my family history. Apparently satisfied, she proceeded to give me her own.

"And how long have you been living here?" I asked, wishing to make myself agreeable, and thinking that perhaps a similar system of questioning might be expected of me, and formed part of prairie etiquette.

"We came up about fifteen years ago, but it seems more like thirty" she said.

"Do you like the life? Has it been very hard?" I asked again, sympathetically regarding her worn face on which years of toil and hardship were plainly marked, and wondering how much, and how long it would take to grow the long lines above and beneath my eyes that so plentifully besprinkled hers.

"It's none so bad," she said, "at least not now, that we are getting on a bit, but it was hard at first. Then when we had built our house and were getting a bit comfortable, we got burnt out. But we've done better lately, and the children are growing up and getting to be a help. Then, too, the stock is coming on nicely and we've managed to put up plenty of good buildings for them, and," she concluded, putting the big dish of ham and eggs she had been frying on the table as the door opened and the men came in, "what we have is our own, and no man's our master."

The meal was the simplest, but the bacon was well cooked, the cakes and pies fresh and crisp, and with the delicious homemade bread and butter, no one could but be satisfied.

In the pioneer days, travellers, I was told, shared the general sleeping room of the family or at best a corner divided off by a curtain of cretonne. But things have progressed since then, and it was in quite a comfortable little bedroom that I spent the night, though Peter described theirs as more primitive, and scant of furniture.

CHAPTER III.

The rest of the journey next day was very like the beginning only that now long stretches of bare prairies lay between the homesteads, and that towards noon we came in sight of the long blue line of timbered hill that had been pointed out to us by the agent as an object of advantage in the choosing of the land The "bluffs" grew higher too, and in larger groups, until as we drew near to the settlement we might have been driving through a pretty park land with sheets of ornamental water here and there. Mr. Ireton, on whose wagon I travelled the second day, indicated with his whip, what looked like a collection of rather large dots in front of us and told me that was the Town.

"Everything is a Town out here" he said, "and if it consists of more than a dozen houses, has a couple of stores, and a railway station it becomes a City."

"But we shall not touch there to-day," he added; "we turn off here to the right. This trail runs past my section at the foot of the timber."

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"About three years," he answered. "I wonder what you will think of it all," he said looking down at me with a little smile, "we will try to make it easier for you, but I am afraid you will find it rather rough and hard."

"Perhaps I shall," I said, smiling back at him, "but I shall have Dick and Peter, and now we have found a friend in you it seems ever so much brighter and better."

"I wonder what made you think of coming out," he said. "Were you bitten with the land agents' bright promises, 'a free life, a merry one and a large fortune?'"

"No, I think not," I said laughing, "it was more as a last resource. We had so little money, and there was nothing for us to do in England, and by coming out here, we could live together. But of course we hope to make our farm a success even if we do not make a fortune. People give us such conflicting accounts we hardly know what to expect or believe."

"Expect nothing and believe little. I daresay there is a living to be made of it, but I can't say I have done much toward it so far," said Mr. Ireton, and I thought there was a note of despondency in his voice, "but with you it may be different, women have the power of creating a home out of so little; a man can't, and without the home element he gets to think that nothing matters, one way or the other. It is a lonely life when you are working by yourself."

"But," I asserted, "you are not going to work alone any more now, and we will try together to make a great success of things. We are so ignorant about everything and you can teach us so much; in return we will try to make your life more comfortable and happy."

"That is a bargain then," he said looking very pleased. "I little thought I was in for such a stroke of good luck when I left home."

There was something about Mr. Ireton that from the first had inspired in us all three a friendly confidence to which we were not always prone. Some people make friends so easily, but, as a rule, we did not, so it was with something of astonishment that we found ourselves drifting into a friendship within a few days that would usually have taken as many months to cement. I have heard of climatic and atmospheric conditions influencing one's likes and dislikes and that our own dull climate is answerable for much of our insular reserve.

In the new land of space, freedom, and sunshine, some of this feeling to which we had been bred may insensibly have been already swept away, in our strangeness and loneliness we may have been more ready to grasp an outstretched hand of friendship, but I think it was as much the man himself that had so won upon us. There was about him a quiet manliness and strength and take-it-for-granted style of giving aid without reasons or protestations to which we succumbed without question, and now as we travelled on over the quiet prairie towards the little wild spot which was all we could claim as 'home' in all the wide, wide world, it was with a quaint feeling of home going that we drew nearer to the long timber covered hill and saw a little, low log house, squatting stolidly with its back to the bluffs, looking blankly out at us, without even the spiral smoke appearing from its tin chimney that gives a cheerful aspect to even closed doors.

"Here we are," said Mr. Ireton, throwing the reins on the horses' backs as they, knowing their journey was at an end, pulled up. "It is not much of a place, but such as it is you are very welcome to it until a more comfortable one can be made ready." As he spoke he was lifting me down from the high spring seat, and together we turned to greet Dick and Peter who were close behind.

Dick looked very ruefully at me, as, the door having been unlocked, we stepped into the little room into which it directly opened, and at first I felt seized with an untimely mirth as I surveyed this quaint specimen of a home, but as I thought of the generous proffer that had been made to us of the owner's all, and pictured the life this man of undeniable culture and breeding led in this bare and unluxurious place, my eyes welled up with tears that I, dreading the others might see and misunderstand, turned away my head to hide.

It looked a degree more cheerful when the fire had been lit for the boiling of a kettle, and the window set open to let in the soft full evening light, but nothing could disguise the dreary bare walls, the uncovered flooring and scant wooden furniture. The most pathetic touch was, I thought, a little group of photographs tacked upon the logs. Portraits of a fine soldierly looking man in a Colonel's uniform, a handsome matronly woman, a young girl in a pretty evening gown, and a smart little middy, a younger brighter edition of the man beside me. It was he that created the pathos, the dullness and discomfort of his surroundings contrasting with the evident luxury of theirs.

"They are my people," he said, seeing me looking over at them. "I wonder what they would think of their present setting; it is not a very cheerful one, is it?"

"Not very," I assented, "but we are very grateful to you for giving us shelter and you must let me try to make it more comfortable for you. I have brought out a number of pretty things which we may as well use, as you are good enough to give us and them houseroom."

If it was bare it was scrupulously clean, upstairs and down, and when they had unpacked my little iron bed, and given me a box for a washstand and another for a dressing table, I felt the luxury of once more having a bedroom I could call my own. It was all very funny, and we had no time for sentiment. The teams had to be fed and watered and the wagons partially unloaded before we could rest and assuage our alarmingly keen appetites.

When at last we did sit down it was to quite a cheery meal, set out on a clean white sheet in lieu of a tablecloth, whilst I poured the tea from a gigantic graniteware teapot of a slightly battered appearance but capable of making as excellent a brew as the most elaborate article in silver. Tired and perhaps a little overwrought with my many strange experiences, I was glad to retire early to my little attic bedroom, quickly falling asleep and remembering nothing more until I awoke to find a flood of summer sunshine, to hear Peter singing and whistling outside, and Dick calling to me up the steep narrow stair.

We had a long talk that morning, Dick, Peter and I as we strolled over the short green turf, and walked proudly round our property discussing the present and the future.

"It was a lucky chance for us," said Dick, "when we got to know Mac. I suppose we should have got along somehow, like everyone else that comes out here, but he is such a thoroughly good fellow, and such a splendid help in every way. Then too, it is so much better for Joan to have a room to sleep in and a roof over head, instead of being in a tent all summer."

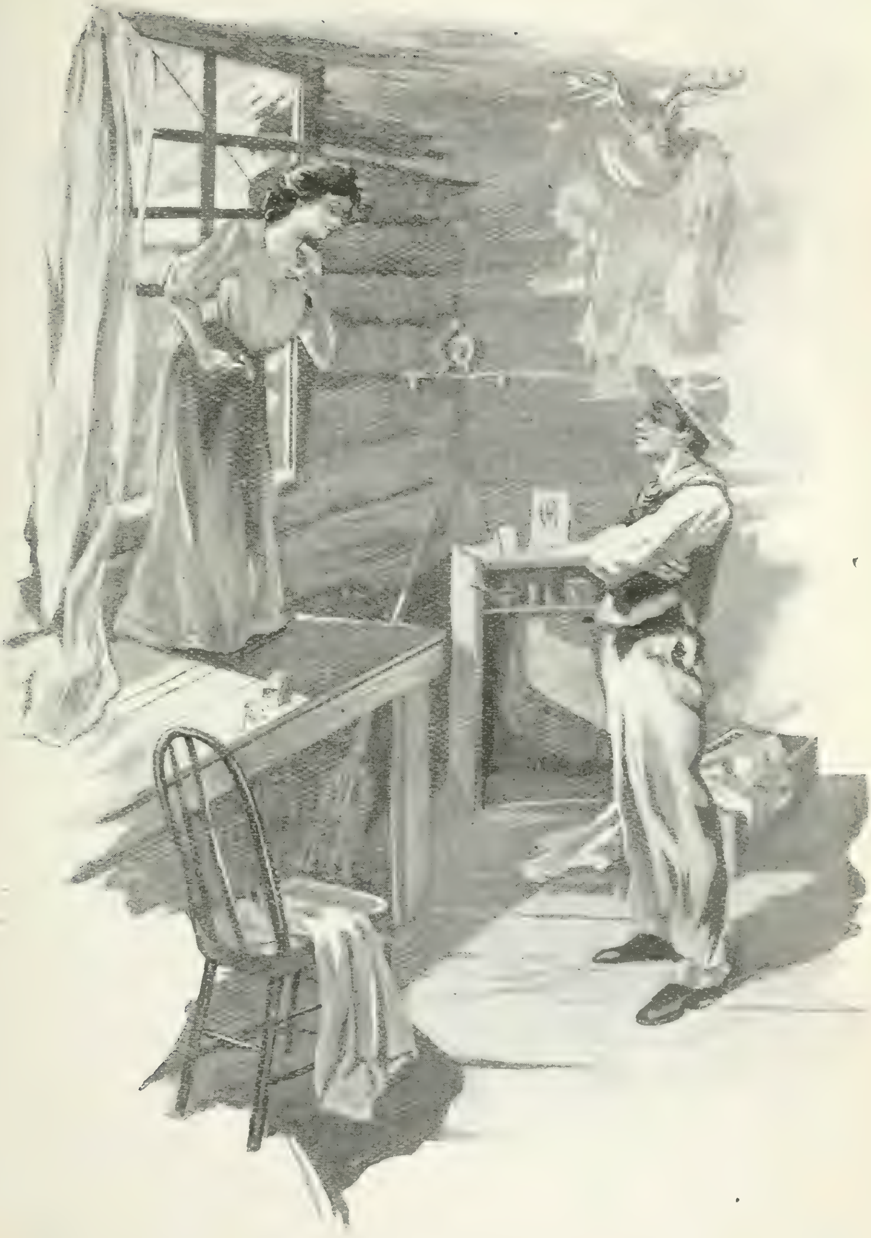
"I suppose we shall cut down some trees and build a house at once," I said.

"Well as to that I am not sure," said Dick, "Mac advises us not to be in too great a hurry. Next month he will begin haying and he thinks we should be wiser to go in with him and put up some hay first for the oxen. He says we had better build of lumber instead of logs, people seldom use them now. So Joan you must wait for your house a bit and be grateful for your present quarters."

CHAPTER IV.

As I was to spend the summer and perhaps the autumn in Mr. Ireton's house, I determined to give it a more comfortable and homelike air, and that afternoon as soon as he and Dick had gone to make arrangements for the building of the shanty, and Peter who had been left behind as bodyguard had betaken himself outside for a better arrangement of our goods, I ran up the little ladder-like stairway and commenced a seach for such household fineries as I had packed in my own particular boxes. Hammer and nails I found downstairs and hard at work I spent my afternoon. When Peter came in to see how I fared he found me standing on the table, which I had drawn to the window, struggling with a drapery of Liberty muslin, hammering my fingers as much as the nails, in my effort to give that bare unblinking little casement a more reasonable and softer appearance.

"Well I'm blowed," exclaimed Peter inelegantly, contemplating my elevated



"WELL, I'M BLOWED," EXCLAIMED PETER INELEGANTLY, CONTEMPLATING MY ELEVATED POSITION AND FLUSHED FACE position and flushed face. "What are you up to? It looks a jolly sight more comfortable but I say, Joan, what will Ireton say to your turning his place inside out like this?"

"He will be delighted," I declared with conviction, "and besides he has told me to do as I liked and to make myself at home: now how can anyone feel at home staring out of a curtainless window or on four bare walls. I am going to cover that shelf over there with this cretonne and hang up some photographs and pictures. I have found a baize cloth for the table and a white one for meals. Then with some books about and some flowers we shall look much more cosy."

I was arranging my flowers, great sprays of orange red lilies and waving grasses that I had gathered from the bluffs when Dick and Mr. Ireton came in.

"What have you been doing, Joan?" asked Dick as they stood staring in upon me and my transformation.

"You told me to make myself at home," I said, turning to Mr. Ireton, "So I tried to do my best."

"Who would have thought," he said, surveying my handiwork, and the quite homelike aspect of the little room, "that so little could make such a difference. It is generally said that man makes the home and the woman keeps it. I should say the men really provide the material." He went out presently begging us not to wait supper for him, and a few minutes later I saw him driving away in the direction of the town. When he had gone I made Dick and Peter unpack the china we had brought, and bring it into me. The case itself, turned on end did duty as a dresser, and when I had tacked a piece of cretonne over the front it became a saucepan cupboard as well. So eager was I to set the supper table with the clean white cloth and the new china that long before the usual time everything was in readiness, and I went out to call the boys to see how pretty and fresh it all looked.

In the middle of our admiring survey Peter asked, "And what have you got for supper? We can't satisfy our appetites on china." Blankly I looked from one to the other vainly seeking inspiration from their grinning faces. It was all very well to be pretty and dainty but there must be something more substantial, and up till now I had had no experience with kettles and saucepans or the cooking of food. I had watched Mr. Ireton the evening before frying the bacon and eggs; it looked such a simple thing to do,that I thought we might manage that dish at any rate and though I cannot truthfully say it presented the same delicate crispness and am bound to confess that the yolks of the eggs had a tendency to turn a somersault into the whites, it was eatable and to our hungry appetites very palatable.

So busily engaged were we, the boys teasing me about my first essay in cookery and I, in defending myself, pointing out to them that after all they had cleared the dish and left nothing for the owner of the house, that we heard nothing of the wagon returning or the opening of the door until Mr. Ireton's voice broke in on our slightly uproarious mirth. He was standing in the doorway his usually rather set face, alight with pleased surprise.

"Well you do look jolly and comfortable" he said, still standing there. "I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming, that I shall not wake presently to find myself sitting in miserable solitude once more." And then he began pulling something into the room, a pretty little rocking chair, of white cane, which he brought round to my side, saying in his quiet straightforward way, "I thought you would be more comfortable in an easier chair than these, so I got this from the store, I heard they had some in."

I did not know how to thank him but I think he knew how pleased I was and how much touched by this one more evidence of his goodness to us.

When the supper table had been cleared, the dishes washed and put away, I carried my work to my little rocking chair and sat and listened to the men as they talked and smoked.

"What brought you out?" Dick asked of Mr. Ireton after awhile—

"The usual thing I suppose," he answered, "wasted school days, too much cricket and football, bossed exams and an irate parent. I left home with £200 and my father's blessing, and came out here. Got as far as Winnipeg, and diminished my capital to about half in seeing the country from the standpoint of one of the best hotels in the city. One evening as I strolled in for a game of billiards I ran up against old Major Carlyon who had come up on business. It turned out he had known my father, and we chummed at once. He asked me what I was doing and my prospects in the country. After I had told him he gave me a pretty straight talking to. 'You are like the majority of young Englishmen that come out here,' he said, 'they imagine they have the ball at their feet and can stoop at any time that it suits them to pick it up. To tell you the truth I have small patience with men who send their sons unbefriended out to the Colonies with a salve-conscience in the shape of a sum of money that in nine cases out of twelve does more harm than good. The lad is probably straight from a luxurious home, not long emancipated from school discipline and with little experience of life. He comes out with just enough cash to waste and an expensive outfit; knowing no one and nothing of the country, its ways, or climate, and absolutely ignorant of the work he has set out to make his living by. He thinks he has only to offer himself, to find work at once, but, my dear fellow, the self-sustaining fact of his being an Englishman does not alter the other of his being a greenhorn, both ignorant of work and utterly unsuited to the drudgery of farm life. Take my advice, button up your pockets and get to work, anything you can find to do. Hire out for your board if nothing better offers and learn something of a homesteader's life, before you settle on land of your own.'

"In the end I came down here and got a job with Bradley at ten dollars a month and my board. He said he supposed I could get twenty dollars but he could not afford to give it to me, and candidly speaking I wasn't worth more. I remained with him a year, and took up this half section. In my spare time I got my house and stable up. Then I bought my team, wagon and plough and with a few necessaries came on to my own land. I can't say I have made much of a success of it as yet, but last year's crop turned out very fairly well, and I have double the amount in this."

"Are you going in for wheat growing only?" Dick asked.

"Only until I can afford to buy stock: mixed farming is less risky; if anything happens to your crop, you have the other thing to fall back upon.

"What would you advise us to do?" Dick asked again.

"You are too late for anything like seeding," Mr. Ireton said, "but you could break on for a bit, start your house and stable and then join me in the haymaking. You will want hay for your oxen and you say you must have a cow. If we have time we can put up more than we shall need and sell it. You might put in enough potatoes on your breaking to see you through the winter. There is really little to be done the first year but settle, build, and break. You must either have sufficient money to live on for the first twelve months or hire out."

Then we fell to discussing our mode of life for the summer, and in the end it was arranged that they should work more or less in partnership, that I should continue to use Mr. Ireton's one and only bedroom, whilst he and the two boys slept in the shanty which was to be run up close to the house and that we should use the living room conjointly. Our house was to be of lumber and would have to be put up by experienced hands, although there was much they could help in the building.

CHAPTER V.

And so we began our prairie life, and through the long warm summer days and the cool nights drank in the beautiful prairie air and attuned ourselves to our wild yet simple surroundings. Never a twinge of homesickness did I feel as I went about my daily household tasks or wandered over the short crisp turf, gathering the many beautiful flowers which grew everywhere, looking up to the cloudless sky and down into the little sloughs, watching the wild fowl and listening to the soft swift flight of the whistlewing as it flashed overhead in the still evening air, or gazing dreamily out over the silent sombre prairie, faintly lit by the myriad stars; not once did I long for the old country and the old life. My home was here with Dick and Peter. I was more than content. There was plenty of work, and often physical weariness, but the men took the roughest and hardest from me and in that pure, buoyant air it was possible to endure three times as much as in our murkier home atmosphere. By four o'clock, with my tiny realm swept and garnished, myself changed into a pretty fresh gown and the teacups on the table, I felt less tired than I had often done in the old days after an afternoon of tennis or worse still of doing nothing.

Afternoon tea became quite an institution, the men dropping in naturally in their flannel shirts and overalls, very glad of the excuse of a break in the long afternoon, a short rest and a fragrant cup of tea. When they had gone back again to their work, I took my rocking chair to the open doorway, and rested quietly, looking out over the great silent prairie world, dreaming dreams, of the present and the future.

At the back of the little farm rose the timber line, a dense collection of not over big birch and poplars and brush wood, sheltering us from the high winds which sometimes rioted boisterously over the boundless space. In front the ground sloped gradually through a maze of bluffs, both large and small, to the plains, which stretched in rolling sweeps to the far faint horizon, and on which the homesteads of the settlers lay like ships at anchor on a green brown sea. In the center a collection of smaller dots marked the small town, which consisted of the little church, the school house, the general store which mothered the post office, the hotel, blacksmith's shop and land offices, and the few dwelling houses of those whose business held them there.

This was our world, shut off from the rest of it by many a mile of trail and lone prairie land, pleasant enough to travel over in the sweet crisp sunshine of summer. To us the mails came twice a week, with the home letters, papers, and news of outside humanity.

Was it any wonder that engrossed by farm and household works and cares we came after a time to think these all important? That great events reached us as dull echoes to be passed lightly over, in view of some unusual local gaiety or pressing anxiety! We had come out too late for the spring work, it being the very end of May when we arrived, but there was plenty to do and everything to learn. Dick and Peter knew no more of farming than I of housework, and at times our minds misgave us that we had taken too much on ourselves considering the issue which lay in our success or failure.

(To be continued)

A RARE PROFUSION OF SCENERY

The Holiday West

By Arthur Hawkes

WHEN from the most spacious rotunda in North America, you watch a moccasined Indian and his beast of burden crossing a wide street, into a wholesale district of high, massive warehouses, you know you are close to the vanguard, while you enjoy the choice amenities of civilization.

You are in Winnipeg, and you wonder how far Winnipeg is from the Indian in his unspoiled glory. In time the city is twenty-five years from the residential tepee. In mileage—well, the Indian is never far from where you sit. But his glory does not flourish in trousers; and the devotion of his squaw is not picturesque when you see it alongside beauteous specimens of .Womanhood Emancipate.

Not long ago a friend desired to have his much-loved birch-bark canoe repaired; and thereto hired a red craftsman to come from beyond St. Boniface, to his boathouse on the Assiniboine. The Indian brought his spouse, indulgently watched her skilful hands as she mended the broken canoe, pitched it inside and out, and tested it in the stream that has itself become civilized almost to the point of odorous turbidity. He received the money she earned—hers was the joy of service efficiently performed.

The grace of wifely subjection remains in circles that long since adopted many of the less lovely attributes of intricate society kind. Fifty miles away a masculine subjection to white commonplace was exemplified the other day. For three decades the Indians have been accustomed to dance before the inhabitants of Portage la Prairie.

But in November, 1907, the Sun Dance was prohibited. Portage la Prairie has become a railway centre, and therefore, a city with expectations that will not tolerate the splendors of barbarism.

Go northwest from Portage la Prairie and you will discover the best of what is left of pioneering prairie life. For invigoration of air; for days of splendid sunlight and nights of cool repose: for the spell of awe that comes when the sky reddens in the West, and the unbounded sweep of verdant plain, seems to be going down into the Valley of the Shadow (though you know there will be an inspiriting resurrection in the morning); for an indescribable elation of mind, and an unsuspected detachment of outlook over a distant, vexatious world, I know of nothing to equal an invasion by buggy and team of some part of this new and old West.

Here you see the prosperous farmer, finely housed; his barns crowded with beasts; and his granaries filled with the produce of his spreading acres. Nearby is the sod shack of the novitiate in conquest of a virgin soil; reminding the other of what he was; and fortifying himself with sight, an example of what he may become. Adjacent to both is the infant town: its elevators telling of cultivation and abundant increase; its churches and eminent school giving promise of what is to come, here and hereafter. The railway found a dreary solitude and made it a heartsome prosperity.

So going, you come to the Saskatchewan—either at Clark's Crossing, where was a great camp, in the life of the Last Rebellion; or at Fenton Bridge, approaching Prince Albert.

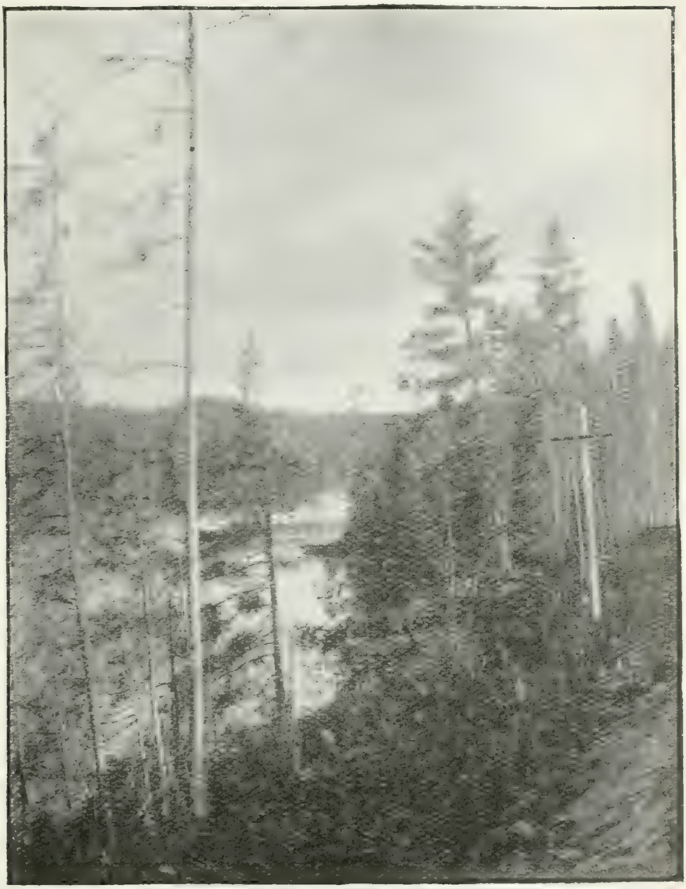
There is no bridge across the Saskatchewan below the Forks, where the North and South branches meet, thirty miles from Fenton. Herein is a characteristic of this Western subcontinent. The railways occupy the wheat-growing country. Just beyond their frontiers is the territory where the senior half of the Hudson's Bay Company—the fur trading half that was founded by Charles II. in 1670, and has not been superseded by the modern half that keeps department stores, and sells farming land and town sites—is a secondary Providence to the Indians, who hunt that they may live, and that less hardy travellers, on biting days, may be clad in blessed fur.

Across the Saskatchewan there is abundance of timber. Across the Saskatchewan, too, at Prince Albert, there is a band of Indians not nourished by the Canadian Treasury, for they are refugees from the United States, progeny of fathers who could tell of Custer's last fight, and of atrocities that star-spangled Justice does not forget. Five hundred miles up the river is Edmonton, quiet now, and only for a little while the northern-most city of agricultural Canada. It is the present western terminus of the Canadian Northern land the first contact point with steam locomotion for the dwellers in an easily accessible land that stretches two thousand miles towards the Arctic Circle. For five hundred miles there are wheat-growing summers, and winters happily tempered by Pacific winds, genialized in their passage over the Japan current. There are asphalt deposits of remarkable heat-resisting power, coal in plenitude, oil waiting to be tapped, and gold finer than Yukon gold.

Many promises of Charm you see from the train; but Charm, herself, resides in the lakes that hide behind the apparently impenetrable hills. The canoe is the supplement and the superior of the train, for it brings you where you can see the stately moose feeding in the water; catch glimpses of the white flag of the red deer, as he flees from contact with armed intelligence, and watch the exemplary beaver cutting down the best barked birch and hauling it to his architectural masterpiece.

I can take you to a luxurious hunting lodge and show you a breeding farm of silver foxes. I can introduce you to the forest Indian who has added to the mystery of mediaevalism an incipient commercialism that is as yet almost harmless. If you are an angler I can take you to Nirvana, and bring you back laden with newly slain ministers of your peace.

Presently the pomps and elegances of summer-resorting will invade the Seine River, Clearwater Lake, and all the regions round about. A New York artist, familiar with the summer ways of Affluence, wrote to me, after seeing a little of this country: "I wonder the railway people don't make some resort up there, right away. There is nothing like it in all America."



MANY PROMISES OF CHARM YOU SEE FROM THE TRAIN

But the railway people have had so much wheat to haul out and so much wheat-growing territory to open up that they have postponed, to a more convenient season, campaigns intended to bring the mere sojourn into this elemental heritage of isolated content. Wherein is the opportunity for those whom the crowd follows. For this year there will be a new and direct service from Duluth to Fort Francis and Winnipeg, and, like the first-rate trains, with Pullmans and unexcelled dining service that accommodate the business men who travel extensively between Eastern and Western Canada.

The Pullman brings you, at Winnipeg, near the Indian whose squaw is apt at mending canoes, and into the metropolis which is the first fruits of the re-creation of the Great Lone Land. The Canadian Northern can put you down on the frontier of the most spacious, the most seductive holiday ground that a seasoned traveller need long to see.

* * *

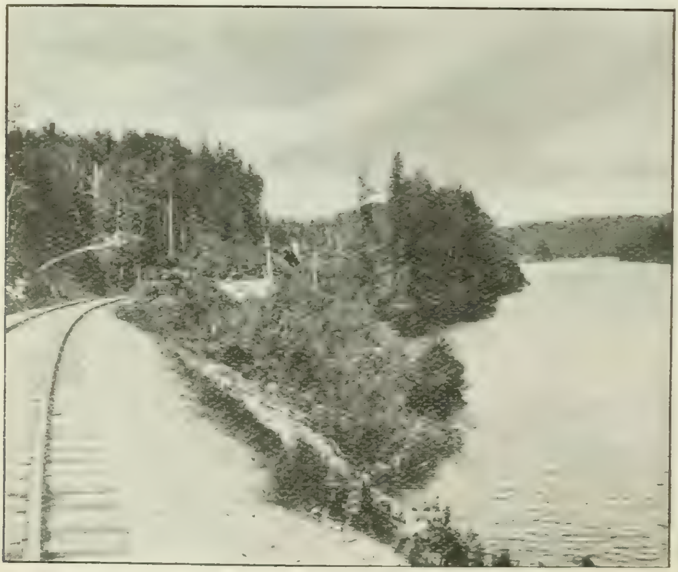
And now, look East a little, nearly half of North America is only a geographical abstraction to all but the really intrepid voyagers. A little while ago it was inaccessible, except at an expenditure of time that few would choose to incur. But the Farthest North of yesterday is near the south to-day. Canada, instead of being widely regarded as the American stronghold of eternal snow, is increasingly known as one of the best summer countries in the world.

There is a rare conjunction of beauty and commerce in this revelation of Canada. The most remarkable product of Twentieth Century Canada is her youngest railway system—the Canadian Northern—which, since 1897, has grown from 100 miles of track, in a newly opened corner of Manitoba, to over 4,000 miles in half a dozen provinces, of which about 3,200 miles are west of Lake Superior.

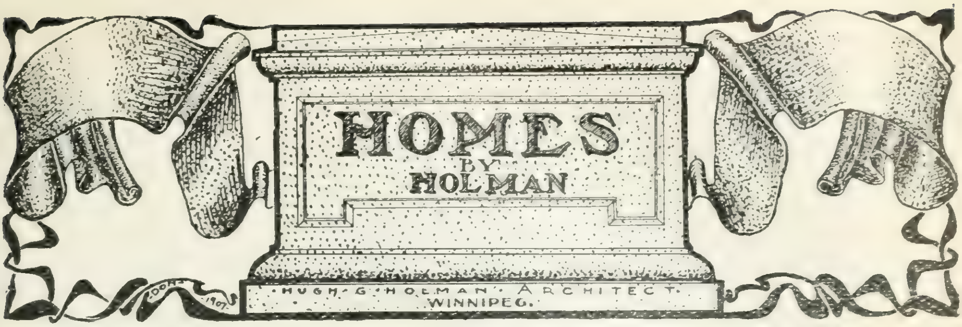
Every yard of every mile of Canadian Northern rails beyond the Great Lakes is a strictly business yard. Curiously enough, though this remarkable line is the most northerly agricultural railway on the continent, it was built with cheaper money than any railway between the Gulf of Mexico and the forty-ninth parallel.

Beauty is singularly obligated to commerce in this triumph of transportation. From the days when the French paddled across unnumbered lakes in search of a passage to China, until Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition in 1870, the Great Lone Land was reached by the water route from the present Fort William to the Red River. The Canadian Northern virtually follows the abandoned course, and traverses a rare profusion of scenery in woodland, rockland, river and lake.

The Kakabeka Falls, on the Kaministiqua, are deeper than Niagara. Rainy Lake is superb for summering—clearest water, finest fish, loveliest islands, delightfullest shade. At Fort Frances the Hudson's Bay factors have bought furs for a hundred and fifty years. The Rainy River—an Anglo-Saxon corruption of "La Reine" the Queen of Rivers—which bounds Ontario, and Minnesota, is a noble stream, filled with logs, flanked with settlers; and emerging, fourteen miles below the station, into the Lake of the Woods, whose scenic splendor has never been half expressed.



THERE IS A RARE CONJUNCTION OF BEAUTY AND COMMERCE IN THIS REVELATION OF CANADA



THE residence here illustrated is specially designed for the average family of moderate means and will recommend itself to those who wish the maximum amount of comfort in their home life. It has many good features as will be seen from the following description:

The entrance is through a vestibule to a living-room which has a fireplace and mantel of brick, adding very much to the appearance as well as the comfort and convenience; there is an alcove in this room furnished with seats and making a very cozy arrangement. All the details of the room are in the best taste, which is equally true of the rest of the house.

Some great architect has said that the room in which a family lives indicates the character of the family. "Show me a man's living room—some of the books he reads and the chair he sits in—and I will tell you what kind of a man he is," these were the words he used, and the architect who used them knew human nature. In every home there should be some one room which serves quite another purpose than that served by a parlor. It is the room in which the family *lives*, the room in which the family altar, figuratively speaking, is set up.

From the living-room an arch leads into the stair-hall. The stair is well worthy of note for although so prominent and easy of access from the front of the house it is also easily accessible from the kitchen and dining-room. A large coat closet opens from this hall.

The fact that mistress or maid can reach the front entrance of the house directly from the kitchen without passing through any other room is an important feature.

The kitchen is large and well appointed, the pantry is light and roomy. The kitchen, pantry and dining-room are in ideal relation to one another and could not be more conveniently arranged.

While all the rooms in the house are pleasant the dining-room is perhaps the most so—and most people prefer this to be the case. It is large and light and opens with French windows on a porch.

Special attention should be paid to this porch which is enclosed with glass and makes a very delightful summer dining-room. A door from the pantry to the porch renders the serving of meals there a perfectly easy thing. This arrangement practically adds another room to the building.

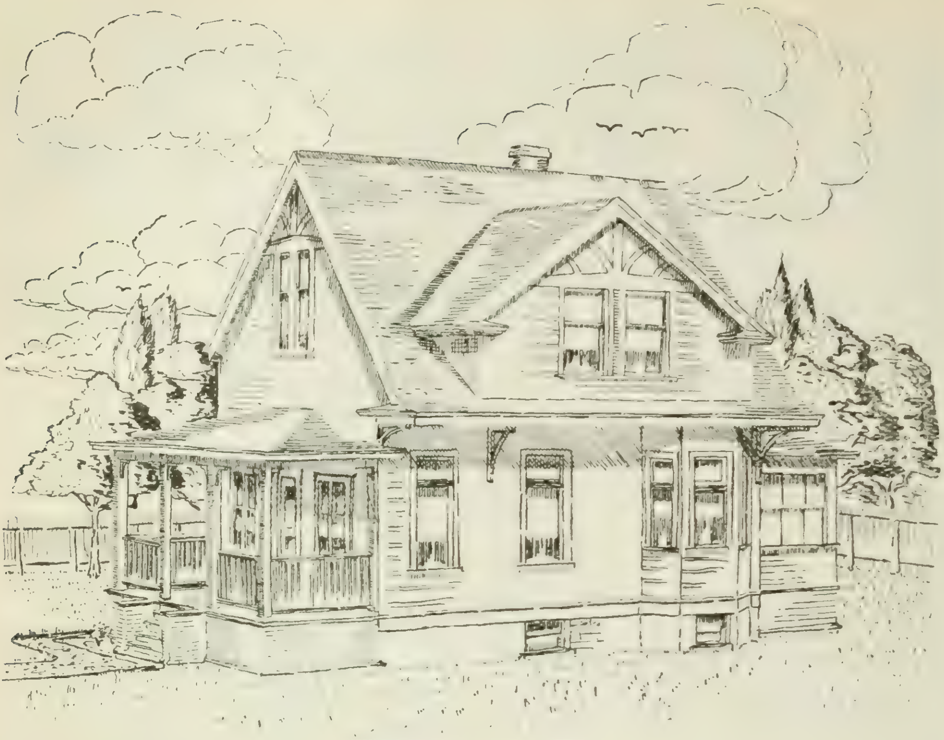
The stair to the basement also forms the stair from the side entrance to the ground floor. This combination idea is very convenient and conducive to the saving of many steps.

On the second floor there are four large bed-rooms all very light, and with large closets off each. The bathroom is of good size.

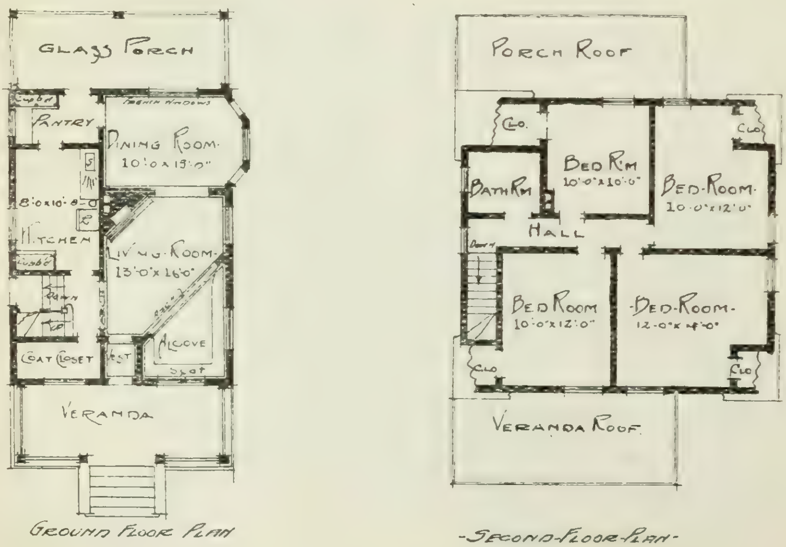
The basement is as carefully planned for economy of room and convenience as the rest of the house. It has a concrete floor and it contains a soft-water tank, a furnace, fuel-bins and a cellar for vegetables.

The exterior design of the house is neat and artistic and the entire building is very attractive and homelike.

The cost of building this house, using thoroughly good materials, would be $3,500.00



A MODERATE PRICED HOME


Glass Porch
Cupbd
French Windows
Pantry
Dining Room
10'0 x 15'0"
8'0x10'8"
Kitchen
Cupbd
Down
Up
Living Room
13'0"x 16'0"
Alcove
Seat
Coat Closet
Vest
Veranda
Ground Floor Plan
Porch Roof
Clo.
Bath Rm
Bed Rm
10'0"x10'0"
Bed-Room
10'0"x12'0"
Clo
Hall
Down
Bed Room
10'0"x12'0"
Bed-Room
12'0"x 14'0"
Clo
Clo
Veranda Roof
Second Floor Plan

THE FLOOR PLANS

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

LOOKING AHEAD.

WHEN Mr. Jones's seventh son was born, there was great rejoicing. Two or three days after the event, one of the neighbors, meeting Tommy, the eldest son, asked if he were not sorry that his baby brother was not a baby sister.

Tommy shook his head.

"No ma'am, not me!" he replied with great decision. "Y' see we're tryin' for a baseball nine."

THE MILD REPROOF.

A CLERGYMAN had been for some time displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly:

"I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me."

"Yes, sir." uneasily answered the tradesman.

"I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for drinking purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

INHOSPITABLE.

WHY, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here? Is Willie's party over?"

"Nome," blubbered Johnny. "But the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."

NEED OF SILENCE.

BOSS—Hoy Mike; what ye be sthandin' there idle a wastin' o' the company's good time for?

Mike—Whish; Whish! It's meself I've just been askin' phware I laid me pipe an' now I'm a listenin' fer ther answer.

A SURE GO.

ANXIOUS Playwright—What is the outlook; will my play go?

Manager—Worse than that. 'It's gone already and so have the audience

THE RULING PASSION.

SHIPWRECKED Sailor, (struggling in the water)—Ahoy there, partner; lend me a hand here will you?

Shipwrecked Millionaire (clinging to spar)—I'll be glad to make you that loan, stranger, if you will furnish me with good real estate security.

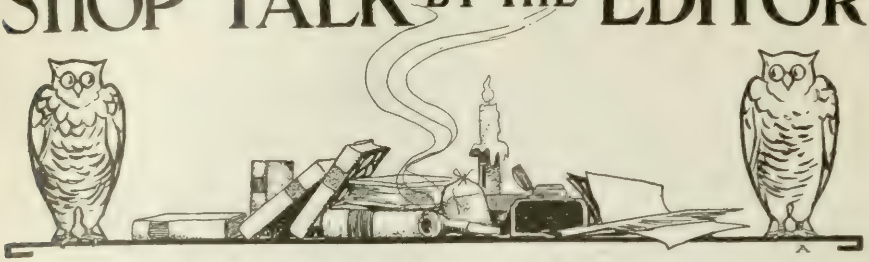
DIDN'T SUIT.

IT had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but their enthusiastic interest in the stuffed animals and their open-eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her.

"Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening.

The answer came back with joyous promptness: "Oh, Pop! Teacher took us to a dead circus."

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



CONCERNING RELIGION

THE first of Dr. Shailer Mathews' papers on "The Modern Man and The Gospel" will be published in the May number of Canada-West. The deep interest created by the announcement of this series has continued to grow. We select from the letters on the subject the following extracts and we intend while the articles are running, to print such communications in regard to them as seem to us especially liable to interest you—our readers. This first extract ends with a question. How would you answer it?

"If we consider religion as a matter of church-going we can hardly claim that the modern man is as religious as his forbears. Even the modern woman, though a more regular attendant at the Sunday service than her husband or her brother or her father, does not, generally speaking, make her church-going as prominent a factor in her life as her grandmother was wont to do. But in my opinion it does not follow that the interest in religion is lessening. Isn't it rather that the churches of the present day lack some element that they possessed in the days of our forefathers and that the modern man and woman, failing to find there any satisfying of their religious craving, are ceasing to attend?"

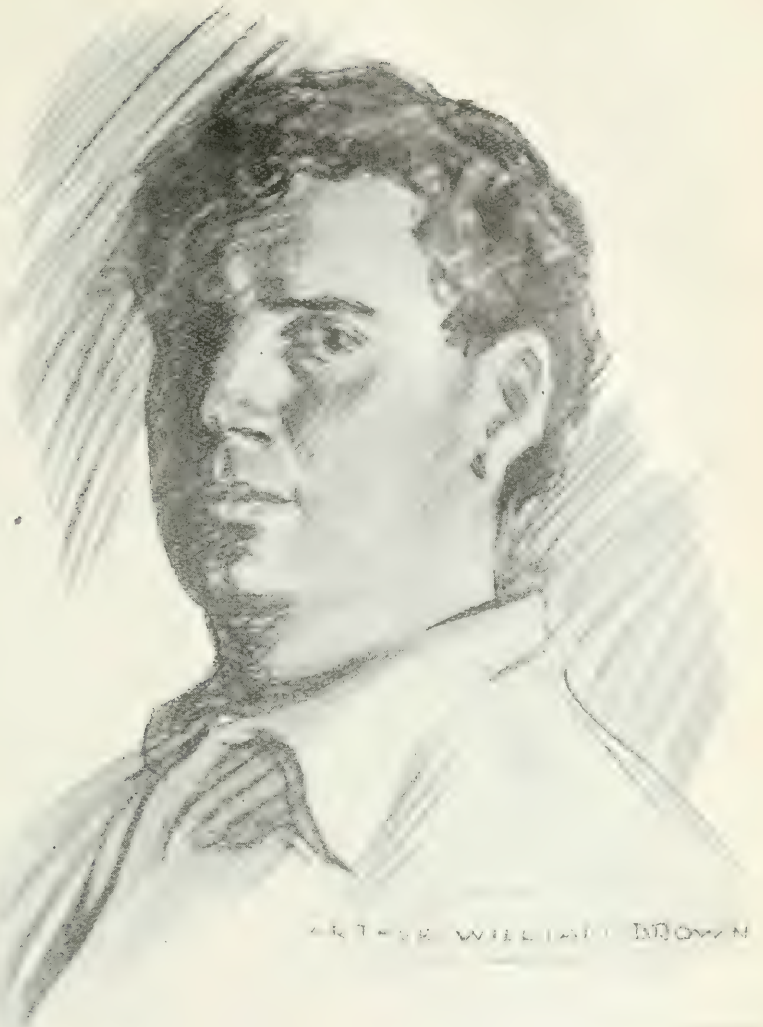
The writer of the second letter has a different view.

"The tendency of the age is toward materialism—no thinking person can doubt that. Children to-day imbibe the idea that wealth and position are the things to be achieved. They are growing up more materialistic than their parents. Even the philanthropy of the day is a matter of calculation; the good of the community requires that some relief be afforded the unfortunate members of society. It is not akin to the charity founded on Christian love that our fathers practised."

The third extract is typical of the majority of the letters received.

"I agree entirely with the spirit of the recent editorial in which you brought up the question of the attitude of the modern man toward religion. I believe there was never a time when there was a deeper interest in the matter of an overruling Providence and a future life than there is right now. We *talk* more about other things but we do not *think* more about them. I am very glad that Canada-West is going to publish some articles on the subject."

In our opinion that sentence, "We *talk* more about other things but we do not *think* more about them," is very true. Is it in your opinion?



FROM A LIFE DRAWING BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ARTHUR STRINGER

A CANADIAN POET

ALL those who have the love of poetry in them will welcome the new volume by Arthur Stringer, "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems;" and those who take a pride in any notable achievement by a fellow Canadian will give it an additional welcome. The author was born in Canada, educated at the University of Toronto and the University of Oxford and began his literary career as a journalist in Montreal.

Mr. Stringer is well known on both sides of the line for the excellent fiction he has written, but it is as a poet that he has gained his greatest fame, and this his latest book exceeds in value anything he has previously done. His verse shows a remarkable feeling for beauty and a great gift of expression. "The Woman in the Rain" the poem from which the volume takes its name, is most striking in the depth and intensity of its tone as are many of the others, notably "The Passing of Aphrodite" and the poetical drama, "Sappho in Leucadia." His sympathy with childhood is shown in the very beautiful "Death and a Child" and "On a Child's Portrait."

The poem "Sleep and Death" which appeared in the February CANADA-WEST and the "Morning in The Northwest" which we publish this month are both taken from the new volume and will serve better than any descriptive words to show the charm of Mr. Stringer's verse.

THE SETON EXPEDITION

MR. Ernest Thompson Seton, according to the historical records, is the fifth man to lead an expedition into that part of the northwest known as the Barren Lands. The first was Samuel Hearne who went up there in 1771; Sir George Black followed in 1833; Stewart and Anderson in 1855; Warburton Pike in 1887 and E. Thompson Seton in 1907.

Mr. Seton found the so-called "barren lands" anything but barren. On the contrary they are covered with vegetation and beautiful flowers. The fact that there are few trees is probably responsible for the misleading name.

Among the great numbers of wild animals that the party saw was a herd of buffalo—probably the only wild herd in existence. The Government has taken steps looking to the preservation of these buffaloes. They are to be herded into a reserve and put under the protection of the Mounted Police.

Mr. Seton's article, "The White Man's Last Opportunity," which is to appear in the April CANADA-WEST sheds much light upon that little-known land, the new northwest.

"THE RECLAMATION OF CASS."

MR. Elliott Flower, the well-known novelist, author of "The Spoilsman," "Delightful Dodd," "Slaves of of Success," etc. is to have a story in the next issue of CANADA-WEST—a humorous story of a camping party—called "The Reclamation of Cass." This is one of the best things Mr. Flower has done and the illustrations by Mr. Frederick Noteware are very spirited and clever and quite worthy of the text. Other stories by Mr. Flower will follow.

FROM OUR LETTERS.

WE know that this interests you as much as it does us and we quote without apology. The letter was written by Miss Mae Harris Anson, who is well know as journalist and author and whose praise or blame counts for much in the magazine world. She says:

"When you began to publish CANADA-WEST I looked first for the fiction features, the stories that make other magazines. In the year that has passed I have come to know Canada of the West better and now I let the fiction wait until I have read everything that bears upon the country for which you are working. And so CANADA-WEST, the magazine, grows and grows and grows upon me with each issue. The last number is fuller of the things that count to me now—stories of the vast changes in Canada and its innumerable prospects—than any issue I can recall. If I were not trying to keep to the literal truth I should say it is the best number in that respect that you have published. It really seems so to me but of course the other numbers are not quite so fresh in my mind and I do not want to make a statement that I am not sure of.

"As far as fiction and other features are concerned you are advancing your standard every month and the magazine from beginning to end is fully five hundred per cent. better than it was a year ago."

Remember that we are just as ready to hear the other side. If you can suggest improvements in CANADA-WEST write to us.

The Editor.

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. III. Contents for April, 1908 No. 6.

COVER DESIGN by M. B. Aleshire

Illustrating "The White Man's Last Opportunity"

Photograph of a camp of the Seton Expedition. Illustrating "The White Man's Last Opportunity"	**Frontispiece**	
The Mission. Editorial		521
The White Man's Last Opportunity. Illustrated with Photographs	**Ernest Thompson Seton**	525
The Reclamation of Cass. Fiction Drawings by Frederick Noteware	**Elliott Flower**	533
Wet-Weather Talk. Verse	**James Whitcomb Riley**	539
The Railway that Didn't. Part II	**John V. Borne**	540
Interrogations of the Innocents.	**Agnes Deans Cameron**	543
With the Locating Engineer	**Cy Warman**	546
April in Edmonton. Verse	**Jeannette Cooper**	549
The Poor Rich Farmer. Verse	**Nellie McClung**	550
The Homesteaders. Fiction Drawing by F. D. Schwalm	**Jessie Beckton**	552
Lavender for Old Loves. Verse	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	559
Beauties of New Ontario. Illustrated with Photographs	**Gay Page**	560
The Test of Saskatchewan. Illustrated with photograph	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	567
Adventures in a Garden. Fiction Drawing by Florence Pretz	**Mary Livingston**	572
Calf Love. Fiction	**Arthur Baldwin**	575
The Signal. Verse.	**Sara Hamilton Birchall**	576
California to Canada	**F. N. Crandall**	577
Shop Talk	**The Editor**	580
Chestnuts and Cheese		582

Issued Monthly. Subscription: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year, United States $1.50 a year

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter.

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 The Walter E. Gunn Co. WALKER THEATRE BLDG. WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

TORONTO CHICAGO MONTREAL

WHEN IN THE WEST

Drink Western Canada's Favorite Beer

REDWOOD LAGER

Sold by all dealers

E. L. DREWRY, REDWOOD FACTORIES **WINNIPEG**

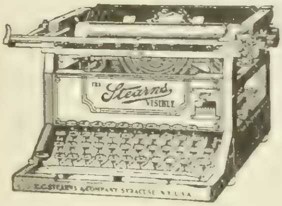
SIX REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY OUR FRUIT LANDS

1. By doing so you get A 1 fruit land, not half rock, every acre of which you can cultivate.
2. We have the largest, finest and best block of fruit land in the Kootenay Valley.
3. Our land is easily cleared.
4. We have good railway accommodation to our land the year round.
5. Our land has an ideal situation, which is at the junction of Columbia and Kootenay rivers.
6. We have an abundance of pure water on our land.

If this appeals to you, write us for prices, terms, etc., and any information that you may require will be furnished

Willoughby & Maurer, Real Estate Brokers
Room 1 St. John's Block, 984½ Main Street
Phone 6296
Winnipeg, Man.

Re-built Typewriters


Stearns
VISIBLE
E.C.STEARNS & COMPANY SYRACUSE N.Y. U.S.A.

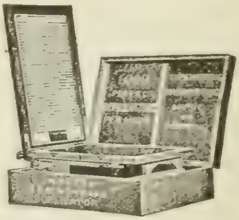
In absolutely Perfect condition, sold at Low Prices

COMPLETE RANGE OF TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES:

Carbon Paper,
Typewriter Ribbons,
Typewriter Papers,
Stenographers' Note Books,
Pencils, Erasers and Sundries

"CANTYPE"
Spring-Frame
Duplicator

"A handy Time and Money Saver".
"Every Man His Own Printer"



A thousand or more perfect reproductions per hour.
Especially adapted for:

School Teachers
Brokers
Wholesalers
Real Estate Dealers
General Merchants

Cheapest to run. Most economical to buy.

The Canadian Typewriter Company, Ltd.

68 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please mention this Magazine when answering advertisement.

The following high-class Grocery Specialties will appeal to all careful buyers on account of their Purity and General Excellence.

◆ ◆ ◆

Tuxedo Coffee
Tuxedo Baking Powder
Tuxedo Jelly Powder
Tuxedo Spices
Tuxedo Herbs
Tuxedo Cream of Tartar
Tuxedo Mustard
Tuxedo Extracts
Tuxedo Quick Puddings

◆ ◆ ◆

Ask your grocer for them if you appreciate value

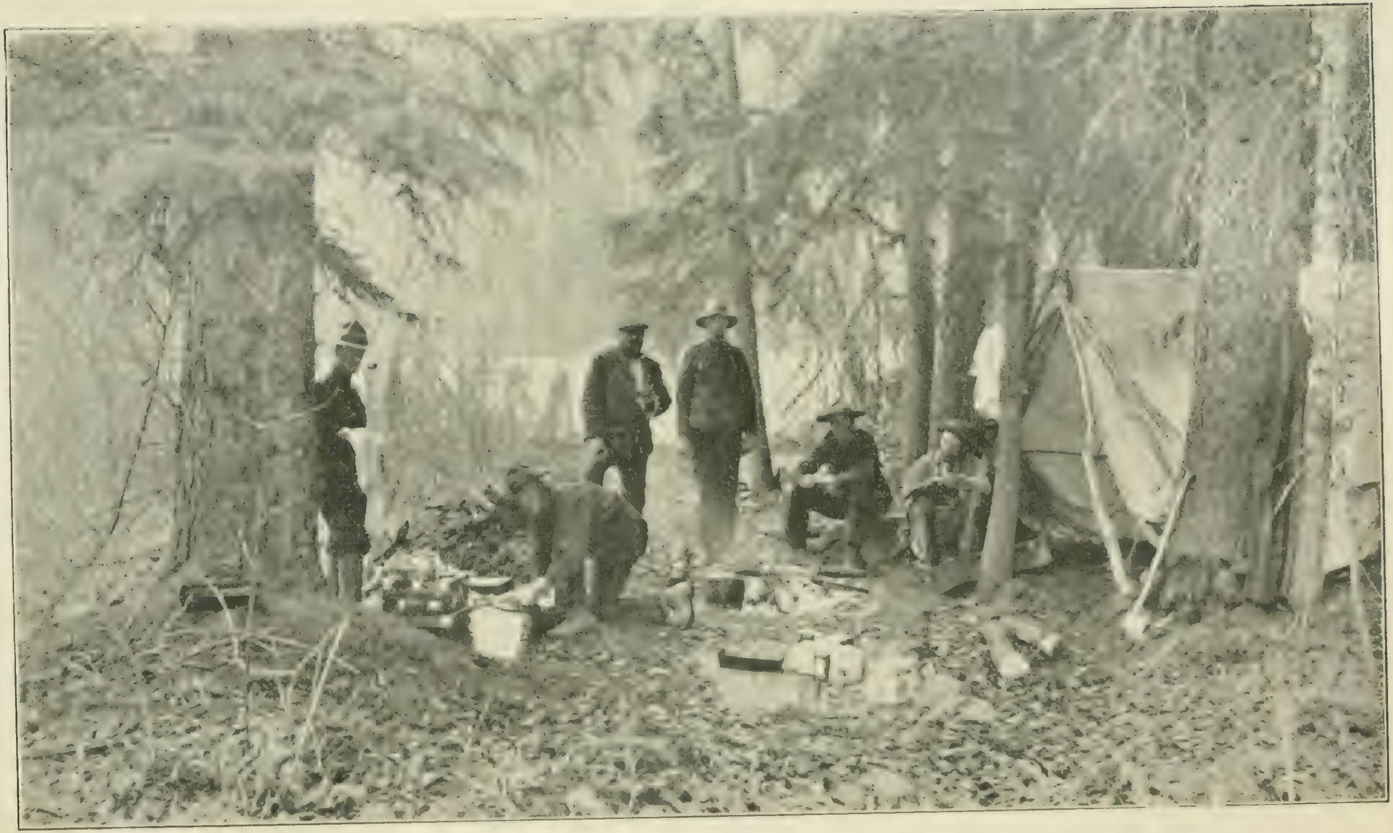
◆ ◆ ◆

Packed and Guaranteed by

GEORGESON & CO., Limited

Wholesale Grocers
Coffee Roasters and Spice Millers

CALGARY, ALBERTA



Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

Spruce Timber of Great Slave River. Major Jarvis and his Mounted Police force with the men of the Seton Expedition

The White Man's Last Opportunity—See page 525

CANADA-WEST

April, 1908 Vol. III. No. 6

The Mission

WITH this number we have to announce an important change in connection with Canada-West, a change that is at once an expansion and a concentration.

A year and a half ago this magazine was called into existence by the Western Canadian Immigration Association, an organization that for four years has served the Dominion as a public bureau of statistics and information concerning things Canadian. The Association completes its work at the end of March, and its mantle, following strict law of primogeniture, falls upon its eldest born. The magazine, Canada-West, will undertake to carry on the work inaugurated by the Western Canadian Immigration Association. In other words, it will undertake to tell the truth about Canada, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. To this end it will maintain an editorial office in the United States, to which United States journalists, at all times, may look for authoritative data regarding Canadian matters.

The secretary of the Western Canadian Immigration Association has been the editor of Canada-West since its inception. Hitherto his energies have been divided among the multiform duties connected with the Bureau. From this time forward his time and attention will be concentrated on the magazine. His private capital will be invested in it; his business interests will be identified with it. His ambition will be to make it the best magazine humanly possible. *Canada-West is now a private enterprise devoted to public interests.*

So much for the magazine, and the future. Let us pause here briefly for one glimpse into the past. What was the Western Canadian Immigration Association? Who were its members, what was its work? You have known the name, yes, for a long time, but have you really ever known its purposes, or realized your debt of gratitude to it, you citizens of our broad Western empire?

Four years ago, a little band of clear-visioned men met together and organized themselves into an ignorance-dispelling brotherhood. They were bound together by earnest compact to deliver sledge-hammer blows against a boulder of ignorance which was barring the entrance into Western Canada with its leagues upon leagues of fecund loam, its fields white for the harvest. There is no doubt about the existence of that colossal and blockading stone-wall of ignorance. The big boulder was supported by the lesser rocks of indifference and prejudice. Canadians themselves had helped to pile up before the gate of the temple these barriers to development and progress.

The Eastern press of Canada, both in the magazine and the newspaper fields, was almost equal sinner with the press of the Mother Country and of the United States. Editors who had never seen a prairie wheat-field, told the world of climatic conditions (conditions which existed in their own blind ignorance solely) which would forever make impossible the growing of profitable crops north of the parallel of 52.

English text-books taught English children that "Canadians travel long distances in dog-sleds because the country is too severe for the domestic horse." "The flies are so thick on the prairies that it is customary to do the 'reaping' after nightfall." "Canadian housewives dress in duffle and deer-skins," etcetera, etcetera.

American newspapers stoutly asserted that Canada was too inhospitable to furnish homes for farmers, that the people journeying hither had to pay tribute for the upkeep of the British throne; moreover, the Canadian summer was too short to permit the profitable growing of cereal crops.

Under the name of the Western Canadian Immigration Association· our stalwart coterie of intellectual quarrymen set to work to demolish the hindering Pillars of Hercules which press-misrepresentation had placed at the western extremity of the Great Lakes, to wipe out the lying legend, "ne plus ultra." The world began to hear that westward from old Ontario there surely was in the rolling mesas of the prairie-provinces *something more beyond.*

It was an organized effort, this crusade of education; and Western Canada owes much to the devoted men who carried on the work, at the cost of personal self-sacrifice. For example, let us take the case of the indefatigable first Executive Chairman, D. W. Bole, a Canadian merchant, whose time and energy are capital in his own private business. Mr. Bole, from the inception of the Association has spent time and money and thought and energy tirelessly for the good of the cause, the cause of Canada, leaving his own private interests to do this. And Mr. Bole is a type of many who served in official capacities and in the rank and file.

The reading American and the reading Canadian in the Eastern Provinces began to read in newspapers, farming-journals, technical publications, and literary magazines of the highest class, scholarly articles telling in "straight-flung words and few," with a directness that challenged contradiction, the plain truth of conditions and possibilities and chances in this Last West, Western Canada.

Canadian and American journalists were taken into this unknown land, the Land of Promise Fulfilled, and when they went back with opened eyes they began to tell their readers that when "God s country" was made, it was not on the parallel of 49 or at Lake Superior's Thunder Bay, that the Creator rested from his labors. No damning "ne plus ultra" is written on these lines.

With every illuminating editorial was a rock rolled away from the stone-wall of prejudice. And the beauty of this education of editors is that once a man gets the seal taken off his blinded vision he will see and tell the truth on that matter evermore. Every conversion means just another workman with stone-hammar rampant going after that big boulder of ignorance. The writer once started on the good road of truth-telling about Canada never stops. The man who once sees with his own eyes acre after illimitable acre of forty-bushel wheat growing in what his purblind vision had thought and taught to be the "Barren Grounds of Canada" will glimpse forever the poppies and red roses among dead buffalo bones. His lips have been touched with the live coal from the altar.

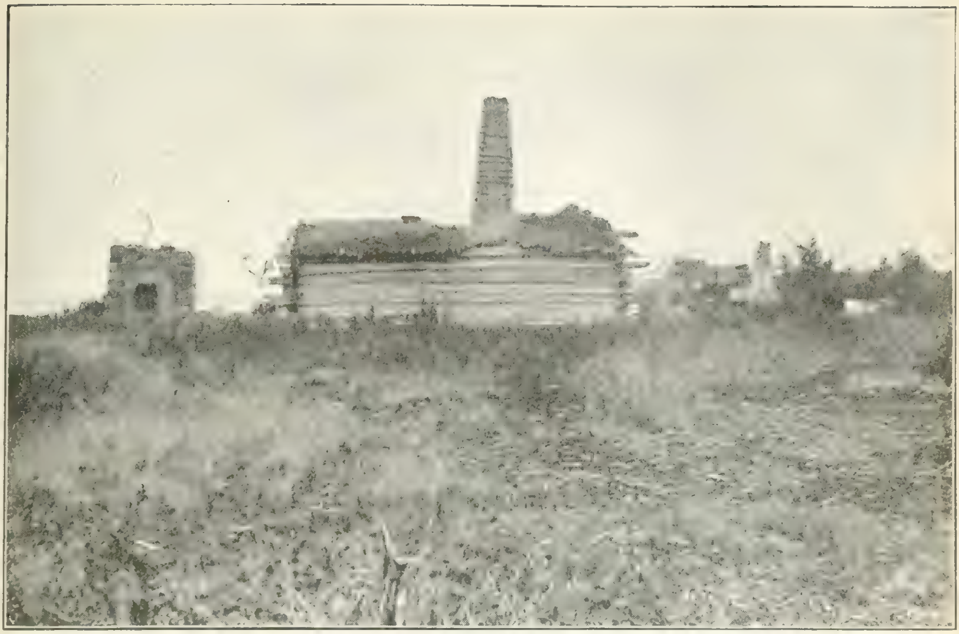
Canada will never quite realize her debt to the individual workers of the Western Canadian Immigration Association.

As the years rolled one into the other, the work of the Association widened out into a score of educative channels; the place at the helm was taken by A. L. Johnson, an unostentatious, tireless worker, who in his turn consistently and persistently hammered away at the big boulder and the little boulders of inside and outside prejudice, indifference, and ignorance concerning things Canadian. Like the others, he took time from his own busy life and gave freely his invaluable services. It is refreshing in this age of greedy self-seeking to find men big-hearted and big-brained enough to leave their own good for a while to catch the wider horizon of the good, the illimitable destiny of Canada. Be assured they will never tell the story of the fight themselves, for, as Kipling says, "You need never expect him to tell the tale; did he not do the deed?"

The Western Canadian Immigration Association dissolves. Henceforth the men of that body must and will carry on the work as individuals. And here lies our mission: *The object of this magazine, the one reason and excuse for its being, must be to tell the world the truth about Canada—the actual existing conditions and the potential possibilities of a future which is bounded only by what men dare first to dream and then to compass.* The editor of CANADA-WEST will keep open house to all men and women who, like Dickens' Rosa Dartle "want to know." You can't bother him too often, or stay too long if you are on information bent.

So now we adjust our sails anew. Wish us God-speed and a favoring breeze.

THE PUBLISHERS.



Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

OLD FORT RELIANCE, BUILT IN 1834

The White Man's Last Opportunity

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Lives of the Hunted," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"WHO cares for a few acres of snow?" said the flippant French Statesman, when he found that through him Canada was lost to France; and our country has suffered ever since from this libellous jibe.

It was commonly said that no part of Canada was fit for agriculture except the extreme south of the Ontario Peninsula.

It was a surprise when the Ottawa Valley was found suitable for settlement. The Red River Region was looked on as Arctic. It is not thirty years since wheat was considered a doubtful crop in what is now the banner grain field of America. And all of this misconception was the result of a few malicious, but far-reaching jeers

How are we to get at the truth about our New Northwest? How are we to make sure that we are leading none into disaster by unduly lauding a new region, and yet avoid the other extreme of ignoring a veritable Land of Promise.

There are three sure sources of light—the natural growth of the country, the scientific study of its climate and soil, and the results of actual experiment.

The natural growth is nature's experimental farm. My notes made while travelling through the Northern part of the Peace River region show that even near Great Slave Lake, White Poplar (*Populus tremuloides*), Balsam Poplar (*Populus balsamifera*), White Spruce (*Picea canadensis*), Black Spruce (*P. mariana*), Tamarac (*Larix Americana*), Jackpine (*Pinus banksiana*) and Canoe-birch (*Betula papyrifera*) grow to perfection, are here indeed, great forest trees affording the finest timber and a commercial asset of the highest importance.

Grasses of many kinds are so rich and rank on the prairies of the Buffalo River that one may cut hay anywhere with a horse mower. The characteristic flowers are the same as those of Central Manitoba; the anemone or Spring crocus is particularly abundant.

Early in July of the year 1907, while in the Salt River country, I rode through hundreds of square miles of undulating country which was sparsely covered with poplar from a foot to two feet thick, under which the ground was overgrown with peavine two or three feet high, the soil was clay loam, the land dry and there were brooks every mile or two; in other words, the most beautiful cattle range possible to conceive and evidently suited equally for agriculture.

A scientific study of the climate of internal America has demonstrated the remarkable northwestward trend of the summer isotherms, to which the northwestward trend of vegetation corresponds exactly.

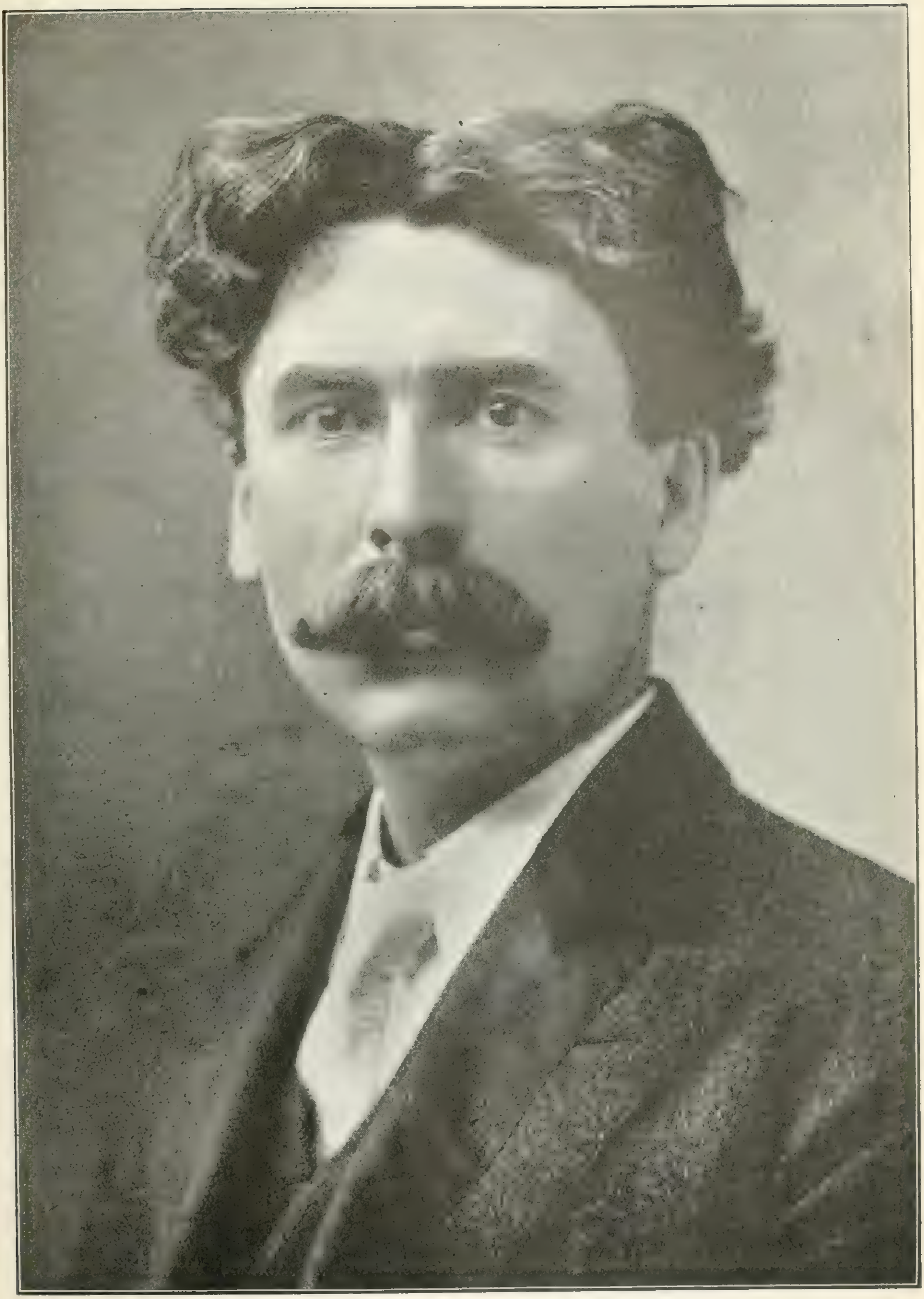
The map shows these better than any description and we should remember that where Balsam poplar grows, we grow potatoes, where White poplar grows we can grow barley, and where Jackpine grows we can grow wheat.

These terminal lines it will be seen are far beyond the northwest part of the Peace River region, how remote then from such limitations is the south part, five hundred miles away.

Summer frost was the curse of the Ontario Peninsula at one time and of the Bruce Peninsula, and of Southern Manitoba, but now in these same regions, excepting in abnormal years, like the year 1907, it is unknown. With the opening of the country the curse was removed. The theoretical

Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

CHARLTON HARBOR, PIKES PORTAGE AT THE EAST END OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE



ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

reason is that the ground everywhere shaded by vegetation cannot absorb much of the sun's warmth and get thoroughly stored with the heat, but plowing the land gives it direct contact with the sun's rays and enough heat is stored to raise the temperature a few degrees, enough to carry it over the danger point. This is the theory and right or wrong, the fact is that in all wheat countries summer frost has fled before the plow. We are safe to believe, therefore, that agriculture would have the effect of raising the summer temperature of this new Land of Promise.

So far as I can learn, the summer climate in general corresponds closely with that of Manitoba.

The soil is in most parts of the highest class, a rich clay loam, of nearly level or slightly undulating surface. There are a few small areas of sandy country and a considerable amount of muskeg. The latter produces good timber and guarantees a continual supply of water and range for cattle.

The length of the winter is a serious drawback—most serious—but I cannot learn that it differs materially from that of Minnesota, lasting usually from the end of October to the first of April. I make little account of the past extraordinary season—if it damn this country then it also damns New England and the whole northern tier of States as unfit for agriculture. Ordinarily, the rivers here are open and the plow set free by the 20th of April.

In this lower Peace River region horses can and do indeed run out all winter and dig through the snow for their food, but no wise farmer will let them do it. All stock must be winter-fed and housed to get satisfactory results, and in a country of unlimited timber and hay this is not a great difficulty.

There is another drawback, and we ought to point out and honestly face these drawbacks as completely as we do the advantages, for the unscrupulous boomster is almost as mischievous as the unscrupulous libeller.

In summer there are mosquitoes and bulldog flies, but they are no worse here than in Minnesota and those who live in the country have learned to use various expedient of smudge and mosquito bar, and, I find, think but little about these nuisances that force themselves so fully on the notice of the newcomer. At other seasons there are no pests or special diseases; the climate is indeed one of the most salubrious in the world.

But the grand test of the country, the one that is looked to most trustfully by those agriculturally interested is the practical one. *What has been done already?*

In travelling through this region I have made it a point to see for myself as well as learn from all reliable sources the results of agricultural experiments.

At Fort Resolution this year I saw potatoes, rhubarb, radishes and other garden truck grown in perfection.

At Providence and Hay River, Bishop Breynat assured me that wheat is a regular and profitable crop. At the same place Mr. Elihu Stewart on July 15th last, saw ripe wheat, potatoes in flower and peas fit to use, as well as the usual garden truck.

Fort Providence, then, is probably nearly the limit of wheat, but oats, barley and potatoes grow much farther north. Barley was cut at Vermilion on the 24th of July, 1906. Potatoes are a good crop every year as far north as Good Hope which is within the Arctic circle, and everywhere the potato bug is unknown. Mr. E. A. Preble, the well-known naturalist and traveller, has given me much corroborative evidence of these statements. The result of the various testimonies I have tabulated in the most conservative manner and present them in the accompanying map, which, by the way, no one so far has impeached as overfavorable. Messrs. Thos. Anderson and C. T. Christy, of the Hudson's Bay Company, think I have been wise and safely conservative. Bishop Breynat thinks I have been much too cautious and that my wheat line should be pushed up as far as the oat line with a corresponding advance of the others.

I do not doubt that wheat will grow in some localities even beyond the line given, as Bishop Breynat and many others say, but also there are localities within the present wheat line where no wheat will grow. There are indeed places in Manitoba, Ontario, New York State, etc.,—not to say Peace River Valley—where for some local reason, elevation, slope, soil, etc., wheat will not grow, just as there are places in England and Ireland that cannot produce potatoes.

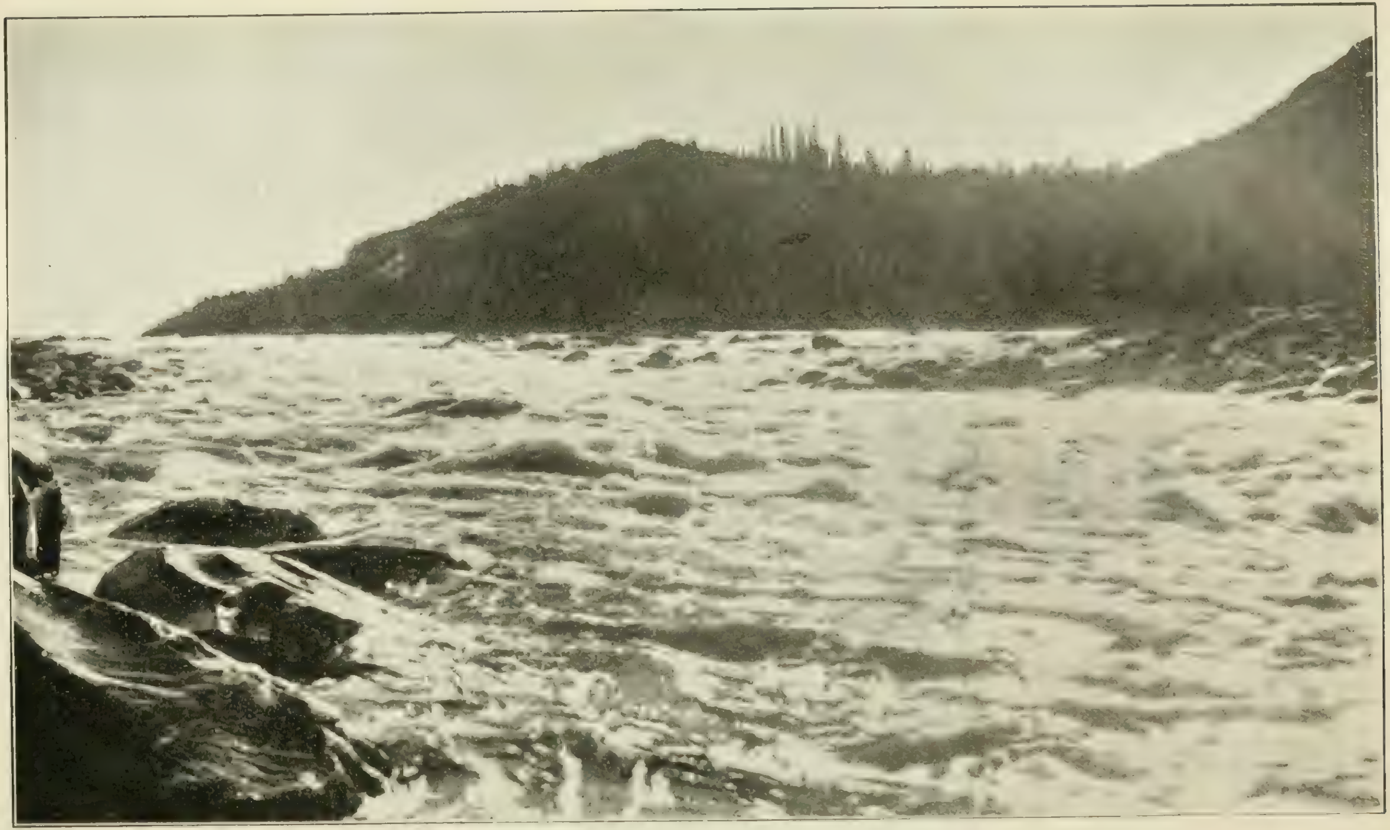
I think that both the Macouns are right in their description of the country. Prof. John Macoun says there is a great agricultural future for the Peace River Valley. Mr. James Macoun says, "True, but let us be frank about it, there are also large areas on the high southern part of the Peace Uplands where the elevation is too great for the successful growing of cereals. The northern part of the region is so low as to offset the high latitude and offers a fine field for agriculture."

Doubtless, wheat may be grown beyond the wheat line as I have drawn it, but there the unfavorable conditions become very frequent and indeed the rule. There are obviously no hard and fast lines but on the whole these shown do give us the broad facts. Each decade, however, is cutting down the time required for the growing of wheat by providing us with hardier kinds and thus they are extending its area. This same is true not only of the other various staples of agriculture but also of live stock. Breeds of cattle improved for our northern ranges have been produced, and a search of other lands has discovered two other creatures, the reindeer and the yak, whose natural habitat is a far colder region than the coldest part of that under discussion, and whose beef and other products have long been the principal wealth of countries where they are indigenous.

Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

BARREN GROUND FLOWERS, DRYAS

This great new Province is abundantly supplied with minerals, water,



Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

GRAND RAPIDS OF THE ATHABASKA RIVER

Photograph by Ernest Thompson Seton. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

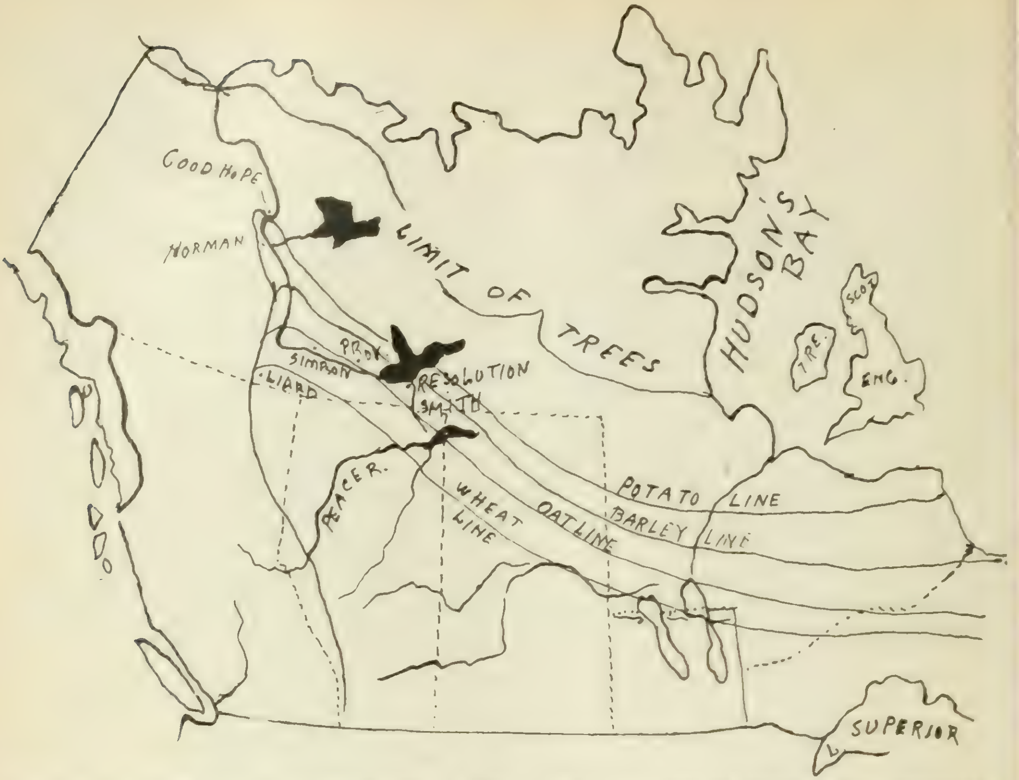
SPRUCE TIMBER ON THE ISLANDS OF LOWER SLAVE RIVER NEAR FORT SMITH

timber, wild fruit, fish, fur and game. It is, moreover, a white man's climate, one of the most salubrious in the world and all that its detractors can say is—it is too far north and it is too cold. Which of us they ask, would be willing to settle in a country, a land that has admittedly four months of hard winter?

One may be sure of this; that no settler will readily leave a warm, sunny climate to go to a cold and frosty one. I do not expect that any Ontarian will cheerfully go to dwell in those northern climes. If a Floridan goes to live in Ontario he thinks he is in a polar region and suffers. So an Ontarian coming to Manitoba or Alberta thinks he is far enough north, and any farther would be too cold; but after a generation born to the region their lives are adapted and each thinks his own surroundings not only normal but the best. I knew of a number of Ontarians that tried Manitoba for three or four years, then decided that it was too cold and went off to Southern California, *but they all came back*, largely from the influence of the children who thought then, and still think, that the Manitoba climate is just right.

We do not indeed expect Manitobans to find paradise at the limit of trees, but there are in Europe thousands of Fins and Scandinavians, white men, that are familiar with a similar climate. They know the best ways of life for it—they have their summer way—and their winter way—they know already how to be happy and prosperous under just such conditions and can teach other settlers the same lesson. They would indeed find in the virgin possibilities of our new Northwest the land of the New Hope they have so long dreamed of. How gladly they would come if only the way were opened.

And what does opening the way mean. The way from Europe is open. It is plain sailing to Edmonton. What is then needed, I think, is the railway rushed through at once. The way to open the Peace River Valley is to open the way to Peace River, and the steamboats will do the rest; then it remains only for us to notify the men



MAP DRAWN BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, 1907, SHOWING 'LIMITS OF CROP IN THE INTERIOR I.E. BETWEEN HUDSON BAY AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

we need that we have cleared the way to the land of the New Hope.

And what is the ultimate race of the region to be. There is a zoological maxium that suggests the answer—An animal finds its highest development in the coldest part of its range when its food is abundant. How true this is of mankind. The giant races of America were from the Northwest Buffalo Plains and from the Patagonias. The giant race of Africa is the Zulu of the Cape, and the dwarf races the world over are from the tropics where they are overhot or from the poles where they are underfed. The highest product of civilization we believe to have been the white man of northern Europe—a product indeed of the snow. This should help us to forecast the future of the North.

Henry Ward Beecher, who visited this country some twenty years ago, said in his subsequent lectures, on the Canadian Northwest—"You note the class of men going in there, that means brains; you see those endless grain-lands, they mean wealth; you mark those long winter evenings, these mean time to think. There is a rare combination—brains, wealth and time to think. I tell you they are great things coming out of the Canadian Northwest. Keep your eye on Winnipeg."

Finally, if those who decry this Land of Promise would go to Europe and see there how much farther north climatically, the arid soil is made to support a large population, they would quickly change their minds and see in their true light the possibilities of these fertile wooded plains. They would be fortified in their new view by that the words used to-day, by those who condemn the Peace River, are the same as remembering those used one hundred years ago to decry the Ontario Peninsula and thirty years ago to condemn those parts of the Northwest that are now producing the finest grain in the world.

The Reclamation of Cass

By Elliott Flower

Author of "The Spoilsman," "Delightful Dodd" etc.

ABEL Wardell Cass was his full name, but he answered more readily to "Restful Abe." He was wonderfully restful—to himself. There are times when a man who takes it easy is restful to his companions, but the time when there is work to be done about camp is not one of them. It does not add to the contentment of the men who are doing the work to have with them a man who persistently shirks. That is what Abe did.

At first it was possible to extract a little humor from the situation. Abe was so infernally lazy that it was amusing, and his comments, as he stretched himself out in the shadow of a tree, were sufficient to provoke a laugh or a smile. He was very good-natured about it, even making himself the butt of his own jokes and in no way resenting our efforts along the same line. The man who is living by the labor of others can afford to be tolerant in such matters. But, in time, there came to be a certain monotony about supporting Abe, and we began to devise ways and means for ending his career of idleness and dependence.

"He's got to be reclaimed," declared Bobby Worthington "He used to be all right, but he's going into a decline. I think the doctors call it innocuous desuetude Anyhow, he's drifting into a condition of helpless inanition and he's got to be waked up."

"Drifting!" snorted Tom Rigby. "He's drifted."

This was just after Abe had given up fishing. He had found hunting too laborious from the beginning, and even the fishing seemed to have been a mere pretext to get away somewhere and dream or read. He seldom brought any fish back.

"What's the use?" he complained. "No one will cook them for me."

So he had now given up even the pretense of fishing, being content to lie about the camp with a pipe. When we suggested that, if he would do his share of the work, there would be no trouble about the fish, he looked at us with whimsical annoyance.

"But I work in the city," he argued "I came out here to rest."

Then he would lie back and tell funny stories and crack jokes and make whimsical comments until we were all in a forgiving mood and ready to let him join us at the repast to the preparation of which he had contributed nothing.

Our resentment would return however, when he solaced himself with a pipe while we were clearing away the things and washing the dishes. We tried leaving this work to him once, but it was not done.

"What's the use?" he said. "A trace of breakfast on the plates doesn't do the dinner any harm."

Therefore, it really became necessary to take drastic action for his reformation, and we discussed ways and means while he, recumbent, listened.

"No work, no grub!" was the decision we reached.

"Aw, say!" pleaded Abe, "you wouldn't starve a fellow would you?"

"Not a fellow who works," said Tom, "but you won't work. You won't hunt, you won't fish, you won't cook, you won't take your turn at washing the dishes, you won't even bring in wood for the fire. For your own good, as they say to the naughty children, we've got to discipline you. Why, you'll die of lassitude, if something isn't done. And you used to be a good sort of a fellow."

Abe rolled over, extracted a notebook from his pocket, tore out a leaf, and began to write.

"What are you doing now?" asked Jim Coakley.

"Writing a complaint to the Humane Society," answered Abe. "They'll get an officer out here when they hear that a man is being deliberately starved to death."

"Too far," said Jim scornfully.

"Oh, no, it isn't," returned Abe. 'They'll jump at a sensational case like this."

"What'll you do while you're waiting?" asked Bobby.

"There's grub here that don't have to be cooked," explained Abe. "I paid for my share of it, and I guess I'll worry along."

"No coffee for you," said Tom.

Abe considered this silently for a moment.

"Coffee's stimulating," he remarked at last. "I don't want to be stimulated. It creates an artificial energy and is bad for the system. I'm glad to have it cut out."

This was a lie, and we knew it, but it was disquieting. If coffee were stimulating, it was the very last thing of which we ought to deprive Abe.

"But it isn't," declared Tom. "Abe's disproved that already. The next time a doctor talks about the effect of coffee on the nerves, I'm going to put up Abe to show that it's a soothing syrup."

"An opiate," suggested Bobby.

"No coffee, no fish, no fresh meat, no bread," said Jim decidedly; "nothing but hardtack, dried apples, raw onions and condensed milk."

Abe yawned wearily as if the matter did not particularly interest him.

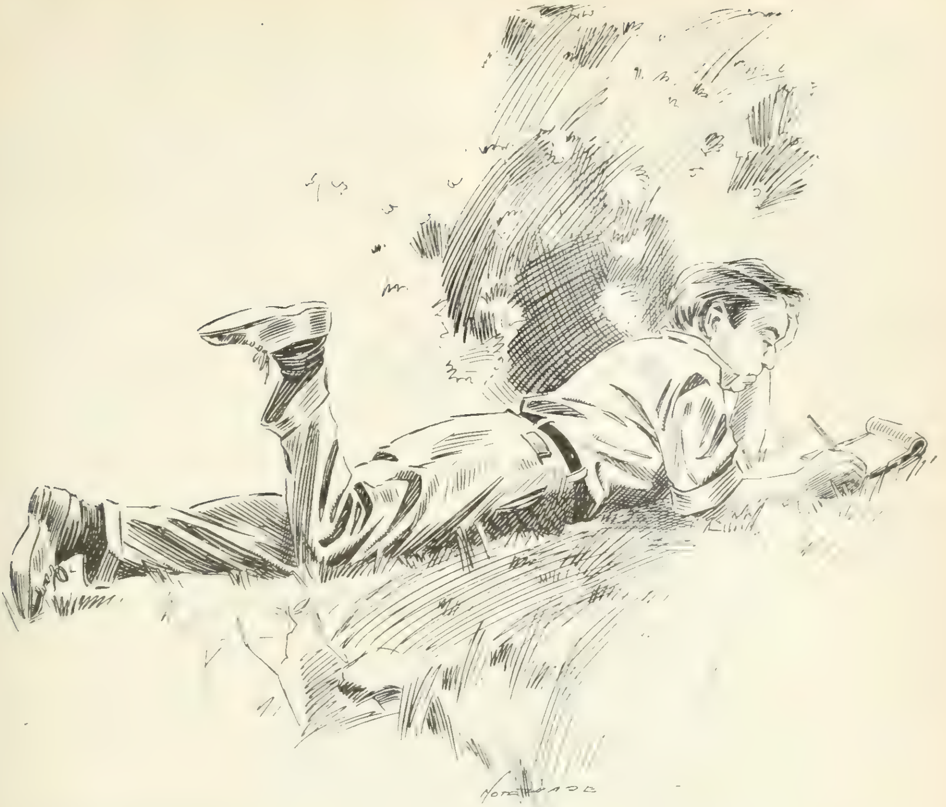
"Dried apples and water are mighty filling," he commented. "I knew a fellow who was careless about mixing them up inside of him, and the combination swelled him out till he looked like a toy balloon. A man can get more for his labor by eating dried apples, with drink judiciously sandwiched in, than he can any other way. I guess I'll worry through."

It was rather discouraging, but we did the best we could. Abe accepted it all with perfect good nature, apparently being too indolent to make even a vigorous protest. However, a dried apple and hardtack diet palled on him in time, and we saw him looking rather longingly at some of the other things. Presently, he developed sufficient energy to help himself to anything that was left over. At least, things that were put aside for the next meal disappeared mysteriously, and we naturally charged it up to Abe. Thereupon we evolved the plan of having nothing left over. Every scrap remaining when we were through was promptly given to the dogs. Abe stood that for a day or so, and then he beat the dogs to the choice pieces. This seemed to him such a good joke that he would occasionally growl and bark, just to make it clear to us that he still had us beaten; but there was some consolation in the fact that he had to develop a little brief energy to get ahead of the dogs. He tied himself up to a tent stake once, and asked us to throw him a bone. We told him he had finally struck his level, which we afterwards declared was an insult to the dogs.

Then some prowling animal began to make trouble for us at night. We had to tie up the dogs, for they were not to be trusted within reach of the game we brought in, and this midnight marauder got away with several things. We had three nice companionable dogs that didn't know much of anything about hunting, but it had seemed the proper thing to bring them along. A fellow isn't going to leave his dog at home when he goes for an outing, even if the dog doesn't know any more about sport than his master does. These dogs would wake us up just in time to discover that something had disappeared or had been damaged by vagrant teeth.

We sat up and watched for the intruder one night—all but Abe, who slept soundly and snored. The snore was a very distinct aggravation, calling attention to his blissful comfort and our discomfort. We resented the snore even to the extent of some profanity.

"We owe it to ourselves and to Abe," said Jim, "to bring him back to the path of right living. We must arouse



DRAWN BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

ABE ROLLED OVER AND WROTE A COMPLAINT TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY

his dormant conscience; we must make him take an active interest in things."

"How?" asked Bobby.

Jim didn't know; neither did Tom, and I could offer no suggestions.

"We must make him keep watch alone tomorrow night, just by way of a beginning," said Bobby, after a thoughtful pause.

"How can we?" demanded Jim.

Bobby was watching a dog that was actively scratching himself, and he seemed absorbed in this evidence of canine industry.

"What makes dogs so lively?" he asked at length, which certainly was no answer to Jim's question.

"Fleas, I guess," said Tom, following Bobby's gaze.

"That's right," returned Bobby; "it's fleas. Now if fleas will make a dog that's used to them step lively, what won't they do to a man who isn't used to them?"

We looked at each other, and the light of understanding came into the eyes of all.

"Where'll we get the fleas?" asked Jim.

"We've got the dogs," answered Bobby, sententiously. "They are pretty good dogs at home, but a dog can pick up fleas pretty fast when he's running loose. I notice they've been having their own troubles lately. You leave it to me, and I'll harvest the fleas.

After that we felt better. A few able-bodied fleas next to a man's skin certainly can destroy a large accumulation of lethargy.

We smoked silently and contentedly for a considerable time. Then the spirit—or it may have been a stray ant that he had shaken out of his sleeve—moved Tom to speech.

"Did you ever inadvertently lie down on an ant-hill?" he asked.

We never had.

"An army of ants on a personally conducted tour of one's anatomy can be very annoying," he suggested. "A fellow is disposed to be hasty, not to say feverish, in his efforts to separate himself from this companionship. I know where I could get about a peck of ants."

"Get them," urged Bobby. "I'll try to round up at least a half a pint of fleas."

"I've still got those two water-dogs I caught," remarked Jim. "They're cold and crawly things."

"They'll help," exclaimed Bobby jubilantly.

Having nothing to contribute to the joyousness of the occassion, it was arranged that I should conduct the preliminary negotiations, for we intended to give Abe one more chance. I was rather afraid that he might accept it. We had all been anxious that he should see the error of his ways before, but now it seemed a shame not to give the fleas a chance; we felt that the interests of science demanded that we should settle the question of the value of a flea as a moral agent, and it all depended upon Abe.

He did not fail us, however.

"Why?" he asked plaintively, when I suggested that he should keep watch alone for one night. "Why should I do anything so foolish? I have no interest in the things that are stolen. My interest is confined to the hardtack, onions and dried apples, and no self-respecting animal is going to steal anything of that sort."

"But we insist," I urged.

"That's good," he returned. "I like to hear you insist. It sounds so energetic."

"Let him alone," said Bobby. "He'll keep awake to-night."

"The sublime faith of children is delightful," commented Abe, "but it is often misplaced. What is to me that some waif of the woods covets the things that are yours? Why didn't you catch him last night?"

"He didn't show up."

"Well, you leave it to me, and there'll be nothing to prevent him from showing up to-night."

"Do your share and you'll get your share," I said. "It's your last chance.

"I never was much on splurging on a last chance," he returned. "I really couldn't keep awake."

"Oh, you'll keep awake fast enough," snorted Bobby.

"Watch me," returned Abe with indolent confidence.

So we were not to lose our opportunity for experimental work, and we were glad. Bobby departed with a big sack and the dogs; Jim made sure that his water-dogs were available; Tom went after his ants with a paper bag, and I rounded up miscellaneous bugs to help out. Incidentally, I stumbled upon Bobby at work. He had added a sheep dog, belonging to a neighboring rancher to his collection, and the sheep dog was a perfect mine of fleas. Bobby sprinkled the dog with a flea-discouraging preparation, and then enveloped the particular part of the dog under treatment in the sack, with the result that the sack got the fleas. It was sometimes difficult to keep the fleas from jumping out again, but I helped him and we succeeded in getting a pretty fair collection.

"Not a full half-pint," sighed Bobby, as he scratched himself, "but enough to make things interesting."

I noticed that Bobby was beginning to act a good deal like a man who has passed a night on the edge of a mosquito swamp, and, presently, I was having troubles of my own.

"Oh, well," said Bobby, "it's all in a day's work, and we'll take a swim as soon as we get back to camp."

The swim did not do much good, however, for we failed to take our clothing into the water with us, and we noticed that Abe watched us with curious interest.

"You fellows have been fooling with the dogs," was Abe's comment. "That's all right if you like it, but keep away from me."

Tom was picking an occasional ant out of his collar or his sleeve, and Abe also noticed this.

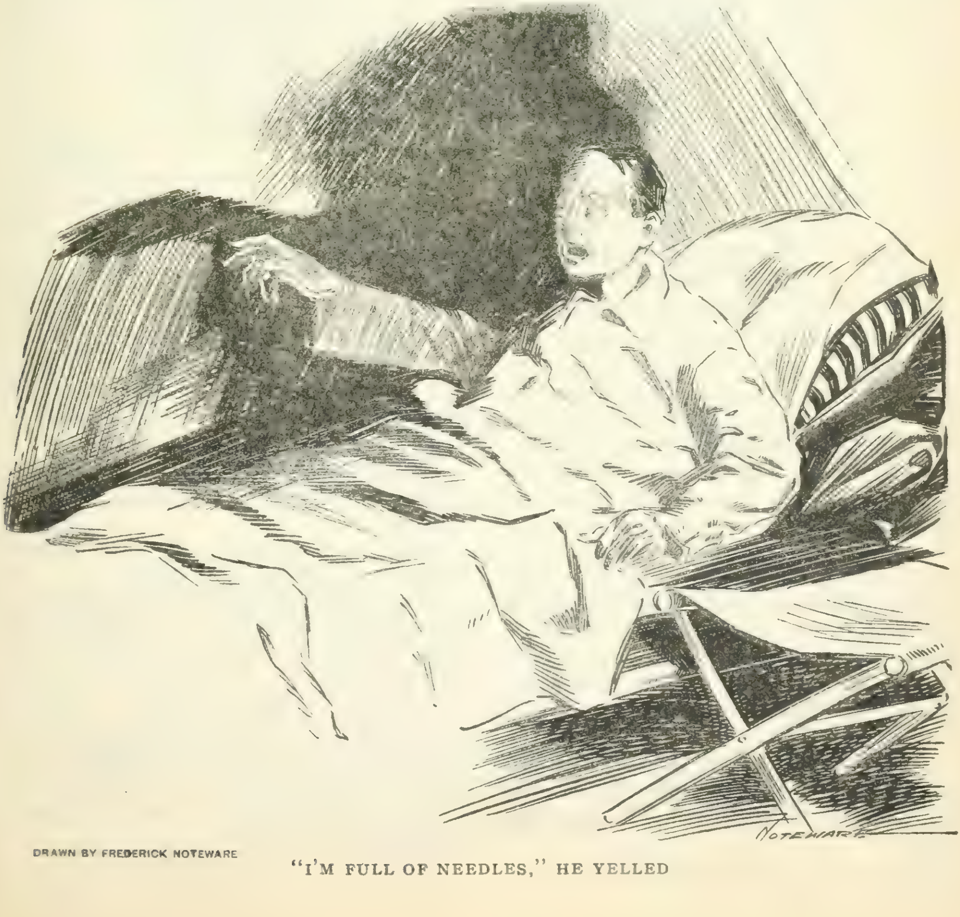
"That's what comes of prowling about in the woods," he said. "Why don't you have the sense to stay in camp and be comfortable?"

But we decided that he had no suspicion of our plot, and we went about the final details with great care.

Bobby made a slit in the bottom of Abe's sleeping-bag and then arranged his own so that he would be near this opening. He took charge of the entire collection of stimulators. There were fleas and nits and gnats and ants and the two water-dogs. These last, somewhat resembling a lizard, were harmless, but they certainly were enough to make a man jump seven feet when they came in contact with his skin unexpectedly. Jim had one crawl into bed with him one night, and his yell was heard ten miles.

We all turned in early, but Abe was the only one who went to sleep. As soon as he began to snore, Bobby cautiously inserted the top of the flea-bag in the opening he had made in the bottom of the sleeping-bag. Then he lay back and gently tapped the bottom of the flea-bag from time to time. As fleas prefer blankets to paper, it seemed as if the treatment ought to be effective, and Bobby soon withdrew the bag and tossed it away. I heard Tom swear softly, which led me to think that the bag had landed on him. Bobby, meanwhile, was giving the ants a chance to follow the fleas, and this bag was finally tossed in the direction of Jim, who thereupon became active. The bag of miscellaneous insects, when supposedly empty, seemed to come naturally in my direction, and I quickly shoved it out of the tent I acted with spasmodic haste too, in spite of Bobby's reproachful complaint that I would awaken Abe.

The water-dogs followed the other



DRAWN BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

"I'M FULL OF NEEDLES," HE YELLED

contributions and then we settled down to await developments.

In a little time Abe gave evidence of troubled dreams. He became restless and muttered a good deal in his sleep. We could hear him twisting and turning, and occasionally there were sounds that would lead a man to think he was sandpapering his legs. Then he woke up. We heard him digging down in an effort to locate the spot that troubled him the most, and there seemed to be too many of them to permit of systematic search. Before he could reach one he would be side-tracked to another.

"Wonder where I bumped into any nettles!" he muttered. "Lord! how they do poison me!"

About this time the ants seemed to be getting in their work, for he became real active. An ant steps lightly but a little more heavily than a flea; you know when he is cavorting over your person: it tickles without making you laugh. A few thousand ants running footraces over a man will worry him a whole lot. He doesn't like to feel so much alive.

Abe was now investigating with both hands, and he was doing a great deal of violent talking. I never saw a man more active in so limited a place.

"I'm full of needles!" he yelled.

"Aw, you've got the prickly heat," said Bobby, pretending to wake up.

Of course that was exasperating. Prickly heat and cool night do not go together, and Abe spoke emphatically to that effect. Furthermore, he declared that his blanket was walking all over him; that it had developed tickling legs and he could feel it move. His actions and words were those of a man who was feverishly excited: he came out of his sleeping-bag in a real hurry and immediately began to divest himself of such trifling bits of raiment as he usually wore for slumber purposes. This was annoying, for he scattered many troublesome things about the tent.

"Quit that!" yelled Bobby, but Abe was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment that he paid no attention.

We reached for his legs, in an effort to throw him, and failed to connect. He dropped to his knees, however, and dug his arms into his sleeping-bag, with the result that he encountered one of the water-dogs and let out a howl that made the tent rise right up. Somehow the water-dog, being impulsively thrown by the tail, hit Jim in the face and Jim helped to increase the excitement. Jim did not consider his face a proper roosting-place for lizards.

We were all reasonably active now. You cannot roll out of a sleeping-bag as easily as you can roll out of bed, and we got somewhat tangled up with each other, but we were doing the best we could. The fact that Abe was now shaking his sleeping-bag all over the tent served to hurry us a little. It would have been very amusing if we could have stopped to enjoy it. Abe, naked, was trying to shake the bag and reach seven or eight different spots on his person at the same time; the rest of us were trying to reach Abe. All of us were engaged in making comments that were vigorous and pointed.

Abe eluded us, however. He dropped the bag, danced a few lively but uneven steps of some unknown jig, tried frantically to brush himself off, rushed from the tent, and a splash told us that he had hit the water.

"Who said he was lazy?" asked Bobby, as we stopped to get our breath.

We had time to laugh then, but the laugh was cut short. Bobby began reaching feverishly for various parts of his person, and likewise he imitated some of Abe's dance-steps.

"Keep 'em off!" he cried. "I'm being scaled like a fortress wall in a military show."

"To the drink!" shouted Tom. "We're with you!"

We went, shedding things as we ran. Bobby lit on top of Abe, but neither of them had time to bother about so trifling a mishap.

A dip in the daytime was a luxury, but there was a chilliness about it at night that detracted from the enjoyment. Nevertheless, it was fifteen or twenty minutes before we returned, shivering, to the tent.

"What next?" asked Jim dolefully,

as he stood on one foot and scratched himself with the other. "Some millions of nits, gnats, fleas and ants have possession of our tent and clothes."

"A fire," said Tom. "We've got to have some place to get warm.

We turned instinctively to Abe.

"Are you in this?" we asked.

"I'm in," he answered.

We must have made an interesting picture, for the sun was high before we felt that we had our clothes in shape to justify us in getting into them, and, still in primal nakedness, we had moved the tent to a new location—a rather disagreeable job under the circumstances. Then I recall Abe, plentifully sprinkled with insect powder, trying to shoo things out of his blankets, while Bobby was working over his with forceps. Occasionally, Bobby would get an ant,but a flea is a difficult thing to pick up with forceps: he is always in some other place. But Abe was reclaimed.

"I'd rather take my exercise regular than get it all in a bunch," he said.

The dogs sat a little back from the fire, and I am sure they regarded us with amusement as well as amazement. No one can convince me that I didn't hear them laugh.

Wet-Weather Talk

By James Whitcomb Riley

IT hain't no use to grumble and complane;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice.—
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enugh to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

The Railway that Didn't

By John V. Borne

SECOND PAPER

IF a Western Canada Camp Fire Club were instituted, it could publish an unique literature about the prehistoric days whose history is concealed in Government reports. When you read of the Neutral Hills being the accepted barrier between the Blackfoot and Cree Indians; and, looking over the map, you pick out the locations of Indian encampments; you know that the explorers, going hither and thither across the prairies, spying out land for railway locations and farming possibilities, must have had a mighty interesting time.

The Honorable David Laird, who, in Winnipeg, for the Department of the Interior, administers Indian affairs in the West, was the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories. The site for the capital was decided upon, partly because of its central position; and largely because it was expected to be on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Governor Laird went to his seat of Government in 1876. It was called Battleford; and was, as quickly as possible, put into telegraphic communication with Winnipeg. The Fleming report to the Minister of Public Works did not, of course, deal with the political importance of Battleford; but it contained many references to the Battleford country.

After crossing the South Saskatchewan at almost the exact point where the Canadian Northern now has a fine steel bridge, the Canadian Pacific was to make for the North Branch of the river, and run alongside it for about fifty miles, to the capital, magnificiently situated on the plateau at the confluence of the Battle and North Saskatchewan Rivers, and was then to follow the north bank of the Battle, and head for the southern side of the Beaver Hills, east of Edmonton. This meant that, instead of crossing the North Saskatchewan at Fort Edmonton, the modern city of Edmonton was to be about fifteen miles south of the Fort and the great river would be spanned at Siksika. Consider some selections from the reports of the territory that was to be tapped:

Mr. H. A. F. MacLeod, who was one of the most experienced of the Government explorers, said:—"The central portion of this section is covered by the Eagle Hills, and the northwestern by the Wolf Hills. The former afford good pasturage, and the Wolf Hills, also. At Battleford, and on the north side of the Saskatchewan, the soil is good and fertile, without woods. Water supply good."

Palliser also wrote that this Eagle Hills country had "soil of excellent quality, of rich, black vegetable mould, two and a half feet deep. After an abrupt ascent of 240 feet, a fine level prairie stretches away to the south as as far as the eye can reach. Neutral Hills could be seen twenty miles distant. They are the recognized boundary between the Cree and Blackfoot tribes. At nine miles east of Nose Creek, came on what was once forest land; the soil in many parts, consists of one foot of black vegetable mould, excellent nutritious grasses, and many plants seldom found but in forests."

In the report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, dated 1878, Mr. J. S. Dennis, wrote: "From the exceeding richness of its grasses and the special fitness of the kinds produced, I am led to believe that it excels as a grazing country, anything I have seen in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories."

I have not been in the Eagle Hills, but I have been through the delightful prairie on the north of the Saskatchewan, between the Elbow and North Battleford. While there just before last harvest with one of the best grain experts in Western Canada, my friend, pointing out a four hundred acre field, said, ''There is the finest stand of wheat I have ever seen.'' Across the river, in the old town, I was besought by such veterans as Major Prince and Mr. Clink, to drive to the Eagle Hills to see the magnificent crops there growing. And, touching the ''fine, level prairie stretching away to the south as far as the eye can reach,'' I may say something later on.

Of the country north and south of the projected railway, between Battleford and Edmonton, similar testimony was given. Of the neighborhood of Fort Pitt on the river, Mr. Palliser stated, ''There is a very fine pasturage, and it is a favorite place for rearing horses. Grain is said not to succeed well, but I expect that they have chosen a bad spot for their field.''

This last is shrewd criticism. The first white residents were fur traders. They did not think of the prairie as a granary. All through the West, where grass grows well, grain grows better. Of the land north of Fort Pitt, Sir Sandford Fleming wrote in 1874: ''From Fort Pitt, continuing along the North Saskatchewan, the soil improves, and we met white spruce, tamarack and poplars, with thick and luxuriant grasses.''

Thirty miles beyond Fort Pitt, the Vermilion River empties into the Saskatchewan, having come through a valley in which lies the modern town of Vermilion; and of which Mr. Palliser said, ''Our course lay across a wide stretch of prairie, passing many herds of buffalo, thence crossing a range of hills, made a rapid descent of 300 feet to an extensive plain covered with bluffs of poplar, which seemed to stretch for 10 or 12 miles until it was again bounded by the same range of hills. Other extensive plains, some of them swampy, bounded by hills, crossed in this section. The pasture is rich.''

Between the Vermilion Valley and Edmonton, Mr. MacLeod reported: ''The southern is rich alluvial soil, extending westerly to the Beaver Hills, where the soil is good and fertile. There are numerous marshes producing good hay. The surface is undulating, rolling prairie, and hilly to the west, heavily wooded on the Beaver Hills and open to the east. The water supply is good.''

About the territory between the Vermilion Valley and Edmonton, and beyond, evidence is quite voluminous.

Mr. Macoun's Pacific Railway Report, 1874: ''The climate in the neighborhood of Fort Edmonton and St. Albert Mission is favorable to the growth of all sorts of grain except maize. In both localities, I saw wheat, oats and barley of excellent quality, and much taller than it is seen in Ontario.''

Mr. MacLeod: ''The southern portion is good fertile soil, with marshes producing good hay. About Forts Edmonton and Saskatchewan there is rich alluvial soil, with marshes producing good hay. About St. Albert, the soil is good and fertile with marshes producing good hay. The surface in the valley of the Saskatchewan is deep and wide, as well as the valley of White Mud. The southern portion is heavily timbered with poplar and spruce, with occasional open prairies. The northern part is partially wooded; there is an abundant supply of good fresh water; coal is found on the banks of the Saskatchewan, and gold is washed on the bars of the river.''

Mr. W. F. King, in the report of the Surveyor-General of Dominion Lands, 1878:—''Crossing the White Mud River, a small creek 16 miles from Fort Edmonton, we enter a beautiful fertile tract, a gently rolling country with numerous clumps of poplar and frequent lakes; this extends to the Saskatchewan River at Fort Edmonton. Emerging from the valley of the Rosebud River, the Stony Plain is reached, which is, notwithstanding its misleading name, a very fertile region many miles wide. It is bounded on the north by a strip of large spruces. At Fort Saskatchewan the soil is very fertile and settlers have large fields under cultivation They have a water mill just built (June, 1878), on the Sturgeon River about 8 miles north from the settlement, in the centre of a most fertile unoccupied tract of land. A few miles north of this there is a large extent of large spruce bush in the vicinity of Egg Lake, from which a large amount of building timber is procured.''

Sir Sanford Fleming, Pacific Railway Report of 1874:—''On leaving Edmonton, we passed through a country interspersed with hillocks. Gradually the country becomes more wooded, and the undulations assume a more marked character. More creeks are crossed, running, in most cases, through narrow valleys. The vegetation was particularly luxuriant, and the grass through which we passed was, in some cases, from five to six feet high.''

The description of land that grows abundance of the best quality of wheat, as ''of questionable value,'' by Fleming, and Palliser, and Hind, and MacLeod, and Dawson, and Cunningham, and Russell and King, is only one of the things in which their method differed from that of their successors. The construction of a transcontinental railway was so tremendous a job in those days that, like the hen with one chick, they made the most of it—and they counted their birds before they were hatched. They named every intended station from Selkirk to Battleford.

There never was such an unproductive baptismal service. Battleford was already the capital; Humboldt was a place of call. Both names appear on the modern map in their former places. Of the rest, only two are discoverable on the Canadian Northern Line—Denholm and Raith—and both are far from their former locations. Denholm has been moved from a few miles west of Humboldt to fourteen miles east of North Battleford. Raith, which was about fifteen miles east of Battleford, is two hundred miles farther west —the siding beyond Vegreville.

Why Denholm and Raith have survived, I do not know.

Why should Sandford Fleming's men name the stations from Selkirk to some distance west of Battleford, and then be reduced to the catechismic M and N until they approached Edmonton? The report gives no clue. The nomenclature of the West is an appealing field of research, in a class by itself; a sure reward for any patient, imaginative soul who will work in it.

Although the romance of thirty years ago is becoming more or less of a shadowy recollection amongst us, we have a more tangible and permanent exhibit of wonderful truth. The eye does not discern a halo of romance around the head of every homesteader, and in his face the promise of never-ending nation-building. It is there, all the same. And so long as the best land in the world produces the best bread in the world and the people, who, out of these elements, are building strong, intelligent, progressive communities; so long will those who prepared the way for them be held in grateful remembrance.

The remarkable thing about these testimonials to the value of the land between the old-time ''great Coteau'' and the forest which lies beyond the Mississippi of the north is that so many years should have passed before the railway that didn't was succeeded by the railway that did. Population, in the main, follows the line of least resistance, and it has been good for the West that the country selected for the first great transcontinental was reserved as a special inheritance for a second generation of pioneer farmers whose advent at the beginning of this century put the final seal upon the productiveness of an unequalled domain.

That in the fullness of time, the route chosen by the first examiners of the plains was traversed by the main thoroughfare of the second great Carrier of the West, is the best kind of encouragement for those who contribute so much to the national development by settling in places where, as yet, the luxurious conveniences of modern life must be set at naught by the unconquerable will of him who shows the way—God bless him.

Interrogations of the Innocents

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Author of "Where Grow Milady's Furs," etc.

IT is usual for teachers to propound questions, and for children to answer them, and there is no doubt about which is the easier task of the two. To reverse matters, and also if possible to find out what is passing in the thoughts of my children, I yesterday confronted them with this demand,—"Suppose, this morning an all-wise man were to enter our classroom, one who could and would answer any question you chose to put to him, what six things would you ask?"

The children were common, ordinary, every-day boys and girls, between the ages of nine and fourteen—but the questions they put to that imaginary shape from the All-Wise shades, were not commonplace. They surprised me not a little, and have set me thinking. Perhaps they will interest others.

The first set of questions was from a boy of eleven, a little button-nosed, red-headed chap, and were all of a geographical strain:—"Who made the oceans salty? Why is it that the sun only goes half way round the earth? Why is it that we don't slip off the earth? If the earth stopped what would happen to us? How big is a volcano inside? What is the quietest spot in Europe?"

The next six were a girl's, and all of them purely personal in their nature, her motto evidently being, "Know then thyself." "Who is my future husband? When am I going to die? Where is the thief that stole my watch? Please can you tell me how to draw well? What position or situation will I have when I get older? How could I be healthy all my life?"

That nature-study is receiving its due attention is evidenced by the next set:—"Why do fishes die on land? Why is it that crabs can live under water? What kind of things are there at the bottom of the sea? What kind of bird is the snipe? Why are Japs small? Why do fish go to spawn in running water?"

A quiet little girlie of ten who walks gently in-and-out of her class-room every day and looks demure and purely receptive produces from the quiet depths of somewhere these six posers:—"Who was the first school-teacher? Why are not all the people in the world the same color? Why are boys and girls not the same? Why is it that oil will not mix with water? How many feet of snow are there in the Rocky Mountains? Please can you tell me all about history?"

A remarkable series is that of a black-eyed little Jewess, a bright wee maid as sharp as a needle:—"How many jewels has Queen Alexandra? Will I be rich or poor? Who were the first people who lived in Jerusalem? How is it that the more people get the more they want? Is it true that there is gold and diamonds on Cocos Island? When the world comes to an end, how can the people be united if parts of their bodies are in different parts of the world?"

A young cynic with but half veiled irony demands (it is a boy this time):—"Who was the man that invented grammar? Who was YOUR school-teacher when YOU was at school? Who first thought it was wise to have schools? What good does history do us? Did you ever count the stars; you think you know everything? What does ignorance personified mean?"

The personality of the All-Wise man deeply interested some, and drew forth inquiries of this nature:—"Where do you live? What is your full name? Where are you going when you leave here? What school did YOU go to to learn so much?"

There seems to be a little something wrong with this chap's data:—"Don't you wish Adam did not eat the berries?"

Many go back to first principles with mild little queries like these:—"Why did Adam die? How old is North America? What was here before the world was made? What language did Adam and Eve speak when they first entered the world? Who married Cain? Where was the Lord before He made the world? Where was God born? Are we descendants of the ape? When we hear about Christ, he lived at the beginning of the first century; was that His first time on this earth? If Jesus was born on the 25th of December, why did they not begin to count time then instead of at the first of January? What would there be if there was no universe? When and how was God, the Father, created? What holds this world up? What were Adam and Eve, English, French, or what? Is it true that we were once monkeys? How are we to connect what the Bible says of the beginning of the earth, with what science says? What comes after space?" These are problems which occupy our children's minds when they obediently are doing "Simple Interest" for us, or "Long Division," or pointing out the boundaries of Europe.

But there are worse to follow:—"Why is a wise man better than an inventor?" "Where do people go when the Maelstrom takes them down?" "How far does a bird fly without stopping?" "Please can you tell me, if all the people on the earth were dead, what would happen?" "Who made the Sphinx, and when, and how?" "When will the Lord come again?" "Why should a girl have more sleep than a boy?" "Is Charley Ross, the boy that was kidnapped long ago, living, and where?" "I would like to know when and how the Russian nation came to be so?" "Why do large fish eat little ones?" "What was the first show in the Coliseum?" "How many births occurred on Wednesday last in Canada?" "Will perpetual motion ever be discovered?" "In Christ's time were the people who lived to be hundreds of years old, one hundred years a baby, or one hundred years an old man?" "Will the American republic ever become a limited monarchy?" "When will there be no saloons or bar-rooms?" "When will there be no more war?" "What do men see in tobacco?" "How do ear-rings make people's eyes sharper?" "Is it true that when we die, we will come back as a cat or dog, etc.?"

Many were the questions regarding Heaven, and the Heavens:—"Is it true that the stars are inhabited, and will the people on the earth ever be able to travel from one star to another?" "Is the sun a ball of fire, or just a reflection?" "How long does it take for Jupiter and Mars to go round the earth?" "What is it like in Heaven?" "Shall we be able to recognize our friends in Heaven, and will they have the same faces as they had on earth?" "Is there a Heaven for every planet, or one between them all?" "Why did the Lord make many planets, instead of one large one?" "How many people are there in Heaven and how many more will go?" "What will the earth be like when all the people have gone to heaven, and will animals still live on the earth?" "Are the people after death, going to be the same as they are now?" "At the end of the world will God let the wicked burn?" ""Will we come alive some day and live in a different world?" "If the planets are inhabited, have they wicked people in them?" "Where do we come from?" "If the earth stopped going round, what would happen?" "When the world comes to an end, will the moon really turn to blood?" "Why is it that people think Mars so near and think nothing about Venus, although it is our next door neighbor as well as Mars?"

The rapid transition of thought strikes one on reading the question slips. For instance, were two things more widely apart ever before brought into juxtaposition than this:—"If you jumped off the world, and went straight on, where would you go?" "Who killed Julius Caesar?" Or take this pair:—"Why did Joseph not tell his brethern he was their brother the first time they came down to Egypt to buy corn?" "What is the power of one of the suckers of a devil-fish?" Or this:—"When will the Doukhobors go home to be sensible and eat proper food?" "Why has the elephant got a trunk?"

The purely ethical questions are, some of them, very good:—"Why are there so many religious sects and denominations as there is only one way, all taken into consideration, to serve God?" "I would like you to tell me why men equally brave are some despised and some honored under the same conditions and by the same country." "Is it right to rescue from drowning a man who is your enemy and a scourge to his neighbors?" "When people have great troubles in this world, why do they not end these troubles?" "Why do some people fancy themselves above others when they all have to die some day and as we are told when Christ comes again to judge the living and the dead we will all be equal, none above any of the others—and some men are great but the paths of glory lead but to the grave!" "If we live again in this world will we be better, and will we be able to have the accomplishments we have in our present life, to a greater extent?" "Can, or will we be able to send messages to each other through our thoughts? How?" ""People say it is wrong to drink wine. Why then did Jesus turn water into wine?" "When a man murders another man and then a man hangs the murderer, is the hangman not a murderer himself?" "Do you think the world will ever become one nation with the same religion, etc.?" "Why should the King and Queen be more powerful and be treated better than any other person?" "Why should a man be hung if he shot another man, and in war if they shoot a man, they would be praised and thought much of?" "Is it wrong to tell stories in defence of others?" "Is it wrong to suspect? If so, how are we to know what to guard against?" "Will people who have had no chance of hearing about God, be admitted to Heaven?" "What is the noblest life?" These, surely, all of them, are thoughtful questions—these young people are doing their own thinking.

With a few of what even to Swiveller would be "staggerers" we close the list. Here they are:—"Do you know how people hypnotize each other?" "Was Shakespeare the same as other men in his age as regards to morals?" "Who wrote the first poem?" "Who is the prettiest person in the world?" "Will you please tell me all about the people in this world?" "Where did Mozart, Schubert and the other old musicians learn so much in the first place?" "Why do people get sick?" "Will women ever be considered as equal to men in politics and in business?" "What makes some people so clever and others so stupid?" "Why did Noah take some animals into the ark and leave others to get drowned?" "Will there ever again be as clever a writer as Shakespeare?" "Why do men smoke tobacco?" "Was Hamlet after his father's death sane or insane?" "Why do people think differently and after about an hour's argument think the same as they did before?" "How is it that animals don't become civilized?" "Will there come a time when the castes in India join?" "Why is there such a thing as POLITICS?" "What are people's brains like?" "What kind of a bird was it that first lit in Canada?" "How many hairs are there in a man's head?" "Why can't the owl see in the daytime?" "Why don't people look the same?"

It is a boy who writes:—"I would like to know how you could tell mother pigeons from father pigeons" and "Who invented the first joke?"—while the youngest girl in the whole class wrote in a wee little hand in the middle of a sheet of foolscap, "Please would you tell me what my mother thinks every day in her mind?"

With the Locating Engineer

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "Frontier Stories," etc.

OF course we come to the last wilderness in the Last West, and they will pass together. One would expect the great battle, which is to end with the conquest of this wilderness of which I write, to begin with a blare of trumpets, the tramp of feet, and the mingled confusion of moving hosts, but it does not.

The last freight began a little more than three years ago with a single, silent white man, accompanied by a lone Indian who was as good as a mute. This man was engineer R. W. Jones, and the Indian, or half-breed, rather, who was some Scotch, a little French with a dash of Irish, a trace of Iroquois, a whole lot of Cree, and the rest Silence, was Johnnie Finley. Ever since path finders began to prowl in the Northwest, Johnnie Finley had been the favorite guide, interpreter, cook and companion. Callaghan had him before he went to Jones, and he gave Jones this pointer: "Do something early in the game to win Johnnie's confidence. Fall in the river, ride a wild carribou, or go out and sleep alone in the cinnamon bear belt, and convince him that you are not afraid, and he will have the greatest respect for you. Show the white feather once and Johnnie will desert."

Jones took this advise and slept out. Also he had other opportunities sometimes thrust upon him, to display his courage. Upon one occasion a big bear slightly wounded, doubled up, and possomed. Years in the wild had taught Jones that this was not the end of the bear. The cinnamon dies fighting but he likes to fool you. Jones is fond of photographing things, and he said to Johnnie, with his right hand on a rock, "Climb around over the shoulder of this little mound and smash the bear in the face with a flat stone." Then he said to Johnnie, (with his Kodak he spoke now) "When the bear comes at me with his mouth open—so—I will make one fine photograph of the big bear about to eat an engineer."

Johnnie moved rather quickly and smashed the bear a few seconds earlier than Jones expected, so that when Jones reached the summit of the little hill the bear was coming up the other side, having scented the enemy. As Jones rose up with his photo machine, the bear stood up to embrace him with only about four feet of mountain air between them. He was gurgling, blood was spurting from his mouth. He was just fit for the wildest kind of photograph. By this time Johnnie had his rifle ready, but Jones didn't wait. He turned and made room for the bear. In about twenty seconds he had gone down the slope, up which he had crawled, and was ascending the next hill. As he cleared the big boulders and fallen timber he could hear Johnnie's rifle barking on the bear's trail, and always, between barks, he could hear the bear crashing through the trees. When the firing ceased he looked back. The bear was dead. Johnnie was reloading his gun, but when Jones approached he gave him a glance which seemed to say "It's all right. He might have hurt you."

I presume, men who do not know the wilderness and the ways of its inhabitants, but think they do, would be inclined to doubt my next bear story. A single shot from a twenty-two calibre rifle in the hands of this same Bob Jones killed an immense cinnamon bear. Only the night before meeting this beast Jones had been examining the skull of one of the cinnamon family, and he figured that a shot ever so small in a bear's eye, when the bear was looking at the shooter, with his head raised and muzzle pointing, would penetrate the brain. Now the moment the cinnamon blocked his trail he was overcome by a desire to try the experiment. The bear stood perfectly still and Jones took the risk. At the crack of the gun this animal, who is capable of carrying a winchester magazine full of lead, dropped dead.

I have set down here only one of the many interesting and thrilling experiences of these worldless wanderers.

The outfit of this expedition, behind which stood the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with scores of millions of dollars, and the Dominion Government with its political reputation at stake, consisted of two saddle horses, two pack horses, a twenty-two, a forty-four, and a common kodak. To be sure they had things to eat— sometimes— and tobacco. At the end of a long, hard day the white man would slow down, perhaps beside a singing stream. If there was abundance of wood and water the Indian would stop too, but if he questioned the wisdom of the white man he would lead on for a little while, then stop and make camp. That was the way they argued with each other. Without exchanging a word they would begin gathering boughs for a bed, over which they would stretch a seven by nine piece of canvas, and then, while the white man fooled with his figures, the red man would make tea and fry bacon. They would eat together, smoke and lie down and sleep, and strange as it may seem, men who have employed Johnnie Finley declare that days would pass without the exchange of one word. Some men, a few men, could stand that sort of thing for a little while. Jones, who has been called "Smith, the Silent", simply because his name is Jones, and because he is silent, stood it three years.

Very early in the exploration of that unmapped region that begins at the Western edge of the Canadian wheat belt, and stretches away to the Pacific on the West, the boundary on the South and the barrens on the North, Jones and the men who directed his movements became convinced that their trail lay through the Yellow Head Pass to the Pacific. However, the men who are to be responsible for the finished line began with the determination to find the best route available, regardless of time and expense, and so they searched the frowning face of the Rockies for three years. Every river of any importance, every pass that could be discovered along two hundred miles of the range, was explored, and then they came back to the Yellowhead, through which the trail has now been blazed. Engineers are not sent out to discover grand, wild scenery, but if it lie upon the way it becomes an asset when the road is finished. Within the next few years this new national highway will take the traveller through scenes that were unknown to the white man three years ago. It will wind below frowning cliffs, through dark, cool canyons, by the banks of mighty rivers, and pass at the foot of the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies. Yet wild and grand as these scenes are, the line will cross the range at an altitude of only 3,712 feet. The trains of the Grand Trunk Pacific will reach the crest of the continent going West from Edmonton upon exactly the same grade that lifts them from Winnipeg to Edmonton—four- tenths of one per cent. I set this down to show why "Smith, the Silent," and his mute companion spent three years in this last fastness, why they lay down and got up a thousand times, why "Smith" has been promoted, why Johnnie Finley is resting at Edmonton smoking H. B. cigars and suffering other Indians and half Indians to behold him—friend and companion of the man who located the last and the wildest one thousand miles of the transcontinental.

Doubtless if one were to ask the promoters of this Ocean to Ocean railway to name the richest find on the route they would answer: "A four-tenths grade from the Atlantic to the Pacific." This is made possible by the discovery of a pass to the Western watershed at an altitude of 3,712 feet. The Union Pacific climbs to an altitude of 8,247 while the Gould line, now building West from Salt Lake, crosses the range ten thousand feet above the sea.

East bound, in the direction of the heavy load, this new Canadian Railway will have to lift its freight, the quick and the dead, but twenty-one feet per mile. On United States transcontinental lines the lift in the same direction is from 106 to 237 feet.

Another comparison, and we shall have done with figures. The total ascent in feet overcome by the Grand Trunk Pacific is 6,990. This is in striking contrast to the lowest in the United States—the Great Northern—which is 15,987, and the Santa Fe which overcomes a total of 34,003 feet.

This easy grade, then, may be counted the great find. Of course we cannot count the Northern wheat belt, for that had been discovered, and was really the magnet that drew the Grand Trunk, Westward. It was in response to the call of the fields that the old Grand Trunk system,co-operating with the Canadian Government, undertook to penetrate the little known forests of Northern Ontario and the unknown wilds of Northern British Columbia, and so the conquest of the last great wilderness on the American continent.

Having past the romantic land of Evangeline, and threaded its way through the forests of Quebec and Northern Ontario, the Grand Trunk Pacific enters the great wheat belt, say, one hundred miles East of Winnipeg. From the point where they break through the forest and enter Manitoba, "God's Country," as the Indian called the Canadian West when, coming out of the forest that shades the Northern shores of the Great Lakes, the line lies through a thousand miles of almost unbroken wheat fields. Through the wheat lands the main line is almost an air line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, with Saskatoon on the South, Saskatchewan, half way. From the main line on the prairie section there will be a short branch to Brandon, a longer one to Regina, capital of the new Province of Saskatchewan, and a still longer branch to Calgary, the chief city of Southern Alberta. There will also be other branches to the North, into the rich fields of the new Provinces, and the forests beyond.

The development in the Canadian West has been so great within the past few years that the existing railway have been taxed to their utmost to keep pace. Numerous branch lines have been built and main lines double tracked to carry the crop.

Measuring the future by the past, the Grand Trunk Pacific has planned to erect at Fort William, at the head of the Lakes, extensive terminals and four huge elevators, each with a capacity double that of the company's big elevator at Montreal. There will be extensive switching and sorting yards, and then they will scoop out acres of the shore and make a great bay where boats can go about. loading and leaving the elevators, which will be able ultimately to hold forty million bushels of wheat. By this rail and water route in summer, until the Eastern section of the railway is completed, the wheat will reach the outside.

And when the line is open from Ocean to Ocean, if the output increases as it has increased in the past decade, the overflow from the all-rail route will more than fill these mammoth elevators.

Beyond Edmonton, the back door of the Granary and the gateway to the Wild, the new line plows through a vast coal deposit, crosses Grand Prairie, and plunges into the unknown of yesterday.

Farther West good timber is found and more coal, and over behind the Rockies are deep, fertile valleys which will become valuable ranch lands. The climate grows milder as we go West. The mean temperature of Prince Rupert is about the same as that of Detroit—the summers cooler, but the winters warmer.

On this mountain section, lumber men, prospectors and speculators are following in the wake of the engineers and staking their claims. This section will probably build up from the Pacific as it builts West from Edmonton, and by the time the rails meet there will be thousands of settlers along the line, each doing his best to wipe out the wilderness.

The history of all pioneer roads on this continent, especially of transcontinental lines, teaches us to look to local traffic for about ninety per cent. of the revenue of the road. And yet the Grand Trunk Pacific is important as a part of a round-the-world route. It crosses this continent so far to the North of any existing line that the run around the world is lessened by half a thousand miles or more.

And when the ships that take passengers from the Grand Trunk Pacific trains, out of the land-locked harbor of Prince Rupert, for the Orient, they will be almost immediately in the open sea and a full day's sail nearer Yokahama than the ships that leave any other Pacific port at the same time.

Upon the sheltered shore of the Northern Pacific, washed by the warm Japan current which creates the Chinook winds— the real breath of life in British Columbia—the Grand Trunk Pacific company is building a model city. The company is as absolutely in control of the situation here as is Uncle Sam on the Panama. which assures order, symmetry and a perfectly planned city.

Although the completion of this line will mark the beginning of the end of the last Western Wilderness, tor years to come the hunter of big game will find plenty of sport and adventure along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

* * *

April in Edmonton

By Jeannette Cooper

SOME power has touched the somber, sullen earth
And made it bud in tender tints of green;
The winds that roared in rage or boisterous mirth,
Now whisper softly of sweet things unseen.

The sky, new-washed, is pure and palely blue,
The half-bare branches of the trees are wet,
The sheltered places gleam with tender hue
Where wondrous starry blossoms have been set.

A hint of bird-song trembles in the air,
The chains are lifted from the little rills,
Some power has made the old earth new and fair,
And Hope stands smiling on the western hills.

The Poor Rich Farmer

By Nellie McClung

Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

WHEN the valley is brimming with sunshine
And the Souris, limpid and clear,
Slips over its shining pebbles
And the harvest time draws near
The heart of the honest plowman
Is filled with content and cheer.

It is only the poor rich farmer
Whose heart is heavy with dread
When over the smiling valley
The mantle of harvest is spread
For the season, he says, is backward,
And the grain is only in head.

The hired man loves the twilight
When the purple hills grow dim
And he smiles at the chattering blackbirds
That round him circle and skim,
The road is embroidered with sunflowers
That lazily nod at him!

But the rich man scans the twilight
With gloom and fear opprest
For he knows the chattering blackbird
As an evil-minded pest
And the golden, brown-eyed sunflower
Is only a weed, at best!

When the purple rain-clouds gather
And the mist comes over the hills
A peace beyond all telling
The hired man's bosom fills
And the long, long sleep in the morning
His heart with rapture thrills!

But the richman's heart is heavy
With gloom and fear of loss
When the purple clouds drop moisture
On field and flower and moss
It is all very well for the plowman
But not so well for the "Boss."

When the moonlight lies on the valley
And into the hayloft streams,
Where the honest plowman sleepeth
And dreameth his peaceful dreams,
It silvers his slumbering fancies
With the witchery of its beams!

But the poor rich man is restless
For his heart is on his sheaves
And the moonlight, clear and cloudless,
For him no fancy weaves
For the glass is falling, falling
And the grain will surely freeze.

So the poor rich farmer misses
What makes this old world sweet
And the weather grieves the heart of him
With too much rain or heat
For there's nothing gold, that can't be sold
And there's nothing good, but wheat.

The Homesteaders

By Jessie Beckton

SYNOPSIS OF "THE HOMESTEADERS."

Joan Tremayne, a young English girl, and her two brothers, left by the failure and death of their father, in very straightened circumstances, decide to emigrate to Western Canada and take up a homestead. In the town where they leave the railway to go to their recently acquired property, they are introduced to MacIreton, a young Englishman who came over a few years earlier and whose land joins theirs. He invites them to stay in his house until their own is built and they gratefully accept.

Chapter V. (Continued)

HAVE you ever watched a laborer walking calmly behind his plough, the well-trained horses patiently plodding up one furrow and down another, the red brown earth falling smoothly over to one side? It looks so easy, as if anyone might do it. But try it, you will find it a very different matter. and when you have to work with a stubborn yoke of oxen, over a piece of virgin soil, with no knowledge or experience to guide you, it appears a wellnigh superhuman task, to be given up in despair. It was a momentous day on which we all sallied forth to take a part in the breaking of the first earth on our own land, and I remained a fascinated spectator, watching with much sympathy and not a little amusement, the stolid blundering oxen, and the strain of the men to keep the plough in a straight line and their despairing rage as the crooked zigzag came to an end, with an extra twist as the ponderous beasts broke off in a hurry quite unlooked for.

But after the first day I fled, as Peter apologetically explained it was quite impossible to learn ploughing with oxen and to keep a guard over tongue and temper at the same time. I had my own lessons to learn too. The cooking improved gradually with the aid of a large cookery book and the experience gained from many woeful failures. The housework was simple, if tiring, but the washing was an insurmountable difficulty. The clothes would not come white. After hours of steam and soapsuds, backache and labour, they assumed a pitiful grey tint that tinged my dreams at night and gave me so unhappy an appearance by day, that after the second week, Mr. Ireton carried the whole wash bodily off to a neighboring farm, and made an arrangement with the farmer's wife to relieve me of the burden.

June merged into July, the haying season began and the men were busy from daylight till dark, cutting, raking, and carrying the sweet upland hay and the coarser ranker growth of the old dried out sleughs. Hay cut in the morning was often raked in the afternoon and carried at night in that hot, dry atmosphere. There was small anxiety as to rain or stormy weather, it being one of the stable seasons of the year, each day following the other in like succession. In June we had heavy rain, often accompanied by thunder. In the space of a few minutes the water lay level in the ploughed furrows, ponds formed where there had been dry land, the very heavens seemed to open and empty themselves upon us. Then as suddenly as they came, they went, leaving us to a sunshiny calm once more. With the passing of June they forsook us almost entirely, and we settled down to a bright dry heat, so intense that but for the breeze it would have been almost unbearable by day; the nights were always fresh, cool and lovely. Now that the men were so busy, I was left very much to myself. Sometimes when their work took them further from home than usual, they carried their dinners and great cans of oatmeal and water with them, and I saw nothing of them till the evening, whilst Laddie (Mac's Collie) and I kept house together.

But I began to make acquaintance with the Settlement. My first visitor was an Indian, or rather three, for it was a family party that walked one morning into the little kitchen and seated themselves without ceremony or greeting upon the two nearest chairs. My first thought was one of relief that the haymakers were working near home that day. It is difficult to respond amicably to a grunt. I could only gaze doubtfully at my unwelcome visitors, keeping the table well between myself and them. Silently we regarded each other; at least I had the intuitive feeling of being watched for I cannot say there was much staring on their part. Certainly not on that of the Nichie, though his squaw displayed a degree more curiosity. Strapped to her back was an oblong bundle which she presently slid round to her lap and began loosening a few rags from the top of the mummified parcel, exposing to view with a sidelong look and suppressed grin of pride the quaintest specimen of babyhood I had ever looked upon. Only its little yellow face and beady black eyes were visible, all the rest being still tightly swathed in the oblong bundle in which it evidently spent the greater part of its existence. It was the baby that saved me from a senseless terror of tomahawks and scalps, and forgetting my alarm I was soon admiring the little creature and smiling back at its funny stumpy, copper and black mother, with all the enthusiasm born of babyhood in most women. I had got as far as pinching its soft yellow chin, and coaxing a smile from its ridiculous little pursed up mouth when turning around I saw Mac looking down upon us rather astonished and not a little amused.

"Who on earth have you got here?" he asked, and then catching sight of the Indian who still sat mute and unmovable as a rock "Hullo, Nepaparas, what brings you here? What do you want?"

"Boccaty" announced the man, in a soft, slow, gutteral voice, a suspicion of a grin flitting for a second across his tense lips.

"Oh, that's it, is it, I never knew any of you that were not Boccaty. He says they are hungry," Mac said, turning to me. "Can you spare this bacon grease?" pointing to a tin of it standing on the table. "They regard it as a dainty," he went on, spreading great slices of bread with the fat and handing it to the appreciative guests. "And I suppose they must have some tea. Poor dirty devils. Not much like Fenimore Cooper heroes,are they?"

"No, indeed," I said, gazing with slight admiration on these pitiful relics of a once great race. In these dirty, shuffling, furtive-eyed creatures what trace was there left of the free inborn grace, the noble features, and eagle eye of the traditional Red Indian.

"The agents tell us we should not feed them in this way," Mac said as we stood watching the silent meal, and the graceful way they used their still beautifully shaped hands. "They say it encourages them in laziness and in their vagrant way of living, but I cannot see what harm it does them, and one can't help feeling sorry for them and remembering that but for the white man and his vaunted civilization the poor things would not be as they are now, but, if tradition speaks truth, a nobler race in one sense than we who have conquered them."

The meal over, and the baby again strapped into position, our visitors departed, without a word of farewell, silently as they had come.

"I came in to ask," said Mac when they had gone, "if you would put us up some lunch, we are going farther down on the plain, where there is more hay than around here, and it will be too far to come home for dinner. Anything will do; we can make up at supper. I am afraid," he went on, as he helped me cut and pack up, the sandwiches of bread and cheese, "that you must feel very lonely when we have to leave you like this."

"I do not mind it a bit when I have Laddie," I said, putting my hand on his soft black and white head, "and I am not likely to have any more Indian visitors to-day, am I?"

"No, I think not," he said smiling, "but I wish you knew some of the women of the settlement. They do not know yet of your being here or they would come up at once. I shall be going down to the Settlement soon and will tell one or two of them; then you will have plenty of friends."

But I was to have a second visitor that morning. About half an hour after I had watched them winding in and out of the bluffs on their way to the plain, and before I had time to do more than bring out my big cookery book and open it with a view to discovering some new dishes to be made from our limited materials, she came. The door usually stood wide open, and was entered immediately from the outside, where the short sunburnt grass grew up to the sill, and from which often no living creature was visible save ourselves, the animals and a gopher or two.

"How do you do, ma'am," she said in greeting, as following shortly on her knock she stepped without further ceremony inside. "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I've been wanting these past two weeks to step up and see you, but I didn't never get time, my Almira Em'ly hes been sick for a spell, and I couldn't leave home."

"My!" she went on, without even a comma stop, "you have been fixing things up, I always do say there's nothing like a woman about the place, I've told Mac so, time and again, a bachelor ain't no hand at making myself comfortable, nor for keeping hisself clean for that matter."

Here with a little persuasion she sank into a chair, fanning her hot face with her handkerchief, her sharp eyes still taking stock of me and my "fixings."

"I live over yonder," she continued, after a momentary pause, indicating nowhere with a backward jerk of her head, "our farm is a mile down from this so we're near neighbours. I've brought you a few fresh eggs and a pound or two of good fresh butter and some cream," pointing to a neat basket she had placed on the table, "knowing Mac didn't keep no fowls or a cow, I guessed you'd be glad of some, for I never can get on without such like myself. And how do you think you shall like it here?" she went on when I had cordially thanked her for her kindly thought and welcome present; "Don't you find it pretty lonesome with no womenfolk round?"

"No," I said, "I have my brothers, and I think I shall like the life very much. Of course, it is all very new and strange, but I am too busy to be lonely. I only wish I knew how to do things better. My cooking," laughing a little, "is my chief trouble."

"What are you making now?" she asked, surveying with interest my preparations, and proceeded to give me many valuable hints on prairie cookery. "And who makes the bread?" she questioned.

"Mr. Ireton, at present," I said, "but I want to learn myself for I have plenty of time and he has so little for that sort of work."

"Well," she said cheerfully, "you come round to me some morning and I'll learn you how. Can you make layer cakes? They're useful things if you want one in a hurry. I'll make you one now if you like," and the good tempered soul taking from the basket some of her fresh eggs proceeded without further ado to break, whisk and mix them into a spongy cream which she deposited in two shallow tins I had unearthed from Mac's neglected supply of cooking utensils and placed in the oven.

"There," she said, "they won't take but a few minutes to bake and when they come out all you do is spread some jelly between the two and they're done. But you can't get on without eggs. I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a hen on cluck now that I don't hev no use for, and I'll send my

Thomas Henry round with her, and a sitting of eggs this evening, and start you up with a few chicks.''

''You are too good,'' I expostulated, not knowing how to take her generous, kindly offer, but she broke in briskly,

''Oh, that's al'right, we always help each other on the prairie when we can, it's all we can do, and a pleasure besides.'' The cakes being taken from the oven, the two halves cemented together with jelly, and laid aside as a surprise for supper, my new friend began to take her departure.

''Now, you'll come and see me soon, won't you,'' she said, ''I'll learn you how to bake bread, and show you about things a bit. It is real nice to have a woman so near and my Almira Em'ly is that anxious to make your acquaintance.''

As I watched her stout, dumpy figure trudging away sturdily, her skirt dipping at the back, and well up over her boot tops in front, her honest, weather beaten face from which the hair had been scrupulously drawn with more regard to order than beauty, surmounted by a straw hat that had evidently seen the wear and tear of many a summer, my heart went out to her kindly, generous nature and I echoed her satisfaction in having ''a woman neighbor so near.''

I smiled a little to myself as I pictured the generality of my lady visitors in the old days, and wondered what they would say to the costume and speech of my new friend,but I doubt if any of them had a truer or warmer heart than hers.

Chapter VI.

In spite of the beckoning spire of the little church in the distance, we had up to now paid no heed to its silent invitation, but on this Saturday evening, as we, knowing there was no need of an early rising on the morrow, sat talking a little later than usual, Mac turned to me saying, ''Would you like to go down to the Church to-morrow? I could drive you in the wagon; in fact, we could all go together. It is a nice little service and you would meet some of the people.''

I said I should like it very much and next morning we all four, arrayed in Sunday attire, set out in the wagon, with its high spring seats, for the little church in the middle of the big plain. Leaving the bluffs we followed the broad trail over the brown grass, passing a homestead now and again until we reached the village. Here the sudden cessation of the single bell which had been announcing with its single might that the service time was near, warned us that we were late.

Unhitching the team and tying it to the wagon as several others of the congregation had done, we hastened to enter the little building. Small as it was there were seats and to spare. The congregation kneeling with bowed heads paid no heed to the late comers and we passed quietly to a vacant place beside the door. It was my first service in this, my new world, and as I knelt behind those who had preceded me and joined my thanksgiving to theirs I realized how deep should be our gratitude for all the mercies that had been vouchsafed to us. Only a few short months ago, and how different had been our lives. The first shock, the death of our dear father, the bitter feeling of lost friends, homelessness, and financial ruin. The apparent hopelessness of our position, the sudden resolution to come out West, the preparations, journey, and the meeting with Mac. Kneeling there, the memory of it all came floating back. We had suffered much, but we had much to be very thankful for. I am afraid my mind wandered again during the short sermon. It was very warm and the eloquence of the preacher was not great, but it was not that which tempted my straying thoughts. It was the backs of my fellow worshippers that drew them. Here were the men and women with whom I had cast my lot. I could not but picture to myself who and what they were, what had brought them to this off-shoot of civilization. What influence would they have on my life and I on theirs. Would they be friends or otherwise? For that we could ignore each other was an impossibility. Humanity must gravitate towards its kind, and here in this vast wilderness we few atoms of intelligent life who had found our way to it must of necessity come more or less together.

The sermon came to an end, we dropped our cents into the little conventional embroidered bag, the blessing followed, amidst a strange hush and calm, and we rose to go. Once outside, the quietude broke quickly into animated greeting, soft laughter mingled with the deeper tones of men's voices, and the barking of many dogs who had awaited the re-appearance of their masters, and now as is their canine way, welcomed them with extravagant joy after the hour's absence. Intuitively I felt that we, the new comers, were objects of quite a little thrill of interest. But before there was time for any feeling of awkwardness, a tall, matronly woman with a pleasant English face, who had been standing talking to Mr. Ireton, came towards me with outstretched hands, and the kindest and warmest of greetings.

''How do you do, Miss Tremayne,'' she said in a sweet full voice. ''We are so pleased to see you amongst us and to welcome you to the Settlement, I have been scolding Mac for not telling us before of your coming. He says he has been too busy to pay visits lately, but I think he must have been trying to keep you all to himself. Now that we have found you, we shall not give him any further chance, and I shall begin by carrying you all home to luncheon, and keeping you until evening when driving will be cooler and pleasanter.''

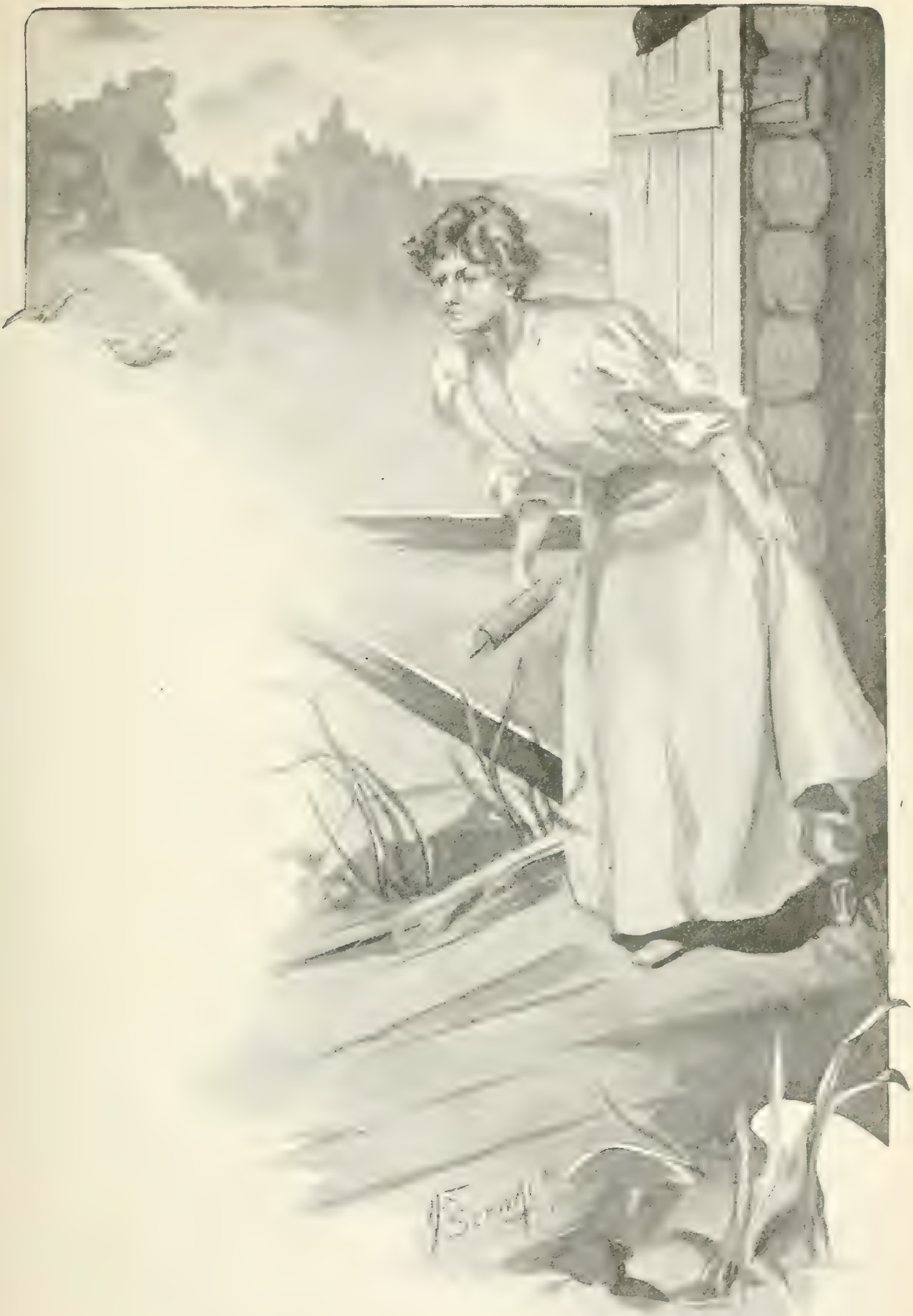
As she turned to speak to Dick and Peter, others came up to add their greetings to hers and soon we were all chatting together in a friendly, amicable way. There were three or four girls of my own age, a few middle aged, but more young matrons, and about twice as many men. The pretty summer gowns of the women gave quite a smart, even fashionable, air to the group. Even the men, emancipated from conventionality during six days of the week, returned to tweeds, white (or to borrow the expression of the West, 'boiled') shirts and collars on the Sabbath. They went off presently to hitch up the horses and soon the little congregation had scattered in various directions to their homesteads. The Carlyon's farm lay about a mile and a half to the south of the village and took but a short time to reach.

The house had a broad verandah, on which wild hops had been trained. On the inside of the dwelling a sense of refined comfort prevailed. Given some few advantages most gentlewomen are capable of creating this even in the wildest and most remote spot.

''Of course,'' Mrs. Carlyon said to me when, after a substantial luncheon or early dinner, we sat in the pretty, cool drawing room and talked of many things. ''Of course, we brought out most of the things with us. When we realized that on our small income it was impossible to live decently in England, to give the girls proper advantages and start the boys well in life, we determined to colonize. We chose Canada as being the nearest colony and this particular Settlement as one principally composed of English people, and because our friends the Gordons were already settled here. Of course the Major knew nothing of farming, but we had sufficient to live very comfortably on out here, and the boys must make the farm pay for themselves. We have never regretted coming, we are very happy, have no pressing anxieties and are seldom ill. Sometimes we older ones look back a little longingly to the old country and old friends, but the young people have no desire for any other life. They get plenty of amusement and the work is good for them.''

''Yes,'' I said, ''I really believe work is good for one. I have been far happier since I came here and had plenty of it to do.''

''But,'' she said, smiling a little seriously, ''you must not have too much of it or you will grow tired mentally and physically. In the scattered districts, where the women have no relaxation and see no one but their families for months at a time, they grow morose. And several instances are known of men, living entirely



Painting by F. D. Schwalm. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

GATHERING MY SKIRTS IN ONE HAND AND SEIZING THE ROLLING PIN IN THE OTHER, I FLEW OUT OF THE DOOR.

alone, having been brought in to the towns by the police, temporarily insane. People should always try to settle within a reasonable distance of each other and keep up as far as possible the social life. It is the isolation of humanity that is so unbearable, it is like living in a mine deprived of sunshine. Then again, you know, too much work makes 'Jack a dull boy.' You will have to get a pony or buggy, unless you prefer riding, and drive about as we all do, pay visits and join the tennis club; but Ethel is getting very impatient of my monopoly of you.''

Before we drove home in the cool, still evening, I had made two promises one to sweet, kindly Mrs. Carlyon that I would look upon her in the light of a fairy godmother to turn to in any sickness, difficulty or trouble; the other to Ethel and Phyllis to go down to them whenever I could leave home, and to join in the little gaieties and pleasures that made up Settlement Society. I think our visit did us all good for we took up our work again with renewed zest on the morrow. Dick and Peter had enjoyed it as much as I. The Major was quoted an authority. Harry and Ralph Carlyon had offered to give them a hand with the house. They had promised to join the Cricket Club, as soon as haying was over and work a little more slack. It was an awfully good thing for Joan to have such nice women friends. Mrs. Carlyon seemed an exceptionally pleasant woman, and the two girls decidedly pretty, very jolly and unaffected.

Chapter VII.

An added brightness had come into my life. The remembrance of the motherly kindness and the budding promise of my new friendships had brought a new element into it. But I was too busy just then for dreams. I had had my lessons in breadmaking and there was the dough to be mixed and kneaded, the milk to be skimmed and the pans to be scoured and put to freshen in the fresh air. For we had bought a cow, a pretty dun-colored creature, with a most fascinating black nose, that gave us more milk and cream than we knew what to do with. As soon as her calf, a replica of herself, was able to dispense with her share of the supply, we should be able to make our own butter.

The days sped by with lightning-like rapidity, long as they were, there was never enough of them, there was so much to learn, so much to do.

My first friend, Mrs. Bradley, had been as good as her word and had sent Thomas Henry with the clucking hen and the sitting of eggs. He had sheepishly assisted me in locating her in a corner of the stable, battening down the affrighted Mother elect with an old wooden box and with strict injunctions to leave her there in gloom and solitude until she got used to her new quarters. By the following day she was sitting with adamantine firmness, apparently glued to the nest, and there she had continued with exemplary patience during the eighteen days since her arrival. In three days more I should be the proud possessor of an embryo poultry farm. I looked forward anxiously to the advent of the pretty, fluffy, little creatures.

''What are you doing?'' I asked of Peter on my way to provide my Mother hen with her breakfast and stopping to enquire into the spreading of a quantity of fresh straw on the floor of a quite creditable pig stye he had been constructing at odd intervals during the past week.

''It is for the pigs,'' he said, ''I am going to fetch them this evening, it is time we had them and made use of all the swill and skim milk. Very paying things are pigs, you can always eat what you can't sell, and sell what you can't eat.''

''A remark rather open to question, I should say,'' I answered, and went on my way, for I could not pretend to an interest in pigs—dirty, grunting things.

''Come and see them, Joan,'' Peter called to me on the following morning, as I went out to the yard.

''Ripping little beggars, arn't they?''

''They are not so bad,'' I grudgingly allowed, surveying their sleek black sides, sharp noses and quick beady eyes, that turned sideways upon us as they skittered here and there in the straw. '' But I do think it a shame to keep them cooped up here this lovely day.''

''Well, for that matter they would be alright outside; but I must be off, Mac and Dick have started.''

''Have you much more hay to put up?'' I asked as we stood a minute longer watching the joyous antics of those ridiculous pigs rejoicing in their freedom, ''you seem to have a veritable mountain of it already.''

''We mean to get all we can,'' he said, ''and then if there is more than we need for ourselves, we may have a chance to sell. You know we need to make every cent we can, there will be no more when that three hundred and fifty pounds is gone and there will be no crops to count on until next year.''

''You must remember the poultry and the pigs,'' I said, laughingly, bidding him good-bye, as he ran off after the others.

It was about half an hour later, whilst singing over my work indoors, that I was alarmed by a great cackling, almost amounting to a terrified shriek, in the direction of the stable. Clutching my gown in one hand and the rolling pin in the other I fled across the yard to the rescue Alas! too late! Scuttling through the stable door went the pigs and perched on the manger, her poor feathers everyway, her mouth open, uttering heartrending cries of terror and affright, was my unhappy hen. In the corner her nest, so lately full of promise, lay scattered, empty and forlorn, not even a shell remaining to tell of its former glory. Those horrible pigs had devoured our prospective family. I sat beside my poor bereaved mother hen, and mingled my tears with hers, at least, I shed the tears whilst she continued her hysterical cackling. The gruesome deed was done, and doubtful of my powers to administer comfort, I fled with my disappointment far from her sounds of woe. Vainly through the day did I attempt to assuage her grief with many a delicacy and word of endearment, but like Rachael she refused to be comforted and the haymakers returned to find her still shrieking and me unconsoled. Even though Dick hastened to provide us with a second sitting of eggs, and a little later set me up with a ready made poultry yard, of ten busy hens and a noble looking rooster, I looked back upon that morning's tragedy with an abiding grief.

(*To be continued.*)

Lavender for Old Loves

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

LAVENDER for old loves,
Roses for the new,
Heliotrope for pleasure, lass,
And for sorrow, rue.

Rosemary lest you forget—
Take, or let it be,
I will have the wholesome pine
And the open sea.

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

STEAMER "KEENORA" THROUGH THE SPRAY OF KOOCHICHING FALLS AT FORT FRANCIS

Beauties of New Ontario

By Gay Page

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."
—Longfellow.

CANADA, now a nation with a large family of handsome, wholesome, prosperous and promising branches, has no lovelier nor more promising child than the recent debutante, Miss New Ontario.

"We sing of the world and its beauties
Which everywhere round us we see."

The word, "world", has the same root as "cosmetic"—so it should be our duty and delight to herald the charms and attractions of this lovely "bud," and, at the same time, proclaim to her host of prudent admirers, some of the substantial blessings that will be her dower.

"If you have nothing and she has nothing,
Don't be in a hurry to wed,
For 'nothing' and 'nothing' equal 'nothing,'
And 'nothing' will never buy bread."

The scenery is extremely beautiful from the hills about our magnificent bay, guarded by thunder Cape, that tall cliff that challenges the storm and whose crest, thirteen hundred feet above forms the bier of "Nanibijou," the Sleeping Giant, reclining upon his cloud-encircled couch. Formerly our storms were grander and more frequent and only upon rare occasions could a view from a distance be obtained of the cape or Nanibijou.

Just before us lie the green Welcome Islands, where, legend tells us, many bloody battles were fought in the long ago and traces of which still remain; and out beyond, Isle Royal, where, centuries ago, copper was found, the galleries being still visible where the mysterious people worked the metal by a process now lost.

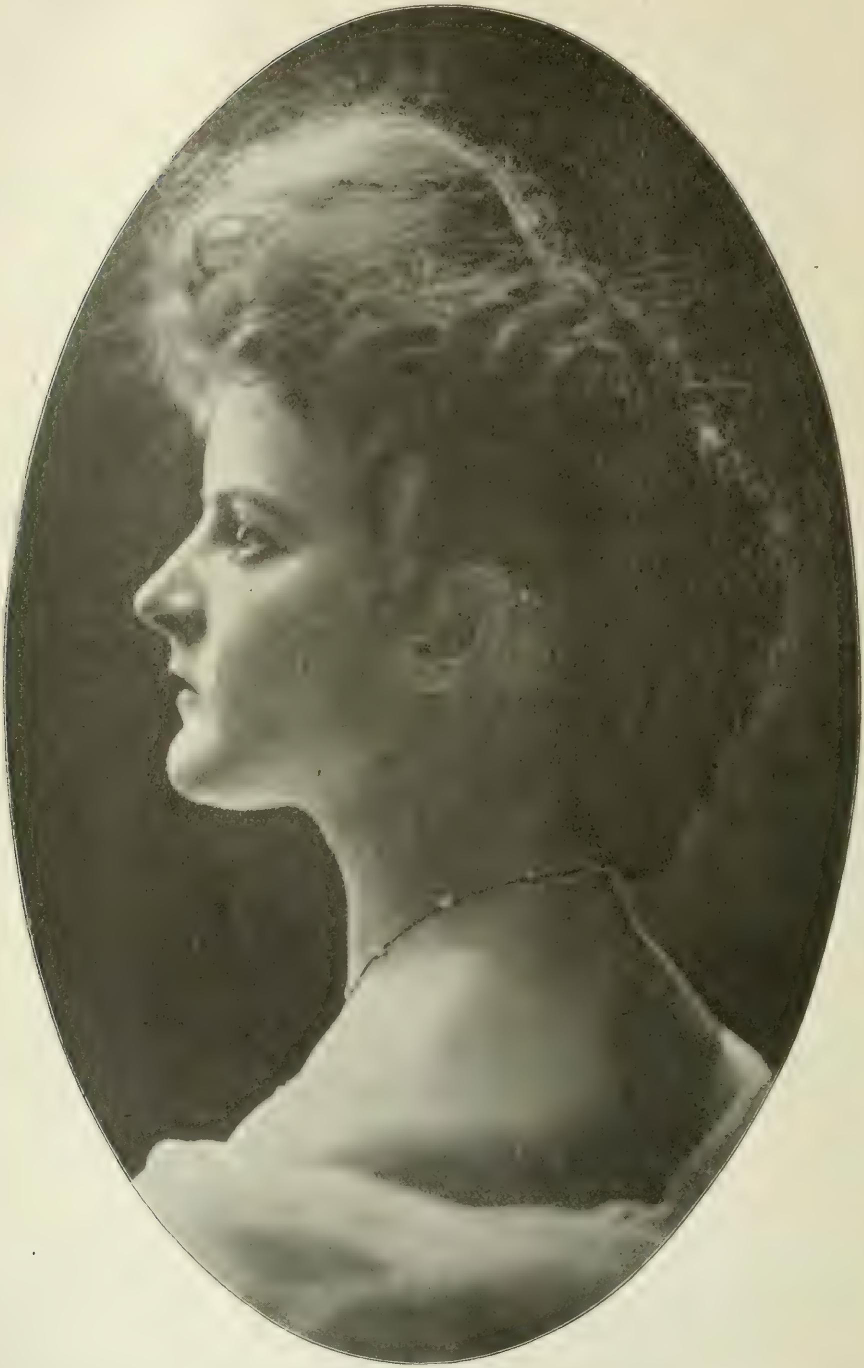
Our beautiful Kaministikwia winds lovinglyabout the foot of Mount McKay guarding the old mission of the Society of Jesus, on the banks below. And here another mighty work of the white man moves, with its resistless power, the red man's home, giving him as remuneration the advantages to be gained by additional means of labor, and the improvement of his position by the result of his labor.

And so the banks of our noble river afford both beauty and utility as do the amber torrents of Kakabeka Falls and the fairy-like loveliness of the Current River Cascades. Fort William is valued, from a sentimental point of view, for its second century of rendezvous for the chief factors of the great company of The Hudson's Bay, but now the stone fortifications have been torn down to make room for the terminal works of the great Canadian Pacific Railway system, and the largest elevators in the world and huge freight sheds are seen in lieu of the old warehouses. A second transcontinental railway, the Canadian Northern, has terminals at Port Arthur, four miles from Fort William, and Sir Wilfred Laurier's Government has launched still another highway across the continent, and the Grand Trunk Pacific is now an accomplished fact. Fort William is the lake port of this third railway, wherefore this city may at no distant date find itself in a prouder position than ancient Venice, holding both the East and West in fee.

"From the flash of the Indian paddle,
  to the throb of the steamer's screw,
From the halting steps of the old days,
  to the rush of the busy new;

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

ONE HUNDRED MILES OF SCENERY LIKE THIS ON THE LAKE OF THE WOODS



MISS MAE MCDOUGALL, DAUGHTER OF MAGISTRATE MCDOUGALL OF FORT WILLIAM

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

THE "DEVIL'S GAP," ONE MILE FROM KENORA, ON THE ROUTE OF THE RAINY RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.

From the mart of the trapper's peltry,
to the port where back and forth
Ply the laden treasure-vessels of the
Empress of the North."

Now on let us go over the splendid line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Kenora, on the Lake of the Woods. The residents of Kenora prefer locating their handsome town on the Lake of the Woods, not on Winnipeg River, as they should, to be geographically correct. But who bothers about being correct, geographically or otherwise, in the presence of so much fascinating beauty! It is enough to bewilder the most prosaic, practical mind on earth, and the simple delight of being alive to enjoy the enchanting scenes, is all one's heart desires.

Here we see in all their glory, New Ontario's Thousand Isles. The magic of the fairy archipelago follows one mile after mile through stretches of clear water, reflecting the beauties of earth and sky, and bounded by ravishing loveliness of turf and flower and trees. And now, if you are wise in the art of enjoying your holiday, take a trip to Fort Francis on the stately steamer Kenora. On her decks you will find that the Americans outnumber the Canadians and are well acquainted with all the beauties of the route.

From the deck of the gallant vessel we see craft of every kind dancing merrily over the waves, and are hailed cheerily by groups of campers, who know the joy in store for us, the heartiest cheer coming from a group at Skull Rock, at the entrance to the Devil's Gap.

"Why," asks the boy, "are so many fine features of land and water named after the Devil?"

"Perhaps it's because he's so energetic, and enterprising, and persevering," says the Winnipeg M. P., who is taking a rest from the political whirl of the western capital.

MISS STEVENS, OF FORT WILLIAM, A STUDENT OF ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, TORONTO

DAUGHTER OF DR. THOMAS O'HAGAN, FORT WILLIAM

"And why," again asked the curious boy, "do you float the Stars and Stripes at the prow and the Union Jack at the stern of the good ship Kenora?"

"Ship etiquette," said the captain, "ensign at the stern, foreign flag at the prow in compliment to strangers. The greater part of our trip is along the international boundary and we want that line a boundary line and nothing more." Wise sailor!

And now the purple haze deepens over the distant hills and we reluctantly leave the deck for our staterooms, leaving a special request to be called early next morning to see the town of Rainy River.

When we go on deck again we find that the boat is running the rapids of a mighty river along whose banks stately trees are grouped in beautiful groves or stand in solitary grandeur in field or on roadway; we see flowers and ferns and exuberant vegetation of all kinds, artistically designed houses and well-kept lawns. And still these wonders grow until we reach the town of Fort Francis on the Canadian Northern, opposite the city of International Falls, U. S. Here the rushing waters of the Koochiching Falls tell us that we are at the "End of the Lake," for that is the meaning of the word.

Here one may take advantage of the excellent accommodation afforded by the fine hotels, well situated as regards the view, for one can see far down the river and away to the foaming waterfall. The valuable water power is utilised for many mills that increase the importance of the town

In the morning we take the staunch little steamer Majestic and watch her fight her way through the rapids, then glide across the lovely Rainy Lake.

MISS MABELLE BROWN

Soon we enter the tortuous passage of the Seine River, the most beautiful of all the beautiful rivers of Canada, with twists and turns among scenes that are truly marvellous.

Crossing the Lake of the Woods we pass the channel leading to the famous Sultana gold mine, but at Mine Centre, where the Seine enters Shoal Lake, one positively breathes gold, the air seems filled with quartz and gold mines. In the old hotel we see large specimens of gold ore, just gleaming with the precious metal, lying about the tables as paper weights. Here we find coaches to take the guests to the gold mines, to the big saw mills of the Canadian Northern Railway station. Here are boats, too, and the fishing and shooting are excellent. The walls of the hotel are ornamented with heads of moose and caribou and we are reminded of the captivating tales the captain told of the game he had bagged "right around here." In the quiet of the evening we sit on the broad verandas and listen to the "break, break, break," of the waves on the shore and enjoy the comfort and peace that nature draws around us when we seek shelter with her from the cares of life and feel a perfect satisfaction in the wonderful tranquility and rest that pervades Mine Centre.

The Test of Saskatchewan

By Herbert Vanderhoof

From the March Success Magazine

A YEAR ago there appeared in *Success Magazine* an article telling something of the wonderful richness of the grain fields of Western Canada, and presenting estimates of the earning power of a Saskatchewan wheat farm, based on *average* years. This article attracted wide attention, and was copied generally by the agricultural press of the United States and Canada. To the farmers of the older grain producing districts on both sides of the border line, the figures presented may have seemed extravagant, if not impossible, as representing an *average*, and many must have shaken their heads and said, "Wait and see. This is a new country, and must be tested in adversity." As the time of stress and hardship proves the strong man, so a season where sunshine and warm rain and soft, invigorating airs are replaced by gray skies and late suns and bleak, distressing prairie winds proves the real worth, the genuine resources, the all-desirable staying power of an agricultural country.

There was not long to wait. The season of 1906-7 came with its endlessly long winter and its poor apology for a spring, showing all the world how exceedingly unpleasant just "weather" can make things. From all quarters the complaints came. In California the children played snowball in the streets of Berkeley, while the tourist in the southern part of the State shivered in the rain. Sunny Italy was gray instead of blue and gold—those who fled across the Mediterranean found rain and chill even in the streets of Cairo. The bitter cold came down on the Northern States and on Canada, and the men of the grain lands shook their heads and gloomily feared the outcome.

The severest winter in twenty-five years, a spring six weeks late followed by a drenching rainy August, capped by a sharp and early frost—surely that is a test of endurance for any farming land; and Western Canada came through with colors proudly flying. The wheat crop was good. While for Saskatchewan it was not phenomenal, it was a yield that any of the great wheat-growing districts of the United States would be willing to acknowledge as a "good year." A glance at the following table, compiled from the United States Year Book, will show this clearly:

AVERAGE YIELD PER ACRE IN BUSHELS.

	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907
Saskatchewan	25.40	22.57	19.44	17.51	23.09	21.40	15.17
Kansas....	18.5	10.4	14.1	12.4	13.9	15.1	5.8
Minnesota	12.9	13.9	13.1	12.8	13.3	10.9	13.0
North Dakota.	13.1	15.9	12.7	11.8	14.0	13.6	10.0
South Dakota.	13.9	12.2	13.8	9.6	13.7	13.4	11.2
Nebraska	17.1	20.9	15.7	13.6	19.4	22.0	12.0
Iowa......	16.2	12.7	12.4	11.6	14.2	15.7	12.8
United States.....	15.0	14.5	12.9	12.5	14.5	15.5	

Nineteen hundred and five and six were fat years in practically all of the grain States, and yet the average yield for the United States, fifteen bushels per acre for the two years, is not as good as Saskatchewan's 15.17 bushels in a lean year.

But the mere figures, 15.17 bushels to the acre, do not adequately show how well the Province really came out. These figures are an average return for the entire wheat-growing area, and are brought down very much by a few small sections where the crop was a total failure as far as the wheat was

A CROP BETTER THAN THAT OF ANY OF THE

concerned. An occasional zero in even a long column of figures makes a great reduction in the average. Many sections reported a better yield than that given, and a few had crops that equaled the best of the fat years. For example, in the Qu'Appelle Valley the threshers' reports for over 2,500 acres give an average of over 26.5 bushels to the acre, while far to the north, around Prince Albert, the wheat gave a crop of high-grade milling grain, the quantity being somewhat smaller than the year before, because each hard, full kernel was slightly smaller than usual. These are merely instances, taken at random, to illustrate what might be said of hundreds of districts in the Province.

In the Last Mountain Lake District, for another example, thirty-nine individual farmers produced 56,026 bushels of wheat on 2,474 acres under crop, a general average for all of 22.7 bushels per acre. The largest individual yield was twenty-eight bushels per acre (in two instances). These are remarkable figures for a lean year.

The failure of the wheat in some districts may be traced in almost every case to ignorance of proper methods, due to the inexperience of newly arrived immigrants, or to the obstinate persistence in methods suited to other conditions by farmers from the States. Setting these classes aside, the amount of total failure which may be ascribed to natural causes becomes almost negligible.

So, triumphantly, the deep loam of the Saskatchewan prairie proved its worth in the "year of the big winter," the "year of the early frost," the "bad year."

But the crop per acre is far from telling the whole story. The *price per bushel* obtained for the product is quite as important, and gauged by both tests taken together the Saskatchewan farmer was a happy man in 1907. The immense crop of 1906 brought the farmer only fifty to fifty-five cents per bushel for the highest grades of milling wheat, while the smaller crop of 1907 brought from eighty to eighty-five cents for ordinary grades. One hundred bushels of wheat at eighty cents is the same in gross revenue as one hundred and sixty bushels at fifty cents. Then, too, the railroads had great difficulty in handling the crop of 1906, so the farmer was subjected to vexatious delays in getting returns for his labor, while last fall the grain was shipped with comparative expedition, and the money is reaching the farmer promptly. Moreover, the expense of handling the smaller amount of grain is less, and the profit is proportionately increased. Added to his 1907 yield many a farmer had part of his "number one hard" left over from 1906—in some districts as much as 25 per cent. Thus, the Saskatchewan farmer is "wealthy" this year, in spite of smaller crops.

Wheat is of such importance in the food supply of the world that it causes great excitement when a new region is found to be capable of producing it in quantities. When it began to leak out that the tremendous prairies of Western Canada were not arid, bleak, unproductive and almost unhabitable as supposed, but could produce phenomenally large crops of the highest grade wheat, incredulity was followed slowly by conviction and settlers began to rush in. Twenty years ago the only exports from Saskatchewan were furs and buffalo bones and the population was practically nothing; ten years ago the population was a few thousand and the wheat crop about 4,000,000 bushels; to-day the population is nearly 300,000 and the wheat crop is fast approaching the 30,000,000 mark. But the wheat is only the vanguard. The whole list of wealth producers, agricultural, commercial, and industrial are following fast on its trail. Other products, especially oats, barley, and flax are being raised in greatly increasing quantities. Though they are still "wheat crazy," the farmers are learning the wisdom of mixed farming, and stock raising, dairying, gardening and even fruit growing are being given much attention. Yet the wheat is so valuable, that it is, and will long continue to be, the motive for settlement and the most important crop.

Railroad building has gone steadily on. The Canadian Northern has completed its line from Brandon into Regina, so that by the time this article appears, through trains will be running from Winnipeg to Prince Albert *via* Regina. This company has also graded forty miles southwest from Saskatoon into the Goose Lake country but the completion of the line has been left until 1908. In this region, settlement has preceded the railroad, and a large colony of American farmers occupies the unusually rich land and is raising crops of highest grade wheat running from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. So when the Canadian Northern sends its trains in, it will find a great mass of freight ready and waiting to be moved.

During 1907 the grading of the line from Etoimami to the Pas was completed and the rails are now being laid preparatory to continuing the construction to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. The completion of this missing link in the "Hudson Bay Route" is looked forward to very eagerly by all the cities of the three Provinces, as it will bring Liverpool and the grain market of Great Britain 2,000 miles nearer than it now is. The Canadian Northern Company is also preparing to build, during 1908, a short line from Prince Albert to North Battleford, a distance of over a hundred miles.

The chief enterprise of the Canadian Pacific in Saskatchewan during 1907 was the completion of the line from Strassburg into Saskatoon and forty miles west of there into a rich new wheat country. Elevators had been built in anticipation of the coming of the road and thousands of bushels of grain were stored up waiting transportation. In 1908 this line will be continued westward until it meets the line now branching eastward from the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, and will also be connected with the Yorkton branch by a line running between the Quill Lakes and the Touchwood Mountains. They are also planning a line from Moose Jaw, northwesterly, past the Elbow of the South Saskatchewan to the Goose Lake district, and then westward past Eagle Lake and into Alberta to join the road now extending eastward from the Calgary-Edmonton line at Lacombe. This line, which parallels in a general way the Strassburg-Saskatoon-Wetaskiwin line, though much to the south, will hardly be completed in 1908 but when it is finished will open up to settlement an immense stretch of rich wheat country.

The construction work on the main line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific progressed rapidly during 1907. The roadbed westeward from Saskatoon was graded almost into Edmonton, and eastward the rails were laid to within a few miles of Portage la Prairie. With favorable conditions the entire main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, Alberta, should be completed by the end of 1908, and, at the very least, this road should be able to take its part in moving the crop from the central part of the Saskatchewan wheat belt.

Such was the railroad development of 1907, and such are the proposals for 1908. The fact that the roads are carrying out, unchecked, their very extensive and comprehensive plans, shows that their belief in the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada has been undistrubed. Railroads are most sensitive to changes in crop conditions, a mere report of a possible poor yield being enough to cause a drop in the price of their stocks, and capital is notoriously timid. Saskatchewan has won the unfaltering faith of the capital invested in railroads.

The Saskatchewan farmers are not only prosperous but they are rapidly increasing in number; consequently the towns of Saskatchewan are thriving. Ten years ago all those that existed were hardly more than frontier villages, many had not yet appeared on the map. To-day, each line of railroad is dotted with thriving little places, each having a number of hotels, modern looking stores and banks that seem entirely too large for the number of homes. In each one the signs of the big implement firms and the handsome buildings of the chartered banks are conspicuous. In 1907 the growth of the towns was marked by a continuance of the activity which began to be particularly noticeable the year before. By 1906 the towns had passed the experimental stage and a wave of enthusiasm for substantial building passed over the Province. The building permits for the capital, Regina, were nearly two millions, standing forth among all the cities of Canada; in 1907 the building operations kept steadily on. Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Battleford, Saskatoon—all had lists which would do credit to places three times as large, and the small towns built in proportion. This activity included all classes of buildings: the Dominion Government expended large sums in new post offices, court and customs buildings all through the Province, the municipalities built new city halls and installed water sewer, and light systems, individuals built homes, the chartered banks put up handsome solid buildings of brick and stone, and business firms built modern warehouses and stores.

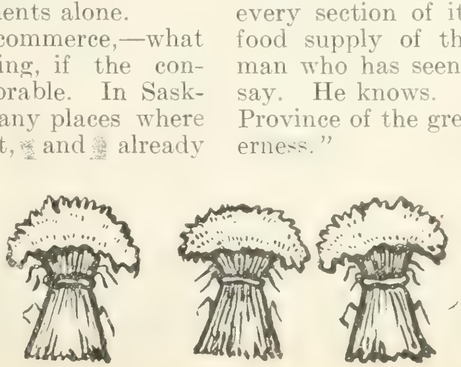
The best part of it all is that this immense building activity was justified by the business transacted. In many cases stores and warehouses were outgrown before they were finished, and plans for 1908 call for many a second warehouse" or "addition to store." The immense business transacted may be illustrated by a few instances: In Prince Albert the entire output of the flour mills, having a capacity of 500 barrels per day, was consumed by the *local market*, which does a large business in outfitting for the North; at Saskatoon the International Harvester Company sold more binders than at any other point in the world; and from Regina were shipped more than $5,000,000 worth of farm implements alone.

Wheat, railroads, commerce,—what follows? Manufacturing, if the conditions be at all favorable. In Saskatchewan there are many places where conditions are right, and already industries are finding their way into the towns. Naturally, in this wheat-growing country, flour milling was one of the first, but other factories followed. Many of them coming quite unheralded and beginning in a small way, have "grown up with the town" into large concerns, while others have come with plenty of capital, attracted by the fine openings. Though as yet manufacturing is only in its infancy in the Province, flour mills to the capacity of 835 barrels were built in 1907.

This, then, is the record of Saskatchewan for 1907; a crop better than that of any of the wheat-growing sections of the United States; hundreds of miles of new railroads completed; a continuance of unprecedented building activity and business in the towns; and an added impulse to the growth of manufactures. Can any other country or section of country outside of Western Canada point to such a record in that year of short crops and business panics?

As to next year—30 per cent. more ground was prepared in 1907 for the 1908 crop than was done in 1906 for the 1907 crop; the Canadian railroads are pushing straight on with their building; the "Hill" roads are knocking at the doors: and the business man and manufacturer are daily inquiring about openings.

For the future—but if I said all that I might I would be accused of being a dreamer of dreams by all those who have not seen the limitless forests of the north, the great rivers, the seas of yellowing grain, the bustling towns, and, above all, vast stretches of vacant prairie with its deep, rich soil capable—every section of it—of adding to the food supply of the nations. To the man who has seen, I have nothing to say. He knows. And this is but one Province of the great Canadian "Wilderness."



Adventures in a Garden

THE PICNIC

By Mary Livingston

THE late April afternoon was warm and balmy, with an alluring promise, in the gently blowing breeze, of lovelier days to come. The tender green of the budding trees was like a gauzy veil spread over the bare brown boughs. The delicate grass blades aspired to reach a sky that vied in brilliancy with the flash of the blue bird's wing.

Archibald stood at the little wicket gate laboriously spelling out the words on a card, which read:

Little Honey

AT HOME

In the Garden, under
the Blossoming Cherry Tree

AT FOUR O'CLOCK
THIS AFTERNOON.

Archibald was much puzzled. Little Honey's baby-brother's nurse had handed the card in at his front door early in the morning. The minute his mother read it she went to the attic and got out his best white pique suit. He had seen it put away in the Fall with a light heart and no regrets. When he had it on no such gentle diversions as base-ball, marbles or pummeling his bosom enemy might be indulged in. He wore it now, and surely Solomon in all his glory felt no more uncomfortable than he, nor were the lilies of the field that neither toiled nor spun oppressed with the sense of uselessness which assailed him.

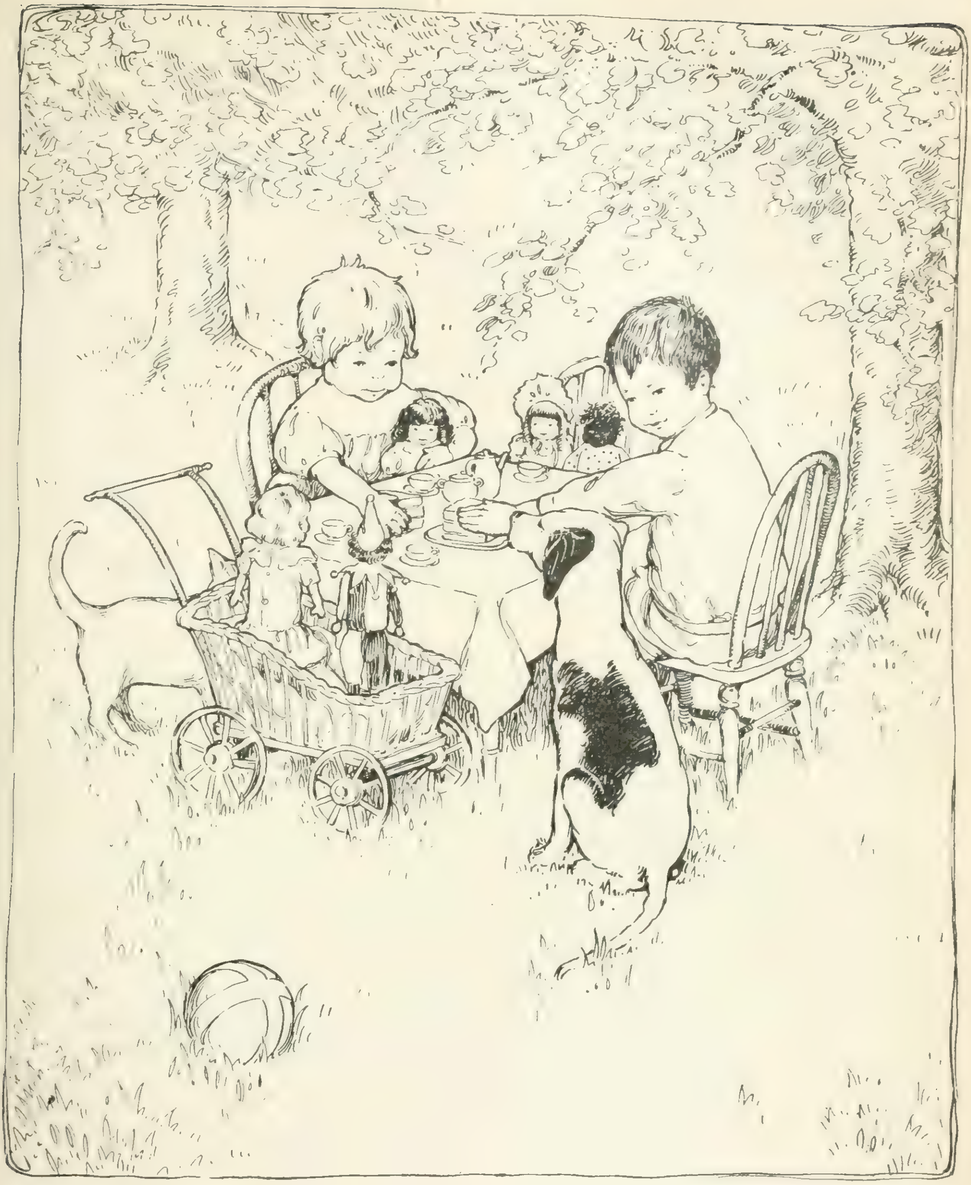
"Little Honey, At Home." What was the use of writing him that, he wondered. She never was any place else. He gave it up. There was nothing to do but just wait until the town clock struck four. His mother had insisted that he must not go before the hour for which he was invited. It was the craziest thing he ever heard of. Didn't he and Little Honey play together every day, and see each other whenever they took the fancy? And now he must wait until a certain hour, in the misery of spotless raiment which must be kept so, at least until he arrives "under the Blossoming Cherry Tree."

And all on account of the little card!

What a difference it made. He looked at it with awe, turning it over and over in his hand.

Because of it Little Honey seemed thousands and thousands of miles away. If he only knew just what "At Home," in capital letters, meant. It must be something quite out of the ordinary.

Now if it had been a party—and dancing! Well, he'd have bolted to a place whereof he knew, and not even Uncle Henry could unravel the intricacies of its approach.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE PRETZ

ARCHIBALD FORGOT HIS PIQUE SUIT, AND CARED NOT THAT THE AFFAIR WAS PERILOUSLY LIKE A PARTY.

But his mother had assured him it was just a little "At Home." And there you were.

Suddenly the mellow tones of the old town clock struck the hour. It seemed to say, "At-Home, At-Home, At-Home, At-Home!"

Archie thrust the card into the front of his blouse. His heart beat a little faster as he lifted the latch and closed the gate behind him.

As he neared the end of the path leading into the garden, he paused to listen for the sound of children laughing. It *might* be a party after all. He hesitated, but curiosity led him on.

When he turned the corner of the barn Little Honey stepped forward and held out a tiny dimpled hand. Her sunny curls were tied up on top of her head with a huge pink bow. Her dainty lace-trimmed frock was confined by a sash, and from it the short skirt stood straight out like a ballet dancer's. On her feet were patent leather slippers, with one strap buttoned round where her ankle would one day be. She wore white socks, leaving her round legs bare.

Archibald admired her greatly. He wished he had a sister just like her.

"How-do, Archie," she lisped.

"Hello, Little Honey," he replied, ignoring the outstretched hand.

"You must shake hands," she said firmly.

"What for?" he demanded. "Don't I see you every day?"

"Iss an 'At Home', and when peoples goes to 'At Homes' they shake hands. Muvver says so." Her tone was final. Archibald complied with the demand.

"Is this a party?" he asked suspiciously.

"No, Archie, iss is a picnic, an' we dess goin' to have it wight now."

She led him over to where the other guests were gathered around a table set under the blossoming cherry tree. The whole garden was a mass of delicate bloom of crab-apple, peach and cherry.

Little Honey's dolls were there and Princess with her puppies, and even the Baby-Brother, with Mandie standing guard.

"Laws amassy, what a sight," said Mandie. "Reckon it mus' be mos' lak what ole mammy Lou tell about befo' de wah. You-all *does* look sweet."

Archibald's eyes sparkled, and his mouth watered as his glance took in the good things to eat. There were brownbread sandwiches, and chicken, and eggs boiled hard that looked queer but tasted grand, and angel cake and other kinds of cake, and oranges, and yes sir—there was Sarah, the cook, bringing it—ICE CREAM. Archibald forgot his pique suit, and cared not that the affair was perilously like a party. He laughed 'til he nearly cried when the white puppy stole black Mandie's chicken.

Finally the slanting rays of the declining sun gleamed through the blossom-laden boughs of the orchard and warned boy and girl and dogs and dollies that mothers were waiting for them at home.

"You had dood time, Archie?" asked Little Honey.

"Grand," said the boy. "An 'At Home' picnic is just *great*"

He trudged off down the walk.

"It's like you and me playing together, only with more of us to do things," he shouted back over his shoulder as he turned in at his own gate.

Goodbye, Archie.

Farewell, Little Honey.

Laugh loud, play long, Little Children; the years go by and all too soon comes the day when you have no time for play, no heart for laughter.

Calf Love

By Arthur Baldwin

HE began his letter "My darling Edith." He had never written to her this way before, but he was feeling reckless that night, and willing to "take consequences." The girl had never met him on anything more than a very friendly basis, and that was what he told himself again and again, as his thoughts ceaselessly recurred to the bright blue eyes and laughing face that had so completely fascinated him. He acknowledged to himself that she could not possibly have found in him any qualities more worthy of her notice than in the countless other men she knew, and yet he could not always satisfy himself that in her inmost heart she really held for him only the commonplace feelings of "good friendship."

Camaraderie with her was something he could not be satisfied with now, for his own sentiments told him every hour that the feelings he entertained were far from being of a platonic character. His emotions were not to be mistaken. He loved to be near her. The touch her hand thrilled him. The magic of her smile told him that for her sake he would brave anything. He delighted to walk by her house at night when she was unconscious of his presence, and, in his sentimental way, he wished for a fire, for burglars, for any sort of calamity that would afford him an opportunity to show his bravery, to attest his devotion. Oh yes, Tom Chester's passion was palpable enough.

It was just a bit of a note which he was sending with a brooch for her birthday. The small box, and the letter having been duly dispatched by the messenger boy, Chester settled himself back in his easy chair. A little reflection soon convinced him, however, that he had gone too far in calling her "Darling." No word of affection had ever passed between them, and his mind instantly pictured all manner of distressing ways in which, as a reward for his impetuousness, she might intimate that their friendship might as well be discontinued. He was a sensitive chap, and apt to magnify the importance of casual things, moreover, this was his first "affair," and he never happened to think that perhaps the magnificent gift that accompanied his note might serve to palliate his offence in the use of the adjective. So in his ignorance he cursed himself for a fool, and evolved all manner of schemes for overtaking the messenger before the accursed note could be delivered.

Fidgeting over anticipated complications, and trying to find a way out of his imagined difficulties,proved a nerve-wearing pastime. He finally seized his hat and started for a walk. He crossed Newmarket Street and turned down High and thence on to the Crescent. On he walked till at length, before he hardly realized where his footsteps had been tending, he found himself at her door. In an instant his mind was made up. A nervous ring, and he was ushered up into the drawing-room. There he waited her with trembling heart. At last she came, beautifully gowned, and holding in her hand an envelope which his quick eye instantly recognized.

"I have just received your lovely gift" she said,as the fastened she clasp more securely in her bosom. "Every one has been most kind and my birthday has been indeed happy."

He bowed his acknowledgements, murmuring confused words of congratulation.

"But what a funny note you sent," she continued, while Chester suffered the indescribable tortures of the anxious seat. "I hardly think you realized what you were doing," she added, with a furtive twinkle in her eye, which he failed to notice.

"I know," he began hurriedly, "I had no business to do such a thing, but I hardly knew what I was about, and before I came to my right senses the letter was gone. I didn't mean to send it, and yet," with an appealing glance, "I did mean to, and now—now you will think I am a presumptous idiot, and deserving of nothing but your ridicule," he groaned.

"Oh no," she answered, cheerfully, "not quite so bad. I could never think that, you know. But you must really be more careful." She added, archly, as she returned his note, "I am convinced that you meant nothing."

He walked slowly homeward, his hands buried deep in his coat pockets, one hand nervously clutching the wretched note that had caused the difficulty from which he flattered himself he had escaped, after all, with but little loss of dignity.

As he reclined in his armchair shortly afterwards, he mused thoughtfully on the events of the evening. "I think," was his musing remark, between the puffs of a favorite brier, "I'll have another look at that note, just to see what I did say." As he crossed the room to his coat which he had taken off a scrap of paper on his desk chanced to attract his glance, "My darling Edith," it read. "Gad," he almost shouted, "what have I been up to?" He rushed to his coat, snatched the letter from the pocket, and gazed in horrified wonder. The words swam before his eyes, but he saw enough to recognize, "Thomas Chester, Esq. Dr., One wrought gold clasp $18.00."

It was his bill from the jeweller.

The Signal

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

A LITTLE, lonely, wistful chap
Looks out at dusk for me;
The lamplight shines behind his head,
I see him wave to me.

He smiles when I wave back to him,
Through evening mist and rain;
I'm glad the boy I used to be
Remembers me again.

From California to Canada

By F. W. Crandall

A paper read before the State Frurt Growers' Convention at Marysville, California, Dec 4, 1907

I HAD the honor of reading a paper at the California Fruit Growers' convention four years ago on the subject of the "Fruit Markets at Home and Abroad.." Just previous to that convention I had returned from an extended trip through the Earstern States and Europe, the principal object having been to exploit the markets on the other side of the Atlantic, and learn the methods which must be employed in order to meet the requirements of that trade. The discussion and interest elicited by my paper were so general, that it seemed to me, a similar paper, treating on the conditions just across the northern border of our country, which is at present coming to the front as a fruit consumer more rapidly than any other section on earth, might prove of equal interest; hence I gladly give you the results of observations made during the past four months, covering not only the grain producing sections of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, but also the new fruit country, which is being discussed so much, which embraces the territory adjacent to Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lake Regions, in southern British Columbia.

The motto "See America First" has been taken up with much vigor by many organizations in the United States and it has developed the fact that one can see as grand scenery and beautiful mountains, right in our own country, as can be found at the end of long and expensive trips abroad.

I doubt not that similar results may be realized as to our future market for both fresh and cured fruit, if properly exploited, right in our near neighbor Canada, and such exploitation would cost less, and the results would be vastly greater than could be obtained in such countries across the water, as France or Germany, which in years of plenty have little need for our fruit productions, while Canada will always be a good customer. It is not when crops are so short as they have been the present year, that new markets apeal to fruit men, although even this season, the prices were so much higher than in former years, it had the effect to curtail sales as to volume very much.

The rapid settlement of any new territory near us, especially where fruit cannot be grown to any great extent, seems to me has a special interest, and we must be alert to gain every advantage possible from such condition. This paper will deal particularly with what is known as the "Canadian Northwest".

We have been prone to look upon this great Northwest territory, as vast stretches of mountain and prairie land, valuable in the most part for hunting, and trapping, and of late used to some extent for grazing, not considering it seriously as a great agricultural section, which it really is; in fact I had very much the same idea, until in quest of better health, I made the trip up there, spending upwards of four months, and found I was mistaken. The area embraced by these Provinces is nearly seven hundred miles from north to south, and eleven hundred east to west, or an area of nearly seven hundred and seventy thousand square miles, and it is safe to say, that one-half of this vast area is suited to agricultural uses and will rapidly come under cultivation, while the other one-half includes mountains and lakes.

Think of an area two and a half times as large as the State of California, of fertile soil, level and undulating and well watered, and what this will mean when it is settled, as it will be, at no distant day, with a family on an average to one hundred and sixty acres. But you say, it is so far north, what can you grow? True, it is north, and far north at that, but, even so, climatic conditions seem most contradictory. At more than seven hundred miles north of the 49th parallel, which forms the northern boundary of the United States, wheat and other cereals are grown abundantly, as well as most of the common vegetables, and as soon as transportation facilities are provided these more northern sections will become great grain producing countries, no doubt exceeding an average production of the Dakotas or Minnesota, and with few, if any, failures.

Much of these lands still belong to the Government and are open to settlement on favorable terms, while other large tracts are under railroad control, having been granted as subsidies to induce and assist in building roads into these localities.

The Canadian Government is doing everything possible to induce settlers into this country, while at the present time two lines of railway are heading towards the Peace River country, and no doubt will extend their lines through Yukon, to Alaska. Edmonton is the most northerly point on the continent, a modern city of twelve thousand population, and is at the present time, the terminus of three railroads, the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern, two of which are pushing their lines through to the Coast, thus opening up to settlement, rich and promising sections, and paving the way for a rapid settlement of the great Northwest.

So great has been the movement, that during the past year or so, nearly all the great American magazines have had more or less to say concerning the development of this country, staff writers having spent much time there, and large numbers of people are being drawn from the United States. The tide of immigration is by no means letting up, and it is safe to say from the United States alone one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand people have crossed the border to invest in Canada cheap lands, during the past twelve months. Don't think for a moment that these are a lot of "ne'er-do-wells" or "shiftless" people who are going over. Far from it. I personally have met hundreds of them in Alberta, and will say that a more enterprising and intelligent class of farmers would be hard to find, and the greater portion of them have considerable means, too. If this may be taken as an earnest of what may be expected to continue, during the next few years, the United States will certainly be justified in making a rigid inquiry to offset, if possible, this great drainage from our progressive population.

The cheapness of land has always been, and always will be, an inducement, and where climatic and other conditions are also favorable it makes it doubly attractive as a matter of investment. Canada land companies are alert as to this feature, and are not leaving a stone unturned, to present their claim in the best way possible, but I must say with the exception of a few unreliable concerns, the actual conditions one meets are such, that it is not possible to offset, by sound argument, these statements which are circulated freely all over the country, especially among the agricultural States of the middle West.

The United States is not alone in furnishing settlers, by any means, for the various European countries are sending large numbers, in some instances entire colonies, being made up of Germans, Poles, Hollanders and other nationalities; this method helping to establish helpful and social advantages. Japan, not to be outdone by other nations, is also looking to the settlement of a large number of her subjects in these Provinces, unless the Government prohibit such a move.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is sending nearly five million dollars in the construction of the largest irrigation project on the American Continent, putting under ditch nearly three million acres of level land near Calgary, in Alberta, these lands having come to them as a subsidy from theGovernment. Even now the work is well advanced, and next season perhaps five hundred thousand acres will be under water. Sugar beets, alfalfa, and grain will be grown on these lands, but fruit in large quantities seems to me to be out of the question.

No matter how great may be the developments in other directions, they must look for most of their fruit requirements to other sources than Canada, and of all this great territory of Western Canada it is only in British Columbia that fruits will be extensively grown.

So much has been said of the progress and future possibilities of fruit growing embraced by the Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lakes regions, that a few weeks ago I decided to take a trip through these sections and study the conditions carefully, and I am just now returning from this trip.

I met two distinct surprises: one is the large number of varieties of fruits as well as the quality of fruits produced in these sections; the other being the comparatively limited area which is adapted to the culture of fruits.

The orchards through this section, though young, are great producers, the principal tree fruits being apples, pears, plums, some peaches, cherries and crab apples. So late as the 25th of November, I picked apples from the trees at Creston, and while the mountains surrounding were covered with snow down to within a few hundred yards of the orchard, still the fruit was unharmed.

The statistics as to the fabulous quantity which some of the orchards turned off would sound like a reproduction of the "Arabian Nights." From the very best authority I was told that so much as eighteen hundred dollars was realized from single acres of orchards in a single season, and these statements verified by sworn affidavits. While I in nowise discredit the foregoing statement as to the amount realized from a single acre, still at the same time I would not advise any of our California fruit growers, to sacrifice their orchards at bargain prices, to go into this section for the purpose of fruit growing; not that fruit growing under intelligent conditions would not be profitable, but the general lay of the country is such that one would not be surrounded with the unique social conditions, which we enjoy to so great an extent in our orchard sections of California.

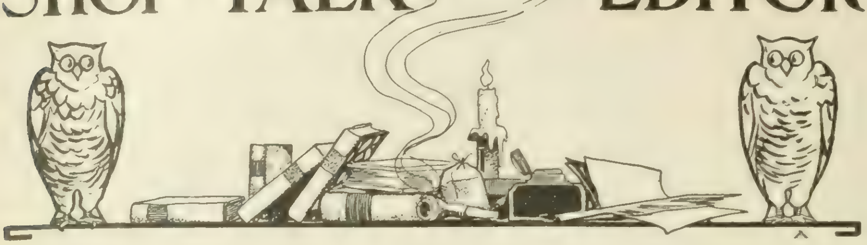
The scenery is magnificent—grand. Trips about the lakes are extremely interesting and healthful and it is a fact, the means of transportation and communication already furnished, are all that can be asked or expected, for a mountainous country and one so new and sparsely settled.

There is no doubt, also, that the marketing facilities for the fruits grown are the best, and will continue to be good, for, within a day the products can be landed in most of the larger cities in Alberta and British Columbia.

Granting all that can be said, or may be said, it still remains that for canned fruits, as well as cured fruits, this great territory must look to other than within its borders for supplies; and while Washington and Oregon will get its full share of this trade, it is from California that most of the fruit supplies must come, and with a population which at a conservative figure can not be placed at less than ten millions of people, at no distant date, it seems most reasonable to expect a great future market from this direction.

It behoves us to treat with the Canadian Government for more favorable duty changes, which, owing to the fact that most of our fruit products do not compete with any like products of their home growing, I believe could be secured with very little trouble, and while I am not prepared to say, that we will ever be able to compete in the markets of the world, against the wheat, oats barley and live stock which will pour out of this vast region, I do not look upon the possibility of a sufficient area of fruits of any varieties to be developed in Western Canada, to in any great extent, affect our marketing from California vast quantities of our fruits, both fresh and cured, and it seems to me no time should be lost in working out a system for securing this business.

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



JUST BE GLAD

THERE is no occupation that is more worth while than preaching the doctrine of cheerfulness. Many a man has been pulled back from the miry edge of the Slough of Despond by an optimistic thought expressed in the right way. A wholesome, hopeful, courageous outlook on life is what we all need and a well-turned phrase of "up-lift" is a tremendous help toward attaining the right attitude. The truth of which has been impressed anew upon us by a little book by Charles F. Raymond with the title, "Just be Glad." Mr. Raymond who is a native of Guelph, Ontario, is known to many through his work on the Toronto Star, the Winnipeg Tribune and other leading papers. "Just be Glad" is a volume of forceful and beautiful selections from his writings. The title gives one an idea of the inspiring thoughts bound between the covers.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

IN these days of "child psychology," stories of children appeal to a much larger audience than the youngsters for whom they are primarily intended provided that the children in the story are the same kind that one finds outside of stories.

Grown people and children alike are enjoying the "Adventures in a Garden" that Miss Mary Livingston tells so charmingly, the garden is such a real garden and the children are such everyday, good-and-bad, lovable kiddies. The drawings by Miss Pretz being delightfully done and quite in the spirit of the stories are a great addition.

SPEAKING OF ILLUSTRATIONS

HAVEN'T you ever had a story completely spoiled by the fact that the illustrations were in an entirely different ent key from the tale itself. For instance a dashing tale of adventure will have pictures with an infinite amount of painstaking detail; or a subtle, psychological thing will have posterish pictures sprinkled through it necessitating a continual readjustment of the reader's mood. Worse still is the illustrator who refuses to be slavishly bound by anybady's test. His desire, apparently, is to show how much he can improve on the author's ideas and he makes the heroine tall and aggressive instead of petite and appealing, or endows the villain with the manly beauty that the author thought ought to belong to the hero. Also he improves upon the situations. We find the man and girl eloping in a moter car instead of by rail and the proposal taking place in a conservatory instead of in an apple orchard. He transfers moonlight incidents to broad daylight and adds any characters that will help the composition of his pictures. When we lay down the book we feel we have been reading two stories at the same time and haven't found the process enjoyable.

CANADA-WEST has always been fortunate enough to have artists who are willing to let the author tell the story and are able to adorn his text and aid his meaning by their work. Take this month's cover design for instance—isn't the whole spirit of Mr. Seton's clever and significant title, "The White Man's Last Opportunity," expressed in those figures. Then turn to Mr. Noteware's drawings for "The Reclamation of Cass." The easy sketchy style of them exactly suits the story, and the pictures are entirely faithful to the text. Mr. Schwalm's pictures of Joan Tremayne have a simplicity and refinement and attractiveness that are in entire accord with "The Homesteaders." We have spoken elsewhere of Miss Pretz' drawings. Indeed it was the harmony of text and pictures in the "Adventures in a Garden" that started on us these observations.

A NATURE STORY

AMONG the fiction in the May number will be a story of a gopher, "Stripy" by Francis Dickie. To be able to write an animal story that is both interesting and accurate is a gift that few possess. The interest of Mr. Dickie's story will speak for itself and Mr. Earnest Thompson Seton is guarantee for the accuracy, as he read the manuscript, suggesting an occasional change and stamping the whole with his approval.

SPECIAL ARTICLES FOR MAY

THE May CANADA-WEST will have a number of special articles of even than usual interest. The first paper of Doctor Shailer Mathews' series, "The Modern Man and The Gospel," will be published and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has written most sympathetically on "The Consecretion of Canadian Battlefields." Cy Warman and John V. Borne, both names that promise much, will contribute articles.

A COMMENT FROM THE STATES

"IT is an interesting and significant thing," said a man from the States the other day, "that a magazine can offer its readers so diversified a list of articles as CANADA-WEST does and yet the subject matter be so entirely Canadian. Even the fiction, I notice, is usually located in Canada. It is the only publication I know of that is run on those lines but I cannot see that it suffers any by comparison with other periodicals. It makes one reflect on the richness of a country that can furnish first class material month after month for the entire make-up of a magazine."

Similar comments have come to our ears before. We agree that it is rather a new departure in magazine publication but it is the country back of us that makes it a success. Our trouble is rather an embarrassment of riches than a scarcity. There is so much that is new and wonderful and unique in Western Canada, so many hitherto undreamed of resources and possibilities are constantly being discovered that the difficulty is not what to tell but what to postpone telling.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

REASSURING.

FEATHERLY (at front door)—"Is your—er—sister at liberty?"

Small Boy—"Sure. Did you think she was in jail?"

HIS ESSAY.

A MOOSE JAW teacher says that she once told a pupil to compose a brief essay in which he should say something about all the days of the week. The lad turned in the following: "Monday Jim Moulton and I killed a deer, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Saturday and Sunday."

ANOTHER DEGREE.

HE—There is no denying that love affects a man more than it does a woman.

She,—how do you make that out?

He—Take Bilsum, for example. When he first met Miss Simper he was flat and she flatter. Now they are in love she is flatter still while he is flatterer.

COLLEGE MEMORIES.

FIRST Alumnus—Miss de Vere and Richard Gosnell seem to have been the two most favored members of our class.

Second Alumnus—Gosnell See, he was that young fellow we all used to envy for his wealth.

First Alumnus—Yes; and he has since got richer.

Second Alumnus—And she?

First Alumnus—Has got Richard.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

LITTLE INA, seeing a lady with a robin's breast on her hat, said: "Mamma, can't I have a bird's stomach on my hat, too?"

THEY WENT EARLY.

ACCOMPANIED by a friend and wearing a brand-new hat, an Englishman entered a restaurant in Berlin one evening. The two visitors lingered on and on until it was very late. When at last they rose to go the Englishmen's hat was not to be found. "What sort of a hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the person in charge. "It was a new top hat," said the Englishman, somewhat annoyed. "Ach, but mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour," said the German placidly.

THE OFF HORSE.

CHARLES P. NEILL the, United States Labor Commissioner, tells a story about a small boy whom a charitable association of Philadelphia sent into the country during the hot weather

"One morning the little fellow took a walk to the village, three miles away and as he stood in front of the post office a farmer got down out of his double team and said:

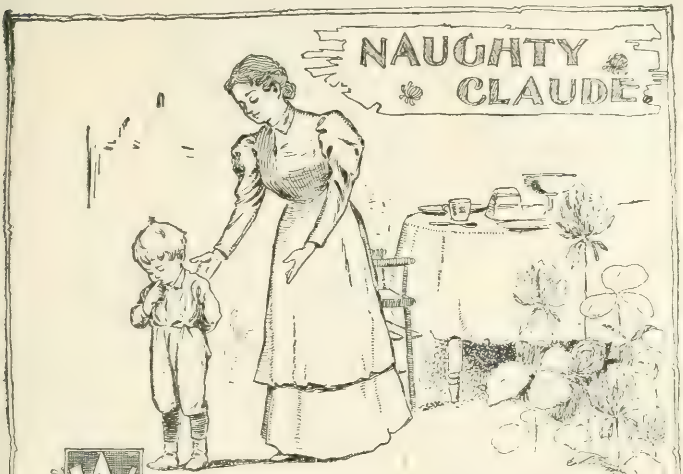
"'Hey, sonny, ketch hold o' that hoss's head while I go see if thar's any letters.'

"'Which hoss's head?' said the lad advancing.

"'The orf un,' said the farmer.

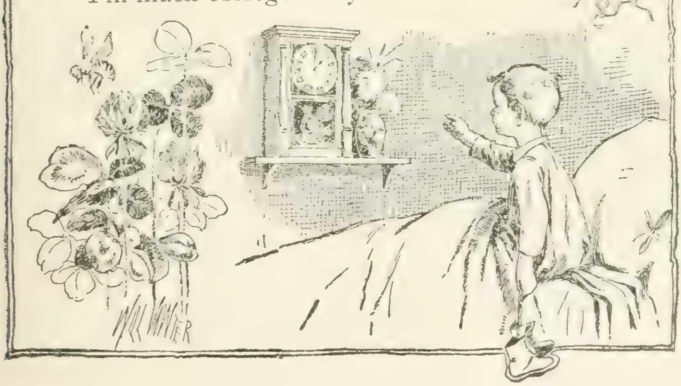
"'The orphan?" said the boy. How can I tell which of 'em's lost his parents

Just because a woman declares she has the best husband on earth it's no sign that she expects to meet him in Heaven.



NAUGHTY CLAUDE

WHEN Little Claude was naughty wunst
At dinner-time, an' said
He won't say *"Thank you"* to his Ma,
She maked him go to bed
An' stay two hours an' not git up,—
So when the clock struck Two,
Nen Claude says,—"Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obleeged to you!"



"JOHN, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband n the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"

A PIOUS DRUG.

LITTLE girl (in drug store,)—"Please Mister, my mother wants 10 cents worth of spiritual camphor."

QUAILED BEFORE HER WIT.

THE Empress Eugenie, whom Napolean III. chose to share his throne, had a ready wit, which, although it never veiled a sneer, often confused those on whom it was directed. The late Dr. T. W. Evans tells in his reminiscences the story of a distinguished Senator, who, on being asked what he thought of the speech in which Napoleon had declared his marriage intention to the deputies, replied:

"A fine speech—excellent; but I prefer the sauce to fish," meaning that Napoleon's words were better than his choosing of a bride.

Some weeks later, at a dinner given at the Tuilleries, this Senator was seated next to the Empress, who observing that after having been helped to the turbot he declined the sauce, said to him, smiling roguishly:

"Monsieur, I thought it was the sauce you like, and not the fish."

With rare presence of mind the Senator hesitated but a moment.

"A mistake, madame," he said, "for which I am now trying to make amends.

A horse is still a horse, even when turned into a pasture.

IN HER OPINION.

AUNT Fanny took little Mary to the French church and gave her a nickel to put in the alms basin.

Mary looked at the coin with evident satisfaction, and then, nestling close to her aunt, whispered: "How much are you going to give?"

Her aunt, opening her hand, displayed a quarter of a dollar.

"Oh," exclaimed the child excitedly, "don't do it; it isn't worth it."

GAURDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES

AN EARLY morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw.

"I want to look at a pair of eye glasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

GENTLY BROKE THE NEWS

CAPTAIN Pritchard of the Mauretania was talking about sailors. "We are a bluff lot," he said. "Did you ever hear about the sailor and the parrot? Well, an old lady was returning from abroad with a parrot of which she was very fond. She intrusted the bird, with many admonitions to a sailor for the voyage. Seasickness, or something, killed the parrot the third day out. The sailor, knowing how upset the old lady would be, could not bring himself to break the sad tidings, but asked a companion, famous for his skill in such matters, to break the bad news to her very, very gently. The man assented. Approaching the old lady with a tragical face, the famous newsbreaker touched his cap and said: 'I'm afraid that 'ere bird o' yourn ain' goin' to live long, ma'am.' 'Oh, dear! exclaimed the old lady, in alarm. Why 'Cause he's dead.' was the reply.' "

A FEW THOUGHTS.

All men are born free and unequal.

If you must draw the color line, draw at feeling blue

The world hates a pessimist as much as he hates himself.

People who are in love imagine that they fool other people.

We don't blame some men for refusing to take their own advice.

Marriage is like a porous plaster; it's easier to get next to it than it is to get away from it.

Even with his experience a self-made man sometimes finds it difficult to make true friends.

MISTRESS (opening the drawing-room door during a chat with her friends)—You were listening, Johann!

Servant (frightened)- Certainly not, madam!

Mistress (severely)- Do not deny it. Your hair is standing on end.

THE lecturer had just finished his description of The Perfect Man.

"Does anyone in the audience," he asked, "know of a man who is perfect? If so let him rise."

No one moved.

"Does anyone in the audience know any person who claims to have known a perfect man?"

Again no one rose.

"Or a perfect woman?" continued the lecturer. "If so rise."

In the stillness a meek looking little lady in the back of the hall arose. The lecturer, surprised, stared at her.

"Do you, personally, know anyone who claims to have known a perfect woman?" he asked.

The meek little person nodded assent.

"Who was that perfect woman?" demanded the lecturer.

The little lady's gentle voice came clearly to the hushed and waiting assemblage,

"My husband's first wife," she said.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

NET
EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
REGISTERED PURE
TABLE SYRUP

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS:
CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES:
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

by securing that orchard tract in the Kootenays, about which you have been thinking so much. Drop us a line for list and prices.

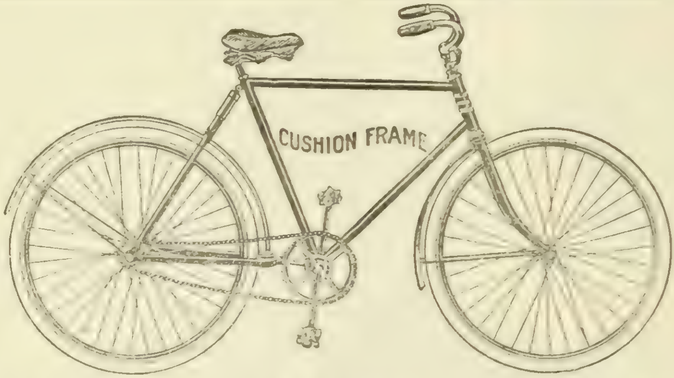
With the compliments of the season. Yours respectfully,

McMorris & Horstead, Box 95 **Nelson, B.C.**

INDUSTRIAL OPENINGS

NELSON, B. C.

Nelson, the third city of British Columbia, lies about midway between Calgary and the Pacific Coast, and in the centre of a rich mining and lumbering district. It is therefore favorably situated for the distribution of supplies to the smaller towns and camps that are scattered over a wide area, and a large and ever increasing amount of provisions, machinery, clothing, etc., is handled. The factories in Nelson are very few, and there are many openings for enterprise, as the purchases from the Eastern Provinces and the United States are heavy. The Imports through the customs for the five months ending August, 1907, were valued at $528,987. Cheap sites for factories are available, and there is a good water service and an unlimited supply of electricity for power and light. The water service, the electric supply, and the street cars are owned and operated by the corporation. Nelson has few equals as a residential city ; its beautiful and healthy situation on the mountain side, its miles of lake frontage, its mild and delightful climate, and its attractions in the way of hunting, fishing, boating and mountain climbing are equalled by few towns and excelled by none. The population of Nelson is about 6,500 and is steadily increasing.



CLEVELAND RAMBLER **MASSEY IMPERIAL** **BRANTFORD PERFECT**

Are you looking for a bicycle that is **cheap** in the beginning or cheap **at the end.**
If the former, do not send for our catalogue; if the latter, we can suit you.
We carry a full line of repairs for all our bicycles in Winnipeg as well as all kinds of accessories and supplies.
Send for catalogues of the only bicycles that are manufactured in their entirety in Canada.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.

144 Princess St., Winnipeg, Canada

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for May, 1908 No. 1.

COVER DESIGN by Frederick Noteware
Illustrating "The Loggers"

The Log Jam — Decoration — **William Henry Drummond**

And Buck warbles, "Where is that d——d Dook?" — Illustrating "McCarthy's Majority" — **Va-Tier L. Barnes** — **Frontispiece**

The Loggers. — Illustrated with Photographs — **Louise Darby** — 617

Better Late than Never. Verse — **A. E. Housman** — 626

The Modern Man and the Gospel — Photograph of Dr. Shailer Mathews — **Shailer Mathews** — 627

Philip's Aunt. Fiction — Drawing by C. H. Drogkamp — **Jeannette Cooper** — 631

The Lilac. Verse — **Walter Prichard Eaton** — 638

Shelburne. — **Josephine Fredea** — 639

The Flour Barrel — **Herbert Vanderhoof** — 642

McCarthy's Majority. Fiction — Drawing by Va-Tier L. Barnes. See frontispiece — **J. J. Armstrong** — 648

The Passing of Winter. Verse — **W. P. Osborne** — 651

The Brains of a Trans-continental — Illustrated with photographs — **John V. Borne** — 652

Consecrating Canadian Battlefields — Illustrated with Photographs — **Agnes Deans Cameron** — 661

Dawn. Verse — **James McCarroll** — 668

The Homesteaders. Fiction — Drawing by F. D. Schwalm — **Jessie Beckton** — 669

Shop Talk — **The Editor** — 677

Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor. — 680

Issued Monthly. Subscription: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year, United States $1.50 a year

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at Winnipeg, Man., as second class matter.
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Phone 5322 Vanderhoof-Gunn Co. WALKER THEATRE BLDG. WINNIPEG, MANITO

TORONTO CHICAGO MONTREAL

The Prairie Farmer

reaches the Farmers and Stockmen of Illinois who are prosperous.

60,000 COPIES EVERY ISSUE

40,000 Subscribers in Illinois

Published the 1st and 15th of every month

Founded 1841

Subscription $1.00 a year

For Advertising Rates address

THE PRAIRIE FARMER

RAND McNALLY BUILDING **CHICAGO, Ill.**

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FOR

MAXIMUM COMFORT

USE

Canada's Double Track Railway

BETWEEN

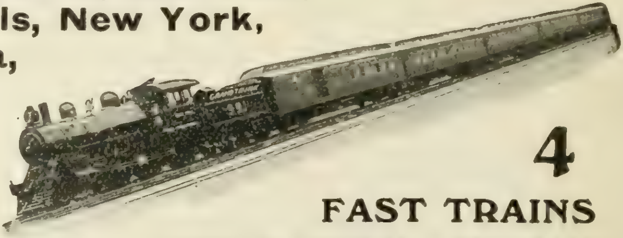
Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Niagara Falls, New York, Philadelphia, Boston

✖

FINEST ROAD-BED.

MODERN & LUXURIOUS EQUIPMENT

UNEXCELLED DINING CAR SERVICE



4

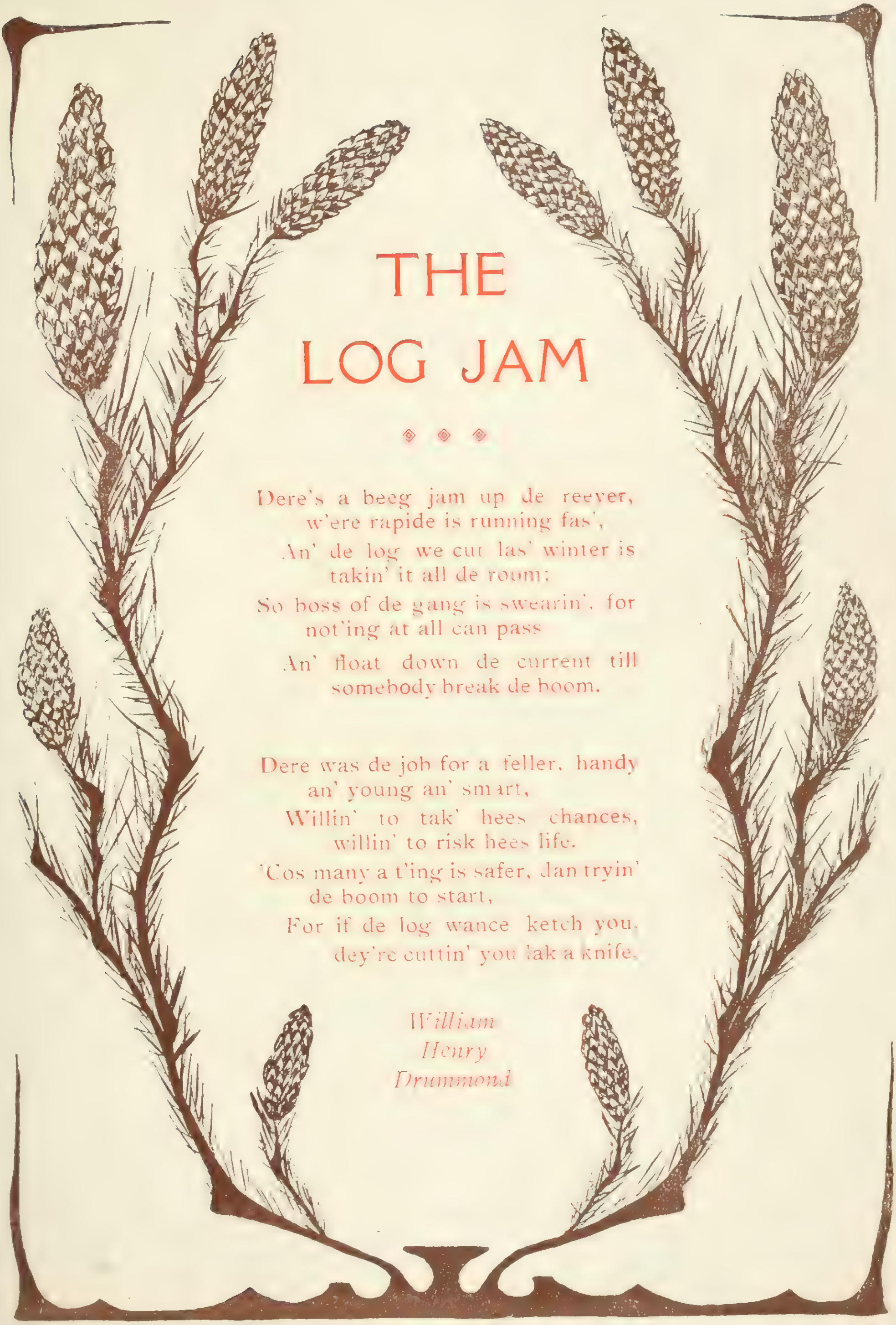
FAST TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO

For Rates, Reservations, Time Tables, Etc., Apply to

A. E. DUFF

GENERAL AGENT - PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

260 PORTAGE AVE. **WINNIPEG, MAN.**



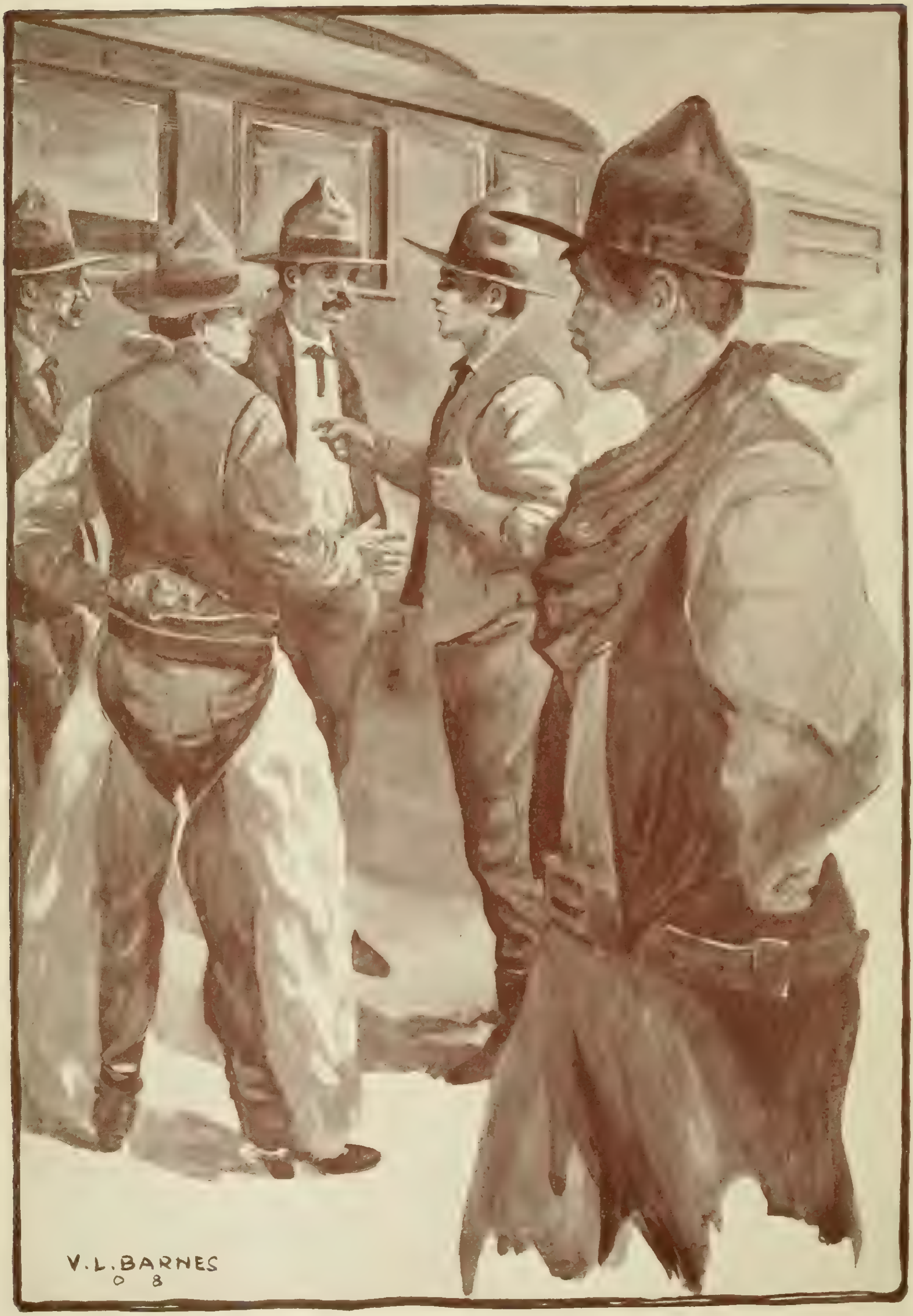
THE LOG JAM

◆ ◆ ◆

Dere's a beeg jam up de reever, w'ere rapide is running fas',
An' de log we cut las' winter is takin' it all de room;
So boss of de gang is swearin', for not'ing at all can pass
An' float down de current till somebody break de boom.

Dere was de job for a feller, handy an' young an' smart,
Willin' to tak' hees chances, willin' to risk hees life.
'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin' de boom to start,
For if de log wance ketch you, dey're cuttin' you lak a knife.

William
Henry
Drummond



Drawing by Va-Tier L. Barnes. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom.

And Buck warbles, "Where is that d——d Dook?"

McCarthy's Majority—See page 648

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. MAY, 1908 NUMBER 1

THE LOGGERS

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "A Nurse from Teulon," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DID your ever hear the cry of "timber" echoing through the forest? Three times the call is repeated, then for a moment the singing of the springing saw, a crash, and a crescendo of crushing crackling ending in a thud; another tree has fallen. There is a strange thrill in seeing the fall of a great tree; regret for Nature's work of many years now brought to an end, pity for the stateliness now laid low, and yet a glow of triumph in the prowess of man, the skill of the axmen who have felled it and the ingenuity which will make the green log minister to the complicated needs of civilization; and along with the pity and the triumph perhaps a trace of man's primitive delight in destruction for its own sake.

This cry of "timber" has rung through thousands of miles of forest on our continent. Started in the Maine woods in our grandfathers' time, where it disturbed the waters of the Penobscot and the Kennebec, it crossed the St. Lawrence and swept through the forests of the Ottawa. Then it was shouted by the "bully boys" on the banks of the Saginaw and the Muskegon in Michigan and by the lumber jacks in the pineries of Wisconsin. Then it turned southward to the Gulf States where it disturbs the deep repose of the slow moving streams which take their stately way through the dark shadows of the towering southern pines. From the Gulf it jumped over to the far away Pacific slope and now it is circling back again toward the east, through the spruce woods of Western Canada, far to the north of any spot where it has been heard before.

The Western Canadian forest zone sweeps around in a semi-circle from Lake Superior to the southern boundary of British Columbia, leaving the great prairies of Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta practically free from woods. Within this semi-circular line farms, towns, railroads, all the accompaniments of civilization are spread over the prairie and where the railroads touch the forest belt civilization is pushing its pioneers, the lumber jacks, into the primeval woods. At Prince Albert and Edmonton on the northern rim of the prairies, the whir of the band saw and the screech of the

A RIVER IN THE NORTH WOODS

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

planing mill greet the ears of the wanderer along the banks of the Saskatchewan. These are the points from which squads of men start into the forest every fall, and to which they return every spring when the drives come down the rivers.

Looking across the Saskatchewan at Prince Albert, the stranger from the south gets an impression of mystery, feels that the line of woods on the far bank of the river hides the secrets of the North. On a winter morning I stood on the south bank of the river amid the bustle of main street of the thriving little city. Close at hand a big, rough structure with tram cars running from it onto the ice, and many men out on the river working about shafts of boards, showed where the concrete piers were being laid for a great railroad and traffic bridge. Toward the east, through the one break in the line of woods on the other side of the river, heavy bob-sleds with big box bodies were drawn out to a hole in the ice and filled, then the horses were hitched to the other end and the sleds drawn slowly off into the woods. The water was being hauled to ice the road for a big traction engine with spiked wheels, that draws huge loads of lumber frôm a mill hidden away in the woods thirty-five miles to the north. Down the river to the east, the lazy smoke from three tall iron chimneys proclaims as many mills.

The sight of the train of lumber bobs drawn by the engine, and the smoke rising in the still winter air, made me realize that it was no myth that a thousand men had been sent across the river into the bush from Prince Albert the fall before. Far away to the north, among the lakes and streams that lie through the forest like a silver mesh, there are lonely lumber camps where Scotchmen and French Canadians from the waters of the Ottawa, "Norskis" from the fiords, strong featured, dusky skinned half breeds and stray, unclassified Americans, immediately from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, remotely from the four corners of the earth, toil together through the short winter days. Far to westward, above Edmonton, among the upper waters of the Saskatchewan, another band of lumber jacks engage in a winter-long struggle with Nature and—the saw log.

It is a battle that is fought through three hundred miles of North Saskatchewan forests—a battle without the grimness of war between man and man—but a real battle, nevertheless, between strong men and the unlimited forces of Nature. It is a primitive, hand-to-hand fight. The loggers are not equipped with the elaborate machinery and devices that aid in most of our modern industries. Implements they have, it is true, but not of a kind to prevent their feeling the joy that comes from the overcoming of a great force by the skilful application of simple muscle. With their axes, saws, cant-hooks, swamp-hooks, a few steel chains, some horses and the rough devices of the camp carpenter, they meet the blocking snow of the winter storms, the wild rush of the spring freshets and the deadly weight and often diabolical ingenuity of the saw logs themselves.

The length of the battle is limited by the season. While the snow and the cold last the logs can be sleded through the woods; while the spring high water flows in the streams the drive can be floated to the mills. So the life of the loggers is a rushing, hurrying against time. The days are short in the North woods winter and every bit of daylight has to be used. Long before the first streak of dawn the busy cook and cookee are out of their bunks beside the ranges in the cook camp, and the barn boss has routed out the teamsters to feed the strong and intelligent horses who are a most important factor in the struggle with the log. In the cook camp a few flaring oil lamps light up the long tables set with tin dishes and flanked by rough wooden benches, the big ranges at the end and the cook with arms bared to the shoulder kneading a wooden wash-tubful of bread dough, while the cookee fills great dishes with boiled pork and mush from the steaming tins on the range, and starts up the room with a big coffee pot as the men pile in for their hasty breakfast. They take their seats with a racket of bumping and scraping and then a strange silence falls upon the long tables. In a lumber camp talking at the table is not *de riguer*. The clatter of knives and forks on the tin plates and an occasional "pass the bread" are the only sounds during the ceremony of eating. Like most curious customs that seem absurd to the uninitiated, this one has its foundation in a practical purpose; the men are as hungry as wolves and they can be satisfied with dispatch if they are not distracted from the business in hand by talking. The first men to leave the table, as they were the first out of their bunks, are the teamsters. They have

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

EDMONTON LUMBER YARD, 1906

the horses out of their stables and ready hitched by the time the last straggler comes out of the cook camp, drawing on his "mackinaw," ready for the day's work.

Off to the battle they go through the silent, white-blanketed woods, carrying on their shoulders supple saws, double bitted axes and cant hooks, while the patient horses draw the slender chains and small sledges with which the fallen monarchs of the forest are to be bound and dragged into captivity. Such slight and simple weapon and such heavy tasks! The secret of the loggers' success lies in their skill. It is skill that avoids the ever impending danger, skill that lifts weight which in the city would be handled by electric cranes, skill that finally drives the year's product on the breast of the spring high water down to its destination by the mills.

It seems a simple enough thing to cut down a tree and saw it into lengths. But just try it once and unless a kind Providence intervenes, you will find yourself lying under the trunk with all desire to experiment crushed out of you. It takes the trained eye to judge which way the tree should fall, the trained hand to force the axe to bite into the trunk at exactly the agreed spot in rythmic alternation with your companion sawyer's, the trained ear to know the subtle change in the song of the saw and the low crack that are the signals for the warning cry of "timber" and the quick jumps that saves from the cruel weight of the falling tree. Even to clear the trunk of branches and saw it into lengths, which some might call the work of a farm "chore" boy, requires skill and experience. The branches must be cut off close to the trunk but the log must not be gashed by the axe, and the sawyers must know how to judge the wood and avoid including any rotted or "punk" spots in the center of a saw log.

When the logs are lying stripped of their plumage, then the teamster and his knowing horse appear on the scene, steel tongs are bitten into the butt of the log and it goes bumping along at the end of chains as the horse picks his way in and out among the roots and stumps with due regard for the long and awkward weight he is trailing behind him. A few hundred feet away, the horse turns into a narrow trail of packed snow and with the guidance of the teamster, he dexterously deposits the end of the log on a little sledge waiting to receive it. When two logs are fastened side by side on the sledge, the horse is harnessed to it, the teamster mounts the logs and away they go down the travois path to the wide road, where swampers are at work taking out every root and snag in preparation for the winter's haul. Beside the road are two skids, at right angles to it and about ten feet apart. One at a time the logs are drawn across these skids, then the driver steps on to the little sledge and the horse trots briskly off to get another load. The logs on the skids are pounced upon by three cant-hook men assisted by a horse, a teamster, a long chain and the ever useful swamp hook. There is a pile of logs beside the road and these two newcomers must be added to it. In the first log the men firmly imbed the swamp hook attached to a long chain running over the pile to the horse, who furnishes the motive power. A cant-hook man stands at each end of the log to guide it on its upward way, while the third is perched on top of the pile to receive it. As the horse tugs on the chain the log bumps slowly up the pile and if it goes crooked, the men who are guiding it, straighten it by fastening their cant-hooks, like a thumb and fore-finger, on the log and throwing their weight on the long handle, a ticklish business, for if the weight is not released at exactly the right second, the log will throw the unwary man over and under itself, or the handle of the cant-hook will be snapped out of his hand and deliver him a stunning blow. As the log crests the pile it seems impossible for the man on top to escape a downward rush of the crushing weight, but at the psychological moment he gives a sharp signal to the driver, the horse stops, the cant-hook grasps the log at precisely the right spot, the man's weight is thrown on it for precisely the

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

EDMONTON LUMBER YARD, 1907

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

A TYPICAL LOAD OF LOGS, 14,103 FEET

right length of time and the log sullenly settles into its appointed place.

The pile must be laid so that the scaler who marks the logs can readily tell both ends of each log, and so that it can most easily be re-piled on the bobs that later in the winter will appear on the road and carry it away to the river. During the early part of the winter the swampers clear roads as smooth as a city street to all the piling grounds in the Company's "limits" and about the middle of the season a snowplow, built by the camp carpenter, of two big timbers in V shape, starts along these roads, followed by an unwieldly sprinkler also of home manufacture. Day after day four horses drag the weighty water bob along the roads, not daring to stop a moment so long as the water lasts, as in just a minute the runners will freeze solidly into the ruts. In this slow and laborious way, glassy roads of ice with ruts drawn smooth and true are made for hauling the great bob loads of logs to the banking grounds on the edge of the river. Often the logs are banked out on the river itself ready for the spring heat to release the water to float them away.

So, all through the short days these hardy, fearless, skilful lumber jacks fight their battle with the forces of the forest. Mostly it is a winning battle, but sometimes the wind and the snow, powerful allies, come to the rescue of the trees, and then for days at a time the issue is uncertain. The ice roads are blocked with great drifts and the struggling horses, aided by the shovels of the men who ought to be felling, if season's cut is to come up to the standard, pull the heavy snowplow through the choking snow, perhaps only to have their work undone by another snow fall in the night. But the loggers never give up. Doggedly they keep on plowing and sprinkling until the roads are once more fit for hauling. Then, with feverish haste they work to make up for lost time. For the lumber jack is loyal and takes a great pride in the "cut" of his boss. All day long the cutting goes on, and when the light fails, rude torches are made, and half the night the creaking of the runners on ice, the thuds of logs falling into place on the loads, and the shouts of the cant-hook men and the drivers disturb the silence of the dark woods.

Usually, when there is no need of extra exertions, the evenings are gay in the bunk house. The silent footed deer slipping through the black and white lace work of the moonlit forest, stops and lifts his antlers with a quick movement of curiosity as the lively strains of the fiddle high above the rollicking chorus of deep voices, strike his listening ear. The interior of the bunk house presents a scene, rough and uncouth, but strangely picturesque. The light from a few oil lamps and stray gleams from the red-hot wood stove quiver in the over-heated air, and touch up the high notes of color in the men's gay sashes and caps and the scarlet blankets that escape from the bunks lining the walls. At the far end, the camp fiddler is scraping away for dear life while the men dance and stamp, making strange goblin-like shadows, and roll out the songs of the "shaintee" boys. They are of all complexions and of many accents, this motley crew who joke or fight, kick or dance with equal readiness, yet they all know and join in the songs of the woodsmen celebrating in twenty verses the exploits of some bully boy on the banks of the Saginaw, or of "Pierre" far up the Ottawa. A dangerous set, too, if they get at the tabooed liquor or have their blind wrath aroused, needing a strong hand to "boss" them, but giving a heart whole loyalty and rough devotion to the strong hand and fearless eye. For the right boss these adventurers of the woods are ready to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, fight the gang of a trespassing neighbor, or risk their lives breaking a jam on the river.

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

A ROAD THROUGH SASKATCHEWAN WOODS

By the time the sudden warmth of the northern spring stirs the blood of man and rots the ice on the waterways, these restless men are beginning to crave new excitement, and with the freshet boiling down the stream, it comes. The last round of the loggers' battle with Nature is at hand, the drive is on!

As the first logs are tumbled into the current, picked men spring onto them, dig the caulks of their boots into the wood and balancing their long peavies, ride away down the boiling stream to the points of danger where the following logs might jam if left without the guidance of the watchful lumber jack.

Behind, at the camp, the banks of logs are tumbled into the water with many a hair-breadth escape of the men who are prying them apart. Time after time a man is apparently buried under a rush of a dozen logs from the top of a bank, but miraculously re-appears at the other end until the spectator suspects that it is not a miracle that is at work but knowledge of the vagaries of the logs.

So the flood goes on, brown with logs, and with it are the caulk-booted, peavie-armed men; now riding a slender stick for miles, now going ashore to watch a suspicious eddy, then, when their suspicions have been confirmed, jumping out into the thick of it to pry and push the incipient jam apart. Day after day and night after night, for the water and the logs know nothing of sleep, the vigilant loggers drive the thousands of logs down through the labyrinth of waters, over rapids, past placid little lakes, on, on to the great Saskatchewan, the goal of their long journey. Down the mighty river the booms are waiting to receive them and the mills are hungry to devour them in their insatiable maws.

The loggers' work is done. They proceed to celebrate the success of the drive with great impartiality at the various "licensed to sell liquors" near the water front and have a glorious good time while their stake lasts. Then part of them travel on to other scenes of adventure, perhaps to turn up again next winter, perhaps to wander for many years, but sooner or later to return to the North woods, for whosoever drinks of the waters of the Saskatchewan is sure to respond to its lure and return.

Some of the loggers, having finished their celebrating, go to the mills and there see the logs, whose strength and viciousness they know and love, reduced to impotence in the jaws of the wonderful mill machinery. Up in the woods all depends on the *man*, who must be prepared for all sorts of contingencies, ready to interpose his ingenuity between the log and disaster; here in the mill nothing is left to chance, all is ordered, pre-ordained by the ingenious machinery. From the time that the rubber booted man by the log pond steers it on to the endless chains that drags it up out of the water to the sawing room, every moment that carries the log to its final fate is fixed. It may turn out in the end as planed boards, rough lumber, shingles, lathe, or all four of them, but it is a fixed routine that it must go through and from it there is no escape. It is a great change for a lumberman from the varied life of the woods, where new conditions that tax his ingenuity meet him every day, to the precise work in the mill where everything is done by machinery that is almost human in its ability to do complicated things but has none of the human failing of varying from hour to hour and is exact to a thread.

Men, of course, are needed, and skilful men too; like the sawyer who judges each log as it rolls down to the carriage and in that moment signals to the setters how near to set it to the edge in order to gauge the thickness of the board that will be cut off as the carriage hurtles past the whizzing band saw; like the shingle man to whom the heedlessness of a moment means the loss of his fingers; like the saw filer, the highest paid man in the mill, who sharpens up the band saws after their hour's shift of eating through length after length of tough spruce.

But even with these skilled men it is still the machinery in the mill that holds the visitor's interest. At first the banging and whirring is so great, the hurtling of the carriages and the swift movement of the sawn lumber on the endless chains so confusing, that system seems an impossibility. But as soon as one becomes accustomed to the noise, it becomes clear that every movement of the timber is reduced to a science, from the time the log is rolled down to the carriage until it comes out in sections, part as board at the sorting shed, part down below as shingles, part in lathe, and part in waste in the endless chain that carries it away to the burner, where it ends its life ignominiously. In all this journey it is

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

LOGS FOR THE PRINCE ALBERT MILLS

handled by remarkably few hands. Endless chains run in all directions carrying the boards as they leave the band saws, and at crucial points a man is stationed to turn them in the proper direction, to be passed through the planing machines, to have their ends shaved off, or cut into the right length for lathe; never stopping but always carried on by those tireless chains until they reach the man stationed to receive them at the end of the route.

And what becomes of all this lumber? Take a trip through the prairies of the West and you will see. South of Edmonton and Prince Albert there are a hundred new towns growing as fast as busy hands and the supply of building materials can let them. Edmonton puts out twenty-five million board feet a year, and Prince Albert, sixty-five million, besides the lumber that is sawn in lesser quantities at Red Deer and Calgary, yet lumber is "high" on the prairies because of the tremendous demand. The manufacture of lumber is naturally a growing industry, which has doubled during the last two years, and bids fair to keep on growing at the same rate for many years to come.

The market is bound to grow in geometric progression with settlers coming into the prairie provinces in ever increasing hordes. The supply of forest seems to be practically exhaustless. An American firm that operates one of the mills at Prince Albert, owns two hundred and sixty-nine square miles of timber limits north of the Saskatchewan, yet huge as this tract is for one corporation, it sinks into insignificance beside the five hundred odd miles owned by one Canadian in the same town. Almost all of these holdings are to the south of the water shed between the Mackenzie and the Saskatchewan, yet only a small fraction of this region has been taken up. What there is to the northward is still largely a matter of conjecture. It is known that there are forests stretching far to the north of what was formerly thought to be a barren waste, but at present, no human being can know just how vast.

The loggers are fast passing out of the lives of the northern States and their hold on the far south is limited. The Pacific States will be a field for them for long years to come, but it is Canada that is destined to be their happy hunting grounds in the distant future. When sugar beet farms have driven the lumber jack finally from northern Wisconsin and Michigan, when cotton plantations have taken the place of the stately southern pine, the cry of "timber" will still ring through the forests of Canada in the winter, and each spring the loggers will ride the brown logs on the drive through the network of silvery waters above the North Saskatchewan.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

From "A Shropshire Lad"

YOU smile upon your friend to-day,
To-day his ills are over;
You hearken to the lover's say,
And happy is the lover.

'Tis late to hearken, late to smile,
But better late than never:
I shall have lived a little while
Before I die forever.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order," Etc.

THROUGHOUT history the representatives of a religion have always sought to carry over from one age into its successor the essential elements of their religious faith. Generally these efforts have resulted in a checking of freedom of thought in the interests of traditionalism, and this in turn, as in China and India, has resulted in the fixing of social life in all its forms. Christian history is full of such efforts, but with a very important difference. Thanks to the racial peculiarities of the people among which it has been dominant, free thought has never been utterly suppressed. Persecution and prosecution alike have been impotent to check the progress of social and political institutions, and these in turn have reacted upon religious leaders. As a consequence sometimes passionately and sometimes half-heartedly, sometimes by way of revolt and sometimes by way of cautious reorganization, the great religious leaders have readjusted religious teaching to new thought and new circumstances. These moments of readjustment have always been those of struggle and suffering. On the one side have been those who shared more completely than most men of their time in the forces that were making for change and were accordingly eager to abandon outright such elements of older faith as seemed unsuited to the new conditions. On the other hand, there have always been those who have identified the form and the substance of their religion, and who have seen in every attempt at readjustment or any attempt at distinguishing formal and essential elements, only a denial of sacred and everlasting truth. Yet throughout these centuries of struggle for a religion in keeping with its age, both parties have agreed that the teaching of the New Testament is the final authority and alike they have protested their loyalty to Jesus. If too frequently, in their zeal for truth progressive and conservative have lost kindliness, it is hardly more than would be expected of devoted champions.

It is not likely that the present efforts at readjustment should be unmarked by the same characteristics. The world of thought to-day differs more radically from that of a hundred years ago than the age of the Renaissance differed from that of the school men. The world which is dominated by a conception of eternal change and of unvarying natural law is an utterly new world. There are plenty of men living who will recall when champions of Christianity thought it necessary to fight the scientists and to denounce any approach towards the acceptance of the theory of evolution as apostasy, if not downright infidelity. Yet the outcome might have been foreseen. The progress of the scientific spirit was quickened rather than hindered by the opposition of the theologians, and it was the religious world, rather than the scientific, that capitulated. But the religious world has gained innumerable advantages in the new age. The belief in God, no longer anthropomorphic, is based upon that wide induction which excludes irrational chance from the universe. The belief in immortality is buttressed by the evidences of a designed process of development, and even suffering, which to an unscientific age seemed to come as an arbitrary stroke of God, is now seen to be in some way an expression of a great and beneficent purpose running through all life.

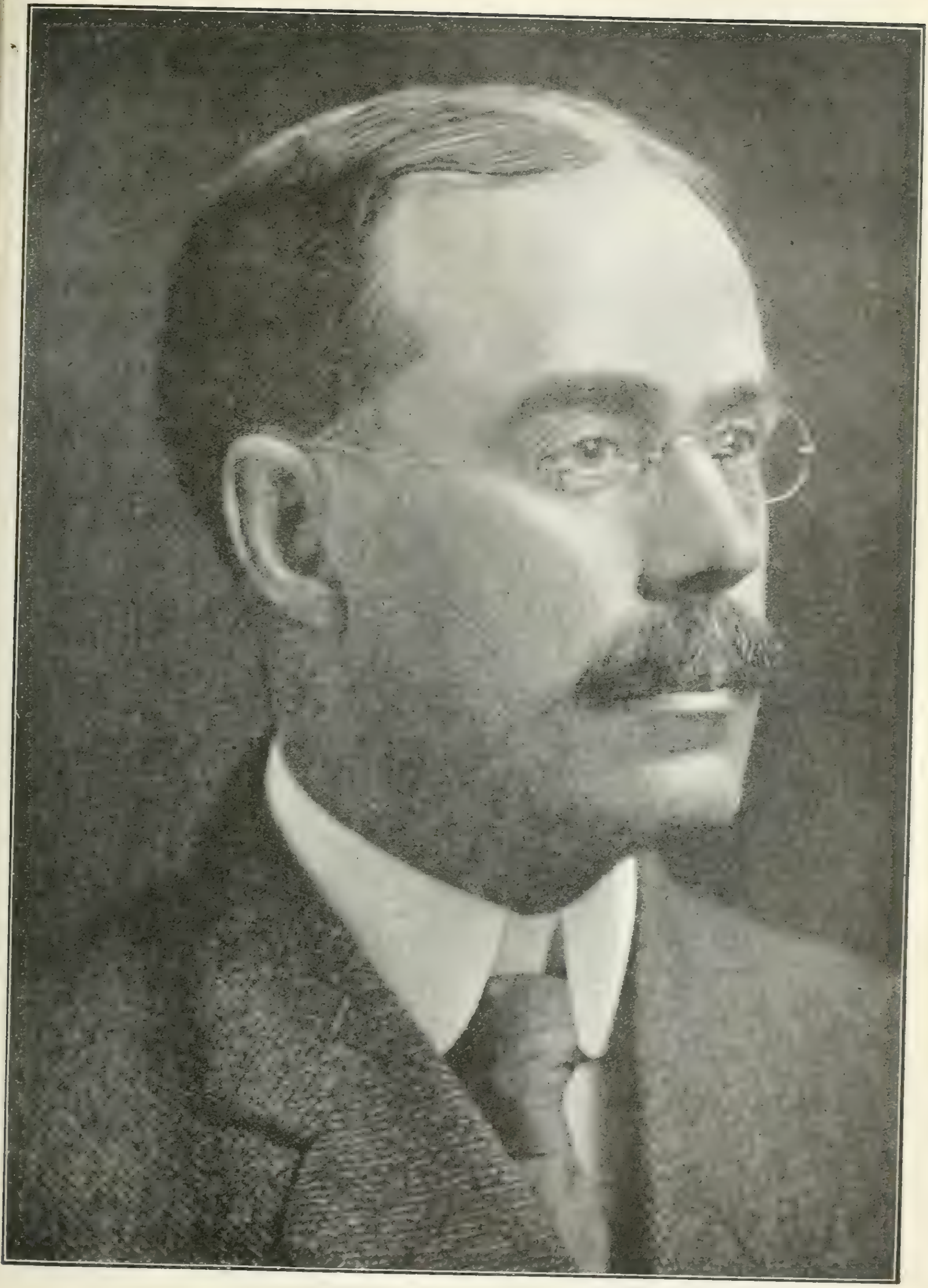
When, however, the citizen of the

world of churches became a citizen of the world of laboratories, he found difficulty in thinking in his old way. Lacking the proper guidance, too often the Bible became to him an archeological literature, and its teachings seemed all but irreconcilable with the facts and principles which he knew to be true from his experiments and observations. Such moments of transition were inevitably moments of bewilderment, very apt to breed doubt and indifference. Without properly stopping to consider the foolishness of such an act, many a man turned from the Bible in much the same way that he would turn from sacred books of other people. It became a more or less interesting, but so far as he was personally concerned, unimportant literature. When his religious teachers vigorously rebuked such an attitude and insisted that his scientific position was inconsistent with faith in the Bible, he took them at their word, but abandoned the Bible. The difficulties which beset religious faith were magnified and forgetting that every equation with which he expressed cosmic forces, and that every experiment with which he tested the properties of matter, were so many arguments for the existence of an immanent God, he relegated Christian faith to children and the masses, and turned to matter and a great Unknown.

Even the man who refused to be shaken from his old faith found himself in considerable difficulties. On the one hand, he could not deny that the old order had changed and that a new age had begun with ideals and problems and resources vastly greater than those of the old; but on the other hand, he could not believe that the teaching of the gospel had been outgrown. Christianity also had its facts and its laws, its history and its forces. The problem in his mind was not so simple as in the indifferently religious mind. He wished to hold to the substance of his religious faith even though he were forced to give up its particular form. The great duty which he saw before him was not the elimination of one of the two factors but a combination of them both. Whenever he stopped to think upon the matter, he found himself confronted with this great question: "How may the truth of the gospel be so stated as to make it operative and influential in an age which does not think and does not believe and does not live as the men of the first century thought and believed and lived?"

We all recognize that as the question that confronts the church of to-day. We have an old gospel and a new age. Has the one a message for the other? Earnest men believe so, and all over the world are trying to restate the gospel in terms that will appeal to modern life. Sometimes their efforts are very naive and sometimes they are very unconvincing. Arbitrarily to redefine the words of the New Testament and then to derive teachings from Biblical sentences can certainly bring no conviction to a man scientifically trained. Such treatment is merely rhetorical, and outside method. In fact, the greatest difficulty which besets the religious world to-day is one of method. None of us doubts that there is more religious power in the New Testament than in any other body of teaching under the sun. The great difficulty which besets us is that of bringing this body of truth to bear upon an age so radically different from that of the apostles as to be unable to adopt its philosophical, political, or scientific point of view. Any attempt utterly to cut loose from the New Testament and to substitute for it ethical or religious abstractions will never succeed with the masses of men and women. They will disbelieve before they will turn platitudinarian. People want something more tangible than philosophy; they want something as concrete as life itself. There is no gospel in anything but the gospel.

It is worth emphasizing that the way before us is very plain. Train a man to understand the teachings of the New Testament precisely as they were given in their own historical setting, and at the same time to think in the method of his own day, and the problem of the gospel's relation to him and his needs



DR. SHAILER MATHEWS
Editor of the *World To-day* and Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago

is simple. He has but to distinguish between the form of the New Testament thought and its great essentials and to set forth those essentials in modern forms which will do for his age what the New Testament forms did for theirs. There is no trick in such method as this, or mere literal smoothing over of difficulties. It is a straight pedagogical way that demands no genius on the part of its teacher and no manipulation of conscience on the part of its disciple. Understand the New Testament, distinguish between those things in it which are of the nature of fact and those things which are of the nature of interpretation, and then restate the facts in terms which will interpret them to the present age. That is certainly intelligible enough for any man.

Of course the one difficulty will be in the discrimination between form and substance. Yet after all it is not so very difficult, and certainly is nothing novel. We have all come to judge Paul's directions about the length of men's hair and about women's speaking in meeting as something intended solely for the church at Corinth. The historical medium is easily enough recognized here and allowed for. One has but to carry out the same method to see the eternally modern verities of the gospel emerge from their larger historical envelope.

The teaching of the early church is based upon the historical Jesus and a Jesus of such character as compelled those who really knew Him to regard Him as the expected Christ. The historical student has but to distinguish between the facts of Jesus' life, and those of the apostolic experience, on the one hand, and the general Jewish messianic expectation by which these facts were systematized and interpreted on the other hand, to have at his disposal the fundamental and essential elements of the gospel. Thereafter his way is perfectly clear. The early Christian was dominated by the general scheme of messianism. The modern man is controlled by the idea of natural law. What is needed is to set out those facts which compelled the messianic interpretation in terms which will make them dynamic in a scientific age. It is to do precisely what Paul did when he adjusted the old teaching concerning law to the new facts derived from the Christian experience; it is to do what every age of spiritual renewal has done.

What, then, is the gospel and what are its fundamental and its interpretative elements in the New Testament? It is not difficult to answer these questions. The gospel, as preached by Paul, is a very simple and consistent message derived from the belief that Jesus was the expected Christ. The Christ had come to the world. He had returned to heaven where he was ruling. He would presently return to establish his great kingdom and to punish the wicked. Those who wished to join that kingdom had but to accept him as their King and Lord. For those who did thus choose there would be no condemnation in the approaching judgment, but rather divine approval and the entrance into endless joy, and above all the share in that resurrection of which Jesus was the first example. In this triumph over death through the acceptance of Jesus Christ and in the spiritual experiences born of this faith. lay the certainty of an utterly new life in a future age. In the present age men were to believe that God was love. that death was but the portal to a higher and better stage of life, and that love could be made the great dominant factor in human relations. That is to say, using the terms of ordinary theology, faith in Jesus, justification by faith, atonement, regeneration, sanctification, resurrection and eternal life. Built up upon these was the ethics of Christianity, which may be characterized as the socializing of the spirit of love which is born of the experience of God.

To state accurately the New Testament teaching on these subjects and then, after having distinguished between the essential and the pedagogic or interpretative elements of the New Testament, to restate their substantial truths in terms of to-day's thinking, is the purpose of this series of papers.

PHILIP'S AUNT

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

DRAWING BY C. H. DROGKAMP

MISS Rose drew forward the big rocking-chair and Mrs. Hobbes sat down heavily.

Circumstances forbade Miss Rose's offering anything more than the easiest chair to a guest, but that was always done with a gentle cordiality which showed what she would have liked to do had circumstances been less stern.

Mrs. Hobbes was a large woman with a perpetually flushed face and expressionless eyes.

"Dr. Hollister is going to give a musicale for his sister and his cousin," she said, after she had told how many white skirts they had in the wash, and what Lillian's music-teacher said about her playing, and other facts pertaining to the Hobbes household.

"Yes," said Miss Rose, interestedly. "They are pretty young ladies."

"Rather," said Mrs. Hobbes, whose daughters were many. "I presume the musicale will be something quite choice."

"Yes," said Miss Rose again.

"We had our invitations this morning. They are in the latest fashion, so Lillian says. She is authority on those things. They are on heavy white paper, monogrammed."

"My invitation came this morning," said Miss Rose.

Mrs. Hobbes' eyes showed as much cold surprise as they were capable of.

"They must be making a very general affair of it," she observed, tactfully. "You will not try to go, I suppose?"

"I had not decided," said Miss Rose, her thin face flushing.

"It is ridiculous for an old maid to blush as Rose Stewart does," Mrs. Hobbes frequently remarked. She looked unsympathetically at the slight figure in the straight-backed chair. Miss Rose was a quiet, unassertive little woman, but there were times when she seemed not to realize that she was only a back-door neighbor of the richest family in Farringford.

"I doubt whether you would enjoy it," Mrs. Hobbes glanced around the threadbare little room and back at Miss Rose: "You go out so little. We are all going to have new dresses made. Lillian says they shall see that we know how to dress in Farringford, if it is a country town." She arose with much rustling of silk linings and departed.

Miss Rose smiled deprecatingly to herself when she was alone. "I haven't anything to wear," she said, "but I should like to go. I haven't been anywhere for so long and I love music. In a crowd I shouldn't be noticed much, and there's that old silk of mother's." She stood hesitating a moment. Then she went over to the table by the window and wrote an acceptance in slanting, hair-line script.

"Doesn't the house look lovely, Jane?"

"It does, Marion. It is an idyl with all those vines about."

"The sweet peas look pretty around the punch-bowl."

"What's that?" demanded another voice. It was Doctor Hollister's, and the young man who stood on Doctor Hollister's front steps felt somewhat reassured. He had run up unannounced to see his friend's bachelor home and had been brought to a sudden halt by the sound of women's voices.

"Punch won't do, girls," went on Doctor Hollister. "This is a temperance town."

"Theodore! How ridiculous! It is nothing but claret."

Evidently this argument was too much for Theodore, for he only said, meekly, "When does the festive throng assemble?"

"I said from nine to twelve."

"Nine to twelve! *Nine to twelve!* Why, we go to bed at nine in Farringford. I always did until my sister and my third cousin once removed came to visit me."

"Didn't your patients keep you up?" That was the other voice, the drawling one, with a touch of impertinence in it.

"Not to speak of," said Theodore, cheerfully. "They keep young Hobbes up, I guess. Naturally, they feel more at liberty to impose upon the native product."

"I hope we haven't left out any one Jane."

"Ask the sheriff?" This from Theodore.

"Doesn't Theodore look well in evening clothes, Jane?"

No reply to this.

"Don't I, Jane?" said Theodore.

"Shall I sing more than once, Marion?"

"Twice, at least, Jane. We won't have any set programme. I want it quite informal. I want them to have such a good time that they will all employ Theodore."

"Lovely wish for a hostess," commented Theodore. "It is Jane's singing that is to make a physician necessary?"

"I had better hunt up a hotel!" Mr. Philip Harrington suddenly decided that he had listened as long as the most elementary manners would allow. "What on earth Theodore wants to fill up his house with a lot of girls for"—and just then the French window, that had been slightly ajar, was thrown open and the startled occupants of the room beheld a young man with a suit-case in his hand, who stood in guilty silence and blinked at the bowery room and the two decollet young women.

"By all the—Philip!" cried Theodore, and he strode across the porch and seized the young man's reluctant hand. "Bless you, my friend, coming like a blooming palm-tree in a blasted desert."

"Why, what's up?" returned Philip, endeavoring to conceal his embarrassment. "It doesn't look to me like a desert."

"It is a musicale, my boy," explained Theodore. "To help my practice, you understand."

"Don't be so silly, Theodore," the interruption came promptly in a crisp young voice from the rose-colored girl.

"My sister," murmured Theodore, apologetically. "My cousin, Miss Adams, Mr. Harrington."

Mr. Harrington bowed to the ladies, while he wondered why he had selected this particular time to drop down, unannounced upon Theodore. He could see, even now, in Miss Hollister's eye a speculative quandary as to where he could be put.

Theodore's voice broke in on these meditations.

"Where's your trunk, old man?" he said. "I'd given up your ever coming."

"I just stopped in," began Mr. Harrington, glibly, but quite uncertain as to how he was going to finish his sentence, "on my way from the station. I—er—I just ran up for a day or two to visit my aunt."

"Your aunt!" Theodore exclaimed, in astonishment. "You haven't got an aunt in Farringford."

"Certainly I have," asserted Mr. Harrington, with warmth.

"Who is it?" demanded Theodore.

Mr. Harrington's wandering glance fell on the flower decked mantel.

"It is Miss Rose Stewart," he said, with sudden remembrance of a name in one of Theodore's letters.

"Miss Rose! *Miss Rose!* Well!" Theodore's surprise was too great for anything but repetition.

"Oh, is Miss Rose your aunt?" cried Marion. "She is coming here this evening. Isn't that lovely?"

"Isn't it?" said Mr. Harrington.

"Does she expect you?" Marion was congratulating herself on not having omitted Miss Rose Stewart from the list, and she looked interestedly at the young man.

"No," he said. "No, she doesn't."

"Oh, then you must just stay here until she comes or you will surely miss her."

"The guests are invited to come at nine, Phil," said Theodore, solemnly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Harrington, who did not know what else to say.

"Miss Rose!" muttered Theodore to himself. "Phil's aunt!" He seized the suit-case. "Come along up-stairs, old man," he said. "I'm beginning to wonder if Miss Rose isn't my aunt."

"Take Mr. Harrington to your own room, Theodore," said Marion, whereat Mr. Harrington felt further convinced that a relative in Farringford was a necessity.

Miss Rose's nephew sat on the stairs just around the turn and listened to the conversation below. He was becoming a hardened eavesdropper. He had inclined to make a confident of Theodore as they went upstairs together, but Miss Hollister had called almost immediately, and Theodore had departed with reluctant backward glances of unsatisfied curiosity. Then he had thought seriously of escaping by the back way, but instead of that he had got into evening clothes and was sitting on the stairs listening to Miss Hollister's guests deny his relationship. A fragment of a sentence, uttered in a cold, large tone, with a finality about it, had caused him to pause in his reckless descent.

"And I know—" a pause, then increased decisiveness, "that she has no nephew."

Then Marion's clear, carrying voice, with a nervous little ripple of laughter in it.

"Isn't it interesting! My brother was quite as surprised, and he has known Mr. Harrington for years. It is Mr. Philip Harrington, the artist."

Mr. Philip Harrington, the artist, thought sadly upon the folly of claiming more than belongs to one.

"A whole aunt," he mused. "I might have known that it would get me into trouble. I should have begun as a kidnapper and worked up gradually."

Another voice from the drawing room:

"She never goes anywhere. I don't believe—" It trailed off into suggestive silence.

Then a girl's hushed voice just below in the hall:

"I am glad Miss Hollister asked her. It is a shame—"

"Sh!" another hushed voice.

The general hum subsided respectfully as the large voice sounded again:

"The idea is too absurd to consider. Miss Rose has no relatives. She had until quite recently a second cousin, a spinster in poor circumstances, but she died." The statement as she uttered it gave one the feeling of being an accessory to a crime.

"I wonder," Philip pondered helplessly, "what relation I am to the spinster in poor circumstances who died."

"Miss Rose visited her once, two years ago, I remember." This is a respectful backing of the last speaker.

An attempt on Theodore's part to change the subject was thwarted by a young voice and a high-pitched lttle laugh.

"You can trust Mamma to be right. She considers Miss Rose her particular charge. We have her right at our back-door, you know."

"I hope you have not been taken in by an imposter, Doctor Hollister," a solemn voice this, deep-pitched.

Philip grinned to himself in spite of the depressed state of his feelings.

"Oh, no, Mr. Pymm," said Theodore. "Mr. Harrington is an old friend. He will be down presently and then we shall have the mystery solved."

"And it will be *so* simple, when it *is* explained," another voice said brightly.

"Oh, very simple," commented the miserable young man on the stairs, "just a simple lie."

"There is no mystery about it;" he knew Mrs. Hobbes' voice now. "Miss Rose has no nephew. Doctor Hollister must have misunderstood his friend."

Here was a suggestion of a way out of it: but it would give the Hobbes contingent a right to say 'I told you so' to Theodore and Theodore's sister.

"What a diabolical old woman that is," he thought wrathfully of the respected Mrs. Hobbes. "She acts as if she had bought up the town and just allowed other folks to live here. I remember Theodore said she was the —Good Heavens!"—with a sudden thought—"I might have selected her for my aunt!" He sat stunned by the narrowness of that escape for some minutes until roused by a consciousness of something wrong down below. Conversation was certainly languishing. Evidently the guests were unable to bring their minds to ordinary topics while the problem of Miss Rose's relative was unsolved. He had succeeded in spoiling the harmony of Miss Hollister's musicale —that was evident, and added to the painful nature of his meditations. Moreover, it was getting late. Miss Rose was liable to arrive any instant and the first query thrown at her would elicit the truth. The thought of flight again arose attractively before him. A step would take him to the back stairs. The ancient relative who served Theodore as a housekeeper was in the kitchen. A word to her of a suddenly remembered, imperative engagement! What right had Theodore anyway to brag of a bachelor menage and then have it full of sisters and cousins.

He half rose. The gentle squeak of Theodore's front screen door—Marion's high, sweet voice uttering the fatal name!

She had come.

Philip arose, without volition on his part, and found himself descending the Hollister stairs in full view of an absorbed audience in the drawing-room. Marion stood smiling in the broad archway. The newcomer was allowing the maid to take the little shawl she had about her shoulders. She turned from the girl and came forward into the brighter light.

"It's the *tapestry lady!*" cried Philip to himself, with sudden and incredulous delight.

Two years before, at an afternoon concert, he had seen her, the same slender little woman, with faded roses in her cheeks and moonshiny hair. The same graceful little figure in the same gown of age-softened green with sloping shoulder lines. He had looked for her when the concert was over to beg her to sit for a portrait, but greatly to his disappointment had missed her. And here she was before him in Miss Hollister's flower-decked hall, with the gleam of softly shaded lamps shining down on the faded roses and her moonshiny hair. A pleasing consciousness that virtue is its own reward flitted through his mind.

Miss Rose, turning from Marion's pleasant greeting, found a tall young man beside her.

"How do you do, Aunt Rose?" he said, and then at something in the startled eyes she raised to him he bent his tall head and kissed her.

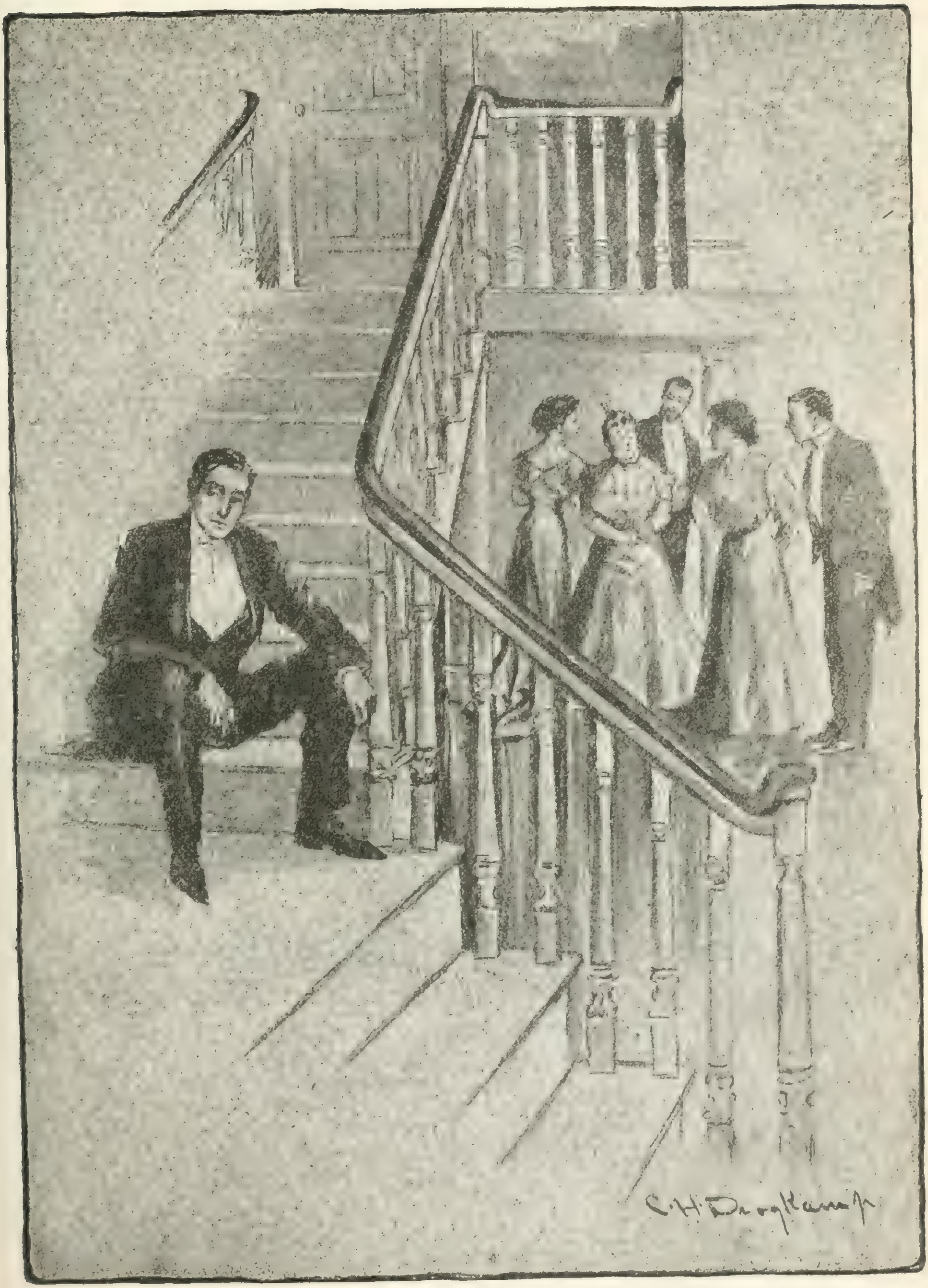
Don't disown me," he whispered.

He had not calculated on the scenic effect, but he instantly appreciated it. A positive gasp of surprise went through Miss Hollister's guests.

Mrs. Hobbes' face assumed a purple hue. Young Dr. Hobbes said, "Well, by Jove!" audibly, and looked at Miss Adams, whose shadow he was, but she only looked back amiable surprise at his surprise. Mr. Pymm decided that he had made a mistake in suggesting an imposter. Each guest tried to recall what he or she had said and was self-congratulatory or regretful according to circumstances.

On the whole, a feeling of pleasure prevailed. The Hobbes faction had suffered a setback, and though Farringford submitted docilely, even affectionately, to the Hobbes domination it was not above feeling a gentle glow when it tottered.

In a daze Miss Rose walked down the long drawing-room with the distinguished-looking youth beside her. Something new in the greetings of lifelong acquaintances impressed her faintly. Only one thing was clear in her mind—this boy, with the frank eyes, had asked her not to disown him and she would not. Even after he had found her a seat on a little sofa rather apart from the others and had placed himself beside her, she was quite unable to grasp more than this one idea, so when a thin creature with a nervous expression and a voice that soared above all conversation called across to



HE HAD SUCCEEDED IN SPOILING THE HARMONY OF MISS HOLLISTER'S MUSICALE her, "Why didn't you tell us that you expected your nephew, Miss Rose?" she answered gently, "I did not expect him," and looked up at Philip to see if that were right.

"Philip, my boy," said Mr. Harrington to himself, "Your taste in aunts is unequalled." He delighted in her grace and quaintness, her gentle speaking and trustful eyes. He felt a most unwarrantable pride in his own performance.

Other questions were imminent, but Marion asked Jane to sing, and Jane, smiling regretfully at Dr. Hobbes, trailed her white draperies pianoward.

"You needn't look so heart-broken," said Theodore, as he found her music, "you can go back to him."

"If only some one doesn't get my chair," murmured Jane.

"What will you sing?" inquired Dr. Hollister, shortly.

"Something Scotch, I think," said Jane. "Dr. Hobbes likes Scotch music."

"The only fault with this musicale," said Theodore, as he seated himself to' play her accompaniment, "is that Marion didn't invite enough—Hobbeses," and he banged out the opening chords of Jane's song with an emphasis quite foreign to the spirit of the composition.

"I understand," said Miss Rose. Philip's story was finished. She sat thinking for a little while, and he watched her with some secret anxiety. He did not want the tapestry lady to think badly of him.

"I am sorry you had to tell a—what wasn't true, Mr. Harrington," she said, "but—" a very little smile came over her face, "how surprised they were. It really is amusing, I think, but—" with a shade of anxiety, "we can't keep on deceiving them."

"We need not deceive them an instant longer." declared Philip, with instant decision. "And we need not tell them either." He paused a moment with becoming modesty before he launched his next remark, then bent forward and spoke with boyish eagerness.

"Why won't you be my aunt, Miss Rose?" he said. Very much startled Miss Rose looked.

"Why, Mr. Harrington——" she began.

"Adopted aunt, I mean, of course," he broke in. "I have always wanted an aunt. I don't see why I can't have one. There must be enough aunts to go around, and I choose you."

Miss Rose sat flushing and paling like a girl, her eyes on her clasped hands, and thought of what it would mean to have someone who really belonged to her, some one like this boy, to break down a gap now and then in the loneliness that hedged her in until sometimes she could not see over it.

"I don't know, my dear," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

"Why, yes, you do," he said, with gay relief in his voice. "You would not call me 'my dear' if I were not your nephew. And, you know, Aunt Rose, I fell in love with you two years ago," and he told her about the concert, while she looked up at him in amazed delight.

With the close of Jane's song, Mrs. Hobbes arose. She shook out her purple silk skirt and settled the real lace that decorated her person. Then she stepped heavily across to the little sofa where Miss Rose sat. Other guests, moving here and there, looking at pictures and chatting, gravitated in twos and threes toward that end of the room.

"I've come over to meet your nephew," said Mrs. Hobbes, ominously, and Miss Rose spoke gently, "Mr. Harrington, Mrs. Hobbes."

"Harrington?" said Mrs. Hobbes, sitting down in the seat Philip had vacated for her. "I did not know there were any Harringtons in your family."

"Philip is not my own nephew," said Miss Rose, placidly, "but it pleases me to call him my nephew." and Philip hugged himself with pride and joy before he said:

"How very well Miss Adams sings. Do you remember, Aunt Rose, at that concert two years ago the soprano sang that second song of Miss Adams?"

"Yes," assented Miss Rose, quite unmindful of the lie by inference contained in her new nephew's remark, and happy to recall a delightful memory. "How beautiful it was!"

"It seems very odd you never mentioned Mr. Harrington," said Mrs. Hobbes.

"Does it?" said Miss Rose, gently.

Mrs. Hobbes flushed. "I'm sure we have been nice enough to her," she thought. "She couldn't expect me to entertain her when she never has anything to wear."

"We all denied that you had a nephew," she said, with an unpleasant twang in her voice, "and now it turns out that he is not your nephew."

"Oh, yes, he is, Mrs. Hobbes," said Miss Rose quickly. It seemed to her that something was being taken from her.

"Of course I am," laughed Philip. "I am going to take her to New York with me to worry over the dust in my studio."

Mr. Pymm ambled up just as Philip finished his remark.

"There is a strong family resemblance between you and your nephew, Miss Rose," he said, oracularly; "a very strong resemblance."

"But——" began Mrs. Hobbes, only to find her voice struggling vainly against a crashing piano duet performed by her own daughters.

A smile that could be felt, not seen, went through the little groups within hearing. Mrs. Hobbes relapsed into purple and majestic silence.

"That was very nice," said Miss Rose to her neighbor, as the final chords left a hush in the air. She felt a new and pleasing ease in Mrs. Hobbes' presence, born of the certainty that that august lady would not in the future drop familiar comment on her narrow life and means from the height of a handsome income and a family. She felt a glow at her own composure. Old neighbors, catching her glances, smiled at her, seeing her from a new standpoint, and beside her chair stood the handsome boy who had chosen to belong to her, talking and laughing with his friend's guests, but finding time, every little while, to look at her with eyes that understood.

The other guests had gone. Mrs. Hobbes, departing, had cast a cold glance at her back-door neighbor, still lingering in the drawing room, but her daughters had smiled amiable farewells. Philip had made himself very agreeable to the Farringford young people.

"You were really the life of the party, Phil," said Theodore.

"You were, Mr. Harrington, and I am correspondingly grateful," said Marion, glancing around the empty room; "entertaining in a little town isn't so easy after all, and Theodore really wasn't much help. You ought to have been particularly nice to Dr. Hobbes, Theodore, and you were not."

"I devoted my time to guests who were receiving less attention than Dr. Hobbes," said Theodore.

"I don't know what ailed every one at first," sighed Marion, "Everything seemed so strained, and why did Mrs. Hobbes act so injured?"

"I don't like that Hobbes woman," said Jane, with unaccustomed vigor and great lack of manners.

"Her son is my professional opponent," explained Theodore to Philip, "which accounts for Miss Adams' very proper sentiment." He looked down at Jane, who was a lovely oblique white line in a Morris chair.

"But really," said Marion, "why does she think she cannot be mistaken? Her insisting that Miss Rose had no nephew—how absurd that was!"

Philip cleared his throat. He looked with a smile into the anxious eyes of the tapestry lady.

"Well, you see, Miss Hollister," he began, "there is some excuse for her. The relationship is very recent."

Marion came back from her retrospective glances around the room. Jane sat up in her Morris chair, and Theodore gazed in amazement at his friend.

"What do you mean, Phil?" he demanded. "I thought all the time there was something wrong."

"There isn't anything wrong," said Philip, with decision. "It is all very right. But I didn't know you had a party when I dropped down on you, and naturally I didn't want to inconvenience everybody——" Light came suddenly to Theodore.

"And Miss Rose isn't your aunt," he cried.

"Yes, she is," said Philip, quickly, "but she wasn't when I first claimed her."

"What do you mean?" said the three together.

Philip smiled again at his new aunt. "I saw her first two years ago at a concert," he explained, "and tried to find her when it was over. I wanted to paint her. I missed her then, but tonight, driven by necessity, and remembering her name only of all your patients, I claimed her as my aunt. You may call it simple unveracity. I call it fate. I have no one else who belongs to me. She is my ideal of an aunt, and I am going to keep her." He bent over the slender little figure with the moonshiny hair and the young eyes. "It's all right, isn't it, Aunt Rose?" he said.

"It is beautiful," said Marion, in an uncertain voice, and she brushed the rose she held across her eyes.

Theodore went into the other room and came back with five crystal glasses of clear water.

"Punch won't do for this toast," he said, "even non-intoxicating claret punch." He handed one to each of them.

"I give you Philip's Aunt," he said, and they drank the toast standing.

THE LILAC

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE scent of lilac in the air
Hath made him drag his steps and pause;
Whence comes this scent within the Square,
Where endless dusty traffic roars?
A push-cart stands beside the curb,
With fragrant blossoms laden high;
Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb
His sudden reverie!

SHELBURNE

BY JOSEPHINE FREDEA

"Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?"

THE story of Shelburne is recorded in history, but no historian could do justice to the theme. What dreams of high ambition, what bold projects for a great city which should do honor to British loyalty, have here been cherished! What scenes of gaiety and high hope, of disaster and deep despair, have here been enacted!

There had been an early French settlement near the entrance to Shelburne Harbor but, between pirates and hostile New Englanders, life became too wretched for endurance and all was deserted.

In 1765, Colonel Alexander McNutt received a grant of land at Port Razoir, as Shelburne was then called. He named the place New Jerusalem and with several Scotch-Irish families sought to make a home worthy of so fine a name. Having failed to fulfil the conditions of his grant, his lands were escheated in 1782.

Details of the conflict which preceded the arrival of the Loyalists in Shelburne are unnecessary. In New York, for five years the refuge of the friends of England from all the revolted colonies, the news of the surrender of Cornwallis was received with grief and despair. To the vast crowd of Loyalists assembled there the tidings seemed like the knell of doom, all the more dreaded because undefined. Even before the signature of the treaty of peace, many prominent Loyalists were anxiously planning the establishment of new homes elsewhere under the British flag. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia thus received thousands of the ablest and most highly-educated men in the revolted colonies—men of iron will, indomitable energy and high principle,—men who played a most important part in the development of our country and whose descendants include illustrious names of world-wide reputation for their literary, diplomatic or military genius.

At this crisis, then, was born the movement which resulted in the settlement of Shelburne. During the autumn of 1782 an agreement was made among upwards of a hundred heads of families to emigrate to Nova Scotia. Acting on the advice of Captain Gideon White, they turned their gaze toward the shore of that beautiful harbor which then bore the name of Port Roseway. Delegates were appointed to interview Governor Parr at Halifax and make all necessary arrangements for the proposed settlement. So cordial was the reception of these delegates by the Governor and Council and so favorable the accounts of the farming and fruit-growing capabilities of the proposed location, that the delegates at once made most glowing reports. They were assured that the site chosen was the best in the province for trade, fishing and farming and must eventually become one of the "capital ports" of America. The Government promised them substantial aid, and no less than twenty square-rigged ships and several schooners, convoyed by men-of-war, set sail in the early spring for Port Roseway. On board these vessels were five thousand Loyalist refugees from different points of the new Republic. In May, 1783, they sailed up the beautiful land-locked harbor, and near its headwaters, on a lovely stretch of land nestling at the foot of encircling hills, they disembarked and began the construction of what was intended to be the greatest city in the New World. The location was of the finest, the harbor unsurpassed on the Atlantic coast. The forests were over-run with moose, caribou, deer, partridge and game of every description. The rivers abounded in salmon, trout and alewives and the sea yielded rich harvests of cod, herring, mackerel, lobsters and many other fish equally toothsome and delicious. The flag of Old England was above them, the land was theirs by royal grant and McNutt's dream of a New Jerusalem seemed to have fair promise of fulfilment.

The new city was planned on a most generous scale with broad streets and spacious squares. Large buildings were erected for Governmental purposes. Barracks were built on the west side of the harbor, five hundred soldiers were stationed here and the daylight gun was regularly fired from war-ships in the harbor. When Governor Parr a year later visited the city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a lavish sum for those days. They entertained the Governor right royally and changed the name of the gay capital to Shelburne in honor of England's premier. The first settlers were people of distinction and wealth. They brought the material for their houses from New York—frames of oak that would endure for centuries,—with stairways and furniture of solid mahogany, and mantels of marble. They furnished their houses in harmonious style and they brought with them their slaves to perform the labor, for a large proportion of these people were of superior social rank and wholly unaccustomed to the arduous toil necessary to the emigrant in a new country. A city of three thousand houses sprang up as if by magic and the population soon numbered 16,000. Among the later arrivals there were not a few undesirable characters, and during the winter rations were issued by the British Government to about 9,000 people.

Though the city was gay with the pomp and circumstance of a military and naval occupation, yet the winter brought much hardship and suffering and closed with an ominous graveyard. Great discussion arose over the allotment of land; the imposition of heavy duties by the Provincial Government was another heavy grievance; the jealousy of rival towns, the lack of farming land, the presence of great numbers of men unfamiliar with methods of settlement in the wilderness and unable to pursue or to appreciate the value of the fisheries, interfered sadly with the progress of the city. The number of liquor shops was enormous; in this town of three thousand houses there were no less than three hundred liquor stores. Next came a tremendous storm, doing great damage to wharves and shipping.

But the day of reckoning was at hand. In the autumn of 1787, when the Government supplies were cut off, there was a wild stampede of those who could not or would not live without them. The decline of Shelburne was as rapid and complete as its rise had been brilliant and full of promise. Within a few years the population was reduced to three hundred. A few of the best families remained, notably that of Captain White whose descendants are influential and honored residents of a new Shelburne the foundations of which do not rest on the shifting sands of an artificial "boom."

Many of the old houses were taken down and removed to other places, some were used for firewood, but quite a number of the original dwellings are still standing and good for many a year to come. How full of painful memories must the place have been to those who from choice or necessity still clung to it! On street after street were the vacant homes of once intimate friends. On every side were mementoes of the past. Silent and deserted stood the Merchant's Coffee House where gay weekly assemblies had held high revelry; where a grand ball had been given in honor of royalty. Not far distant was "The Bridge" once the fashionable promenade of the place, where on summer evenings the military bands had played the music of the day. Beyond, unchanged and beautiful as ever, stretched the clear waters of that matchless harbor, but empty now of all the gallant fleet which so short a time before had made it the centre of naval and military splendor.

The sorrows and sufferings of those old Loyalists provide ample material for one of the most sadly dramatic chapters in modern history. Connected therewith are tales quite as touching as that of Evangeline, and true withal. The visitor to Shelburne may find an almost inexhaustible store of interesting documents and relics which are retained in the possession of some of the old families. There are letters of marque and reprisal, bills of sale of slaves, a treaty with the Indian chiefs signed by emblems instead of written characters, divisions of privateer spoils, Waterloo subscriptions, rebel passes, receipts of duty paid by gay gallants for hair powder, an account by an eye-witness of the great sea-fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, and scores of others. There is a permit signed by Admiral Digby authorising Captain White of the sloop "Polly" to bring up to Boston Miss Penelope Windslow (Is not the name delicious?) "her wearing apparel and other appurtenances," and directing him to provide "cheese, potatoes, and other articles for her sustenance" during the voyage. The stranger who can spend a week in Shelburne without becoming enthusiastically interested in its historic and scenic attractions, must be both deaf and blind. No city on the American continent has a history so unique and fascinating.

The Shelburne of to-day is a quiet little town of nearly three thousand inhabitants. She is building her fortunes on a sure foundation and the growth of the town in late years has been a healthy one. For shipbuilding of all sorts she is justly famous; her fast yachts and motor boats are well-known and comprise all that is latest and best in their line. Her trade in fish and other commodities is very considerable. She is also building up with the United States an extensive trade in building and monumental stone. Her quarries yield a very beautiful granite, said to be fully equal to the output of the famous Barrie quarries in Vermont. The Congregational Church in Yarmouth and the new Post Office in Shelburne are built of stone from the Shelburne quarries.

The streets here are specially beautiful because of the large number of magnificent old trees. One hoary giant, planted in 1783, could easily shelter under its spreading branches a whole regiment of soldiers.

For yachting, Shelburne Harbor has few equals in the world. The Yacht Club owns a fine property on the water front with deep water right up to the landing-stage. The ground floor has dressing-rooms and boat-house, while on the second floor is a ball-room finished in polished hardwoods with an open fire-place and balcony overlooking the water. The Club House is open every evening to members and guests; there is all the latest literature, a fine piano, a gymnasium, etc., and tourists may enjoy the privileges of the Club at a nominal cost.

The old Firth House on King Street, is one of the show places. It is still occupied but the ancient timepiece in the hall, the heavy mahogany furniture standing primly against the walls, indeed practically all the furnishings are exactly as they were over a hundred years ago.

Ten miles long by three wide, entirely land-locked, with water deep enough for the largest craft afloat, with a location in every way more advantageous for commerce than is possessed by the principal shipping ports of our time, the magnificent harbor of Shelburne seems really the natural gateway to the province.

THE FLOUR BARREL

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

From the May "Metropolitan Magazine"

NOT long ago the *Manitoba Free Press* sent to each of a number of representative American publications a souvenir of Western Canada in the form of a miniature barrel. It is a pretty bit of workmanship, complete to its wooden hoops, and as a toy would delight the heart of a child. But the inscription it bears takes it out of the domain of children's toys and makes it the striking symbol of a great nation. This is the inscription: "Peace River Flour made at Vermilion Four Hundred Miles South of the Arctic Circle."

The booklet that accompanies the barrel explains that on its journey from the mill this flour travelled first some three hundred miles in a Hudson's Bay stern-wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabasca and across to the mouth of the Athabasca River, thence by the Athabasca River to Athabasca Landing, nearly four hundred miles in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train one hundred miles to Edmonton, and from Edmonton it travelled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg. From Fort Vermilion to Minneapolis is 2,280 miles; to Chicago 2,690 miles; to New York 3,603 miles—and fifty years ago John H. Klippart, whose book on the "Wheat Plant" is still in many respects authoritative, stated that the northern and western boundaries of Ohio marked the limits of the wheat producing area of Northern America!

Here then is the tale the barrel tells: because the wheat stayed not within its ancient boundaries a new country has arisen, a new member, bearing lavish gifts, has come into the family of nations.

For something like five thousand years wheat has satisfied the hunger of mankind. In the tombs of the men who reaped and wrought, loved and hated, lived and died in ancient Egypt, grains of it have been found, and down through the years that history has gathered into her grasp, the record of the people has had to do with the growing and the grinding of wheat. The wider the areas of civilization become the larger grows the number of those who have learned to know white bread, and the dependence of the people upon the wheat continually increases. Shortages in the supply have made and unmade governments and caused wars that changed the map of the world. To-day huge buildings in the great cities are devoted to buying and selling this grain, and men "make or break" according to the size of the visible supply in the wheat growing areas of the world. Whole railway systems are built to carry the wheat crops and yet always there are men and nations, Oliver Twist-like, asking for more.

The number of people in the world is increasing so rapidly and the standard of living is being so rapidly raised that to the most superficial thinker it was evident long since that the old wheat-growing countries, Russia and Egypt, the Argentines and the United States were not going to be equal to furnishing a tithe of what would soon be needed. Malthus, and others of his thinking, advocated a hundred years ago and more, what we call ''race suicide,'' as the only solution, and they proved by facts and figures that in the natural order of things the increase in the production of breadstuffs could not keep up with the population. It was a very plausible and most depressing theory they formulated.

But Malthus and his followers had not all the factors of the problem. They were reckoning without Manitoba and Alberta and Saskatchewan. They could not ''keep their eye on Winnipeg'' and what she points the way to, while they figured. That much-epitheted city, ''the gateway to the West,'' ''the buckle of the wheat belt'' did not exist. As far as the world was concerned there was no Canadian West. Nor was it given to Malthus and his followers to see in visions a wheat belt stretching northwesterly from the great lakes on and up to where the famous Peace River wheat paints the ground pale gold. To a world wanting white bread and wanting it not only for themselves but for their children and their children's children the little flour barrel is the bearer of a message of the utmost significance.

For more than two centuries Canada, between the Pacific and the Great Lakes, was of interest to the outside world only as a source of stirring tales of adventure and of handsome furs. The population within these bounds asked nothing better than to remain unknown and undisturbed, and as late as fifty years ago this state of affairs was little changed. With the exception of a small settlement of Scotch in the Red River Valley in Manitoba, the few people that were in the country lived by hunting and trapping, and agriculture was left to the missionaries and to the Hudson's Bay Company factors whose small patches bore witness to the richness of the soil.

Finally came the confederation of Canada and the railroad to connect the provinces of the East with far-away British Columbia. The men who built the Canadian Pacific Railway were thought by the people in general to be fools, for the people in general did not know that the prairies stretching for nine hundred miles along the route were not semi-arid and, at least, fit only for grazing cattle, as popularly believed, but were of a most surprising fertility and capable of supporting a population as large or larger than that of the States to the south. They did not know that thirty and forty and even fifty bushels of wheat had been harvested from a single acre. But such were the facts and the true state of things had only to be advertised to the world and a great migration began.

As far as the fertility of the soil was concerned it was simply a question of informing ignorance, but in regard to the climate the most positive and persistent and erroneous ideas prevailed. Because Canada was north of the United States it was cold. That was the fundamental reasoning with the majority of Americans until reports began to come back of a wonderful wind that came from the West and found its way through the passes in the mountains and put the cold to flight, and of days eighteen hours long and every hour full of the most glorious sunshine, and of an air so packed with ozone and so free from damp that one had to look at the thermometer to realize that it was winter.

In 1900 Colonel A. D. Davidson, a Canadian who had lived most of his life in the United States, recrossed the forty-ninth parallel into the silent hoodooed prairies of Western Canada. He looked about him and what he saw inspired big thoughts. ''This land,'' he declared, ''is going to be a vast field of wheat. It is worth more than the unmined gold fields of the Yukon. It will make Canada great and rich.'' This announcement heralded a new frontier, which a Yankee newspaper man in a happy phrase designated, a little later, as ''The Last West.''

It is the last West and it is a West that holds in its possession mines and forests, fish and furs, and—making all this other vast wealth as nothing in comparison—an almost limitless stretch of wheat land. It is not strange that from the older crowded countries many men and women are going to Canada, and that the majority of the immigrants settle in the west. The three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, which eight or ten years ago had a combined population of some 200,000, now have more than 800,000. The following table shows the increase of immigration in the last six years and shows also a very interesting phase of the situation, the increase in the number of English speaking immigrants:

Year	Total Immigrants	English Speaking
1901	49,000	31,000
1902	67,000	46,000
1903	124,000	89,000
1904	131,000	98,000
1905	150,000	118,000
1906	216,000	164,000
1907	280,000	210,000

In the bringing in of all this population and in opening up new territories for settlement, the railroads have played a most important part. At first, the newcomers stuck close to the main line of the Canadian Pacific until that pioneer road began to push out branches in all directions, when they quickly followed in its wake. Then, eleven years ago, came the Canadian Northern which stretched its long tentacles far to the north of the older road, right into the wilderness, bringing life and crops and towns wherever it touched. Now the new government road, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is taking its course straight across the prairie, while eager eyes watch its growth ready to settle in its territory and raise wheat to ship in its new red cars.

Villages, towns, cities have sprung up beside the shining rails, and the first large building in most of them was a grain elevator. But the farmers had to be supplied with all the necessities of life so that each shipping point for wheat became also a distributing centre for its district. Stores, hotels, warehouses, and even factories appeared across the track from the elevator and a town equipped with all the complex machinery of modern commerce stood where yesterday an Indian camp fire burned. The older settlements, because of the enormous wheat territory each held tributary to it, rapidly developed into real cities with business far out of proportion to the size of their population.

This growth has been the result of no transitory ''boom,'' in fact, some early booms that broke, as is the way of booms, leaving ruin behind them, taught the Western Canadian a lesson and every effort has been made to hold things within bounds. Even so, the growth in population, in products, in railroads and in business generally, has been like that of a snowball rolling down a hillside, collecting a larger amount of snow at each new revolution. Thus each year has added more than any previous year to the growth of Western Canada.

Last year, 1907, was no exception to the rule, although the severe winter made it a bad year for most agricultural countries. The average yield of wheat per acre was, indeed, smaller than is usual in Western Canada but it was about fifteen bushels which is considered very good in older wheat countries like Russia and the United States. Then the high price more than made up for the smaller yield. The total wheat crop for the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was seventy-five million bushels for an acreage of about five million. This sold at an average price of sixty-five cents a bushel bringing some fifty million dollars into the farmers' pockets. In addition to the wheat there were 84,000,000 bushels of oats, 20,000,000 bushels of barley and about 1,000,000 bushels of other grains which added $48,000,000 to the revenue of the grain farmers. An interesting corollary of the large grain crops is the activity that was shown in the building of flour mills during this same year. On December 31, 1906, the mills west of Lake Superior had a total capacity of 32,677 barrels. One year later this capacity had been increased nearly forty per cent., the increase representing seventeen new mills and three enlargements, distributed as follows:

	Barrels.
Northwestern Ontario	10,500
Manitoba	100
Saskatchewan	825
Alberta	1,850
British Columbia	325
TOTAL	13,600
Capacity Dec. 31, 1906	32,677
TOTAL at present	46,277

One oatmeal mill of two hundred barrels capacity has also been built in Alberta, bringing the total in that class up to 1,115 barrels, and there are also feed mills having a capacity of 3,290 barrels in Western Canada. Four of the flour mills are unusually large and are equipped with the best machinery money can buy. Even the smallest of them are fully modern and capable of making the best flour.

The *Northwestern Miller* of Minneapolis, which compiled these figures, says: ''The fact that Western Canada has carried out such a large construction program this year shows that there is some warrant for the opinion which has become firmly established in flour importing countries, that Canada is to figure more largely hereafter in the world's flour trade. In both trans-Pacific and trans-Atlantic countries there will be an increasing quantity of Canadian flour offering as a result of the construction of these new mills. When the difficulties that hamper transportation in Canada have been removed, as they are sure to be before long, there will be nothing to prevent a steady and profitable trade between the prairie provinces of the west and all parts of the world where American flour is in demand.''

The transportation problem is being solved as fast as men, steam shovels, track carrying machines, and equipment factories can build road-beds and turn out engines and cars. During the year ending in November, 1907, nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroad were completed west of the Great Lakes and another fifteen hundred were under construction.

The Canadian Pacific built five hundred and seventy miles of road the most important part being the line from Straasburg past the upper end of Last Mountain Lake through Saskatoon. This line will be completed to Wetaskiwin on the Calgary-Edmonton branch before the end of this year. A good long start was made on the line from Moose Jaw northwestward to Stettler to join the Calgary-Edmonton branch at Lacombe. When these two lines are completed at the end of this year the Canadian Pacific will have, with its main line, three almost parallel lines across the richest wheat district in the world.

The Canadian Northern built two hundred and seventy-five miles of road, the most notable achievement being the completion of the direct line from Winnipeg through Brandon to Regina, connecting with the Regina-Prince Albert branch. This gives this company three lines from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, including between them a roughly described segment of a great circle of magnificent agricultural lands. The Hudson Bay division was graded from Etoimami to the Pas and during the past winter the rails have been laid preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill.

The new transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, completed five hundred and sixty-five miles of new road in addition to an immense amount of construction work all along the seven hundred miles between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The road-bed westward from Portage la Prairie was graded into Edmonton, and the steel laid as far west as Saskatoon, bringing the completed mileage between Winnipeg and Edmonton up to three hundred and twenty. By autumn of this year the trains will be running between these two cities. Early in 1908 the contract for one hundred miles west of Edmonton was let for $5,000,000 and the grading is now under way, so that by the time the construction trains reach Edmonton the road-bed will be ready for them to push on toward the Yellow Head Pass. The whole transcontinental line from Moncton on the Atlantic, to Prince Rupert, the new town owned by the company on the Pacific, a distance of 3,000 miles is to be completed by December 1, 1911.

The future holds some verv interesting possibilities for Western Canada in the way of new routes to foreign countries. The effect of these on the growth of cities and channels of trade will surely be great. If Prince Rupert, the western terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific stands at the eastern end of the shortest route to Asiatic ports, what will be the effect of the completion of this road on the towns along its line? The Canadian Northern is rapidly pushing a branch from its Prince Albert divison to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. Fort Churchill is on tidewater somewhat nearer than Montreal to Liverpool, and averages nine hundred and sixty-seven miles nearer the cities of Western Canada than Montreal. When the Panama Canal is finished it will be cheaper to ship from points west of the middle of Saskatchewan, via Vancouver, the terminal of the Canadian Pacific, and the canal to Europe than by the present way via Lake Superior and Montreal. This route will be open all the year round and the shorter Hudson Bay route will be closed part of each winter. It would take a wise head, indeed, to prophesy the exact effect of the opening of all these new channels of trade. But it is easier for any observer to see that as fast as each one is open there will be plenty of business for it. The Canadian prairies are capable of producing a billion bushels of wheat each year and the railroads and ship lines will not only have to export this vast mass of grain, but will have to bring in materials for the industries and provisions for the cities. In short, do the carrying for the population required to cultivate such a crop.

With the growth in the country population and the increase in transportation facilities, there has been a corresponding development in the towns and cities. Winnipeg, the largest city in Western Canada, increased in population from 101,057 in 1906 to 111,717 in 1907. Calgary and Edmonton continued their growth of from three to four thousand a year so that Calgary now has some twenty-two thousand and Edmonton over eighteen thousand people. Regina, Moose Jaw and the smaller cities increased in proportion while a number of brand new towns sprang up along the new lines of railroads. The building operations kept pace with the growth in population. Winnipeg issued building permits for $6,455,350 and her assessment increased from $80,511,725 to $106,188,833. In the wholesale district a number of warehouses can be seen with a streak running round them between the old bricks and the new, where additional stories have been put on; and the old bricks are not more than two or three years old in most cases, only just enough soiled to mark the line of division. The very general activity of business is shown in the bank clearings which amounted to $608,000,000, an increase of twenty per cent. over those of 1906. The bank clearings of all the western cities showed a substantial increase in the volume of business transacted.

During the last few years there has been a marked increase in the manufactories of this region; in fact, it is not such a very long time since there were no factories at all between eastern Ontario and British Columbia. Almost unnoticed, industries began to creep into the towns, until last year Winnipeg woke up and found itself the fourth manufacturing city of Canada, and no one was more surprised than the loyal Winnipegger himself. In 1906 Winnipeg put out about $18,000,000 in manufactured products and during 1907 a rolling mill, brickyard and other industries were added to the city's factories. We have already noticed the enormous increase in the flour mills in the west; almost every industry made large strides and some entirely new ones were established. Especially noteworthy were the building of a million-dollar packing plant at Edmonton by an American firm, because it is the first step in the invasion of this country by American packing interests, and the establishment of a woolen mill at Lethbridge, because this is the first step in the establishment of textile factories west of Ontario.

In spite of the growth of manufactories, Western Canada is still obliged to import the greater part of the manufactured products which it consumes. It gets much from the factory districts of Eastern Canada, but the East is not able to supply the Canadian market by any means. The imports of the country have increased steadily, as indeed have the exports, the chief items among the latter being the products of the forest, of the mines and of agriculture. The following table shows the increase in the trade of Canada in the last forty years, the large increase since 1890 being largely attributed to the development of the west.

The value of total exports, imports, and goods entered for consumption in the Dominion, with the duty collected thereon, is as follows for the years indicated:

Fiscal Year Ended:	Import:	Exports:	Entered for Consumption:	Duties:
June 30, 1868	$57,567,888	$73,459,644	$71,985,306	$8,819,431
'' 30, 1880	87,911,458	86,489,747	71,782,349	14,138,849
'' 30, 1890	96,749,149	121,858,241	112,765,584	24,014,908
'' 30, 1900	191,894,723	189,622,513	180,804,316	28,889,110
'' 30, 1902	211,640,286	212,270,158	202,791,595	32,425,532
'' 30, 1905	203,316,872	266,834,417	261,925,554	42,024,339
'' 30, 1906	256,586,630	294,286,015	290,360,807	46,671,101
March 30, 1907*	205,277,197	259,786,007	257,254,882	40,290,171

*Change of Fiscal Year, nine months.

The year 1907 was a very trying one in almost all parts of the globe. The peculiarly severe and late winter was disastrous to crops, and money was ''tight,'' a bad combination for all the agricultural countries. Western Canada stood the test nobly. The crops were so good that, with the high prices, they brought the normal amount of money into the country and business was merely slowed down by the money situation. Immigration was larger than ever before and development in all lines went on steadily and serenely, regardless of the financial difficulties in other countries. This expanse of prairie stretching nine hundred miles east and west from the Great Lakes to the Rockies and three hundred miles north from the United States boundary has proved, under hard trial, that the rapid growth of railroads, the enthusiasm of hundreds of thousands of settlers and the phenomenal building of towns and cities have been justified.

And all of this progress, the cheerful rush of new settlers, the making of the towns into cities and of small cities into larger ones, the new industries springing up and the old ones increasing their scope, the financial soundness of the country, the energy and enterprise of the railroads, all of it goes back, in the last analysis, to the wheat. Because of the wheat is the country great, the wheat that is ground into flour to make the people's bread. The message that the little barrel brings is a promise of future plenty and it comes straight from the Canadian wheat fields.

McCARTHY'S MAJORITY

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

DRAWING BY VA-TIER L. BARNES. SEE FRONTISPIECE

I WAS speeding westward from Winnipeg across the great Canadian prairies, last summer, on a holiday trip to Banff, to view the Canadian Alps.

Arriving at Medicine Hat the train was met by a large crowd of ranchers, who were giving an ovation to a tall, stately-looking gentleman, well past middle age.

As the train pulled out a typical rancher entered the car I occupied and took a seat opposite mine. After he had stowed his grip and was comfortably seated, I enquired as to the identity of the distinguished personage the crowd had been cheering, as we pulled into the Hat.

"Oh, that was Senator McCarthy," he answered, and, after a sigh and with a faraway look in his eyes, continued; "I mind the first time he was elected to the Commons. I voted for him that trip, although I ain't got much time for them protection fellers, and he's one of the rankest that ever struck the range."

"He must be a fine man," I ventured, "when you would throw party to one side and support him."

"Well, I guess he's alright, as far as politicians go, but he ain't anything extra. It's some years now since that time I gave him my support, so I don't mind tellin' you how it happened," he volunteered with a conscious smile.

"They was six of us ridin' that summer on the Bar N. Amongst the bunch was a young Englishman with White-Chapel branded all over him, and an accent like—a motherless foal."

Jerking his head back in the direction of the Hat, he explained: "The Senator was pretty good to Dook. That is what we dubbed his nobs,—for he was all English, without a cross,—when he first fluttered into our midst, wearing a head-and-tail peaked cap, a blue sweater, and enough metal in his boots to start a foundry.

"Well, it was the summer that Dook was with us that McCarthy got the nomination, and we was all free-traders from the word go at the Bar N, but the Dook and he was a McCarthy man from the drop of the hat, whether it was free trade, protection or graft. He'd helped Dook in the hour of need, and now Dook was agoin' to send back the dough-god, that Mac had cast upon the waters.

"McCarthy met Dook in town one day, and, just to josh him a bit, said: 'Dook, you must rope that bunch down at the Bar N, and lead 'em over'n our corral or we can't make the grade.'

"Well, sir, it would make you weep to hear Dook tryin' to talk politics, as he circled and crossed and tried to cut us out of the free trade bunch. Yes, sir, it was down-right pitiful.

"One day at dinner as we was agoin' on about Governments, Reddy McLeod folded up half a flap-jack, give it a roll in the syrup pail, and, as he crowded the chunk of indigestion into his talkin' apparatus, he gulps out, 'Give us free trade like they have it in England.'

"Free tride like they 'ave hit hin Hingland,' repeated Dook in disgust. 'Whoi, hin Lunnun hive seen 'underds hof hunemployed walkin' the streets cryin,' 'Give us bread hor give hus work,' Hi 'ave.'

"'In London,' said Jim Boyd, the head-push; 'did you come from London, Ontario, Dook?'—with a wink at us.

" 'Lunnun, Hontario,' repeated Dook, with disgust; 'Lunnun, Hingland, Hold Country, hopposite Hireland—his that pline henough for you?'

" 'I wasn't dead sartin of yer nationality,' gently replied Boyd. 'As a general thing Englishmen drop their aitches over-board before they arrive, but you must hev kept yours in your shirt pocket.'

"That afternoon Dook rode to town and had a conflab with his friend McCarthy, returning with a small square packet, which he placed carefully among his dunnage.

"At supper Dook was very silent, and for the first time since his arrival was the first to push his chair back from the table. After a few moments of abstraction he looked over at Jim Boyd and said:—

"Mr. Boyd, could Hi 'ave the use hov the hold cottage h'on the 'ill for a while? Hive received some bad news to-di'; my mother his dead hand my five sisters har coming hout to me, hand Hi was thinkin' we could live there huntil Hi got plices for them, hor perhaps they might get married—,hor some of them—before Michaelmas.'

" 'Sure thing,' said Boyd, heartily, 'Help yerself.'

"Well sir, we was all dead sorry fer Dook, and we each gave him a little, condolin' tale, but we was kinder glad too, for we was each goin' on our homesteads in the spring, and there wasn't one of us but had a failin' fer anything in petticoats.

"Well sir, jist the name 'woman' will create havoc in a defunct volcano, and the Bar N bunk-house was no exception.

"Jimmy Graham was the keenest girl-trailer in our orphanage, and he asked Dook right off what age his sisters were, and what they looked like. Says Dook, 'the youngest his heighteen and the holdest twenty-six, but hif y'd look hat their likenesses they hall looked nearly the same hage.'

" ' Hev y' picters of 'em,' exclaimed Buck McNab, excited like; 'if y' hev I'd like to take a squint at 'em as I'm pretty good at sizin' up the weaker sect,' sez he, 'fer I had to leave the last town I was in to keep from bein' roped with their lariats of love.'

" 'Hi 'ave 'em 'ere hin my dunnage,' says Dook, an' he starts fer his turkey.

"Say, he pulled out five photos of the swellest lookin' girls y' ever clapped eyes on. Each one was a peacherino. Every man picked his picture, and, although he didn't shout it out, he'd made a mental calculation that they was only one girl in this world for him, and that was Dook's sister.

"Yes sir, they'd caught the weak heart for sure, Why, as all the boys said, they looked for all the world like the pictures of the show girls y' see in the papers, and as Reddy wondered when Dook went out to picket his cayuse for the night, as how any livin' woman could give birth to such slick lookin' females, and then turn around and inflict such a combination of cross brands as Dook.

"Dook had allus been a hard 'un to wake up in the mornin' and as a rule the boys jist dragged him out of his bunk, but next mornin' he wasn't even called; and when he did get up Reddy had all his chores done for him, apologetically remarking, 'It's pretty hard on a orphan like Dook to have his mother die.'

"Well, in fact we'd all got t'think we was so near related to Dook that we otter let him have things easy while he was a-mournin'.

"One night as we was 'rangin' our chairs around the table for a quiet game of poker Dook spoke up and says he:—'Hi'd like to hinvite you chaps hover when my sisters harrive but they har very particular who they hassociate with; hif they found hout you gambled they would be sore hon me for hinvitin' you.'

"Well sir, sich a conflamergasted look came over our faces, but Jimmy Graham was ekel to the occasion, and he sings out:—'That's right. I admire girls of that brand; I was allus brought up to shun evil; I never did fall until I came here, and I'm a quitter, straight.'

"Well sir, we all sided in with Jimmy although we knew he wasn't brought up at all, jist growed, and rustled for hisself, same as a range calf.

" 'My sisters,' says Dook, 'his hall religion, and they har nearly hall missionaries in the Heast Hend; they collects money and then divides it with the needy hand hunemployed.'

" 'Well,' says Reddy, 'I move that we each give ten cents a day to help the poor, and I further move that the Dook be treasurer, and that he uses said money as he deems fit, wherever it'll do the most good.'

"Well sir, us old anti-nuptials unanimously agreed to go down in our dip to the extent of seventy cents each week for five weeks, to be applied for the needy and unemployed.

"Dook told us that he had written his sisters that Mr. McCarthy, the man that was so kind to him when he first came out, was runnin' for Parliament and that they 'ad hanswered hand said, they 'oped 'e was helected', and that they should select their friends from amongst McCarthy's supporters.

"Buck McNab sings out almost afore Dook was through with his little yarn:– 'I intend stayin' with McCarthy; what Dook told me of the men out of work in the old country changed me.'

" 'Well sir,' vocalized Reddy, 'to be on the rocks and no job in sight is a pretty bum proposition to run up against, and if that's free trade I'm with McCarthy, too.'

"I won't tell you what I said, but I can say this much, we all followed Buck and Reddy like pail-fed doggies.'

"The day the votes was pulled off was the day Dook's sisters was comin'. We was expectin' 'em on the fourten train, so we all put on our joyful togs, and cantered into town to vote for McCarthy, and, what was more important, to meet our future brides.

"We lined up in a row at the pollin' booth like calves in a brandin' chute, waitin' our turn. After each man had made his mark, some one said, 'Where is the deah Dook?'—for Buck had insisted on nailin' on the deah since we was all to be related.

"At last we located the deah Dook pasturin' in the King Edward bar, and blowin' hisself with a couple of the Heast Hend contingent, and he wasn't doin' a thing but tossin' it into him at a two-a-minute rate.

"Some of the boys said we should cut him out of that bunch or he wouldn't be fit to meet his pious sisters; but Jimmy says 'No, let him pitch away and we'll meet the girls and escort 'em to the cottage on the hill.'

"So Dook was left to pick his pasture while we hung 'round and swapped lies about the different girls that had wanted to glide over the matrimonial range with us.

"When the 4.10 train pulled in five expectant cow-boys stood on the platform, and when, five minutes later, the con. marconied the engineer to pull out, there stood five of the most disappointedest rope-twisters y' ever seed. We all gazed at each other with a 'we've been stung' look, and Buck warbles 'Where is that d—d Dook? I want to have a little talk with him, kinder pious, like his sisters talk,' sez he; so away we went to the King Edward.

"In answer to our enquiries of the dope-slinger he said, 'Dook 'd got soggy and they'd put him in the sample room.' After we'd given him a few rib-roasters he sat up and blinked at us fer a while, and Jimmy says 'Where's yes sisters that was agoin' to habitate in this burg to-day?'

"Say, that beef-eatin' Saxon jist looked at us and showed his masticators, but when he saw we wouldn't stand for any more joshin' he began to articulate; 'Hi hintended tellin' you chaps as 'ow Hi'd got a letter from the Hold Country, sayin' has 'ow the girls wasn't comin' till next helection, but to give their respects to my mites, hat the Bar Hen, hand say has 'ow they hadmire their noble spirit but they must 'ave 'plucked a lemon hin the garden of love where they thought only peaches grew.'

"Say, I'd tell y' what the boys said but them ladies in the next seat might hear me.

" 'Where's our missionary fund, you white-livered maverick?' yells Jimmy.

" 'Hi was to use my hown judgment, you chaps said, hand Hi blew hit hon those two poor chaps from Whitechapel, as never had a real, bloomin' blow-hout hin their lives,' said Dook.

"Yes, McCarthy was elected by five," said my travelling companion, in answer to my question, as he reached for his grip and prepared to swing off at the next station.

THE PASSING OF WINTER

By W. P. Osborne

KING Frost hath vanished. Down the swift expanse
His giant bergs have jostled to the deep
With shock of thunder; every pendant lance
Hath splintered from the cliffs. Released from sleep
Earth stands refreshed, Spring driving wintry strife
Through glimmering passes, thrills the pulse of Life.
A song of rivers running with increase
Of foam-wild waters, clamour in the vale
That speaks the flight of Northward winging geese,
And wild birds chorus. Here and there star-pale,
Young flowers strew the mouldering leaves, dark plumes,
Adorn the ash. The lonely mallard dives
Beneath the budding alder and soft blooms
Of water-willows; Scanted herbage thrives
Reft of its icy sheath. The fresh green fire
Runs riot o'er the forest and the vast
Of unfenced prairies quickening to desire
As stronger suns their warmth of splendour cast.
Our gates are open. Fleets of Commerce ride—
White sail, dark streaming smoke—upon the tide,
Trading the opulence of older lands
For our crude measure won of Nature's hands
By sweat of labour. Flushed with eager hope
The young Outlander comes. Let him be strong,
Our Lands need men with manly work to cope,
No ruth for weaklings here. To us belongs
The heritage of dauntless pioneers
Claimed from the wild, and let his home be gain
Of stalwart toil. Wide-handed wait the years
With lands for tilling, harvesting of grain,
Forests to fell, and treasures to be mined,
Rivers to bridge, railroads to carry him through
Primeval solitudes. Thus shall he find
Our welcome hearty as his deeds are true.

D. BLYTHE HANNA

Third vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, who has displayed unusual ability in methodically handling the detailed management of a transcontinental line

THE BRAINS OF A TRANS-CONTINENTAL

BY JOHN V. BORNE

From the April "System" Magazine

IN 1896, nothing.

In 1907, four thousand one hundred miles of railway in operation; six hundred under construction; and two thousand more surveyed; the whole absolutely controlled by two men.

Herein is a record that would be remarkable in the United States. In Canada we accept it as a matter of course. and look for more.

Here is a paragraph of details. The derelict charter of the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company was bought, and in 1896 was translated into a hundred miles of railway by William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann, two railway contractors who had been partners for ten years. Some extensions were built, and a line from Winnipeg to Lake Superior was begun, the charter for which had been granted to other parties in 1889. In 1901, the Manitoba lines of the Northern Pacific were leased. In 1902, the road to Port Arthur, on Lake Superior was completed. In 1905, Edmonton was reached; and the main line was 1,265 miles long. In 1906, double entrance was gained to Prince Albert—by building a line from the east, and by acquiring a railway from the south that had been operated for fifteen years by the Canadian Pacific. This winter, Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan has been given its first competitive route to the east.

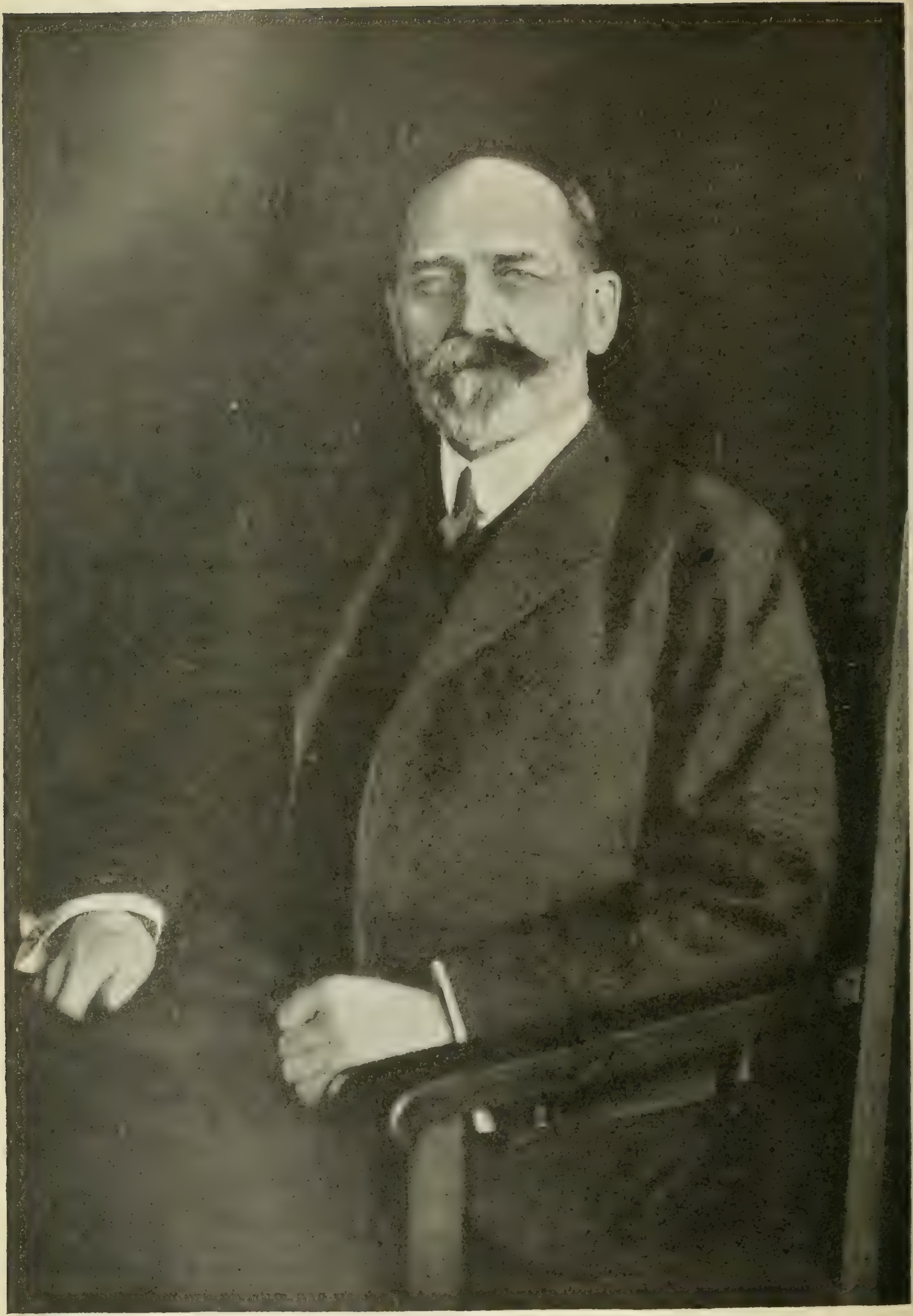
While three thousand miles of track have been built and handled in the West, the elements of a trans-continental have been secured in the East by the same two men. The Canadian Northern Ontario is built for three hundred miles, from Toronto to the Moose Mountain iron mines, which, via Key Harbor, a new port on Georgian Bay, will give Cleveland and Pittsburg an additional unlimited supply of first-class ore, five hundred miles nearer than that which comes through Duluth. The Canadian Northern Quebec gives Ottawa a new connection with Montreal and Quebec. With the governance of the Quebec & Lake St. John have come first rate terminal facilities, and access to the greatest pulpwood forests in America. In Nova Scotia, 431 miles of line have opened up the south shore between Halifax and Yarmouth, and have tapped great coal deposits in Cape Breton Island.

The first train on this system ran on December 19, 1896. In the first year the gross earnings were $60,000. The staff totalled about twenty. West of Port Arthur alone the earnings are now on a basis of $10,000,000 per annum, and 10,700 are on the regular pay-roll.

The explanation? Men, chiefly.

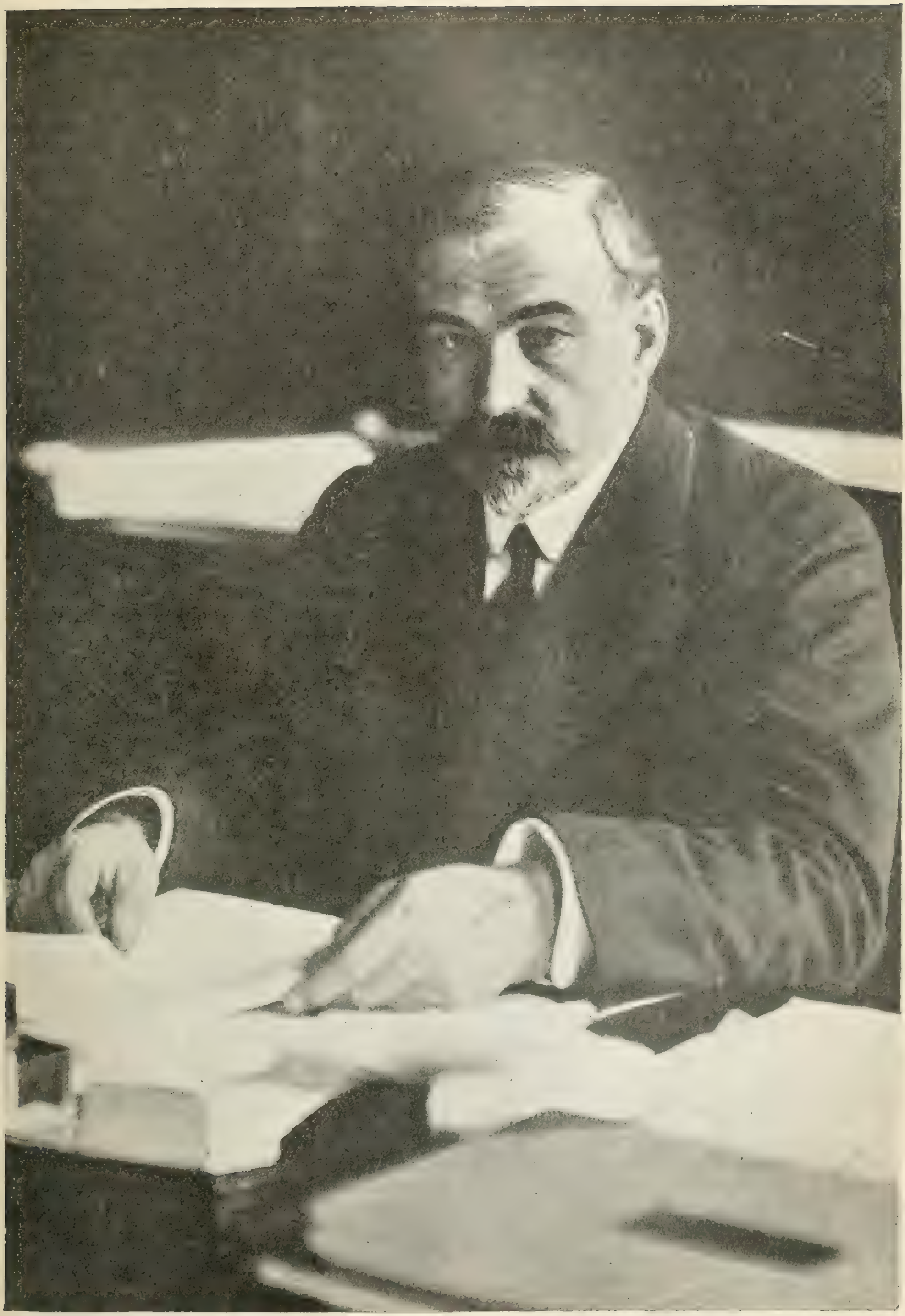
Mr. Mackenzie is president of the Canadian Northern Railway Company; Mr. Mann is vice-president. They are complementary one of another—which is another way of saying that they differ markedly in their characteristics. But when it comes to doing things—well, here are three pieces of evidence given by Mr. Lash, their chief counsel, during a banquet given to the partners by the Toronto Board of Trade.

Some years ago it became suddenly necessary, in a critical stage of financial negotiations in England, that the amalgamations of the Manitoba & South-



WILLIAM MACKENZIE

Who as president of the Canadian Northern Railway, has been a vital factor in laying the foundation of a great transcontinental line through Canada



D. D. MANN

Vice president of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, who with President Mackenzie, materially assisted in organizing and building the system which is rapidly extending over Canada

Eastern and the Ontario & Rainy River Railways with the Canadian Northern, should be immediately brought about; and everything was accomplished, including the necessary Orders-in-Council at Ottawa, within one week.

The lease of the Northern Pacific lines was practically acquired within a week after the negotiations were opened.

The acquisition of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan Railway—250 miles in length—was first discussed at 11 a. m., and the bargain was concluded at 4 p. m., of the same day.

MACKENZIE—BUILDER AND ORGANIZER.

And first, Mr. Mackenzie. Who is he? What is he like? What is his knack of doing things? What is he likely to find round the next bend in the road?

His parents came from Caithness, and cleared a farm about seventy miles back from Toronto. From the first he was ambitious—reticently. He began by teaching school. There was little prospect in that profession, except the possible glory of showing some unsuspected genius how to spell. He found other constructive business. As you pass through Gamebridge, on the Canadian Northern Ontario line, a frame building is shown you as a piece of his handiwork. He kept store; and, when railways were first being built thereabouts, he set up as a sawmiller.

In the early eighties he was building trestle bridges for the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. He constructed the snowsheds in the Selkirks. The railways from Calgary to Edmonton and from Regina to Prince Albert were built by his firm. In 1891 he secured control of the Toronto Street Railway. The street railway franchise of Winnipeg also came his way. He became heavily interested in Montreal street traction, and, with another, once held similar privileges in Birmingham, England.

The beginnings of the Canadian Northern, in 1896, were not as accidental as they seemed. Reticence was the price of success. The wise public said that Western Canada was the inheritance of the mighty Canadian Pacific, the first great railway of the West, and that it was impossible for a great trunk and branches to be built from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, in the same way as little shops have grown into leviathan department stores. But Mr. Mackenzie laughs at impossibilities and converts them into roadbeds, rails and running rights. He is chief of forty-three per cent. of the working Canadian railroads between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps the explanation of his power is a combination of a rare instinct for the profitable thing; a capacity rapidly to transmute an idea into a proposition, and a matchless certainty that events will justify the proposition. "Mackenzie never lets go," said one who has known him intimately for many years. The testimony is corroborated by the records of big enterprises that are too numerous to mention.

Where is the place of detail in this makeup? It is everywhere; and nowhere. "I am seldom out in a figure," was how he once described his extraordinary knowledge of the entrails of a business he has once dealt with. But he dismisses as detail many things which the average man regards as essential. He looks right into the centre of a problem; knows instantly what its vital spark is; and discovers a way to kindle it into a blaze, while the other fellow is wondering from which quarter a breeze may come to destroy the flame.

The man who is seldom out in a figure naturally dispenses with some of the common paraphernalia of business. In the board-room of the Canadian Northern Building in Toronto Mr. Mackenzie has a chair, a telephone, two rows of electric buttons, a blotter and accessories—and that's his outfit. He has Cecil Rhodes' disregard for letter-writing. As a rule, he makes two trips a year to Europe on financial business. He cannot be induced to take a secretary with him. He always gets what he asks for.

He is not unaware of his genius for

financing, but nobody ever hears him speak of it. A few weeks ago he returned from a trip to England, during which he achieved surprising results; and gave interviews to the Toronto papers. The most accurate of the reporters wrote that Mr. Mackenzie received them in his "genially bashful way." Recently a most experienced Toronto editorial writer, who had written much about Mr. Mackenzie for a dozen years—often critically, for Mr. Mackenzie knows how to fight as well as how to be genial—met him for the first time. "I expected," said he, "to meet a big, muscular, dominating man—a sort of express in trousers. But I saw an averaged-sized, thin-handed, and, at first, almost timid man, with wonderful, winning eyes, who has got somewhere about him, an element of romance, if I am not mistaken."

It was a shrewd observation. Mr. Mackenzie's summer home is on the paternal homestead. His devotion to his family is proverbial among all who know Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto as well as President Mackenzie of the Canadian Northern. He cares intensely for Canada. To him you might as well criticise the multiplication table, as suggest a doubt of the magnificence of his country. When the Dominion Government fathered the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, it was suggested to him that the Canadian Northern might be sold at a great price. His answer was immediate, decisive, illuminating: "No; I like building railroads." The most persistent and possibly the most bitter assailant of railways in Canada said this to me, not so long ago: "I believe that when he has built a railway across the continent, Mackenzie will be quite capable of making it a national possession." The remark is useful only as showing that the element of romance suspected by another man is not as deeply overlaid by balance sheets as is generally supposed. Mr. Mackenzie is not primarily a philanthropist. If he were, he could not build railways. But his genius for acquisition is not for self-aggrandizement.

The next bend of the road? The Canadian Northern will be a transcontinental railway, as certainly as anything can be, in a mutable world. Mr. Mackenzie is fifty-seven, "the most tireless man, physically and mentally, I ever saw," said his friend Byron E. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, lately. The longevity of his father is remarkable. There is no visible reason why he himself should not be hale at eighty-five. He will go on building railroads to the end of the chapter.

It agrees with him.

It agrees with Canada.

MANN—A POWER IN RAILWAY MAKING.

"I am a believer in the made-in-Canada idea," said Mr. Mann, to the Toronto Board of Trade. He should be; a tree is known by its fruits. Mr. Mann is altogether a product of Canada. The Canadian Northern has been mainly financed in England; but it is the first great Canadian undertaking that is not a debtor to imported driving powers. It is not a breach of confidence to say that Mr. J. J. Hill regards Sir Wm. Van Horne and Mr. Mann as the two greatest living railroad builders. Mr. Hill knows what he is talking about; and if his modesty conquers him occasionally, it is the only thing that ever did.

If the Canadian Northern is singular in Canada, because it owes nothing to extraneous force, it must have developed its own driving powers. Mr. Mackenzie has done the financing; and has been in the public eye more than his partner, who has stayed at home "minding the sheep," as an inconsequential wag said. As a rule, he who minds the sheep is the more difficult entity to size up than he who goes into the market place.

Writing of Mr. Mann, after Mr. Mackenzie, might make it comparatively easy to exhibit him as the complement of Mr. Mackenzie; were it not equally desirable to show Mr. Mackenzie as the complement of Mr. Mann. Finance must be followed by Construction. Construction depends on Finance.

Finance cannot repeat itself until Construction has justified its promises. In the case of the Canadian Northern, Construction and Finance are truly married. And, as with all fruitful, abiding unions, the parties have qualities alike, besides qualities complementary. Any idea that Mr. Mann is not a first-class financier could not survive a ten-minutes' talk with him about a financial proposition.

Half the art of railroad construction is in getting things done. The antecedent is the choice of right country in which to lay your first rails. The prosperity of your road may finally depend on the success with which you contrive to feed it with tributary lines, and contributary industries. Mr. Mann went to Western Canada somewhere about 1880, because he saw that the ground floor of the future was beyond Lake Superior. Two days ago, I met the head of the firm of lumbermen for whom Mr. Mann was a foreman in 1879. "What was his outstanding quality?" I asked. "Drive!" was the answer. "Organizing the work, and getting it done. He was the best foreman we ever had."

See how these qualities worked under new conditions. Mr. Mann is not given to excess of speech. He observes prodigiously. He was one of the builders of the railways from Regina, the centre of the prairie country, to Prince Albert, near the Forks of the Saskatchewan; and from Calgary, at the foothills of the Rockies, two hundred miles northward to Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles west of Prince Albert. He saw the Saskatchewan Valley; and it was very good. His notions about it can only be judged by what happened afterwards. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal charter, which he and his partner acquired, belonged to the scheme for reaching Hudson Bay. They built their first lines in that direction, through country which one of the earlier Government explorers described as "the finest, in a state of nature, I have ever seen."

But while this was being done, the magnificent territory between Dauphin, the terminus of 1896, and Edmonton was being pre-empted for a main line to the Pacific. And before the interests that then dominated the railway situation in Western Canada quite appreciated what was going to happen, the Saskatchewan, by the end of 1905, had been bridged in four places, and there was a main line from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Edmonton, twelve hundred and sixty-five miles away. The next year, the line from Regina to Prince Albert, through remarkably productive wheat-growing land, fell into the hands of its actual builders; and this year Regina, by a new line to Brandon, has her first alternative commercial line to navigation. Eighteen hundred and forty miles of branches feed the trunk; and the grain elevator at Port Arthur into which the crop is poured, is the largest in the world.

Every acre that has been handled by the Railway's Land Department, was granted with some charter whose promoters failed to finance it. Compared with the cash grants in aid of preceding railways, the monetary help received by the Canadian Northern has been trifling. New charters, and readjustments of old ones, have involved much legislation which has been under Mr. Mann's guidance, rather than Mr. Mackenzie's. He is a skilled diplomatist; with the advantage of always working on a case he controls; and, generally, on a case he has created.

Of conferences with his partner, nothing can be known here—the Origin of Schemes is often unfathomable. But it is known, broadly, that Mr. Mann has a rare and never ending power of projecting great enterprises, and the machinery for working them; and that their more perfected shapes are evolved in conjunction with the other side of the house. That, after all, is what you might expect. Mr. Mann weighs half as much again as his partner. He is the veritable embodiment of strength. Mr. Mackenzie is the exemplar of agility. Now, here is a test of a man's real size—does he grow, all the time? Can a man be born when he is old?

Mr. Mann has had an amazing experience. He came from the farm—his father lives to rejoice in his bequest to the nation. He is greatly wealthy; and very powerful. He does not discourse of humility or teachableness. He knows the ground he stands on; and is intimately acquainted with the ground about him. Come close up to him and you discover a breadth of outlook that only a few can possess. "I do not know a man who has grown more in the last five years," said one of his familiar friends to me three days ago.

I was reminded of the impression made on my own mind by his speech at the banquet I have already mentioned. He was obviously unaccustomed to public speaking.

But, in three or four places, he revealed a capacity for turning a phrase; and a general poise of mind that are only associated with masters of assemblies. In short, the man, his methods, his future are modern Canada incarnate.

HANNA—THE MANAGING GENIUS.

When creative genius has done its work there is generally need for some expert hand to run the mechanism that has been made. Take a rigid training in auld licht faith and practice; long-houred service on economical Scotch railways; comprehensive experience in New York, Eastern Canada, and the spacious plains of the Last West; broaden and deepen the result, by a decade of management of a fast-growing system of transportation, and you produce the third vice-president of the Canadian Northern—D. Blythe Hanna—and you also produce the keys of his success.

When you have much to do with him you find yourself saying at different points in your intercourse: "That's the auld licht; this is the Grand Trunk; and that is Portage la Prairie." From which it is clear that there is nothing mystifying or portentous about this personality. Success has not upset his equilibrium.

To describe the methods or systems of this third vice-president of three railways and president of two by picturing his office, numbering the bell-buttons on his table, and photographing a countenance prepared for the occasion, would be the depth of unbusinesslikeness. Because his method does not begin there—its foundations were laid at Thornliebank, away on the Clyde, and were cemented in the offices of the Glasgow, Barrhead & Kilmarnock and the Calidonian Railway. If they have been broadened and strengthened by association with much larger affairs in much larger countries the broadening and strengthening qualities were compounded in the original make-up.

Mr. Hanna is forty-nine. Until he was thirty-eight he was in no distinguished position. His career, though, which was well-founded and grounded in the years preceding that time, has been made, as far as widespread notice is concerned in that time. Through the auditing staff, the chief accountancy, the treasurership of successive roads in Scotland, the United States and Canada, he reached, the last month of 1896, the avenue to his proper vocation, by becoming the superintendent of the Lake Manitoba Railway & Canal Company, an almost unnoticed line that began in a village and ended 100 miles out in the wilderness. To-day he is in active charge of the running of 4,100 miles.

Railways cannot be built by advertising something amazingly attractive at ten cents the copy, obtainable at ten thousand halting places of the public. To build up out of nothing a system at the average rate of a mile a day for eleven years, and to supervise the wages of a staff of about fifteen thousand men, means finance, construction, diplomacy, driving power, enduring courage, a capacity for expenditure, and a capacity for economy, even when money is being spent like water. Merely to keep pace with such expansion would worry most men to death. While they were devising a system to handle one set of conditions they would be smothered by the details of the next piece of work. Five years ago Mr Hanna came to Toronto from Winnipeg, because the approach of transcontinentalism by the Canadian Northern was sufficiently clear to make Eastern headquarters inevitable. The C. N. R. force in Toronto then totalled three, compared with a hundred and sixty now.

By what system can a man keep step with this kind of expansion? Of course, he must have order and coherence; method and arrangement in the devices, human and mechanical, which minister to the activity of his mind, and to the transfusing activity of his will. But the ego that is behind the whole is not an affair of foot-rules and square inches, and time-tables as rigid as auld licht theology. For, be it observed, Mr. Hanna is not in the first place or the second in the Canadian Northern. He is, as far as it is possible for any one man to be, the general manager of all the railways controlled by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Mann.

I have said that sometimes one's mental comment is, "That's auld licht," and, "This is the Grand Trunk." The auld licht was dour; but it was straight. There is the fundamental of the Hanna method; and next, the experience in exactness which a course of auditing gives. Mr. Hanna has a practised eye for the weak detail in what is submitted to him. He will pounce on it with smiling mercilessness. He is the genius of economy; the abiding enemy of stinginess. Which is another way of saying that there is an admirable balance in his methods.

It all comes back to the only point I care to make about method—that the railway chief, like the painter, must mix his materials with his brains. Mr. Hanna's great part in the Canadian Northern is due to his independence of precedent and his devotion to the immutability of "two and two are four." He is six feet two; as strong as a horse. He jokes without difficulty, and enjoys the jokes almost as much as those who hear them. Last spring an Irish banker traveled with him from Winnipeg to Edmonton and confessed he had not laughed so much in any two previous days. From which it is pretty clear he gets on with people—and so, also with himself.

That is the kind of man the heads of the Canadian Northern are always looking for.

CONSECRATING CANADIAN BATTLEFIELDS

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Vice-President Canadian Women's Press Club

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the fever of fraction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name."

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"IT is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices," so spoke Addison, looking into the mocking eyes of Dicky Steele. If this was true in the days of Addison and among the hedge-rows of Merrie England, how many hundred times more true it is in this year of grace 1908 among the "scant people" of Canada out of whom the benignant Fates fain would "mould a mighty state."

Daring the role of prophet, I would venture the forecast that when in the coming years Canadian kiddies study the period of national history that we are now passing through, Earl Grey's tenure of office will be remembered for nothing more insistently and more reverently than for the gentle, generous, and courtly scheme which has for its object the preservation and consecration of the Canadian battlefields.

In seizing the fact that the year 1908 commemorates the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain, the magnificent plan of the Governor-General does honor not solely to Samuel de Champlain, but to Generals Wolfe and Montcalm, to every man of their twin nations, to the women and men of a hundred varying strains of nationhood privileged to have personal part in the work of reclaiming the ancient battlefields to-day. Every time a school-boy of New Zealand, a pupil of the London board-schools, or a little girl far-off on a Vancouver Island fruit-farm contributes a precious penny to the reclamation fund, an imperishable lesson in patriotism is being taught. It is when we work together as a British people in some common scheme that we realize our oneness and there is a drawing together of Empire's cords "a little closer yet."

The world's surface nor the world's history holds any spot so instinct and so prodigal with sacred memories as that of the battlefields which surround the city of Quebec. The setting apart of these grounds, as contemplated by Earl Grey, as a consecrated spot for all time, will form an object-lesson ennobling in its present-day influence and with an effect reaching down the years and strengthening as time rolls on.

Alone among the earth's immortal battlefields stand the Plains of Abraham. Here in the first onslaught an empire was lost and won, the tide of victory was arrested in the second clash of arms, the honor of French and English was heightened in both. But the Plains of Abraham do not constitute the sole battle-ground in this historic spot, here is a focal point for the deeds of derring-do of the past. Within the confines of a scant hundred years, on the site of the city of Quebec were fought out no fewer than five battles and four sustained sieges, and there took part in these history-making actions English, Scots, Irish, Americans, French, and French-Canadians.

In each of these engagements, the vanquished suffered an honorable defeat, and the glory of the victors was divided among many allies. Wolfe was aided by American rangers, Carleton by French-Canadians; and it was French and French-Canadians side by side who gained the day gloriously under Frontenac, and Montcalm (at Montmorenci), and again under Levis.

Heroes of many nations, soldiers by land and brave fighters of the sea will be honored by the rescuing and holding apart for ever from the work-a-day catalogue of common things this hallowed ground, the making of it an Anglo-French inheritance for those who follow after. Posterity is not exercised regarding a man's nationality, so much as his manhood; nor do our children's children inquire closely of our verbal profession of faith.

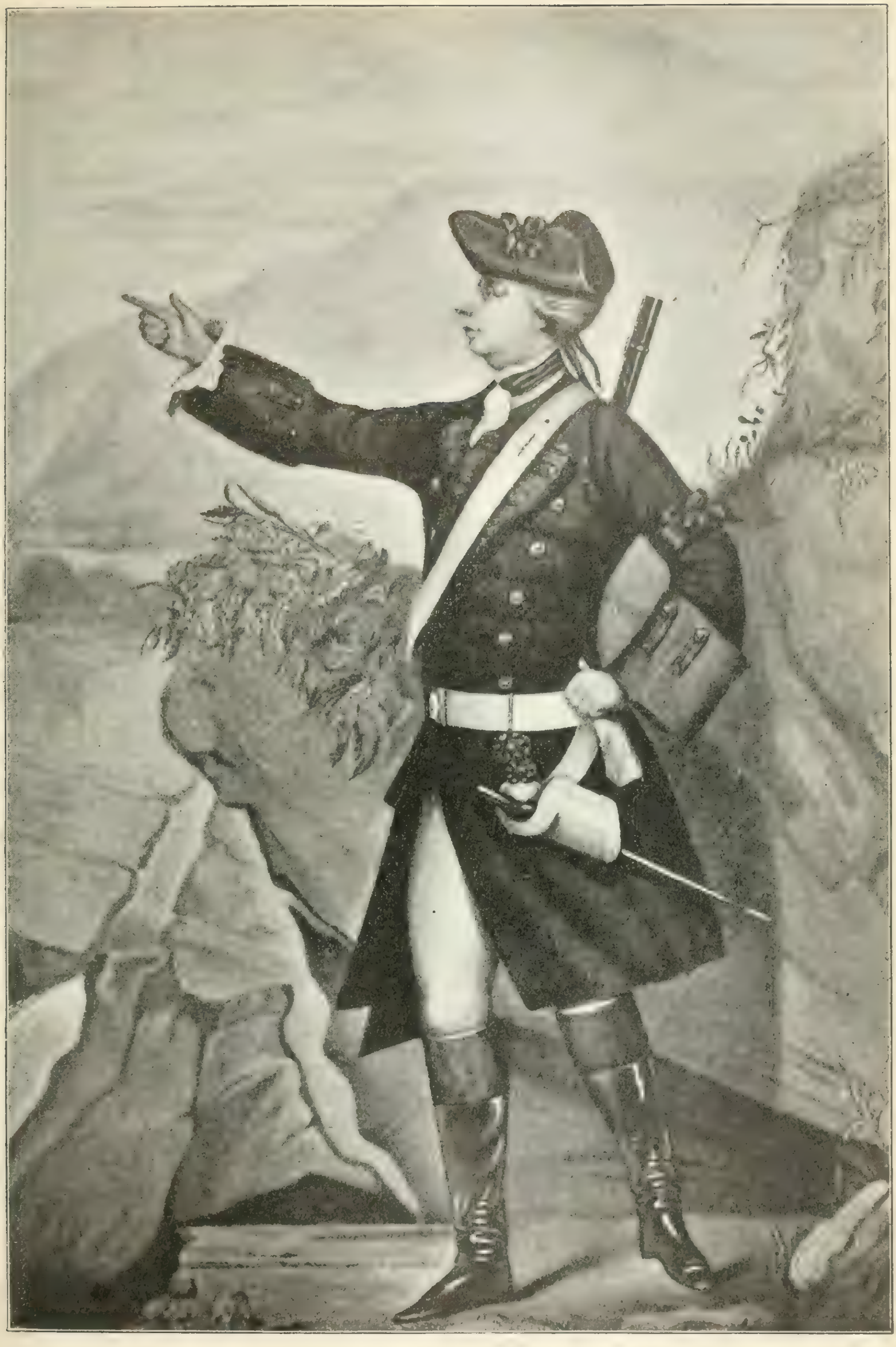
"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who
    fights by my side
  In the cause of mankind, if our
    creeds agree?"

It is something more vital than profession that marks the measure of a man, dead or living.

The world will never tire of the contemplation of that struggle between the two strong men, Wolfe and Montcalm, on that history-fraught 13th of September in the long ago. Both men knew it to be a day of destiny. "The King counts upon your zeal, courage, and tenacity. It is indispensable that you keep a foothold," this the message from over-seas to the dauntless Montcalm. His answer is characteristic of the man, "I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." We all know how he kept that promise. In honoring Wolfe, let us equally honor that towering figure aloft and alone calling to his men to fight the good fight, riding before them like a drapeau vivant of France herself, Montcalm, the last great Frenchman of the outposts of the West of his day.

Surely it would be impossible to find a more imposing amphitheatre than the sacred ground where Earl Grey plans to place his memorial to these great of old. The top of the promontory up which the attacking soldiers scaled made a mighty stage. Before Wolfe lay his battlefield and immediately beyond that, Quebec. To his right a league of waving upland rolled to find horizon in encircling foothills; to his left a hundred miles of the ramparts of blue-ranging Laurentians. And below all this the mighty St. Lawrence wound majectic carrying tribute of water from out of the fertility of an unguessed hinterland to the Atlantic bosom, beyond whose eastern waves sat Old France and Old England pulling the puppet strings which sent all this vigorous young manhood down into the contending valley of Death. History was making, this day, where at the narrows of Quebec the Old World placed bloody fingers upon the virgin page of the New.

Unique the story of this Battle of The Plains of Abraham. On the one side we have Wolfe killed in the fore front of the force, his successor struck at the head of his brigade, and the British command passing with overwhelming rapidity from man to man until the four generals in succession had held the reins of power within one short half hour. On the side of France, four generals laid down their lives on this glorious and awful day: and the two youthful leaders, one flushed with victory, the other upheld in the ecstasy of a sublime self-sacrifice, sighed out



WOLFE, THE HERO OF QUEBEC

their devoted lives together. It is a scene fitted to stir to the souls the more phlegmatic of us whose days are lived out in an atmosphere of commercialism, where everything is measured by the yardstick of the market-place, and "getting on" is the motto we daily din into the ears of our sons.

The next year was to see a second battle on these plains when Levis marched down from Montreal and after a bloody fight beat back Murray within the walls. In this day we have forgotten the immediate causes of the many raids and sieges of old Quebec, many of those who were called upon to be chess-men on this Anglo-French field of war could not have told you at the time of their devotion and immolation just why or at whose whim they fought., "Their's not to reason why," and on this account none the less their gallantry. That which remains and that which we honor is their chivalry, the chivalry of those who fought, and not the petty ambitions and jealousies of the courts that sent them forth. It is the finer essence of the Fatherlands that Canadians would perpetuate in the monuments about to be placed here, and it is to this that the call of the blood responds all round Britain's Seven Seas wherever the patriotic scheme of Canada's Governor-General is unfolded.

Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

GAOL ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

What a bewildering blending of names and nationalities confronts us as we proceed to unroll the scroll of history as it touches this spot. The Iroquois and Huron raids of the time of Champlain enact themselves again for us; crowd into the canvas with all the verve and virility of their race Frenchmen from every corner of sunny France, from Rousillon to Brittany; the French-Canadians from every lake and riverside of New America have their part in the drama, with Britons, Arcadians, the sturdy men of America's thirteen colonies, Newfoundlanders, Channel Islanders, and the advance guard of the United Empire Loyalists

Out of this mass of history-making peoples, it is proposed to honor in the new nation's park either by tablet, monument, or memorial stone the names of eleven strong men, Champlain the founder of Canada; the brother-heroes,

EARL GREY

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

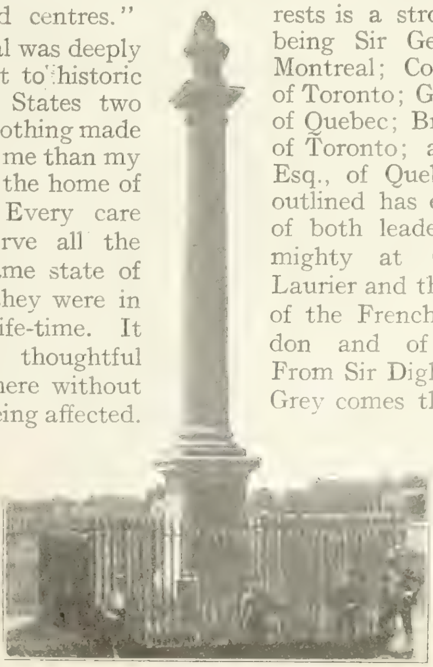
Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom

Wolfe and Montcalm; Levis and Murray who fought after them no whit less worthily than they; Vauquelin and Saunders; the circumnavigators, Cook and Bougianville; with Frontenac and Carleton who with clear-sighted vision held each in his own troublous time the helm of state.

The scheme as outlined by Earl Grey embraces the removal from the battle-grounds of the rifle-factory and unsightly goal which now disfigure the plain, the purchase outright of certain lands, the building of a museum for historic relics, and the construction of a memorial avenue or drive. This driveway, overlooking on one side the St. Lawrence and on the other the valley of the St. Charles will be about seven miles in length and for scenic interest and natural beauty will stand unrivalled among the avenues of the world.

Earl Grey says, "I also hope that it may be possible to erect on the point of Quebec, first visible to a steamer coming up the St. Lawrence, a colossal statue of the Angel of Welcome and Peace, with arms outstretched, eager to clasp to her heart every wearied newcomer from Europe's crowded centres."

The Governor-General was deeply impressed with his visit to historic corners of the United States two years ago. He says, "Nothing made a deeper impression on me than my visit to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington. Every care has been taken to preserve all the surroundings in the same state of dignified simplicity as they were in during Washington's life-time. It is impossible for any thoughtful person to pay a visit here without both mind and heart being affected. The influence which issues from Mount Vernon is a force which makes for patriotism and manly righteousness; it would be difficult to overestimate the value of this influence."


WOLFE MONUMENT

At present, Canada's only memorial to Wolfe is an inconspicuous column erected in 1849 by the rank and file of the British soldiers then quartered in Canada. The gallant fellows gave up a day's pay that their great militant fore-elder might not be without memorial in that giant-limbed young nation which he died to save. Surely in this gracious commemorative act of the collective Tommy Atkins of 1849, we better paid workers of 1908 can find cause of emulation. "I deprecate war" I hear some one say, "I care to build no monument to soldiers." The peace of Canada to-day rests on the ancestral prowess of the brave men of old. Had they not fought, impossible would it be for us to drowse us close by evening fires "and sleep in wayside inns." Most of us like to do our fighting by proxy, let us not do our debt-paying to the soldiers of old time in the same impersonal way.

The plan outlined by Earl Grey is now well on foot. Funds only are needed, there are no obstacles in the way of the scheme's fulfilment. The Commission in whose hands the matter rests is a strong one, its members being Sir George Drummond, of Montreal; Col. George T. Denison, of Toronto; George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec; Bryon E. Walker, Esq., of Toronto; and Adelard Turgeon, Esq., of Quebec. The project as outlined has enlisted the sympathy of both leaders in the seats of the mighty at Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. R. L. Borden, of the French Ambassador in London and of the King himself. From Sir Dighton Probyn to Earl Grey comes the cable, "The King commands me to telegraph his approval of the scheme for the celebration of the Champlain Ter-centenary, and to say that His Majesty will gladly subscribe one hundred guineas toward the fund you are raising for this object."

With his characteristic earnest eloquence, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke of the dedication on the floor of the House. He said, "The occasion is fitted to recall and to celebrate the baptism of fire through which the city passed in the long struggle maintained between France and England for supremacy on this continent. The perseverance of Wolfe; the vigilance of Montcalm to try to baffle a manoeuvre which he knew must be fatal; the determined, undaunted resolution of Levis to regain the city and the courage of Murray in meeting him—all these are incidents which, at the time, produced a deep impression upon the imagination of mankind; and that impression, instead of being effaced by time, has been deepened. It is our good fortune that we, the descendants of those who fought and died there, can review these things in the spirit of fraternity, and that we can worship the heroes of our respective races in a common pride. Our object is to consecrate that battlefield to redeem as far as we can the errors of the past, and to set that ground aside as a noble and ennobling object-lesson for ourselves and our descendants.'

DAWN

By JAMES McCARROLL

WITH folded wings of dusky light
Upon the purple hills she stands,
An angel between day and night,
With tinted shadows in her hands—

Till suddenly transfigured there,
With all her dazzling plumes unfurled,
She climbs the crimson-flooded air,
And flies in glory o'er the world.

THE HOMESTEADERS

BY JESSIE BECKTON

Concluded in this number

DRAWING BY FREDERICK SCHWALM

CHAPTER VIII.

THROUGH July and partway into August haymaking went on with vigor. Great stacks stood comfortably on both homesteads and gave an encouraging air to the beginning of our farmyard. The lumber stable had been put up and the house begun. In the old days they would have been of logs, but now, that increasing settlement had so diminished the supply, lumber was used instead. With the logs you could do a great deal yourself towards the building but lumber required more experienced work and a carpenter was employed who undertook the whole thing, house and stable, for $500. It would not be a spacious residence but large enough and quite comfortable. There was to be a living room, a kitchen, a small smoke room, and two bedrooms; a lean-to could be added later at the back of the kitchen and made out of the shanty when it was no longer needed.

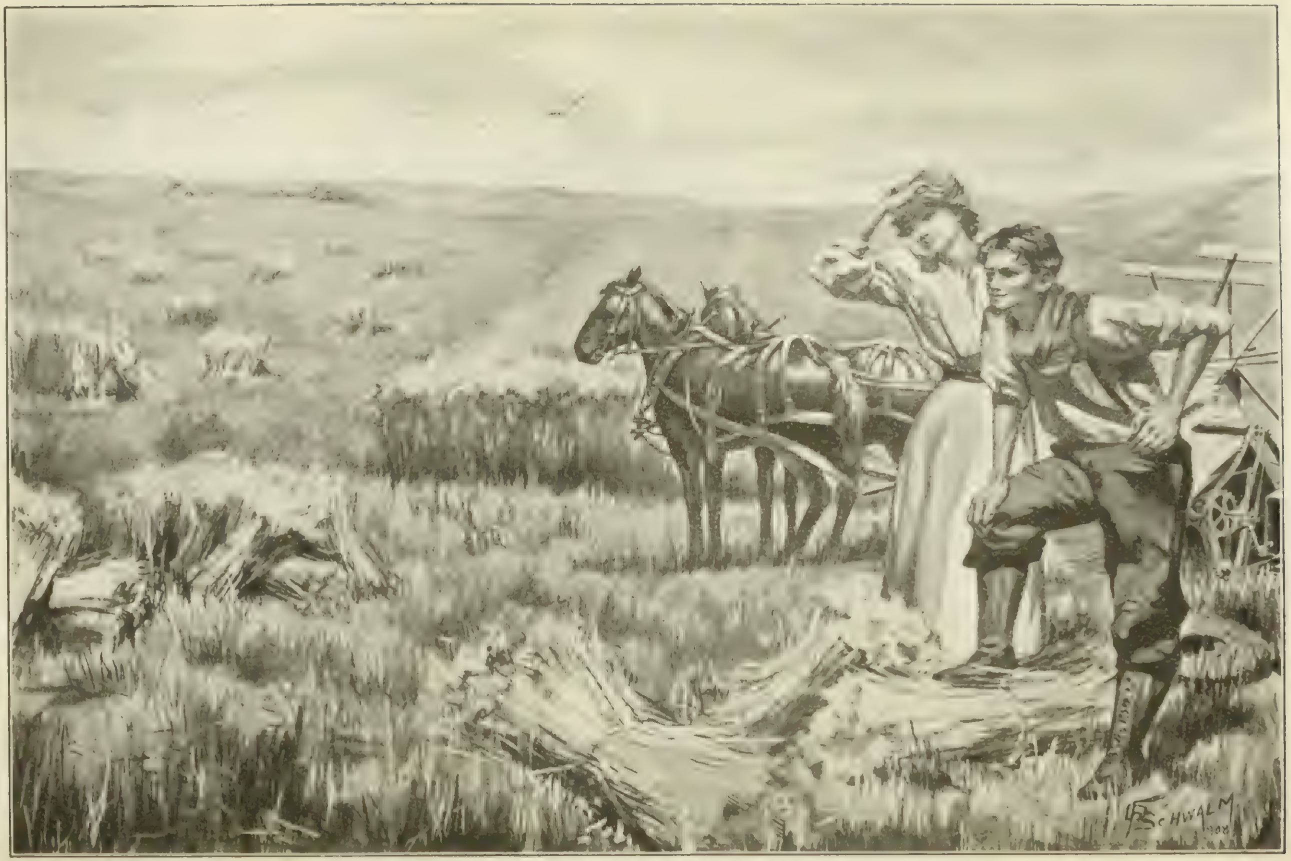
With our backs to the bluffs we should look over the seemingly interminable prairie, rolling, dipping, sweeping till it reached the far faint line of heaven. Immediately in front lay a little stretch of greensward, the smaller bluffs forming a natural hedge on the one side and a big shining sleugh of blue water a boundary on the other. Within sight, a little beyond the sleugh stood Mac's house for, we had been glad to find, it had been built on a corner of his homestead that touched ours and we could still keep within neighbourly distance. We had been quite comfortable all the summer but naturally looked forward to a real home of our own and watched with keenest interest the building of our house. It would not be finished until rather late in the fall. There had been many interruptions and people do not hurry much on the prairie. If a thing is not done to-day it can be done on the morrow. It is not a life given to rush and worry, except for the one matter of weather and crops.

Social life, too, on the prairie, is friendly and unconventional. There is a good deal of afternoon visiting and tea-drinking among the women. Each one knows and takes an intense interest in the affairs of the other. Sometimes, of course, little clouds arise, scandal even hovers with its black wings over the little community; but for the most part there is a pleasant comradeship.

Between haying and harvest, work is a little more slack. Picnics were got up and there was a great deal of tennis both on the public ground and at private houses. Two or three good dances were given, and these were most enjoyable affairs, where we vied with each other in the prettiness of our gowns, dispensed with ceremony, played our own music by turn, and personally superintended the preparation of the floor.

But this play interval did not last long. By the third week in August harvesting engrossed the attention of the men. As soon as the grain is ready it must be cut and carefully stacked, everyone being in a ferment to get it safely home before a possible frost, which would deprive it of part of its value. Happily the frosts kept off at night whilst the days were still brilliantly fine and warm.

Mac was in great spirits His crop



Drawing by F. D. Schwalm. Half-tone plate by Edgar Ransom.

WE STOOD LOOKING OUT OVER THE MANY ACRES OF STANDING SHEAVES was looking splendid, and as the great reaper and binder went steadily through it throwing out four or five sheaves at a time for the men to stack, his face became positively radiant.

''It means so much to me,'' he said, as we stood looking out over the many acres of standing sheaves. ''This will be A1 hard, and fetch a top price. Last year's crop was fairly good, and I was able to put something by, but this one will set me on my feet. I shall be able to invest in a little stock and divide the eggs in my basket.''

The crops, garnered and ready for the threshing, we began to make preparations for the winter which usually unfurls its pennons sometime in November though its approach may have been heralded before; a scurrying attempt at a snow storm; an occasional frost; a keenness in the air at night and morning. Those who were belated with their haymaking brought in a few more loads. Ploughing and backsetting went on vigourously. All roots were gathered in and safely stored. House and stables were well banked round the foundations, and all crevices left gaping by the hot summer sun carefully plastered up. Large stacks of wood were placed near the house that they might be close at hand in the bad weather. The fowl houses which for the sake of warmth were partly underground in winter were got ready. Housewives laid in their stores of meat, poultry, wild fowl and fish. Before the coming of the snow all the ships (the homesteads always remind me of ships at anchor on the great prairie sea) must ride snug with reefed sails; and as though to help in this work came the glorious Indian summer. Ten days of indescribable loveliness, a haze of soft warmth and brilliant sunshine. No wind, nothing to mar the intense dreamlike beauty.

Then, too, was held the Annual Agricultural Show. This was a great day which brought everyone within anything like a reasonable distance to the little town, whether they had anything to exhibit or not. There was much viewing of stock and judging of horses, great discussions over the merits of poultry, butter, cheese, bread, pickles, jam, and plain and fancy needlework. There were prizes for everything and every one. Emmulation was rife in the Settlement that day. In the evening I helped in a concert, the funds to be devoted to the improvement of the parsonage, which having been built in the days when logs were plentiful, had a nasty little way of developing cracks and crevices which let in more of the winter air than was desirable.

It came over me how strange it was to be standing on that improvised and very teetery platform, wearing a white evening dress that I had worn last in Aunt's drawing room in Hampstead and singing to this audience of energetic westerners. I liked it though. I had a home feeling that I had never known in Aunt's drawing room, and I think I sang my English ballads very well. Peter and Mac were good enough to say that the honors of the evening were mine. Dick was non-committal but I think his preference leaned toward Phyllis Carlyon's contralto voice and dramatic love songs.

Chapter IX.

I had both read and heard of prairie fires and while dreading the damage that one might do I was secretly anxious to see one for myself. Round our homesteads wide guards had been ploughed with burnt spaces between, but this Mac told us might not save us entirely in the improbable event of a fire bearing down upon us, although it would give us a good chance to beat it back from the house and stables.

It was towards the end of October, when the threshing gangs had gone from homestead to homestead and the grain lay snug in the big granaries, that Peter coming in from his nightly round of the stables before turning in reported a long low line of light on the far Northern horizon. Of course we all went out to look and Mac told us it was a prairie fire, but so far off that we stood a good chance of escaping it altogether. On the next night and the night after we watched that long, low, lurid line, that grew no bigger and approached no nearer. But on the afternoon of the third day there was a faint smell of burning grass.

"With this wind," Mac said, "we shall have it down on the Settlement before long."

That evening the line had increased in height and breadth, the smoky smell had become an indisputable fact. We sat up later than usual and the men arranged to keep watch during the night. In the morning a grey mistiness and gloom had crept over the plain, the calm before the storm. A little wind moaned in the air.

"It has changed," said Dick, standing bareheaded, facing the North, "there is no escape now, is there?"

"None for the Settlement, I am afraid," returned Mac, who was also looking anxiously in the same direction. "It is bound to come but they are well prepared to fight it. I only hope the wind does not shift again; standing as we do on this high ground, we and the timber may escape. If it veers ever so little to the West we shall catch it; as it is now it may rush past us."

A curious feeling of excitement and unrest pervaded us. It seemed impossible to carry on the usual chores or to settle to anything. I went on making my preparations for dinner with one eye on the open door through which I could see the great rolling masses of smoke creeping nearer and nearer as the morning went on. Outside, the men having stabled the cattle, made all possible preparations for the approach of the fire. Scarcely had we finished our hasty dinner than we all four hurried outside again. The wind had increased to a dull roar, and dense volumes of smoke came pouring towards the settlement.

"There it comes," said Mac, pointing to where from out the black smoke great tongues of flame leapt. The fire now well in sight came tearing at train speed towards us, whilst the smoke rose in great hollow columns and rolled overhead shutting out the sky. Yet still the wind keeping in the same quarter carried the fire away from us and allowed us to look on at the terrible but magnificent spectacle rolling past us below.

Though growing less uneasy for ourselves, we were greatly anxious for our friends. Unable to penetrate the enveloping masses of smoke and fire we could see nothing of the plain below. Each homestead we knew was making its own brave fight to secure its safety and preserve what feed for the cattle was possible, so as not to have to draw too soon on the winter store. The town was well guarded and would have an extra protection in the greater number of men to beat back with wet sacks the line of fire as it paused for a moment at the checking guards. Presently from another quarter, rose other volumes of black and red smoke, which creeping back on the other produced an even angrier raging conflict than before.

"Someone has lit a back fire," Mac told me in answer to my frightened exclamation, "it is to make his own place safe and cannot hurt the rest. The fire cannot reach him over the already burnt grass, and beating against the wind he is able to keep it under control." For hours we watched that deadly conflict, when at last the great main body of fire had rolled away to the south, all that remained to be seen was a blackened plain on which the farms stood out in happy relief, with a few remnants of still burning dried out sleugh bottoms, and a smouldering haystack or two. Eagerly we counted the well known homesteads: they were still there, each one standing safe and sound. Minor losses there may have been, but not one had been "burnt-out" that day, and with thankful hearts we realized that we were all safe.

Chapter X.

All our attention now was turned to the completion of the house and getting settled in it. The weather was growing colder, not only in the morning and evening, but during the day as well and it warned us to hurry forward. We had to buy a little more furniture but with one eye on that ever diminishing three hnndred and fifty pounds forbore to add more than was absolutely necessary. A second table and four more chairs and a stove for the sitting room, were indispensable. What more we needed we made from the ever useful packing case. One long crate being firm and strong was converted with a hay stuffing and a covering of cretonne into quite a respectable looking couch. A few boards on iron brackets and enamelled held our book treasures, and the walls we made gay with the small pictures we had brought with us, photographs and odds and ends. The subject of a carpet was one of great discussion. Knowing that it was on my account entirely that so much extravagance was deemed necessary, I strongly vetoed it.

''You know,'' I said, ''that were you here by yourselves you would not dream of such a luxury. We shall want all the money we have left for seeding in the spring and for the other cow. We can put down some skins as the Bradleys have done.''

But my arguments were of no avail and came to an end when Peter declared that he would hire out and earn the money to pay for it unless I gave in. The bedrooms were heated by long tin pipes affixed to the stoves downstairs ascending through holes cut in the floor to the roof, the heat being regulated by dampers placed in the pipes themselves, and were entirely comfortable.

It all looked very pretty and snug when finished, the curtains and cloth of crimson baize giving to the sitting room a specially bright and warm appearance. In the small cellar we stored our winter supplies that required protection from frost, but in the shanty which we kept intact to the spring, we put our meat, fish and fowl.

In November the snow came. A fine powderlike substance containing apparently no moisture, which fell and fell with increasing rapidity and insistence until over the country a white mantle lay, which it was destined to wear for many a day.

The sky hung over us a canopy of purest blue, intense and exquisite, whilst the sun shone with a brilliancy that strewed the snowfields with myriad diamonds and made it indescribably beautiful.

''What do you think of the snow, Joan?'' Dick asked coming in one morning, having brushed the fine, powdery stuff from his mocassins outside. ''Have you plenty of wood in and water?''

''Yes, thank you, all I shall want for to-day,'' I answered, lifting my hands from the mass of bread dough I was kneading and shaking the flour from my bare arms.

''Well Miss Joan,'' said another voice from the doorway as its owner came into the little kitchen repeating Dick's question, ''How do you like the snow?''

''Very much,'' I said, laying a thick blanket covering over and around my bread pan, which Dick carried to a place behind the stove for its contents to rise. ''I think it is delightful, so far, but what if we are snowed up?''

''The Chinook will interfere with that,'' said Mac, ''but this looks as if it would give us some good sleighing. When the trails are hardened you must come for some sleigh rides; you will like them.''

''Yes, I am sure I shall,'' I answered him. ''But have you been in to see the new store house?''

''Joan is so wonderfully taken with that larder of hers,'' said Dick laughing, ''She positively gloats over those poor defunct beasts, and it was with quite bloodthirsty joy that she sanctioned the slaughter of her superfluous cocks and hens, to add to the lot.''

''But it is so important,'' I remonstrated. ''We must have fresh meat, and there is no butcher to be expected, Come out and see it now,'' I said turning to Mac.

The store house was quite a wonderful novelty to me, and I felt like a squirrel gathering a winter's supply each time I went into it.

''You will not starve,'' said Mac as he took a mental inventory of the whole, ''and you are quite right: it is very necessary to be well provided, one never knows what may be wanted in a new country. Have you got everything in?''

''I believe so,'' I said, ''we have bacon, flour, oatmeal and groceries enough.'' I was going on briskly with my account when Mac interrupted me.

''Joan,'' he said,and stopped abruptly, his face had gone white through the tan as I glanced up at the hasty exclamation, and his eyes had a strange light in them as they looked down into mine.

''It is cold here,'' I said hastily, ''We had better go back to the house,'' and turning I fled, leaving him to close the door and return with the key. Perhaps he had been suddenly affected by the cold of the store-house, for he looked much the same as usual when a minute later he followed me back to the kitchen.

How we enjoyed the winter evenings, when the world of snow shut out, we drew the red curtains, stoked up well and sat warm and comfortable reading or talking, whilst the men smoked and I worked! It was one of these evenings that we drew out our account books and settled down to the revision of our past expenditure and to see how much of our capital we had remaining for the spring work and other expenses.

The house and stable and furnishings, our furs and winter clothing, the winter supply of meat and other necessary things had taken nearly fifteen hundred dollars, leaving us with a capital of two hundred and seventy-five on which to sink or swim.

''Can we do it?'' questioned Dick, an upright line of anxiety growing between the two eyes bent upon the hard figures.

''Of course we can,'' I contended stoutly, ''see how much we have done already, and then you must remember we have no need to buy anything more for some time to come. We are provisioned for the winter and have sufficient flour, bacon and groceries to last until next summer. We have our poultry, the cow, and the pigs. and I ought to make the poultry pay at least for the groceries in future as Mrs. Bradley does.''

''And,'' put in Peter, ''we can live on duck and green peas all summer, and when that fails, or the bank breaks, I can hire out and earn more.''

''How tired we should get of duck and green peas,'' I said, laughing at Peter's usual easy way of arranging matters. ''Luckily we shall be able to vary it occasionally with fresh meat and other vegetables.''

''I think we shall be all right,'' said Dick, still soberly eyeing the columns of figures in front of him. ''We certainly shall not starve, but there are other things to be considered. It is so necessary to make a good start, the rest must follow with sheer hard work, and good will. We ought to have a second cow; Harry Carlyon says he can let us have one for twenty dollars, which we can pay for in hay as the fire left them short of feed and they have such a number of cattle stabled this winter. I should like to get a few sheep but they will have to wait, for there is the seed wheat and oats to pay for. Not that that will amount to a great deal, as we have but the ten acres to crop next year.''

So we laid aside the books and smoothed out our puckered foreheads, and felt on the whole very well satisfied. The house and stables were built and paid for. The home was assured. If we had been unable to indulge in many luxuries, we had supplied ourselves with the things really necessary. We were in no danger of privation or want, and we had made a real if small beginning of the farm. As Dick said, hard work and good will must do the rest.

Dick and Peter took it in turns to go with Mac to the bush for more firewood so as to lay in a supply for the year's consumption and to bring out a good set of logs for the building of a second stable in the spring.

As the trails settled and hardened we were able to get about much as usual, to pay and receive visits to and from our friends, only now I was not allowed to drive alone, and we went and returned earlier in the day.

Chapter XI.

Christmas came around. We cooked and ate our turkey together, refusing all invitations to dine away from home, as no one would leave the other behind, and someone had to remain to attend o the wants of the cattle. Mac, of course, dined with us.

The weather kept fine and bright, with little wind and a clear cloudless sky. By the thermometer it was colder than the weather that we had been accustomed to in England but it was so clear and the air was so bracing that there was no sensation of chill. I had a little of Mark Tapley's feeling. I had intended to be very patient and brave under discomfort, and the discomfort was not materializing.

''I thought they had blizzards in Canada and the States,'' I said to Mac, ''I have read about them.''

He laughed. ''They do occasionally,'' he said, ''but if it lay with me to produce one I should refuse to do it—even for you.'' He said the last three words a little lower and came over to where I was washing the dishes. Upon which I gave him a towel and told him that he might as well help since he had time and I talked very busily about the Settlement people until Peter came in from the barn.

But I was to have all the experiences that I had read about even to the blizzard, although they were all rather modified from the thrilling and picturesque descriptions of the printed page.

It was in February and Mac had driven me to luncheon with the Carlyons.

The morning had been fine enough but not very bright.

''I don't like the look of those clouds over there,'' he had said, pointing with his whip to a bank of sullen grey that began to creep up from the horizon. ''We had better make an early start so as to get home in good daylight.'' But it was rather later than we had intended to leave for the homeward drive, before we found ourselves again on the trail. As we drove rapidly along a few snowflakes fell, and Mac leant over me to tuck the buffalo robes still more securely in their place, before giving the horse a smart cut or two with the whip, which sent him bounding at still greater speed over the crisp smooth trail.

''Once within the shelter of the bluffs we are all right,'' he said, as we scudded along, the iron runners ringing over the glassy way, our bells sounding gaily on the still air, but before long the snowflakes fell with ever increasing regularity, a little wind crept up, and as though to greet the fresh arrivals those already on the ground began to swirl gently up to meet them. Mac had grown very silent and beyond asking me now and again if I were warm, spoke only to the horses urging him to a still greater pace. Before we had crossed half the distance to the sheltering bluffs, the snow lay white and thick over robes and sleigh, whilst the pretty soft misty dance had changed in character, rising ever higher and higher until it together with the falling snow blotted out the wide prairie, enveloping us in a hick, ever-moving wall of whiteness.

''Is this a blizzard?'' I asked Mac, shrinking close to the protection of his arm and shivering, not so much from cold as a vague fear of the storm, of the deadly peril that had attacked us. All the tales I had heard of people having been lost and frozen in such storms came to my mind and I wondered if we too were destined to share such a fate.

''Don't be frightened, dear,'' said Mac's comforting voice and he smiled down into my anxious eyes. ''We shall soon be home; Pento knows the trail as well or even better than I do, and it is wonderful what instinct these bronchos possess.''

Trusting to the horse we went on. Once he stumbled, lurching heavily forward but Mac brought him to his feet again with an almost savage jerk of the reins. Mac from time to time leant forward anxiously, peering into the dense white cloud in which we drove endeavoring to discover some trace of the trail and the land on either side of us.

He drew me still closer and gave the robe another tuck. "You are not cold, are you?" he said.

"No," I answered, "but I don't want to see a blizzard after all."

He laughed a little: "Shut your eyes," he advised, "You will see something closely resembling one if you keep them open." He spoke lightly but it did not disguise the fact that he would be glad when we were at home.

Suddenly a pleased exclamation broke from him. "We are in the bluffs at last," he said quietly, but with much satisfaction in his tone. Dark shadowy objects flitted through the white wall, bushes that we could almost touch being but just visible to our straining eyes. But Pento, gathering courage, made still more gallant effort, and before long we found ourselves, with thankful hearts, within the safe shelter of home.

And so the winter months past We were very busy and happy.

"Are you glad we are homesteaders?' said Dick one morning at breakfast. I only smiled my assent as I filled his coffee cup the second time but Peter offered an emphatic "You bet."

Never to be forgotten was the morning in early April that we waked to hear a soft drip, drip from the house eaves and knew that the spring was come. Poets have sung in all the ages of the glories of an English spring, the joyous chorus from a million feathered throats, the coming of the dainty primrose, the sweet scented violet and a hundred other blossoms, but few, if any, have written of the almost pathetic loveliness of the passing of the prairie winter, the advent of its spring.

It is beyond my skill to describe to those who have never felt it, the exquisite thrill of gladness with which one watches each little sign and token of returning warmth and natural activity. After her slumber, Nature, with the first little touch of Chinook, awakes, stretching herself with a laughing joy. With incredible swiftness the snow disappears into her capacious bosom, for even here she wastes nothing, hoarding the great moisture for her summer work. Mysteriously it vanishes. In a day or two the prairies lie bare again, tiny musical streamlets running busily here and there. Almost before the sleughs are open the frogs (the prairie nightingales) send out their cheery greeting, so sweet to hear after the long silence, so wearying after a time in their ceaseless monotony. The three or four notes of the little nameless spring bird, the first to arrive, are listened for and welcomed with a greater joy than the most exquisite song. A gladness is on every face, as each one cries, "The winter is past and the spring is here."

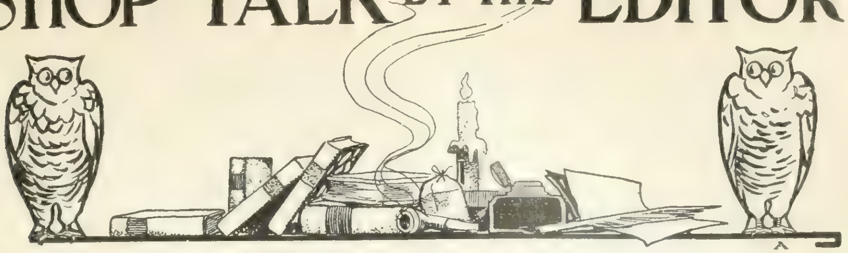
Almost as soon as the snow is well off the ground the dainty pasque flower raises a small fluffy brown head above the ground, swelling rapidly day by day to burst into a carpet of purple and mauve,well nigh before the fresh young grass has sprung into being once again.

Instantly the work begins again. Wagons are brought out, the teams, busy in the furrows from daylight till dark, prepare the ground for the yearly crop. Everything and everyone is active and awake to make up for lost time and to forestall the future. Whilst the men ploughed, harrowed and seeded, I set my house in order. Storm doors and windows were laid aside; fresh curtains took the place of the warm red baize, whilst the winter's dust was cast out to make way for the fresh spring air and brightness.

But in the background of my mind there lay a tiny secret, that, when revealed, proved to be no secret at all. I told it to Dick one day in return for one of his own, and all his answer was, "Little goose, as if anyone could not see it. But we will give you to Mac gladly, when Phyliis comes to keep house for me."

THE END

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR



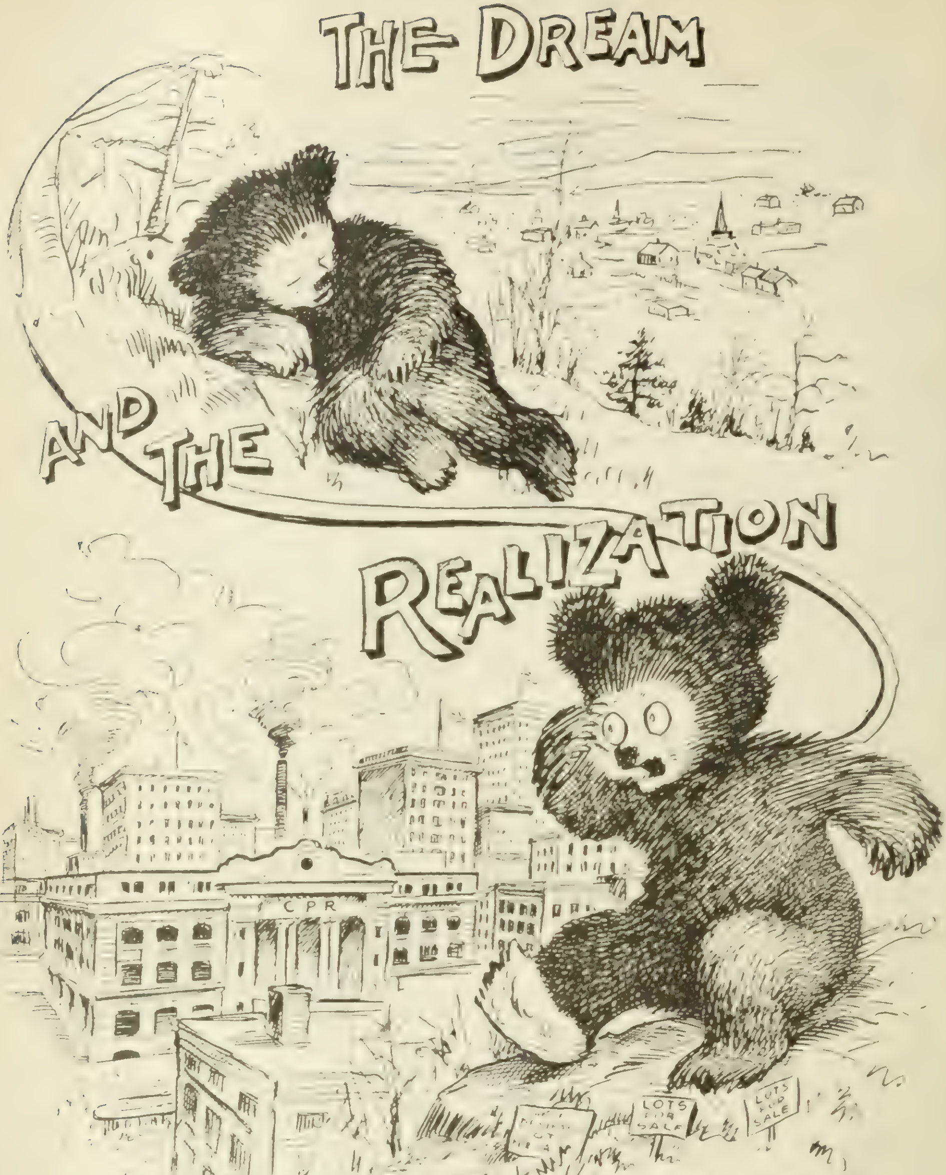
AN ORIGINAL CARTOON

THE psychology of a "craze" is hard to analyse. The public, certainly, has no consciousness of what is influencing it to the point of going mad over something to which it had never given a thought until this mysterious interest swept it off its feet. All the average person knows about the growth of a craze is that, suddenly, along with the majority of his neighbors he finds a joke, a flower, a game, most interesting and delightful. Probably the real truth of the matter is that influences have been at work for a long time preparing the public mind to be interested in the particular thing that apparently springs into favor in a night. When the time is ripe some bright mind gives the world what it has been waiting for. Of course the public has not consciously longed for a new game or a new bit of slang, nor, in nine cases out of ten does the originator of the craze knowingly supply a long felt want. To originate a craze is an unconscious stroke of genius.

So originated the "Teddy Bear." The interest in President Roosevelt was at its freshest when Clifford K. Berryman of the Washington *Evening Star* drew the cartoon that launched the "Teddy Bear" on his triumphant career.

It will be recalled that when President Roosevelt made his first trip to Mississippi in quest of Bruin, only one bear was seen and he was described in the newspaper accounts as a "poor, miserable, mangy brute which the President laughed at and refused to shoot." On his return to the Capitol, Mr. Roosevelt found the populace laughing over a cartoon of himself in full hunting costume followed by a tiny moth-eaten bear cub. It was Berryman's original cartoon. The likeness to the President was so good, and the innocent expression on the countenance of the cub so amusing that it was widely copied and received with enthusiasm. Berryman continued to use the cub in his cartoons as the inseperable companion of Mr. Roosevelt, while the public continued to smile broadly and promptly dubbed the cub, after his friend, "Teddy Bear." The clever cartoonist had launched a "craze." Shortly afterwards Mr. Berryman attended a reception at the White House and the President stopped the long line of hand-shakers to say; "Well Berryman, I see that you have put the doll babies out of business."

This month, through the courtesy of an old reporter of the *Evening Star*, CANADA-WEST is able to present an original cartoon by Mr. Berryman himself. This picture illustrates the famous Teddy Bear taking a nap during one of the pauses in his wanderings, and dreaming of the new Winnipeg. The vaporings of his imagination find form in a few scattered buildings with the spire of St. Boniface in the distance. His awakening in the Western Metropolis is startling. He gazes with admiration and awe upon the Canadian Pacific Station and the crowded buildings, and rubs his eyes again to be sure that he is really awake. A rough sketch was forwarded to Mr. Berryman who generously responded with this cartoon. It is interesting to see our friend from the south of the boundary opening his eyes at the greatness of the Canadian West.


THE DREAM
AND THE
REALIZATION
CPR
LOTS FOR SALE
LOTS FOR SALE
C K Berryman 1907

A YOUNG MAN

MR. Edwin Balmer, as you know, if you have looked at our advertisement in the first few pages of this number, is still a young man. But in this modern time it is nothing in a man's disfavor to be young. In this case it is perhaps because he is not old that Mr. Balmer's stories have such zest. Yet we venture to assert that when he is old in years he will still have the same bouyancy and joyous delight in the whimsical and the ridiculous, for these are qualities belonging only to the perenially young. When you have read "The Man who would be Prophet" in the next number of CANADA-WEST we are sure you will agree with us. Mr. Balmer plays on the gullibility of human nature and its wrath when it discovers it has been fooled, with an insight that is delightful.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION

CALGARY is to have the Dominion Exhibition this summer from June 29th to July 9th. The thriving Western city, is making great preparations for this important event and, judging from the large number of exhibitors who have applied for space, eastern visitors will be greatly surprised at its magnitude and importance. The directors have $140,000 to spend and are doing it with skill and care, so that fine results may be expected. Next month CANADA-WEST expects to publish an account by an eye-witness of all the preparations that are going on, and all the treats in store for Calgary's guests. We are sure that when you read about the new buildings, the blooded stock, the races, the Kiltie Band, the Government exhibits, the picturesque Indian sports and rough riding by real cow-boys you will yield to the temptation to take advantage of the low rates and the hospitable preparations of Calgary for the comfortable accomodation of its thousands of visitors, and visit in person the Dominion Exhibition.

HUMOR IN SERIES

FOR those who love to laugh—and who does not—we have a treat in store, a series of verses by Samuel Elsworth Kiser. Mr. Kiser though a Chicago journalist, is well known and much liked all through Canada, and we are sure that our readers will welcome the opportunity of enjoying more of the simple and naive humor that flows from the pen of the author of "Thrills of a Bell Boy" and "Ballads of Busy Days." Next month we shall begin the series, "More Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," and will continue it until the whole amusing tale of the office boy's infatuation for the young beauty who operates the typewriter is told. CANADA-WEST is delighted to have the pleasure of introducing to Canadian readers a particularly representative set of verses by this popular humorist.

TWO GOOD THINGS DEFERRED

SEVERAL of our special articles this month took more space than had been allotted them, with the result that we have been compelled to postpone publication of two good stories which we had advertised for this numher. One of them was "Stripy," by Francis Dickie, and the other was Cy Warman's "How God Made Temagami." Mr. Dickie is an ardent nature-student, a friend of Ernest Thompson-Seton, and his story of "Stripy" is well worth waiting for. Mr. Thompson-Seton himself pronounces the story one of the best of its kind that has ever come to his notice.

"How God Made Temagami" is in Cy Warman's best vein. It is an Indian legend which came to the author of "Stories of the Railroad" from the lips of an old Indian chieftain who is well known to-day in Eastern Canada's famous beauty-spot, the Highlands of Ontario. We have a double regret in omitting this story from the May CANADA-WEST. First, because we are compelled to postpone giving you the pleasure of reading it; and, secondly, because this is the first time in the life of the magazine that a number has appeared without the name of Cy Warman on its index page.

Both of these stories will be published in the June CANADA-WEST.

The Editor.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

PRETTY THIN.

A NEW cabby had taken up his stand at the C. P. Station.

"Gettin' in a new horse?" asked one of the old-timers, eying the bony nag critically.

"Aw, wotcher givin' us!"

"See yer got the framework up already."

HIS PROPERTY.

A MAN went into a clothing store, tried on a coat and after a little deliberation he decided that a different style would be better. While Isaac was in the back of the store finding another one he hastily decamped wearing the first coat. After him flew Isaac shouting, "stop thief." A policeman joined in the chase and as the man still ran, drew his pistol. When Isaac saw the weapon, he yelled:

"Shoot him in the pants, the coat is mine."

THOSE UNPLEASANT TRUTHS

AMBASSADOR Bryce, said at a dinner in Ottawa during his recent visit there, apropos of unpleasant truths:

"Why should we ever tell them? They are always unnecessary, and how they wound:

"I have heard of an American countess or duchess—I forgot which—who said to her noble husband fondly:

"'You were embarrassed when you proposed to me, Percival, were you not?'

"'Yes,' the man answered, 'I owed sixty thousand pounds.'"

AT LEAST MISLEADING.

PAT, sitting by the door of his cottage, struck a match and puffed away at his pipe with no result.

"Bridget," he called to his wife in the kitchen, "Bridget just bring me a match."

Again he puffed away at the match flame, but the recalcitrant pipe did not light.

"Bridget, another match plaze."

"And for phwat does yez want so many matches, Pat?" asked Bridget as she handed him another.

"Shure O'Hoolihan said that if I would smoke glass I could see the shpots on the sun, and," with a last desparing puff at the pipe, "O'Hoolihan's a d—d liar."

THEY MUST BE HARDY.

ONE of the officials of the Department of the Interior referred at a recent dinner in Ottawa to the amateur florists who spring up in the suburbs at this season by thousands.

"More florists, perhaps, than flowers spring up," he said.

"In a seed shop the other day I heard one of these amateurs complain about the last batch of seeds he had bought. After he had ended his complaint he began to ask floral questions.

"'Oh, by the way,' he said, 'what is a hardy rose?'

"'It is one,' growled the dealer, 'that doesn't mind your wife pulling it up by the roots every day to see if it has begun to grow yet.'"

—

If a woman's complexion please her the rest doesn't matter.

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for June, 1908 No. 2.

COVER DESIGN by F. D. Schwalm
Illustrating "Miss Calgary"

Champlain Verse Decoration	**Thos. C. Robson**	
Then He Cusses Them and Calls Them Beasts and Swine Illustrating "The Man who would be Prophet'	**C. H. Drogkamp**	**Frontispiece**
More Sonnets of an Office Boy. Verse 2 Drawings by Florence Pretz	**S. E. Kiser**	721
The Man Who Would Be Prophet. Fiction. Drawing by C. H. Drogkamp. See frontispiece	**Edwin Balmer**	726
The Modern Man and the Gospel. II.	**Shailer Mathews**	734
The Master Builder. Verse	**I. V. Crawford**	736
A Hero of Ladysmith. Fiction. Drawing by Va-Tier L. Barnes.	**Robert J. C. Stead**	737
The House of the Trees. Verse.	**Agnes E. Wetherald**	741
Calgary—Hostess. Illustrated with Photographs	**W. J. Grigg**	743
Sovereign Moments. Verse	**Matthew Knight**	747
A Spring Romance	**T. G. Marquis**	748
The Right Angle Illustrated with photographs and a drawing	**The Editor**	751
That Road to Hudson's Bay	**John V. Borne**	756
The Prairie Duck Illustrated with photographs	**George E. Atkinson**	761
Modern Wizards Illustrated with drawings and photographs	**Herbert Vanderhoof**	769
How God Made Temagami. A Legend.	**Cy Warman**	777
Stripy	**Francis Dickie**	780
Chestnuts and Cheese. Humor.		782

Issued Monthly. Subscriptions: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year, single copy 10 cents
United States $1.50 a year, single copy 15 cents

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine must not be reprinted without permission.

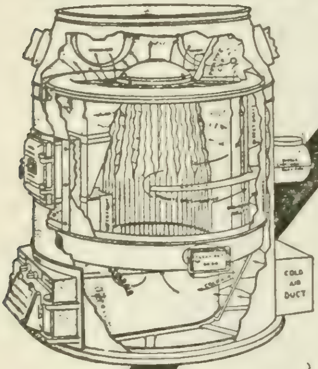
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers

Phone 5322 WALKER THEATRE BLDG., WINNIPEG

LONDON CHICAGO MONTREAL

KELSEY



HEATING

¶Is your home warmed satisfactorily? If not, the chances are that it will pay you to discard the old apparatus entirely and replace it with a KELSEY.

¶The principles of hygienic heating and fuel economy are better understood now than when thousands of heaters in use were built. The KELSEY is the embodiment of the highest attainments of heating engineering.

¶The **KELSEY Zig-Zag Heat Tubes** of which the fire box is formed and by which greater volumes of air are warmed and FORCED to every part of the house than is possible in any other heater, saves you enough in coal bills to more than pay for the change, to say nothing of the comfort of having your house kept at just the right temperature from top to bottom all the time. Let us prove it to you.

The JAS. SMART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.

WINNIPEG, Man., and BROCKVILLE, Ont.

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF SETTLING IN THE WEST
WHY NOT LOCATE NEAR THE BEST CENTRE?

Here is the opportunity to lay the foundation for a comfortable living, if not a fortune

300 Acres only 5 Miles from Calgary P.O.

There is a good house, horse and cow stable, hennery, corral, good well, and abundance of fresh water. Land is nearly all fenced, and is an ideal spot for a Model or Dairy farm

$40 per acre Terms: Five Years

APPLY

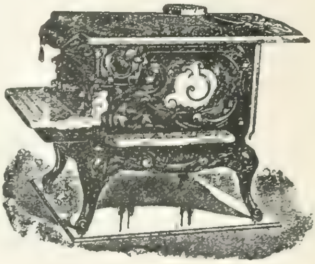
F. F. HIGGS : CALGARY

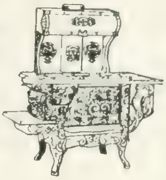
SEND FOR OUR BIG CATALOGUE

Contains Stoves of every kind Sold direct to the user at lowest prices. Our new line of Heating and Cooking Stoves, for all kinds of fuel, made of new iron, in attractive patterns, with every known improvement and up-to-date feature, is ready for immediate shipment, at low prices, saving you ⅓ to ½ from the prices that others ask.

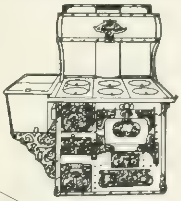
The best Stoves made. Fuel savers and do perfect work Fully guaranteed in every respect.

$12.50 buys this large Cook Stove. Burns wood or coal.

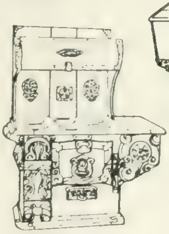




20 in. Oven Base, High Closet, Enamel Rest
$29.75



High Closet 15 Gallon Reservoir
$24.95



Blue Steel High Closet Reservoir
$36.75

Buy no Stoves, Furniture, Hardware or Cream Separators until after you get our catalog. Our prices for 1908 are the lowest—a saving of 25 to 40 per cent. We guarantee everything we sell and agree to take back any goods not satisfactory and pay freight both ways. It will pay you to have this catalog, whether you order or not, as it prevents anyone from over charging you on anything you need. Write to-day. Simply say: **"SEND ME YOUR 1908 CATALOG."**

THE WINGOLD STOVE CO. Ltd., 224 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg

FREE EXCURSION

will be arranged

From Calgary to Okanagan Valley

to give visitors at the DOMINION FAIR
an opportunity to see the

Best Irrigated Fruit Lands in British Columbia

This land is beautifully situated between three lakes; has seven miles of lake frontage on Okanagan Lake. **Remember,** this is not a speculation, as all kinds of deciduous fruits are already successfully grown in this locality.

We also handle Farm Land and Real Estate in all parts of Alberta.

We invite you to call at our office while in Calgary, or write for particulars.

The Great North Western Investment Company, Ltd.

Room 11, Alberta Block **CALGARY, Alberta**

WHEN YOU GET TIRED AT THE FAIR
DROP IN AND REST AT THE

Calgary Furniture Store

The First Furniture Store West of the Post Office

Make our Store your headquarters while in the city—Meet your friends here—Write your letters—Have your mail addressed here—and when you go out we shall give you a Neat Souvenir which will remind you of the good time you had in Calgary

F. F. HIGGS, Manager

Western Canada Fire Insurance Co.

Authorized Capital Stock, $200,000 LIMITED

Head Office - CALGARY, Alta.

President, JNO. ROSS
Managing Director, J. E. RICE

Offices—New York, Chicago, San Francisco,
Toronto, Vancouver

The strongest Western Canadian Company. All its surplus invested in Western Canada

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

Large and Well Furnished

HOTEL

in a live growing town north of
CALGARY

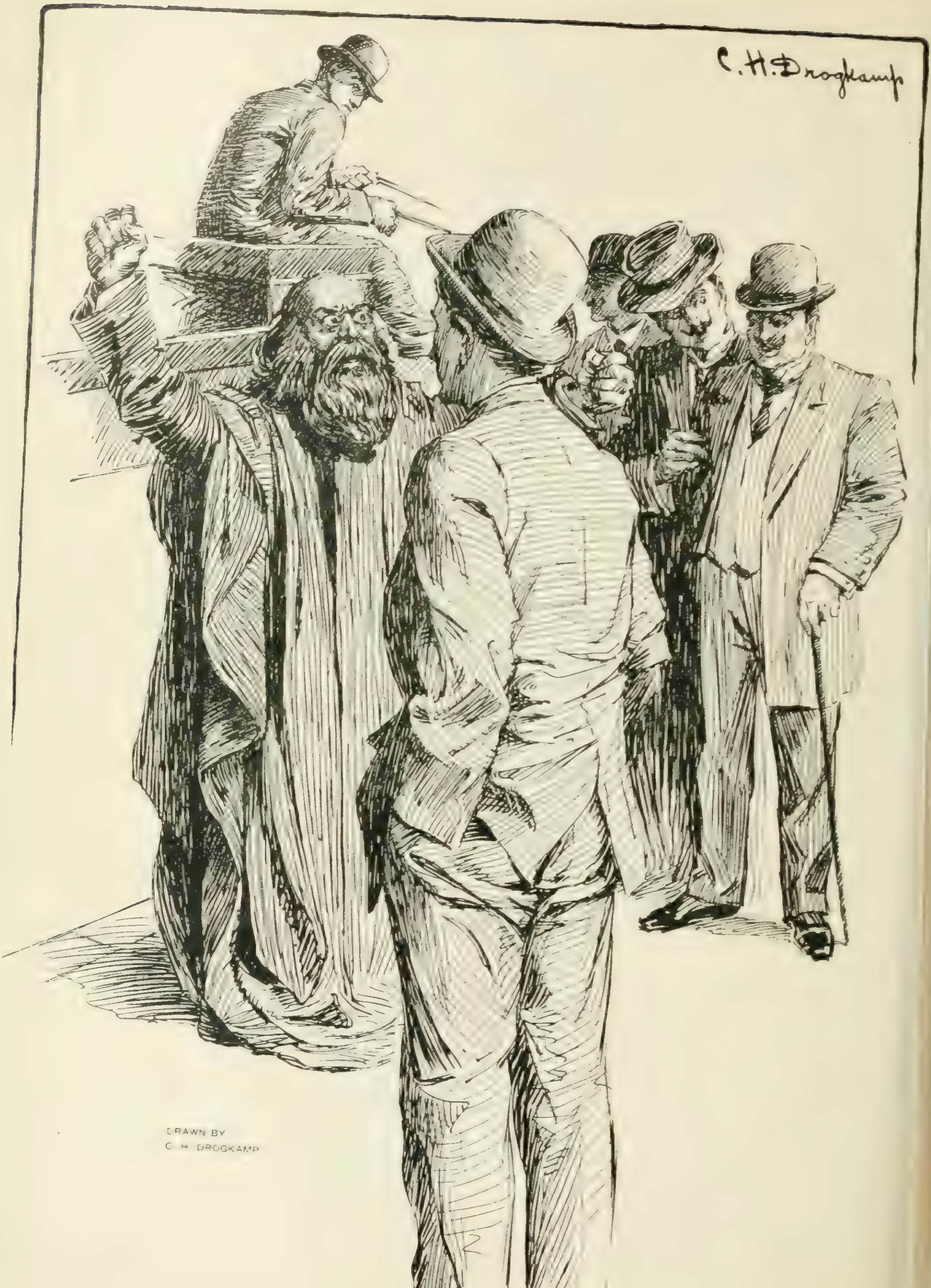
The house is well built and furnished in first class style throughout, and is very popular with the travelling public. For terms, which are very easy, apply

P. O. Box 60, Calgary,
ALTA.

Champlain

NOT so with him, who passed Tadousac grim,
And all untended left bleak Saguenay
To fix his eyrie high in morn's bright ray,
Where far below the river deep and dim
Ran to the sea; but first it brought to him
Glad tidings of an empire, dark and vast,
Of mighty waters, that for ages past
Flowed full of scaly monsters to the brim,
And on their bosom bore the Algonquin
And Huron, thirsting for each other's blood;
Who, with too well laid plans essayed to win
The white man's aid against the white man's good,
With seeds of empire sowed the deadly blight
That killed the plant, 'ere it had seen the light.

Thomas C.
Robson


C. H. Drogkamp
DRAWN BY
C. H. DROGKAMP

Then he cusses them and calls them beasts and swine

The Man Who would be Prophet—See page 726

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. JUNE, 1908 NUMBER 2

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

By SAMUEL ELSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of Busy Days," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE PRETZ

I sometimes think love ne'er is so intense
As when the boy, too young to have good sense,
Adores her who might almost be his ma,
And cares not whither, why, nor how, nor whence.
OMAR YUMYUM.

I.

The new typewriter lady's came; she's got
The chorus girls all beat a mile or two;
Her eyes are big and kind of soft and blue;
Before she smiled at me I never thought
That life could be so pleasant; every spot
She touches seems to brighten up; I knew
The minute I first seen her I was due
To fill up with the gladness that she brought.

She shows a lot of class, all right, all right,
Her shape is lovely and she's got the style;
I feel all kind of tickleish and light
Around the heart when she looks up to smile;
Gee, but the world would get to seemin' bright
If I could only chew her gum a while!

II.

The day before she came I thought I'd quit
Because they wouldn't let me have a raise;
I'm glad now that I didn't go; it pays
Sometimes to think again and wait a bit.
If I would know a place where I could git
Twice what I'm gittin' here and holidays,
Without no lyin', when the home team plays,
I wonder if you think I'd take it? Nit!

I wouldn't jump this job while she is here,
Because some morning mebby there might be
An earthquake come and then, all filled with fear,
The boss and clerk would run, and when she'd see
That I was not a-scared, but lingered near,
She might be glad to snuggle close to me.

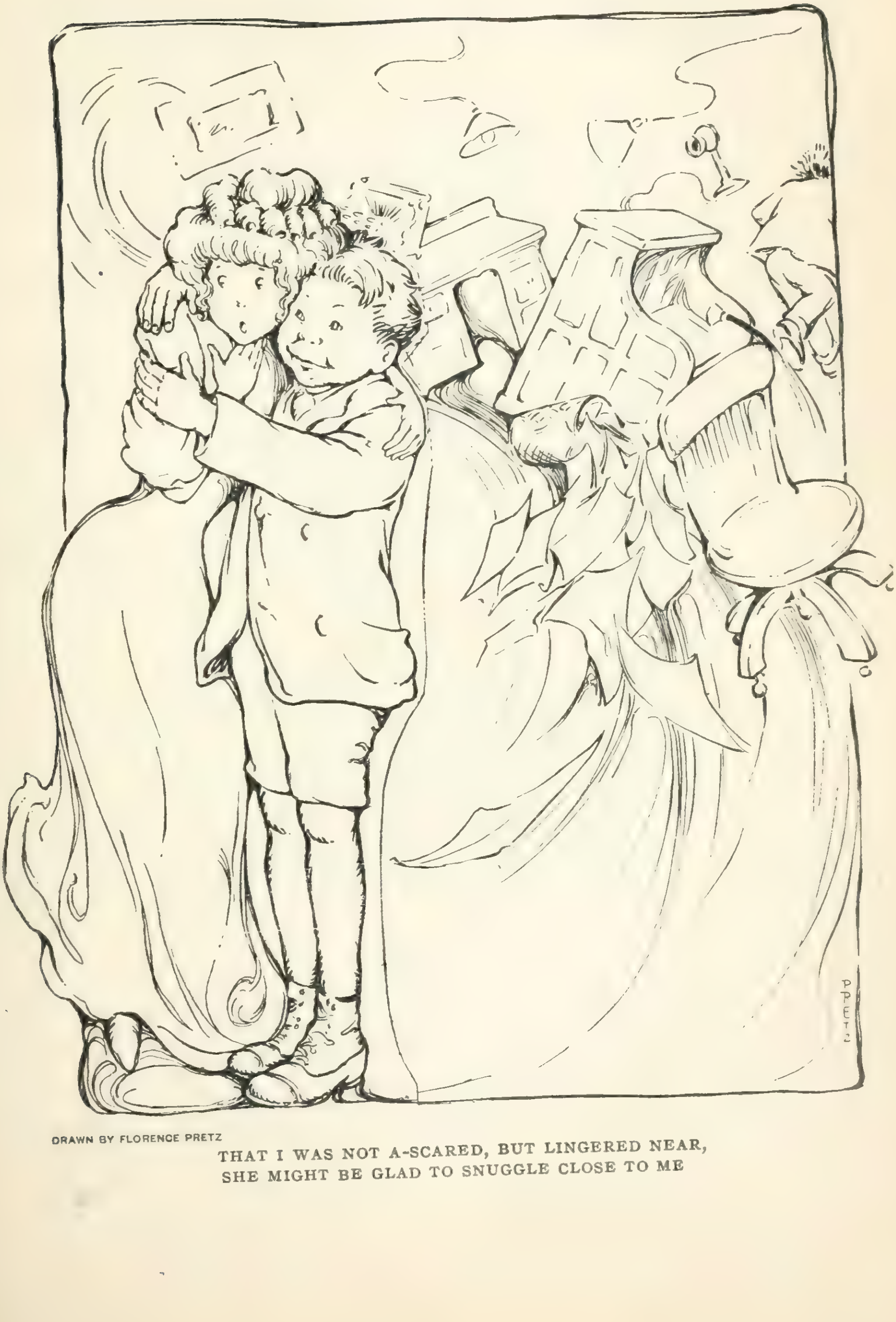
III.

Oh, if you only knowed how much I like
To stand here, when the "old man" ain't around,
And watch your soft, white fingers while you pound
Away at them there keys! Each time you strike
It almost seems to me as though you'd found
Some way, while writin' letters, how to play
Sweet music on that thing, becaus' the sound
Is something I could listen to all day.

You're twenty-five or six and I'm fourteen,
And you don't hardly ever notice me—
But when you do, you call me Willie! Gee,
I wisht I'd bundles of the old green long
And could be twenty-eight or nine or so,
And something happened to your other beau.

IV.

I wish that when I was a baby they
Had changed me, like they do in books, and now
The nurse would come and weep and tell them how
She'd kept my lace-trimmed dresses hid away,
And I would be a count or duke some day,
And then the poor old nurse would raise a row
And weep and take on awful till I made a vow
To have her for my slave and let her stay.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE PRETZ

THAT I WAS NOT A-SCARED, BUT LINGERED NEAR,
SHE MIGHT BE GLAD TO SNUGGLE CLOSE TO ME

Oh, wouldn't my sweet darling love me then!
She'd get to thinkin' I was grand and brave,
And never want to look at other men,
No matter hardly how I would behave,
And she'd be mine as soon as I'd say when,
Although I'd not be old enough to shave.

V.

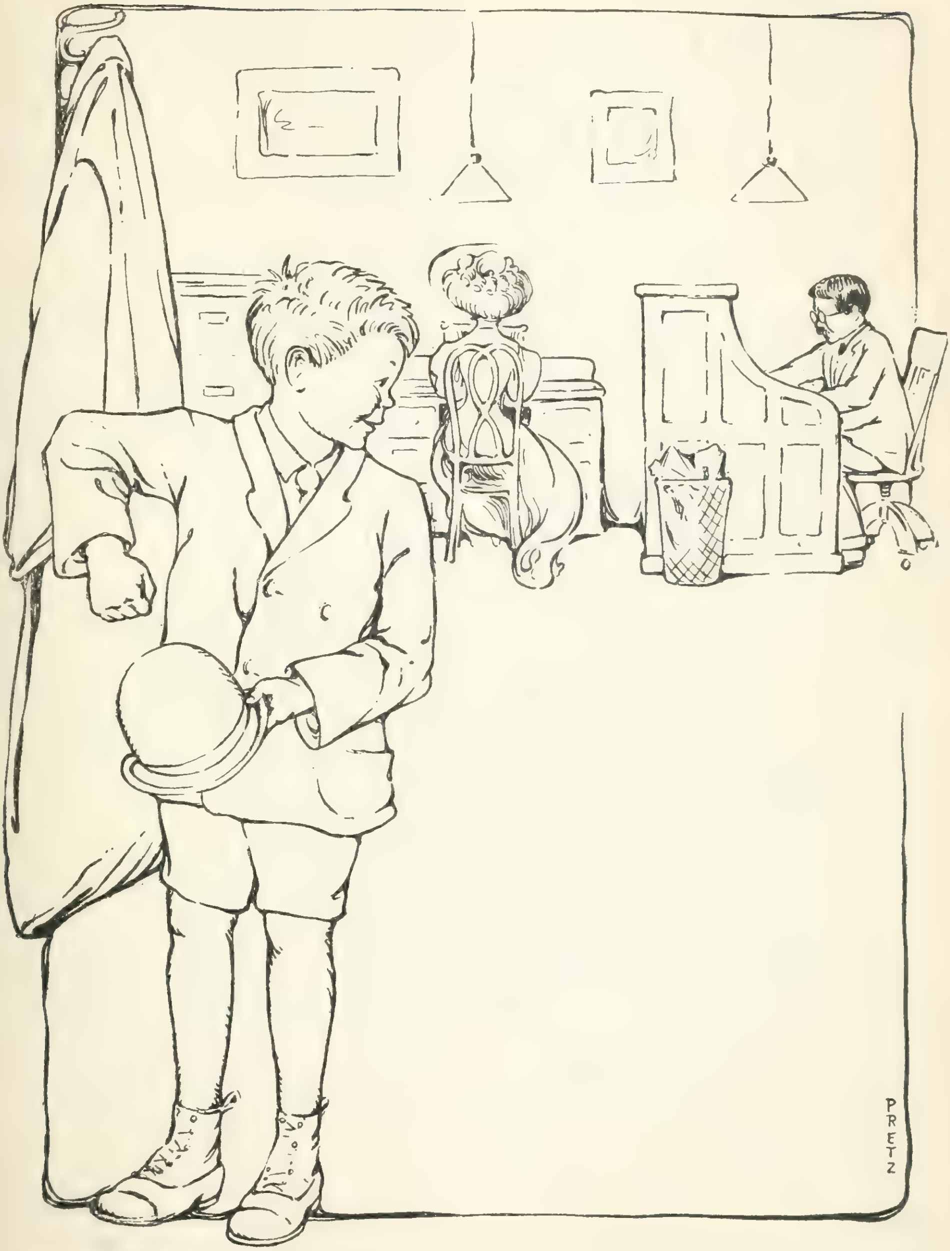
I've got a little hairpin that she wore;
One day she took it out and scratched her head
Until I guess it must of nearly bled,
And then I seen her drop it on the floor;
I've got a place next to my heart that's sore
Where I have had it fastened with a thread,
And every night I put it in my bed—
I wish that some time she would drop some more

It seems to me when she looks in my eyes
That everything goes round and round and round,
And I can feel my heart begin to rise,
And get up in my throat, almost, and pound,
And if she gives a little smile or sighs
My feet get light and hardly touch the ground.

VI.

I heard the old man scolding yesterday
Because your spellin' didn't suit him quite;
He said you'd better go to school at night,
And you was rattled when he turned away;
You had to tear the letter up and write
It all again, and when nobody seen
I went and dented in his hat for spite:
That's what he got for treatin' you so mean.

I wish that you typewrote for me and we
Was far off on an island, all alone;
I'd fix a place up under some nice tree,
And every time your fingers struck a key
I'd grab your hands and hold them in my own,
And any way you spelt would do for me.



DRAWN BY FLORENCE PRETZ

I WENT AND DENTED IN HIS HAT FOR SPITE
THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR TREATIN' YOU SO MEAN

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PROPHET

BY EDWIN BALMER

Author of "By Wireless" etc.

DRAWING BY C. H. DROGKAMP (SEE FRONTISPIECE)

"FOOL all, part the time; part, all the time; but not all, all the time."

The Law, as quoted, lays down a fair conduct for life and saves many from working for a living.

The beginning of everything was upon the road which runs near the Bridewell. There had been a difficulty with the expense account which necessitated travelling, not in cab which is only half as dear as automobile, but in cable-car which is awful indeed. A break-down in cable-car is quite as routine as in automobile but can never be fashionable; moreover the population misses by a shade or two the nicety of really refined gasoline.

My particular cable-car, however, was so comparatively deserted that I had quite one strap to myself till a huge gentlemen clamped hands and feet over mine and—following the custom in Chicago cable-cars—passed a word for Municipal Ownership. He called himself a Journalist like myself only careless to the point of criminal liability in using the advertising rather than the news columns for his Representations. He talked of South American plantations, flesh-reducers and mail-order diagnosis enthusiastically; of difficulties with the Board of Health and exclusion from the mails, darkly.

"If men like me had the run of things, it isn't the Fourth but the First Estate we'd make it," he volunteered. And as I fastened my watch to both key chains, I was inclined to agree with him.

"Did you say you were getting back down-town soon?" he asked.

"As soon as I can get a car," I replied.

"Do you think you can make it by night?" he said. "I *must* get word to him then. Mine is urgent business. It's this way. I didn't expect him till the twenty-ninth, but this time he got ten days off for good conduct. That means he'll be at the Magnolius Hotel to-night."

"The name?" said I.

"How should *I* know? But he can't get an alias for his figure. He ain't more than five feet six and stout. He'll have heavy black hair but it won't have time to grow out much. But you'll know him. Just go up and say 'He's gone south for thirty days' and he'll tumble."

"But you?" I said.

"Oh I sold the Post Office Building to a man from down the state and like a d—d fool sold it to him again next time he came up. Could just as easy have sold him option on the auditorium or Masonic Temple or—or Lincoln Park; but got careless. Well; this is what comes of trying to turn over money too many times in the same place. But you'll give him my message?"

The Officer on the platform put a hand on his shoulder and I reflected. It promised "space." Space, in Chicago newspapers is five and six dollars a column only but I was riding in cable.

I had little difficulty in finding the room at the Magnolius that night.

"I'm from him," I announced through the cautious crack of the door. "I'm to tell you he had to go South for thirty days."

The door bounced angrily open now and I could see he was very rotund and his hair was thick though not yet grown out much.

"Gone South for thirty days?" he repeated. "Like him; just when I was getting ready to pull teeth by mail-order too. Did he say I was to bail him out? 'Cause I won't."

"He didn't," I said and dropped away.

Then I became respectable and paid at the Pressed Club, not my dues—for I was not a new member—nor even all the rest I owed, but still enough to rehabilitate my credit and my name once more appeared at the bottom of the slips. When a man has money, the only account he can't afford to pay is that of the Club; but when he hasn't it, the Pressed Club demands are the only ones he *can* afford to settle. It gives him a ready refuge where the talk is never sordid and even if he finds it advisable to bring thither creditors, met on the way, converse there is on too lofty a plane to ever become embarrassing. Moreover, if the creditor is too reminiscent, the Club furnishes excellent facilities for pleasantly and cheaply liquidating Liabilities.

This night two of these Liabilities had been with me but by ten o'clock I had them entirely liquidated and they had vanished. Two men in crash stood over me. The first said, "It's him;" the second, "So it is," I said; "It's not," with customary caution, but they smiled and mopped their foreheads. "We need a drink," said the taller of the two. He was the man I had met on the cable-car; there was no mistaking the clamp of his hand or the rotundity of the other, though now his hair had grown out amazingly all over. I was not pleased. Rehabilitation aforesaid was beginning to get shabby.

"Why?" I asked.

"You'll be interested," the tall one assured. "First let me introduce you proper to Brother Dan Dravie, that's him; and Poachey Cardigan, that's me. The less said about our profession the better for we've done everything in our time—and done time too, often enough. We've sold both sides of State Street from Van Buren to the river, the Post Office and City Hall and most of the public grounds—sold it all on easy payments to down state men and a few from Iowa; and we never even asked for the second installment. We've located gold mines and love, restored hair, affections and full figures all by mail order. We've done a lot more than the statute of limitations will make mentionable some day; but it's all played out. *Therefore* we're going to be prophets, Dan and I; we're going to be millionaire prophets."

"Prophets we'll be," confirmed Dravie.

"I understand perfectly," I said. "You shouldn't drink so many patent medicines. You must be more careful."

"Neither drunk nor careless," denied Dravie. "Prophets we'll be—what else is there for us. We've never been in any one place except jail long enough to get anything out of politics—though jail ain't a real handicap in Chicago. We haven't any capital; we haven't a cent—haven't even a bank reference. We've played out every mere worldly graft. We can't work and we can't work anything that isn't liable to be investigated these days. So there's nothing else open but the Heavenly graft. We're going to be prophets—the only question is which?"

"Which prophet?" I asked as I succumbed and signed the ticket.

"I mean what name," Cardigan explained. "We've got all the specifications."

With subdued pride he handed me a paper on which was written informally:

"Contract—between me and you and you and me.

"One. That me and you do this together—to be prophets and make 'em big.

"Two. That me and you be prophets together, or me with you or you with me, helping or any other way as pays best; and that me and you will do anything, even up to doing as we should, to do this.

"Three. That me nor you shall not be prophet unto himself for more than fifty per cent—whoever's prophet, me and you always getting half.

(Signed) Poachey Cardigan.
Dan Dravie."

"Now," said Cardigan, "the only question is who we want? A good man's half the prophet. And it has to be jointed—you can't have a mere single name in prophecy any more than you can in the English aristocracy."

"Don't you want to be original?' said I.

"Original?" put in Cardigan scornfully. "Did you ever see anybody original pay? The original prophets were dandies, weren't they? Never cleared a thing that I heard of. But when they come back! No *sir*! Original prophecy may have been all right in its time—but me for the modern prophet!"

"Most of the good names have been used—even for the second time," lamented Dravie. "Elisha and all the rest with the good pious sigh at the end."

"Why don't you be Manasha?" I suggested.

"Manasha—sounds good," reflected Dravie slowly, "but Manasha the what? You've got to be the Reviver, the Restorer, the Recoverer, the Repairer or the Re-*something* to divert the invalid coin from Hot Springs!

"How'll the Resusticator do?" I asked. "That's never been used, I believe."

"Fine," enthused Cardigan. "Manasha the Resusticator *and* Dan's hair ought to go together. If he's any kind of a Resusticator he'll come in mighty handy to himself to bring 'em through after he's done 'em."

"The Resusticator part's all right," agreed Dravie. "But where did you get Manasha?" suspiciously.

"Manasha's all right," I assured. "Got him from the encyclopedia. Look at those books over there Ma—Nasha. Great name, eh?"

"From the outside of the Encyclopedia?" said Cardigan slowly. "But that's the way they name those crazy burlesque troops and fake cures."

"Well?" said I; and there was an appreciative pause.

"Then I've never been here before," objected Dravie after a moment. "I told you I didn't want to be original—with never a private car or Florida house to my back. I want to have been here before."

"Tell 'em you were then," said Cardigan contemptuously." "What have you got all that hair for if you can't carry off a little thing like that? Besides you won't have to waste any time now reading up to see what you were when you were here before. Great! You'll be the only prophet returned to earth never having been here before and all you do—"

"Who's going to be Manasha?" demanded Dravie, and Cardigan subsided.

"We needn't keep you up," Dravie said politely turning to me after a moment. "We want to look up a few things in these books here. So just sign another buffet slip, will you? No; don't bother to fill in the top—and we'll put back all the books we don't need." And I left them pouring over the books.

In a newspaper office events obliterate each other. A great person could not be found or could not be lost or developed, some other incapacity which demanded some thousands of ems per day. It was only at the end of the month when I wondered who had written in six Martinis and Manhattans over my signature, that I recalled my indiscretion at the Club.

I turned then to the profitable avocation of city newspaper men. As everyone knows, country newspapers pay illy for space but pictures require much space and little exertion. So, after buying the old sample stocks of small photographers, we supply the rural press with scores of likenesses (seldom two alike) whenever anything happens to celebrities—and sometimes when we merely say something happens. The demand is heavy, but if celebrities refuse to warn us it is not our fault that a President's daughter or a Senator's wife appears blonde in Dakota, brunette in Iowa and redheaded in parts of Kansas. Then a not entirely insignificant war springing up between the Russians and the Japanese, my attention was again distracted.

For some weeks I was unimpeded by fact or information and war extras flourished. Then an inconsiderate Associated Press correspondent, sending words at a couple of dollars apiece, began moving those fleets and armies whose annihilation had thrice brought out circulation well over the quarter million. I was regulated to the mechanical confirming of his despatches from Chefoo and adding the details.

It was a hot eventful night. I had myself to blame for most of the events. Before nine-thirty I had raised Port Arthur and sunk the entire Russian fleet. Of course I had done this before in the routine way. But this time I had confirmed the raising of the fort and the depression of the fleet from Pekin, Shanghai, Teinsin and from four other places I found on the map and to be absolutely sure of beating our rivals had heard heavy firing from two places besides not given on any atlas. Then I had denied it unofficially and officially from St. Petersburg and semi-officially also, quoting the semi-official *Novoe Vremya* which attributed the disasters of the entire war to the English and American Press. Tokyo had wired me its regular ominous but monotonous silence. The German Kaiser and five of his ministers—whose names I chose carefully from the Milwaukee directory —had cabled the paper that they would still persevere from interfering. Paris sent invigorated confidence that Rothschild's would still take Russian bonds. London now claimed the maritime preponderance in more aggravated form; Washington sent me the standing pledge more erect than ever—of its total abstinence from foreign trouble. Even from Boston I had not forgotten to elicit a loud call to the Hague. Repeated practice had made perfect at last; every detail which we did not have to save for a later extra, was there. Like sponge cake, after the kitchen door had been slammed, the world quivered and sank a little; then adjusted itself soggily to the shock and all was well—unless that careless correspondent in the East insisted again upon manœuvering with that fleet so recently abased.

To be on the safe side I left.

"Due to the well-known unreliability of information from Chinese sources (I knew; for had not my full dress shirt, promised for Friday, remained in the celestial tub till Saturday?) the dispatches printed in our regular edition, while there is every presumption that they are still correct, await further confirmation." And finally for any contingency overlooked, I left three distinct sets of Chefoo details which had not yet been used west of Pittsburg.

I sought the club as I had the night the year before. I could see little change—it is not a place where you see much lying around. A different third of the membership was supporting the other two. In the billiard room, white's string was short five buttons instead of three; and after passing thirty-five, black could, with caution, now steal two points instead of one—that was all.

Into the chair beside mine and before the stand where my gin ricky cooled, there crawled a strange semblance of a man. In different places from his hair and clothing a gummy black substance formed a bas-relief and adhered to everything it touched. I had seen such a sight once before when a man had fallen down upon Jackson Boulevard while they were paving it; for everyone knows that Jackson Boulevard is asphalt; and asphalt is a diachylon pavement and most adhesive to fall into before it has cooled. But this man wore the paving alone; unmistakable signs of gravel were upon him—and Jackson Boulevard does not run along the lake shore.

"Can't you give me another drink?" he whispered as he put down my gin ricky. "For the sake of the prophet give me another drink."

"For the sake of the prophet?" I said. "What prophet?"

"Don't you know me?" he gasped.

"Not while you're wearing that Venezuela mixture," I said.

His hands felt instinctively for my watch; and as instinctively I snapped it to my key chains. I tried to remember where I had picked up that instinct, but for a moment I could not.

"I've come back," he repeated. "And we was prophets—prophets and made 'em big." He seemed to be quoting. "Me and Dravie, what was Manasha the Resusticator; up-to-date millionaire prophets we was. Right here we settled it, you setting there and giving us drinks. I'm Poachey Cardigan and you—Oh Lordy, you've been lying around here ever since!"

"In reality only," I warned. "Constructively I've been lying in Seoul, Chemulpo, Vladivostok, Chefoo and a lot of other places. But never mind that. Where have you been?"

"It's true," said Cardigan with a dry suggestive gulp as he broke the straws "Prophets we was and made 'em big. He divided fair and equal—or he was going to—50% and 50%, for he played *me* square. And then he went and lost it all. O poor, poor Dan that never would take my advice though I begged him."

"Take the cocktail," I said with polite anachronism. "Tell me everything from beginning to end. You started out as Manasha the Resusticator; do you remember that?"

"I ain't drunk yet. Of course I remember. We started out early the next morning, we did; and Dravie was the Resusticator—he had the hair; and I was the clinic."

"The clinic?" I asked.

"Sure; but don't interrupt me. He had the build—short and fat and honest looking. Even his face looked honest for you couldn't see it for the hair and somehow hair—even if it's false hair looks honest."

"He shaved just the top of his head; and combed the rest down so it met his beard and covered him up. Then he put on black robes and rolled me in the street and put sticking plaster all over me, though nothing's the matter and gives me a crutch, telling me to stay back and wait for the signal.

"Down by the court house are about a thousand people getting personal injury damages from the city and street cars. He goes into the street and hollers but they think he's advertising a dental parlor and no one stops. He hollers louder and waves his arms, and some thinks he's advertising a new Garden and some Germans stop. Then he cusses them and calls them beasts and swine so that at last everybody knows he's a modern prophet and that's the modern introduction to salvation and they all stops. Then he tells them how he is Manasha the Resusticator, returned but arriving for the first time to resusticate the living yet dead and dead where life was and a lot more so that no one can understand it and they all take it in.

"Then he calls for them suffering from loathsome diseases because all disease is loathsome being of the spirit not the body—the county hospital to the contrary notwithstanding—and therefore to be cured by a good talker. I comes up then and seeing me he calls out that I'm forgiven by Manasha and he tears off the plaster—which hurt like the D . .l let me tell you—and rips off the sling and waves my crutch over his head.

"Just then as he calls for more, some come out of the court house. They didn't dare throw off their splints and crutches yet, so Dravie rushes up to them, which have been paid their damages, and makes passes over them with his hands. He tells 'em he's forgiven them and they're well. Part of them, being sore tired of their bandages, tears them off; and he tears them off the rest; and they all cries out he's a great prophet—and he is, for they give him part of their damages to make sure he won't tell. Them that haven't got their damages yet, he pulls out of their chairs and cures them; and they have to say he's a great prophet too, though they don't want to.

"But a man with really something the matter comes along; and Dravie, seeing him first, cries out that he feels a poor, diseased sinful brother is drawing nigh who can't be healed as he lacks faith; and he's right, he *can't* be healed. So Manasha makes good there too. And then he begins talking about a town.

"I never heard of such a town—and I've read the booklets for the New Jersey resorts too. He built that town up like a railroad writer about a block-signal and a siding—and Dravie didn't even have the semaphore to go on. I couldn't see his lay till he began selling lots in that town; and then I knows he wasn't crazy.

"What did I do? I said, "Dan you old fool, you got a thousand dollars and half is mine by contract. Go and get decent drunk." But he wouldn't as he shouldn't but should later on as you'll see. Then "Where're you going, Dan?" says I.

"To the town," he says. "Our town."

"Come out of it," says I. "You put it pretty strong, but you didn't believe it yourself, Dan?"

"We caught 'em on the rise," he says talking like a broker and paying no attention to me. "But if we had a town—an exchange where we could margin this salvation business too, we could sell 'em short and catch 'em coming *and* going. We must have a town."

"But you promised 'em that, Dan," says I. "That's what you took their money for—and are you going to *give* it to 'em?"

"I got to," he says but I could see it hurt him." Didn't we used to leave the pea under the shell the first times before we got anything big, Poachey?" he says. And then I see he is all right but has bigger schemes than I know and follow on.

"We come to a little place in the country where a lot of crazy people were trying to get together on one religion. No two of them were alike except they were all dissatisfied and they're fighting but, when we finds them at the one meeting house trying to see who'd run it. And Dravie sees the reason they all disagree is that nobody's afraid of anybody else and they can all understand what each other say so they have the nerve to say it's not so. Then Dan puts on his robes and stalks in, not speaking to anybody when they speak to him but knocking over them in his way. Then he cusses them all around and gets 'em scared and talks for an hour and a half on things which they never heard of before and he didn't either and in words they don't understand and neither does he. Then all of a sudden he stops and leans over and says that maybe, if they give all to the service of the prophet—which is him—he'll do what he can to save them. And they're so anxious to show they understand something he's said at last that they do it. But when the first man offered all he has, Dravie says "No;" and that takes 'em all back; and when the next man offered all he has, Dravie says "No;" and that gets them all worked up so that the leader offers him all they all have and finally they get Dravie to say "Yes," but reluctantly. And that was how we got our town where I was recorder of the Host and Prayer-master General; and a good graft it was with no one to look into the scandals of the department."

"Take another drink if you can and go on," I said. "How did you make it a good graft with those people?"

"It wasn't just them few," Cardigan said. "Dravie sent for them he sold the lots to, following his fool innovation of giving them what he sold; they all come and brought a pile more. He sold them lots and then he sold them all some more lots till we sold some twice over and some we didn't have like in the good old days. Poachy Cardigan—him that was Inspector of Righteousness—he couldn't see what more could be gotten; but he didn't have the modern prophetic vision. So Dravie wouldn't go and get drunk then, as he shouldn't, but should later on as he knows now.

"Ten per cent. of what they have, Dravie makes them give him clear; and the other ninety—how did we get that? It's shameful what they spend in tobacco, so he forbids it to 'em and they give the prophet the cost. What they spend on liquor is disgraceful, so they have to stop that and give him the price. And that was better than selling them the liquor in monopoly as he thought first of doing because now we make one hundred instead of only ninety-five per cent. on the traffic. He discourages kissing and engagement rings—having no jewelry store—but advises adding the price of the diamond to the fee. When they build their houses, Dravie blesses them all on a sliding scale; but that don't pay anything like the profit on the material he sells them. And if we didn't get forty per cent. there, he credited me with more than my share which wasn't like him.

"Another forty we get after telling them the dignity of work and work for the love of working—which they pretty nearly did. And is there ten per cent. missed? We must have got that for we owned the stores and sold 'em everything. And Poachey Cardigan, he can't see what else we can get after getting one hundred per cent.; but he ain't the prophet. He says, "Now Dan, will you get out? If we get any more, it'll be tainted." But still he wouldn't as he should later on—but did not.

"Poachey Cardigan, he didn't have a prophetic insight; for after he thought he had everything, having only one hundred per cent., Dravie got 'em to give back everything—all the land he sold them and the houses they built on it. Even the Equitable never worked anything like that. So when I see them all paying rent—and shameful high rent it was—for their own houses, I was for leaving. As far as I saw, the people didn't have anything but prayings left. But Dravie remembered the old Pan-healer we used to run; so he has a lot of cure letters run off. They were prayer cure letters now but made up the old way—a lot printed off with the place for the name and disease left blank. Whenever anyone sends in a petition for a cure and ten dollars—you understand this was for the trade we couldn't reach personally so they had the ten—we filled in the names at the top and sent it back, which was better than the old days when we had to fill a bottle up with colored water and send that too.

"Then Poachey, he says, "Dan; ain't this the limit. Dan," I says, is there anything else?" And Dan says, "I've done 'em pretty thoroughly, haven't I?" I says, "Dan I mean it. With a wig and a Sunday School class to hide the baldness, you'd shame our Prominent Citizen. I don't see how Miss Tarbell overlooked you. Will you stop now?' ' But he only hesitated.

"Poachey," he says. "I got nothing against you. Don't misunderstand me. I never see anyone better than you to get the goods when the graft is started. No, Poachey, in some way you do them better than me; but in other ways you can't help me the way I need. You don't originate half the new business you ought; you haven't the instinct. I have it pretty strong myself and it seems to me I've worked everything—yes, I've done about everything, I think, but operate for appendicitis. But you don't know how I feel fearing I may have missed something; and you can't help me. Poachey. I've got to have someone born and trained to it. I've got to have a politician."

"A politician?" says I. "What for?"

"An alderman, if I can get one," says Dan, "from Tammany Hall of the Philadelphia ring. I can't depend on you, Poachey. You haven't the instinct. But if one of them says there's nothing left to be worked"—

"But I stops him. "Dan," I says cautiously, fearing I don't know what, "Don't. There may be honor even between one of them and us; but don't! How are you going to get anybody to come anyway?" I says. "We haven't any street railways wanting franchises or a gas works wanting a charter; there's no water-works big enough to make it worth his while and we ain't going to put in a subway or drainage system. What'll he find in it? "I says again. "He won't come."

"I'll start him on a guarantee and then put him on a percentage basis," says Dan; and in spite of all I says, he sent for the politician. Poor, poor Dan."

The lips wavered; but as I signed another slip and the steward hurried off suggestively, Cardigan went on.

"There was two of us—Dravie, what was prophet and Cardigan, that's me. But old Dan, though he was prophet comes running down the street.

"For Gord's sake, Dan," says I. "What's—"

"The Politician," he yells, "The politician, Poachey. Oh Poachey, Poachey; it's all my fault," he jerks out as he ran. "I wouldn't have sent for him as you asked but,—"

"But what, Dan?" says I.

"But I thought coming straight from New York or Philadelphia or New Jersey, his instinct couldn't fail to set him doing the people in any spot we overlooked. But Poachey—he's a reformer—a reformer."

"You mean, Dan," I yells, "You mean...?"

"I do, Poachey," says Dan. "He turned us out and broke us up. He's taken everything away from us and turned the people against us. But—but there's one comfort, Poachey," he says.

"What's that?" I says.

"We hadn't overlooked anything, Poachey. We must have gathered everything in that was at all loose and a good deal that was nailed down; for he couldn't see anything left for him to get except from us and so," says Dan, "he's getting it."

"You should have thought of that Dan," says I.

"How did I know he was a reformer?" says Dan and I couldn't say any more.

"The people were coming on close behind and we could hear them. "Listen," says Dan. "He's gone and destroyed the confidence of the people in me too. They used to think I was infallible and now—"

"Neither old prophet or new," they all yells. "If he's old style, he'd never have taken a cent; if new, he'd never have a cent taken from him. And they caught old Dan by the barber shop and shaved him. Pretty soon they begin to see who he was; and—you remember those statutes of Limitations I was telling about? Well;' they hadn't run out; poor, poor Dan. If he only got drunk any one of the times I told him to—they was often enough!"

He hiccoughed pitifully but I held the glass away. "And you—you? I said.

"There was a party along called Poachey Cardigan, wasn't there? They caught old Poachey up where they were putting gravel on a roof. They didn't have any feathers; so they put the regular roofing on him, with stone to cover the tar—and turned him out. Said he was a better prophet than Dravie because he did it without the hair. Say; have you ever walked a hundred miles with a shoe full of stones? Old Poachey, he was one big shoe full of stones all over. He walked and walked and all along the road Dan Dravie said "Don't get drunk yet, Poachey; it's big; it's big." And though he was tired, though he was powerful tired, never, never did Poachey put down the prophet. You knew Manasha the Prophet, didn't you, Sir? Look at him now."

He fumbled in a bag he carried and brought forth what looked like dirty excelsior; but as he straighened it out and it took form, I could see indeed the hair and beard of the prophet, shorn from him like a heavy fleece which holds the shape of the sheep. I shuddered; for lacking an eye or two which occasionally showed through, I recognized the companion of the man beside me.

"Yes," said the warden at Bridewell," he was brought here; but I sent him up to the infirmary. Is it true that he was without a drink for two hours this morning?"

"Unless somebody else paid for it," I said. "By any chance did he have anything about him?"

"Only a big lot of hair; he wouldn't give it up. Said there was a big profit in that kind of hair; a millionaire or a million profit, I think he said. I wonder what he meant."

And there the matter rests.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

SECOND PAPER

FAITH in the New Testament is directed to men, God, and Jesus. The act considered psychologically is the same in all three instances. The definition of faith is very easily framed, therefore. A man believes when he makes a conviction control his life; that is to say, when he acts as if something which he has not yet actually experienced were really a fact.

I,

Christian faith may be defined as the acceptance of Jesus as the Christ. "We believe that thou art the Christ," said Peter, as the spokesman of the twelve, and this confession was repeated by every convert and disciple mentioned in the New Testament. Jesus is the Christ: this was the first Christian creed. To be a Christian was to accept Jesus as the Messiah, the fulfiller of the Messianic hope, the King of Israel, the coming Judge, the great Deliverer.

The disciples did not invent the Messianic hope; they inherited it from their fathers. Jesus was the Christ to them, not because he did that which they expected the Christ would do, but because they expected him to do what the Christ was expected to do. Until after his resurrection their expectation and his own convictions were often far apart. The sons of Zebedee were hoping for limitless glory, Jesus was awaiting death. It is easy to see, therefore, how difficult a confession of faith in the Jesus as Christ before the resurrection must have been for men who had a distinct conception of Messiahship and who saw no elements of that conception in the life of Jesus. The zealots with their hope of revolution, the Pharisees with their transcendental unearthly kingdom of heaven, alike turned from the son of Joseph the carpenter. Indeed, the disciples saw in their Master the very opposite of what they expected the Christ to be. He was poor and oppressed, a wandering teacher, an outlawed critic of the law. He had done nothing that from their own or the later Jewish point of view would be called Messianic. The Christ was not supreme over the Gentiles, the Jewish nation had not become a theocratic empire, the awful judgment throne had not been set, their had been no resurrection of the dead, the wicked had not been punished, the kingdom had not come. Yet, when they came to ask themselves how they should describe their Master and in what capacity they should accept him, they were not satisfied to call him a prophet like Jeremiah or Elijah; they could only call him Christ. His very personality forced the confession. If he had not done Messianic work it was but a matter of time before he should take up his official career. He must be the Christ whose Messianic work of deliverance and conquest was yet to be undertaken.

Similarly in the case of the early church. Jesus had died but death did not prove him the Christ; the fact that he was the Christ gave value to his death. He had been raised from the dead, but until after that event no teacher had predicted such an act of the Christ, and it was necessary for Peter and the other apostles to reexamine the scriptures for prophesies and to argue the rightfulness of that interpretation which makes the words of David refer to the Christ rather than to himself. The precisely Messianic work of Jesus was still in the future and formed the substance of the hope of the church. The Christ had appeared, had been killed, had risen from the grave, had returned to the right hand of God in heaven; thence he would soon come to judge the quick and the dead, to establish his kingdom, to gather his raised elect into the everlasting glories and joys of heaven.

But it would be a great mistake to think that such faith was simply an ascent to a definition. Faith meant much more than that; it meant action in accordance with this conviction. When one believed Jesus was the Christ he began to serve his Messianic king. Such a faith forced a man to abandon wrong ways of living, and to enter upon a good life. In a word, the moment he was really convinced that Jesus was the supernal creature of his expectations his life was changed; he was a new man in Christ Jesus. Let the persecuting Saul believe that Jesus is the Christ, and he becomes Paul the apostle. Convince the thousands at Pentecost that the Jesus their rulers had crucified is to be their judge, and they seek salvation from their deserved punishment through repentance. Throughout the New Testament, this acceptance of Jesus as Christ, which is the first great element of Christian faith, leads to moral and religious regeneration.

Nor was its influence limited to these initial decisions. The longer one lived under the control of this belief, the more he shaped his life to his king's commands the more personal did his Lord appear, and the more convincing grew the experience born of his rule. The life which Paul lived by his faith in Jesus, he declared was the life of Jesus. Faith ceased to be a matter of propositions, and lead on to a genuine friendship. The unseen king was not a definition. The new life was religion conceived of in terms of loyalty and obedience.

II.

The wealth of religious meaning here is apparent. The peculiar conception of Christ which was attached by the early Jews to Jesus as a definition and description was soon modified both by the facts of his own life and by the influences brought to bear upon it when Christianity passed out into the great world of Greek thought. But after all, there was no abandonment of the real essence of the old faith. The test of a man's moral and religious worth was always his estimate of Jesus. The evil man fled the light; the good man sought it. The great men who built up what we know as orthodoxy never failed to see how vital to Christianity is the faith that consists in a definition of Jesus. To detract any element from one's conviction as to what Jesus is was always judged by them as indicating not only a perverted philosophy, but an unworthy life. And at bottom they were right. We would not for a moment say the definitions they formulated are final, or justify their fierce determination to force all men to apply the same attributes to Jesus, or to regulate all men's faith in him by the same philosophy, but we can see very plainly that they were right when they insisted that a man's religion and conduct must be determined by his elemental convictions; that the influence of the words and life of Jesus upon a man's life will vary according to that man's valuation of Jesus. To belittle him is to belittle his influence. To believe him to be the supreme teacher and the supreme revelation of God in human life is to beget within one's life new love of man and new trust in God. It is to find one's own life changing under the influence of this conviction, not only because the conviction itself has power, but because it brings to a man life with God.

It is inconceivable that a modern man should accept Jesus as the sort of Christ Judaism expected or expects, but he may believe him the equivalent of that Christ. Deep down in every one's life, there is some sort of ideal as to what God is, and what the life of God would be in human form. Really to be convinced that this idea is expressed in Jesus and to make his exposition of duty supreme in one's life—this is to-day's equivalent of the apostolic formula. As with them, so with us such a faith becomes a dominant conviction. We, too, try to keep Jesus' commandments because we, too, love him as something better and greater than prophet or teacher. With such a belief as to Jesus, that sacrifice for our fellows which before seemed so impracticable; that life of prayer which before seemed so futile, seem natural and attractive. With us as with the disciples this faith is the beginning of a better and a more God-like life.

Evangelists and pastors are right when they insist that the first step in a Christian life should be the acceptance of Jesus as Lord. Undoubtedly they sometimes attempt the impossible and endeavor to make the new convert believe something about Jesus which no-one except a Jew of the first century can understand, but religiously and psychologically, they are right. The confession which we would hear from more lives is to-day's translation of the confession of Peter: "Thou art—not the Jewish Christ, nor the Greek Christ, least of all the Pharisaic Christ—thou art the one great sovereign of my life." Such a confession may be very non-committal as to metaphysics, but it will be morally and religiously dynamic. To believe that Jesus is the Christ means nothing less than to attempt the sort of life he lived—the life of love and service and faith in the Father.

THE MASTER BUILDER

Isabella Valancy Crawford

LOVE builds on the azure sea,
And love builds on the golden sand;
And love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes love builds on the land.

O, if love build on sparkling sea,
And if love build on golden strand,
And if love build on rosy cloud,
To love these are the solid land.

O, love will build his lily walls,
And love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea,—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

A HERO OF LADYSMITH

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWING BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

MISFORTUNES, they say, never come singly. It was at least provoking after driving a dozen miles out of my way on a hay trail, to heat a buggy-bush in my eagerness to make up for lost time. But the prairie lay dimpled with a thousand ponds of snow-cold water, mirroring the fleecy clouds of early May, and, splashing axle-deep into a lake of quicksilver, we awaited the cooling process. The minutes were hours as the outraged metal slowly released its grip, and the sun was low before we could proceed. When at last we were again under way darkness came on over-fast, a heavy mass of clouds banking the west, and we—my horse and I—were still far from our destination. The prairie trail, none too good in daylight, lay treacherous with badger-holes after dark, and my half-jaded nag made a virtue of caution. A dull glare began to shimmer in the western sky, and the prospect of being out in the first thunderstorm of the season was not enjoyable. Presently, through the hush in which the prairies lay brooding, came the sound of a lumber-wagon and the rattle of ox-chains. At least we were not to be alone in our experience, and my horse, sniffing company and perhaps a stable, needed no more urging. Then came the sound of singing—a strong, masculine voice:

"A contented mind is a blessing kind,
And a joyous heart is a purse well lined,
So what care I?
Let the world go by,
For it's better far to laugh than cry."

"Our companionship will, at least, be jovial," thought I. And then, having overtaken the ox-team, I called, "Hello, Neighbor, how goes it?"

Although taken entirely unawares the man in the wagon looked back almost without surprise, certainly without alarm, and returned my salutation.

"Do you know where you are going?" I asked, the impudence of the question not occuring to me in my anxiety to escape the threatening storm.

"No, but Buller does," was the confident reply, as I sat up aghast.

"Buller always knows," went on my new acquaintance cheerily, "and if he were in doubt Lord Roberts would soon set him right. In a quarter of an hour we will storm the Modder River, and then, my lads, it's on to Ladysmith."

"A maniac," thought I. "It's well the prairie's wide, and my horse, tired as he is, more than a match for yon lumbering oxen." But I was left no time for consideration, the genial madman continuing.

"The last time I was out with Buller he tried to run away, but Lord Roberts held him in. It's a long trail, though, and he's sober enough to-night."

A light, not of the approaching storm, was breaking. Seizing the cue, "What do you call your oxen?" I asked.

"Why, Buller and Lord Roberts," he replied. "But of course he wouldn't know. And the Modder is the stream a mile or so ahead, and beyond the Modder is my farm, Ladysmith. You see," he added, shouting to be heard above the noise of our locomotion, "I was in South Africa, and somehow I can't forget the old boys and the old times, and it gives me a comradely feeling to have these familiar names about. But, may I ask, what is your destination to-night?"

"Ladysmith, with the permission of Sir George White," I answered. He laughed, pleased that I had accepted his word-play, and said that all the hospitality of the beleaguered garrison would be mine.

And so it came about that I spent the night—the first of many—in the bachelor dome of the English settler. A little box of a place, a few feet square, with walls of a single thickness of inch lumber, covered with tar paper, a roof of boards bent to a segment of a circle, and the dry earth for a floor; yet, as I soon came to know, it contained a human treasure such as men may discover once in a great while. The shanty was small and bare, the food course and plain, but the soul of the place atoned for all. No disposition, however gloomy, could long withstand the magical influence of the "contented mind" that owned these four walls as home. It was not what he said, he talked but little; nor what he did, he was not energetic; but when he sat in the summer twilight to the twanging of his guitar, or lying on the straw bed, together we heard the honk of the wild goose in its midnight flight, I knew that I was receiving more than I gave. My duties that summer carried me frequently by Ladysmith, and I came to regard the place as a welcome haven in the great sea of prairie. An English paper and a pouch of English tobacco were the unasked but welcome price I paid for lodging and mental refreshment. I think, in the loneliness of his prairie life he came to regard me as in a special way his friend, although the reserve of his race forbade any such sentiment receiving expression in speech. With his inborn love of sport, no matter how the work of a farm might suffer, my appearance on the horizon was the signal for a holiday, a tramp by the sloughs and duck-ponds, and a night in the rushes in ambush for the unsuspecting crane. Many a night had we sat, whispering in the buffalo-grass, as the sloughs sent their treening incense skyward, while the darkness closed down until only the white line of water was visible, and the croaking of multitudinous and boisterous frogs filled the air with a wondrous charm of a new land. Then came the swish of great wings, and soon the silent waders were dabbling in the water. Tense with excitement we sat, our guns cocked, our breath bated in that strange human ecstasy of killing, until presently their great lanky forms and lump-like bodies showed black against the sheen of water. One—two—three—four of them waded up, unscenting danger, to within a dozen paces. I was for singling out the first when he drew my gun down. A moment we waited; they were changing their formation. Suddenly, like the spoke of a wheel, they swung into line, and before I could raise my weapon my companion had fired both barrels. There was a great splash in the water, and the air was filled up with the flap of wings. We rushed into the water, laughing, excited, and captured our floundering victims ere they could hide in the grass. When they were laid on the bank we found there were four.

"I should not have enjoyed being a Boer, if that is the way you shoot," I said, as we started shanty-ward, loaded down with game.

"Ah, but when one is hunting cranes he shoots to kill," returned my companion.

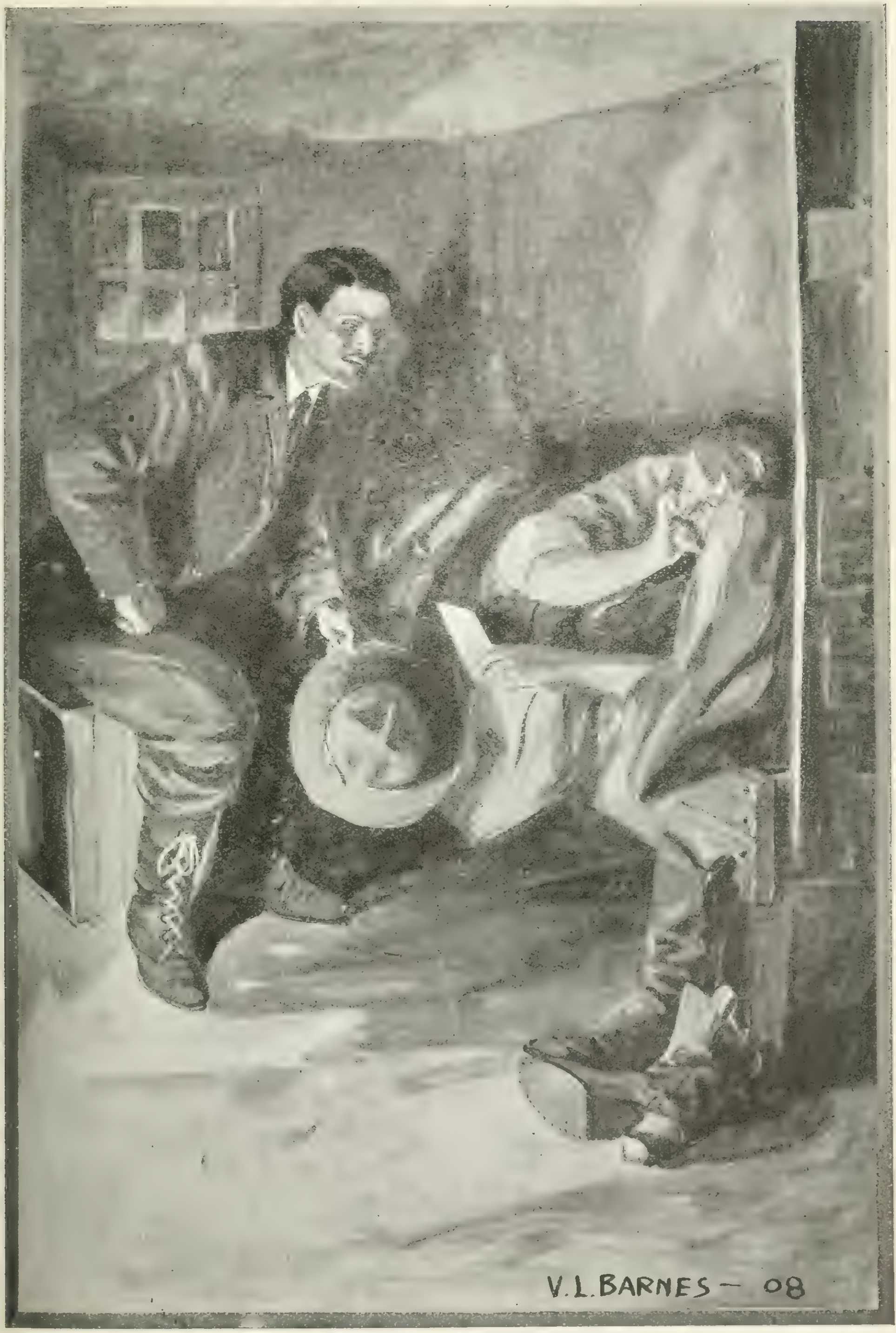
"And is it not so in war?" I asked.

"Not always. Not generally. See here, you don't want to kill me, do you?"

"Why, no," I exclaimed in surprise, "why should I?"

"That's just it, why should you? And why should I want to kill a Boer, or a Boer to kill me? Or any one nationality to kill another? It's not until outrages commence, and the fighting blood is up, that men really want to kill. For weeks I fired at random, until one day my chums brains were spattered in my face—then I shot to kill. But as a rule you shoot the other fellow for fear he shoots you. Men who go to battle are counted brave, but I tell you as a general rule fear is at the bottom of warfare. Because you fear your enemy you try to kill him; because the nation fears another nation it tries to subdue it."

I had struck a new vein in my philosopher, and remained silent until he continued.


V. L. BARNES — 08

HIS EYES FEASTED ON THE PICTURE

"You have noticed that the boys from South Africa seldom mention their experiences there. The country is full of men who have carried arms and say nothing about it. It's because it made them sick. I'm sick of it now, although it was six years ago. . . Yet they would be up again at the first call of the bugle. Many a night, as I lie in wait by the duck-ponds I think of the veldt, and a deadly fascination holds me there, crouched behind a willow clump, or pacing, pacing, until the east is grey."

The rising moon, floating from behind a cloud, sent a flood of silver light across the prairie. I caught my companion off his guard; his face was drawn, pale, and set.

"You need company," I said. "The prairies are too vast—too great—to encounter alone. A man with a soul gets overcharged in this country unless he is constantly at work, or in contact with others. You need company—a good wife, I should say."

We were now at the shanty. "A fine place for her," he said, with a laugh. But it was not *his* laugh.

We started a fire, for our clothes were wet. Then we had pancakes, coffee, and dried apples, with great chunks of bread and butter. I had thought to go to bed, but from the recesses of a huge box my host produced a huge volume of poems. For an hour, in his clear subdued voice, modulated in perfect accord with his theme, he read from Enoch Arden, as I wondered what could be the great sacrifice of this genial, uncomplaining man that found its expression in the poets' beautiful words. At length he closed his volume and sat staring at a few wood coals in the grate. Strange pictures were in those dying embers, I knew—pictures, mayhap, of laughing eyes and waving hair and girlish form divinely fair. . .

But he must not have too much of it. "Come, let us go to bed," I said, "and don't spend so much of your time by the marshes."

It was a full month before I again passed that way. Buller and Lord Roberts were grazing on the banks of the Modder, but their master did not appear to extend his customary salutation. This surprised me the more, as it was forenoon, when he was always to be found about. Hurrying up to the shanty, with a sinister foreboding of evil, I shoved through the half-open door. By contrast with the bright morning sun the place was dark, and it was a moment before I could accustom myself to the dim light. But a faint voice spoke my name, and in the corner of the little building, on the bed of straw covered with a course mat of burlap, lay my hero of Ladysmith. His face was flushed with the ravages of sudden fever, and his strong frame, muscular still in its weakness, lay helpless before me. I bent over, with a whispered inquiry in his ear. "Enteric," he calmly answered.

"Nonsense," said I, "there's no enteric in this country."

"Not for you native-born, but the disease is in me. I have known it before—I know."

It was idle to argue with him. "You've been lying out by the duck-ponds again," I said. He nodded. "Took your advice in one thing, but not in both, and now it's too late for either. But it's alright, now you're here."

I tried to tell him that he would soon be about again, but he shook his head. "Only a little longer," he said. I thought of getting a doctor, but to leave him alone seemed inhuman. The nearest neighbor was ten miles away, and the nearest doctor sixty, and the Visitor might come in my absence. He seemed to read my thoughts. "It's no use," he said. "Doctors can do nothing. It would be kind of you to stay. It won't be long."

I sat beside him, distressed and perplexed. His eyes rested on the box from which he had taken the poems, and he motioned me to it. "Down at the bottom," he said, "between two copies of Chums." I followed his directions, and at length produced a photograph, wrapped in tissue-paper. I unfolded it and caught a glimpse of a girl in white, when I remembered that I was in my friend's holy of holies, and this view was not for me. I passed it to him. His eyes feasted on the picture for a moment; then it suddenly dropped on his face and his whole being shook with sobs. . .

Soon he was himself again. "I sent for her," he said, "when you told me I needed her here. I had tried to do without—to spare her the hardship—but I broke down. I had vowed not to look on her photograph until I could see her in the flesh, but now—now—it's all over. She will be here, and I shall be—gone."

After another pause he continued: "She should arrive in another week. You have been a good friend to me—one more favor to a dying man. Meet her at the station and send her home again, and tell her—tell her—"

"I will tell her you lived a man—and died a man," I answered. His face over which the ominous grey was falling, lit up with a seraphic joy. He seized my hand, with a wondrous strength in his bony fingers.

"By Jove," he said. "*By Jove!*"

In a little while his lips moved again. I leaned over the smiling face and could just catch the refrain:

"A contented mind is a blessing kind,
And a joyous heart is a purse well lined—"

Then my ears failed me, and the man who had shared earth's adversity without a murmur carried his song of content into eternity.

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES

AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD

OPEN your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at midday standeth night
Signing Toils release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Open your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

CALGARY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

CALGARY—HOSTESS

BY W. J. GRIGG

CALGARY—At home—June twenty-ninth to July ninth. The young city of the foothills is to make her bow to society, and has issued invitations for her "coming out" party. With true Western lavishness she is preparing for her guests royal entertainment—The Dominion Exhibition.

The Dominion Government has, for the past five years, made an annual grant of fifty thousand dollars to be used for the purpose of holding a Dominion Exhibition in some one of the Provinces. These exhibitions have been held in Toronto, Ontario, Winnipeg, Manitoba, New Westminster, British Columbia, Halifax, Nova Scotia and Sherbrooke, Quebec.

The Dominion Exhibition which will be held in Calgary this year promises to eclipse all previous records. The exhibits will be larger in number, and greater in variety; the attractions the latest and most up-to-date devised for the entertainment of the people, and the district exhibit feature will surpass in extent and variety anything of its kind ever gathered together, while the race meet connected with and a part of the Exhibition programme will number amongst its events competitions between the best equine blood on the continent.

It will be of special interest because of the city and the district in which it is to be held. The eyes of the world today are upon "The last great west." No part of that much talked of country excels Alberta in uniqueness and richness.

Alberta is in many ways one of the most interesting provinces in the Canadian Confederation. The Dominion Exhibition offers an opportunity to see it before the picturesque and fascinating Western life of which it has for many years been peculiarly the scene is forced to take its last stand in the foothills by the energetic wheat farmers. At present, nowhere on the continent, be it on the untamed prairie or in the rapidly building towns, can there be found so much of the spirit of the west, can there be seen such contrasts; the life of the foothills in its freedom and picturesqueness, its peculiar fascinations and hardship, and the life of eastern civilization. The latter is rapidly crowding back the conditions of yesterday, and it will be but a few short years ere one will see in the land of the foothills and the ranges—not a reduplication of the east to be sure, but certainly also not the unmatched attractiveness of today. Eastern civilization poured upon western liberty and lack of convention will produce a peculiar western civilization. And because it will be civilization, because the cowboy must wear trousers, not chaps, on the streets of its cities, and Blackfoot and Stony must discard the blanket, it will cease to be picturesque. So the visitors to the Dominion Exhibition this year will feel that they are availing themselves of an opportunity to see something that is unique and something that will not last. When Alberta has another Dominion Exhibition ten or twenty years hence, the seeker after the unusual and primitive will have to hunt into the hidden nooks in the fastnesses of the mountains.

Calgary itself, the Exhibition city, is growing out of all recognition. Yesterday, a cow-town; today a city of 22,000 souls, where Indians and English noblemen, cow-boys and American capitalists rub elbows in the crowd that is reflected in the plate glass windows that line the main street;

THE BALCONY OF THE PAVILION

From which the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, will officially open the Dominion Exhibition

tomorrow—but who has the second sight of the Scotch seer that he may prophecy?

The people of Calgary have demonstrated that they possess something of the power. Their foresight has led them to build homes, banks, stores and warehouses that will be ornaments and useful parts of a great city. Permanency is their slogan.

For permanency, a new water system capable of indefinite expansion, has just been installed at a cost of half a million dollars. The first steps have been taken towards a street railway system, municipally owned, and a City Hall, fit for a city four times the size, is being built. The expectation of great things is not confined to the city itself? The railroads are giving the surest proof of their confidence—spending money. The Canadian Pacific is just finishing a $30,000 station. The two other transcontinentals are building new lines into Calgary.

The visitor to the Dominion Exhibition need not fear that he will be subject to inconvenience and discomfort. He will see the last of the "wild and woolly." He will live in Eastern comfort and be entertained with Western hospitality.

It has cost Calgary much in effort and in money to provide this entertainment. In the fall of 1905 the management of the Calgary Exhibition, feeling that the Province of Alberta had especial claims on the Dominion Exhibition, decided to make arrangements with the view of holding the Dominion Exhibition in this city in 1907. Meantime the Board proceeded to get the grounds and buildings in readiness. Sherbrooke secured the grant for 1907, and when that fact was decided, the Government was urged to make the grant to the Province of Alberta for 1908. In October last, President Van Wart and Manager Richardson went to Ottawa and successfully laid Alberta's claims before the Government. That the action of the Government in making the grant for Alberta, and the efforts of the officers of the Calgary Exhibition in securing it, both meet with public approval, is attested by the many letters of congratulation and encouragement which have been received.

The securing of the Dominion Government Grant which must be utilized for the specific purposes of "special and extraordinary prizes;" "securing and maintaining educational exhibits;" "equalizing freight rates for exhibits from various parts of the Dominion," and "advertising outside of the Province," was but the merest preliminary toward financing the exhibition as a whole. Province, city and individuals rose to the occasion nobly. The Province granted $25,000, the city $33,000, and the citizens of Calgary made up the sum total to $140,000.

Already the management possessed beautiful, centrally located grounds, and seventeen buildings. The grounds occupy ninety three acres on the bank of the Elbow River. From the grandstand, which seats over 5,000 persons, there is a beautiful view across the half-mile track, up the river valley to the serrated peaks of the Rockies. In the clear summer sunlight the mountains appear to be within reach of a good walker's afternoon tramp. In reality they are eighty miles away! Besides enlarging the grandstand, fifteen new buildings have been erected at a cost of $50,000. The various exhibits will be well. housed.

The exhibits themselves are to be unusually interesting. From the Governments of the Western Province and various districts, are coming complete exhibits of products and resources that will be enlightening to the visitor from the east and the States. Manufacturers from all over the country have engaged space that occupies several spacious buildings, and will spend large sums in prefecting their exhibits. Especially characteristic of Calgary will be the blooded and fat cattle show. Calgary is the home of the largest purebred cattle auction sale in the world, and breeders from all over the country are entering their animals, eager to compete with the famous cattle of Southern Alberta.

Amusements there will be for all tastes. For the children, side shows of all sorts, from the traditional "Punch and Judy" and merry-go-round to the latest invention of the electric expert. For the grown-ups, races, airships, and wild west show. For all, the music of the bands. There will be a number of bands headed by the Iowa State Band, the 15th Light Horse Band of Calgary, and the famous "Kiltie" band of the 91st Highlanders of Hamilton.

The delight in fine horse flesh is almost universal. The large sum offered in prizes has brought the entry of a field for the Exhibition races which will be watched with enthusiasm from the commodious grandstand. But the blooded horses will have strong rivals in the Indians and cow-boys. From the several hundred Indians who are to camp on the grounds, the best runners will be drawn for typical races. All the old sports of the cowboys, and the much older ones of the Indians, will be revived for the benefit of the guests.

The Exhibition will be officially opened by the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and many prominent Canadians will be present. Each day will see special features. The American Association of Calgary is enthusiastic over the event, and the members have personally undertaken special attractions for the entertainment of their friends from across the line. A large excursion will be run from Spokane for the Fourth of July. But Dominion Day will be the great event of the season. The Canadian Club is interesting itself and has raised a special fund by private contribution for an historical pageant. The tableaux will give comprehensive and picturesque review of the history of Alberta from the days of the red man's royal buffalo hunts to the driving out of the range cattle by the reaper.

To see all this,—the educative exhibits, the picturesque life and the fun, will not be expensive. From as far east as New Brunswick the round trip, good for two months, will be only $40.50. The remaining weeks of the eight will be all too short to take the side trips about Calgary. There is Banff, the incomparable, three hours away in the heart of the Rockies. It is a health resort of world wide reputation, and the center of numberless beauties. To the westward are Field, Laggan and Glacier, each with its peculiar attractions. The Kootenay Country and the valley of the Columbia are both within easy distance. A trip around the circle, over the Crow's Nest, through the Arrow Lakes, and back by way of

SOME OF THE OLD STABLES
to which seven large new ones have been added for the Dominion Exhibition

Glacier and Banff would cram a fortnight with delight.

Close at hand, within driving distance of Calgary itself, are many sights that will be of interest to the business man and practical farmer. His wife, too, will enjoy the rides over the springy prairie roads in the bright clear air.

To the farmer, the Canadian Pacific's irrigation ditch and the wonderful crops it waters will be a revelation. Three million acres are being brought under irrigation and already a large block is occupied and under crop. The visitors will see sugar beets exceeding the best Minnesota beets in purity and the best from California in sweetness; cabbages, any one of which is a load for a wheel-barrow; cattle which have just taken the blue ribbons at the Calgary Show; and above all wheat fields that yield forty bushels to the acre. Prosperous little towns are scattered along the railroad. If the real estate man has not already succumbed to the attractions of Calgary, Gleichen and its sisters will lay compelling hands on him.

The business man will wish to visit the coal mines at Bankhead where foothills and mountains meet. The falls of the Bow River where an immense electrical power is being developed in the midst of a picturesque canon will interest both the engineer and his daughter. The tall chimneys of the factory district will hold the manufacturer in the city after the Exhibition is over. We will wish to visit the Portland Cement works; the breweries; the abbatoir which furnishes west to the huge tributary district; the soap factory which has quadrupled itself in four years and the big concrete built mill that is run by the finest producer gas engine in Canada and exports its flour to China and Japan; not to mention the saddlery, lumber mill, etc., etc. Calgary not only ships cattle and wheat and imports necessities for her farms and ranches; she makes things.

OLD GRANDSTAND
which has been enlarged to a seating capacity of 4,500

But if thousands of us go to the Dominion Exhibition; where will we lay our heads? Doubtless you have heard of "an Indian rubber house," Calgary's rubber house is stone. a paradox, but true. Calgary has five beautiful public schools and the Provincial Normal School, all built of the sandstone for which the town is noted. These buildings are to be turned into hotels with rooms partitioned and furnished for hundreds. The militia tents are to be pitched on the lawns to provide for private citizens' overflow guests, and a competent staff will have charge of the accommodation of visitors.

Thus Miss Calgary will entertain. Lavishly it will be done as becomes the daughter of a rich parent like Alberta. The house has been enlarged for the occasion, the best of music and refreshments provided and the country has been scoured for entertainment. Above all there will be a hearty welcome for one and all.

BANDMASTER STARES
of the 91st Highlander's Band, Hamilton

SOVEREIGN MOMENTS

BY MATTHEW KNIGHT

LIFE has two sovereign moments;
One when we settle down
To some life-worthy purpose,—
One when we grasp the crown.

A SPRING ROMANCE

BY T. G. MARQUIS

Author of "Marguerite de Roberval."

APRIL was rapidly drawing to a close, and the last traces of winter had left the hills and the valleys. The delicious odor of the steaming soil was blowing across the fields into the dusty town. It was impossible to resist this invitation to go out and enjoy the sweetness of the woodland stretches. The robins were out in full chorus, piping away with the richness and melody that is heard in their voices only in the spring; the song-sparrow, too, had been vigorously singing his sweetly-plaintive little song for a month or more; and the harsh-noted blackbird, the richly shrill meadow lark, and several other well-known birds were welcoming swift-footed Spring from the fences, the fields, and the groves. A flock of pert, saucy, handsome cedar birds flashed by me with a little pipe that seemed to say, "We're back!" I had no cherries that I was anxious to guard, and so I was able to say truthfully "Welcome! I'm glad of it."

But the bare trees, and particularly the tall, stalwart oaks, standing in awful nakedness, had a depressing effect that was not to be removed even by the starlike hepatica that carpeted the earth and sprang up everywhere through the dead leaves. I longed for May, with its soft rustling of tender leaves, with its full dower of spring blossoms, and its full chorus of spring songs,—for the notes of the thrush, the warblers, and the cat-birds; and above all I wanted to hear the vigorous hammer of my old friend the golden-winged woodpecker. The woods seemed a wilderness without him, and if he were only here I felt that I would have no doubt about the nearness of summer. Just as I thought this my feet stirred noisily a clump of dead leaves, and a few yards in front of me a bird sprang from the ground and flew rapidly away, with a sturdy flight that told me at once that my favorite had come back.

He had been at his old trick. Too gay a bird to chisel his food out of the hard trunks of the trees as his plainer brethren delight in doing, he had been pecking away at the ground for insects and worms. But how he got his food did not trouble me; I was delighted to see him again, and never let my eyes leave him till I saw him alight on a bare limb a hundred yards away.

I was apparently the first human enemy he had spied since his return, and his curiosity compelled him to stop and survey me. When he saw I was without a gun he seemed to nod his head knowingly towards me, and invite me to come near, either to admire his beauty or to give him a chance to inspect me. I was soon standing on a little mound a few yards from him, admiring his every marking from the rich yellow of the wings to the glossy beauty of the black cravat in the shape of a crescent that adorns his throat, and the spots that ornament his vest. After he thought I had had a sufficiently long front view he turned on the limb, and threw his head back as much as to say "What do you think of my scarlet neck-ornament?" and then saucily flew away to look for his supper, while I trudged back over the newly ploughed fields, with a keener appetite for my dinner than I had had since the previous autumn.

My woodpecker had evidently found a good field for his life's work,—the search for food; and as I had for several years been anxious to get a glimpse of the inside of a golden-winged's nest, I determined to make an effort to find out where he intended to locate. So every spare hour I had I hurried to the wood to loaf, to get the cobwebs washed from my brain by the pure freshness of the spring air, and to botanize. I saw my bird on nearly every occasion and as he was always alone I began to feel quite melancholy about him,—thinking that perhaps he had lost his mate on the way to Canada, or that she had sent him ahead to select an abode, and had forgotten where she had sent him, and was now aimlessly wandering round a distant wood. He, too, seemed to have formed his own opinion of me, and looked at me as much as to say that he considered me a harmless creature, not capable of enjoying anything so substantial as a worm or an ant, but content to live on hepatica, violets, and trilliums. He came to pay but little attention to me, and would allow me to approach within two or three yards before he would scurry away to a limb where he could consider if I was as harmless as I looked.

But I was after his abode, and this I was not likely to discover. However one night the moon tempted me to stay out till after sundown, and just at dark I saw him fly into a hollow tree. I marked the spot, and decided on the morrow to look into his housekeeping qualities. On the following afternoon I found the tree, and as the hole into which he had flown was only eight feet from the ground, by the help of several fence rails, and after two or three very undignified tumbles, I managed to attain my wish. But I met with a disappointment that almost shattered my faith in my woodpecker. There was no pretence at a nest. The tree was simply hollowed out by time, and the decayed wood formed a rough bed for so gay a bird; and had it not been for several bright feathers that I found inside I would have concluded that I had made a mistake. Disgusted and disappointed I descended, and when, shortly after, I saw the owner of the tumble-down shanty, I felt very much like cutting him; but he merely put his head on one side, and winking knowingly at me seemed to want to cry out—"Say, I've just been having a peep at your bachelor quarters in the town." So I determined not to let him know how deeply I was wounded to find that he was too indolent or stupid to fit himself up a decent house.

I did not return to my grove for several days, and when I did I found two other woodpeckers there. I had got to know mine so well that I at once saw they were both strangers. They were evidently young lovers, but the fair wood-nymph was rather coy, and not at all sure that she would accept her wooer's attentions. He kept at a very respectful distance, and danced about in the most approved fashion, evidently endeavoring to impress her with both his agility and beauty.

While I watched them I heard a familiar wing, and my old friend darted in between the lovers. Then began a ludicrous scene. Both the male birds were determined to win, and they danced, and hopped, and leaped; spread out their wings, and inflated their breasts, till I almost fell down with laughter, while the object of their endeavors stood calmly by with unruffled composure. I imagined I heard my friend rapidly chirping out his knowledge of the wood the places where the best food was to be found, and the most sparkling water; and to my horror, I thought I heard him dwell on the beauties of his country residence. He was too much for his rival, who began to weaken in his efforts, then finally stopped, and after standing for a moment dazed and bewildered, flew rapidly away towards the stream that tumbled by at the foot of the hill, I have no doubt meditating suicide. With a victorious hop the winner reached the side of the fair one, and the two darted off among the trees.

"Can the shameless fellow be taking her to his wretched den?" I exclaimed to myself. But no! I soon saw him at work on a giant oak that I had for days seen him inspecting. He was fully twenty feet from the ground, and working away with the vigor of a master-builder. His blows rang out, and echoed through the woods, and the chips fell fast at every stroke. I was delighted, and made up my mind to wait till his abode was complete, and then make an effort to have a look at the inside. I must say I grew somewhat jealous of his wife: he had lost considerable of his old confidence, and used to steer shy of me; on several occasions I caught him pointing me out to her, and the two of them, no doubt, had a quiet laugh at my expense.

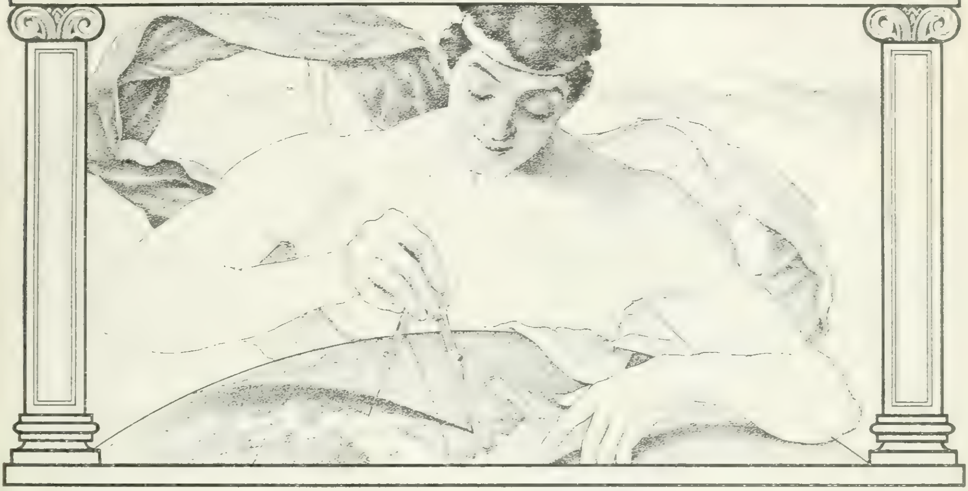
For two or three weeks I kept my eye on the little round hole far above my head, and vainly endeavored to think out some way of reaching it. I thought of borrowing a pair of the climbers used by linemen for ascending telegraph poles, but as the tree was about three feet in diameter I abandoned that idea. I next thought of bringing out a nmuber of iron spikes and driving them into the trunk at intervals; but the fear that the hammering on the tree might be too great a strain on the nerves of the young housekeepers compelled me to give up that scheme. Driven to desperation I at length went to a house about a quarter of a mile away, and borrowed their longest ladder, which by almost killing labor I managed to bring to the scene of action, and, to my delight, I found that it reached the nest.

My friend heaped all sorts of abuse on me in his shrillest voice, and finding that that was of no avail appealed in the most pathetic tones to our long friendship, our sympathies, and his family feelings. But it was no use. I had dragged the ladder too far to desist now; so up it I went, and despite his shouting and his wife's wailing I managed to reach the nest without mishap.

The little round hole that alone could be seen from the outside was the entrance to a carefully carved and smoothed abode, chiselled many inches down the heart of the tree, and fit for a queen among birds. He had doubtless tried to make her proud of him and his skill, and if he had not succeeded she must have been indeed hard to please. His home was a model of neatness, and the five or six ugly little infants that opened their mouths and besought me to drop a contribution into their insatiable throats were as cosy on their soft bed of wood-fibre, and as well cared for in that waterproof and enemy-proof abode as the most tenderly nurtured child in the city.

I in no way interfered with the family, and descended by ladder with greatly increased admiration for my favorite. I don't know that he ever had the old feeling for me again. I was an enigma to him, and what sport I could find in dragging a ladder through the blazing heat just to take a peep at his domestic arrangement was more than he seemed able to get into his head.

THE RIGHT ANGLE



THE LAUREATE OF THE OFFICE BOY

THE gentleman who found books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything, is outclassed by Mr. S. E. Kiser, who has discovered poetry and sentiment in the office boy, and has constituted himself poet laureate of his find.

Heretofore it has been supposed by those who had immediate connection with the office boy that he was an untutored savage, with an insatiable appetite, a diabolical ingenuity in doing the wrong thing and an accomodating grandmother, who always died on ball game days. It would seem that this is merely a superficial view, and that underneath the grimy jacket of the office boy there is the heart of a lover, and the soul of a knight, and a passion that runs the whole gamut of love, jealousy, revenge, and despair, albeit the deadly rival was merely "a long-legged clerk," and the revenge expressed itself in the foul deed of denting in "the old man's" hat.

In this epic of youth Mr. Kiser tells of the hopeless devotion of the office boy for the pretty typewriter; of his gnawing jealously when she conversed with the clerk; of his dreams of rescuing her from burglars or fire, and finally of his black despair when she marries and goes away. The verse is couched in humorous form, and rattling good fun it is; but there is something besides humor in this romance of the office boy, of which the first installment appears in the present number. There is human nature, a subtle knowledge of that shyest thing in the world—a boy's heart, and just that touch of pathos that is always twin sister to a laugh.

The whole tale of the boy's ill-requieted passion will be told in the thirty-four sonnets which are to be published in five installments in CANADA-WEST. The illustrations are to be drawn by Miss Florence Pretz, whose pictures of "Billiken," "Archibald" and "Little Honey" have delighted our readers. About the middle of the summer, the complete series and the pictures will be collected in a handsome little volume with a cover design by Miss Pretz, and published by the Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Winnipeg.

THE SIEGES OF QUEBEC

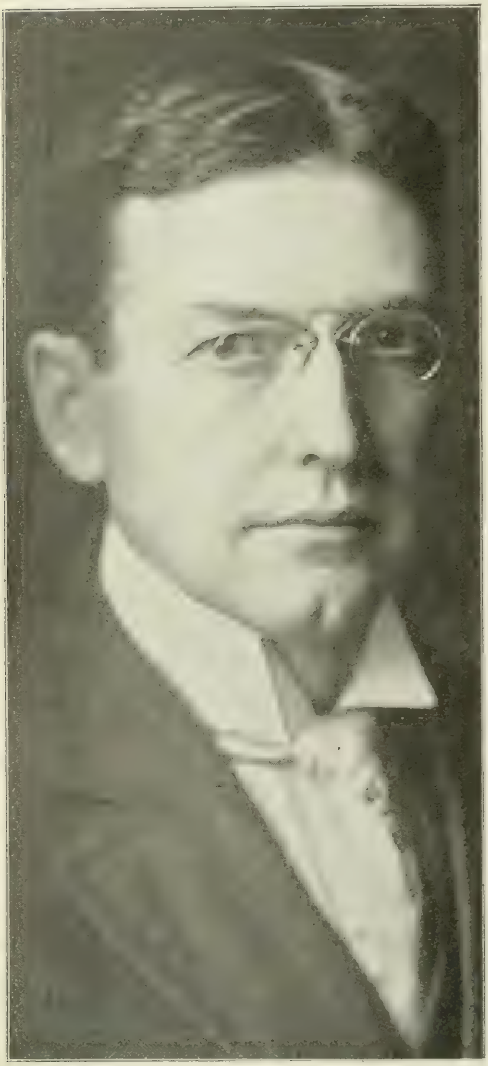
THE Ter-centenary of Champlain is a topic of interest to each and every part of the British Empire. Next month CANADA-WEST will contribute to the celebration a series of articles on the five sieges of Quebec, the city founded by Champlain. In our endeavor to make this series worthy of the occasion and really valuable as a souvenir, we have secured writers whose names are an earnest of interesting and scholarly treatment of the various subjects.

Lawrence J. Burpee, librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, and well known as the author of "The Quest of the Western Sea," will write of the earliest siege when, in 1692, Champlain surrendered the infant city to the English under Admiral Kirke. The large number of our readers who are familiar with Mr. Burpee's work are confident that he will miss none of the magnificence of the dreams that threw a glamour over the primitive fort of that far-away day.

W. D. Le Sueur, L. L. D., F. R. S. C., the learned author of "The Life of Frontenac," assistant to the Dominion Archivist and associate editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, will tell the story of Frontenac's gallant defence against the New England fleet under Admiral Sir William Phips. When you have read Dr. Le Sueur's account of the romance and heroism in this second siege of the still young city, you will find your appetite whetted for more knowledge of the galant French Commandant of 1690.

The story of the great siege, that of 1759, the siege marked by lofty purpose which stirs the blood and moistens the eye of the great hearted to this day, will be told by T. G. Marquis whose "Marguerite de Roberval" and "Stories from Canadian History" are widely read and liked. Mr. Marquis brings to his subject a trained historical faculty and a love of romantic detail which should touch with new light the well known tale of Wolfe and Montcalm.

The power of description, the ability to present to the eye of the reader a picture that lives, is particularly important in two fields, that of the newspaper writer and that of the historian. John Ridington, who will present the fourth siege, is a man who combines the training of an historian with the work of a "star reporter." His letters to the *Manitoba Free Press* at the time of the Doukhobor pilgrimage showed the world that he could give it a living picture, and this ability combined with scholarly his-



SAMUEL E KISER
Author of "Ballads of Busy Days," etc., who is writing for CANADA-WEST.

DR. JOHN EDWARD JONES
United States Consul at Winnipeg

torical knowledge will doubtless give us a vivid story of DeLevis' brave attempt to retake the city and the difficult position of Wolfe's successor, Murray.

Another man of like training, C. Frederick Hamilton, of the Toronto *News*, will treat the last siege, that of the American invasion. Mr. Hamilton was correspondent for the Toronto *Globe* during the Boer war and his experience of warfare in a new and rough country should be a great aid to him in picturing the march of Arnold through the wilds of Maine and Guy Carlton's resistance of the attack of the combined armies of Montgomery and Arnold.

Canada-West is fortunate in securing such men to write on subjects that are congenial and therefore apt to receive their best work. We are confident that you, too, will consider yourselves fortunate in owning such an account of the stirring events that have passed over Quebec since Champlain landed on the banks of the lower town three hundred years ago.

BROAD GAUGE JOURNALISM

ARE the popular magazines supplanting the lecture, the text book and even the college as educators? This is a question that has been raised with all seriousness by many men of thoughtful minds, men who are keen students of the tendencies of the times. But whether the magazines are supplanting the time honored educators or not, the mere fact that the question has been raised shows how great their influence has become. They are powerful, therefore their friendship is valuable. Canada is to be congratulated on having many good friends among the magazines of the United States, who have proved their friendship by making public the resources and growth of the Dominion, by educating the American public until it now recognizes the possibilities of our great West.

Among Canada's friends, the *Technical World* holds a high place. During the last year or two, many articles of particular interest to Canadians have appeared in its pages, and this month we have the pleasure of reprinting "That Road to Hudson Bay" by John

JOHN RIDINGTON
formerly of the *Manitoba Free Press*, who will write on the fourth siege of Quebec.

V. Borne, which appeared in the May number of that excellent American publication.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE
Librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa, who contributed to the series, "The Sieges of Quebec."

A WESTERN ARTIST

Canada has given not a few of her sons and daughters to the world of art and literature; has given many who have, after idefatigable effort, been admitted to an enviable position in that world. And in quite recent years signs have not been wanting that Western Canada has produced, and will continue to produce, men and women who will bring, in time, recognition of the fact that the West is not only a land of multitudinous commercial opportunities, but also one to inspire "a knowledge of the vision and the height."

There are many young men and women to-day in the West who are working patiently and persistently along lines of artistic endeavor to whom deserved reward will some day come. Among these is Miss Elizabeth M. McVicar, a reproduction of one of whose drawings, a spirited and winsome girl's head, we reproduce here.

Born in Winnipeg, Miss McVicar has spent the greater portion of her life in that city. Her ability with the pencil and brush is the result of a natural gift and not the outcome of years of labored effort. She has studied with teachers in her home city, but the total time of her professional tuition would not exceed one year. Her work shows exceptional promise, and has been favorably commented upon by art critics of admitted authority, who have urged Miss McVicar seriously to consider entering upon a career in which her gifts undoubtedly will bring her substantial reward.

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST

The United States Government has at last recognized the commercial importance of the Western Provinces by raising the consulate at Winnipeg to the rank of a consulate general. Would not this have rejoiced the enthusiastic soul of that early American Consul who was known to the pioneers as "Saskatchewan" Taylor? He foresaw the phenomenal growth of the prairie country which was to make Winnipeg the important point it now is in commercial circles, and it was his abounding and oft-expressed faith in the Saskatchewan Valley that earned him the sobriquet so affectionately bestowed upon him by his contemporaries. Now his dream, or rather his keen vision, has been proven true, and his home government is acknowledging the fact by taking the post which he made important in those early days by sheer force of his own personality, out of the supervision of the Montreal office; giving it supervision of all the consular offices west of the Great Lakes, and putting Winnipeg the metropolis of the prairie provinces, in direct communication with Washington. That this change has taken place is due in part to Dr. John Edward Jones, a worthy successor of Consul Taylor, who has embodied in his reports the results of patient and intelligent study of the growth and conditions affecting commerce in the West, and has done much to impress the United States Government with the need of a more adequate consular service. The *Winnipeg Telegram* in an editorial on the raising of the consulate says:

"But, if it is a tribute to our growing importance, it is no less a tribute to the present United States consul, Dr. Jones that the significance of the great colonization movement towards Western Canada has been thus early made apparent to the government at Washington. And it is the general hope and anticipation of the people of Winnipeg that the change will be made the opportunity for adequate appreciation of his services to his own government and to us. By experience and ability, and by the fact that he enjoys the confidence and esteem of this community he is eminently fitted to fill the more responsible position of consul-general.

Since this editorial was written, CANADA-WEST has been informed from a reliable source that the wishes of the city's citizens have been fulfilled and that Dr. Jones has been appointed first United States Consul General to Winnipeg.

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH M MC VICAR,
A RISING YOUNG ARTIST OF WINNIPEG

THAT ROAD TO HUDSON BAY

BY JOHN V. BORNE

(See the Right Angle, "Broad Gauge Journalism")

THOUGH cucumbers will never grow at the north pole, the limits of commercial vegetation are not so near Chicago as many people suppose. There is an end to comfortable latitudes, of course; but there is money to be made, even where warmth is more to be desired than fine gold. There is a mica mine hard by Greenland's icy mountains. The Coppermine river on the edge of the Arctic Circle, is an enormous reserve for the wiry fingers of Electricity. The Yukon and Alaska furnish riches to a great multitude; and unlimited opportunities for showing how civilization is the conqueror of climate. One day, soon, Hudson strait will be a highway for the tramp steamer; and Fort Churchill, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, instead of being a fur-post, will be the storehouse of more grain than was hoarded in the valley of the Nile by the original Joseph. Three hundred years after Henrik Hudson was turned adrift, to starve on the waters which bear his name, box car loads of wheat will transform Churchill, and will give one of those advances in transportation, which have superseded gory battles as the real landmarks of history.

Fort Churchill is in a healthful, fertile region. Just west of it, in the same latitude, at Fort Chippewyan, on Lake Athabasca, the finest wheat shown at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, was grown. Vessels have been coming to Fort Churchill regularly for nearly two hundred and forty years for skins. They will come to load wheat, at the docks of the Canadian Northern Railway, whose steel is already only four hundred and seventy miles away—on the Saskatchewan river, at the Pas Mission. There has been talk of a railroad to Hudson Bay for a long generation. There were big-hearted railway builders in those days, who could not find big-hearted financiers. Charters languished, and hopes were deferred Rails to Churchill are in sight; and may be discussed without fear of the calamity that overtakes prophets who do not know. The proposition to carry wheat through Hudson strait is pre-eminently a short haul proposition. It has for the Britisher in Europe, and in every part of the world where the Britisher is, an imperial aspect. Imperialism has come to be largely an affair of transportation; for railwaymen and shipmasters are the modern generals a nation's development. As soon as the ship master and the railroader have proved the Hudson Bay route to be founded on five per cent they will have rendered to British imperialism perhaps the most notable service that has been performed for it since Edward the Seventh was a young man.

The water route from Churchill to Liverpool is not ideal. No tremendously important thing ever is. The shores of the bay are ice-bound in winter; but that disadvantage could be overcome. The channel of Hudson strait is said to be ice-choked in early summer. No man, living or dead, has been known to sail those lonely waters in winter. That is no proof that they are unsailable; albeit the hardest optimist does not claim that the strait is navigable twelve months in the year. I shall deal with the evidence on these points later.

The land side of the proposition is simple and safe. Churchill is as near to Liverpool as Montreal is, by way of

Cape Race. The incomparable wheat fields of western Canada are nearer to Churchill than they are to Montreal—an average of 967 miles nearer. The country between them and Churchill is more easily coverable than the country between them and Montreal was in the early eighties. A stalwart of latter-day Canadian optimism used to say that he would not risk his life on the shores of Lake Superior in January. He laughs at his pessimism now, and, every three months or so, inquires when the bonds of the Hudson Bay extension will be on the market.

To get an idea of this Hudson Bay route, suppose you travel over it, on the legs and with the eyes of the men who have already done it. Lord Selkirk's agricultural settlement, near the Red river, where Winnipeg now is, was founded nearly a hundred years ago with Scotchmen, who were brought in by way of Hudson Bay, the Nelson river and Lake Winnipeg. Winnipeg is the metropolis of western Canada and the home of the first attempts to finance a railroad to Hudson Bay. The early efforts to open this new line of communication were bound to fail. There must be something more than faith in the future of a country when such a stupendous innovation as that of making a grain port of Fort Churchill is undertaken. All the inhabitants of western Canada twenty years ago were but a handful; and in North Dakota the population was almost as sparse as in the Saskatchewan valley. The Hudson Bay route could only be supplementary to the main arteries connecting the East and the West. The certainty of a line to Churchill has come about because, instead of less than a thousand miles of railway between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains, there are now 6,247 miles; and the country has twenty-five years of successful wide-spread agriculture behind it.

The Canadian Northern itself is probably the most remarkable feature of this rare development. It began in 1896, with a hundred miles of line; starting at the village of Gladstone and ending nowhere—it was then the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company. It has now 3,434 miles west of Lake Superior. Of these 3,434 miles 2,166 are branches. The branch line is the final proof of the inherent wealth of the territory tapped by a main line. In a few years there will be three main lines of railway connecting eastern and western Canada. But with a growth in population since 1891, of from 219,305 to 893,351, and an increase in crops of from 25,000,000 bushels to 202,000,000 bushels, there has arisen a terrible congestion of traffic, and shrewd men of affairs expect that the movements of grain and cattle eastward, and of merchandise westward, will heavily tax the railways as fast as they can be built.

The road to Hudson Bay has become an economic necessity of those prairie provinces. The existing railways have been built on the basis of an export movement southeastward. But a glance at the map shows how easily the movement of grain to Fort Churchill can be accomplished. By a few simple cut offs Hudson Bay Junction, on the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Northern, can be easily reached from those sections of the system which have most to gain by the deflection of traffic to Churchill.

This table of distances tells its own story:

	Statute Miles		
	To Montreal	To Churchill	Difference
Winnipeg	1,422	945	477
Brandon	1,555	940	615
Regina	1,780	774	1,006
Medicine Hat	2,082	1,076	1,006
Calgary	2,262	1,256	1,006
Prince Albert	2,958	717	1,241
Battleford	1,994	976	1,118
Saskatoon	1,924	806	1,118
Edmonton	2,247	1,129	1,118

As to the financial saving in freight, here is an extract from a speech of Senator Davis, in the Dominion Parliament, last year.

"It has been estimated—and I think correctly—that we would save, by the construction of the road, at least eleven cents a bushel on wheat, and no less than $8.00 on every steer. I have no time to go into figures, but we would save more on the crop of wheat and cattle this year in the West than would build the road twice over. After all it is only a small piece of railway—four hundred miles—and we have proven that two hundred and seventy miles of that road should be constructed as a colonization road."

Those of us who, for most of a lifetime, have assumed that nearly the whole of Canada was a frost-bound barren, bleak and desolate, incapable of growing life-sustaining crops, may be astonished at the idea of building a railway to within two hundred miles of Fort Churchill as a colonization road. But this is a serious proposal, all the same, and I shall take the liberty of summarizing the evidence given to a parliamentary committee last year by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, who has traveled between thirty and forty thousand miles, over new routes, between Lake Winnipeg, the Rocky Rountains and Chesterfield inlet.

Mr. Tyrrell, who is now a leading mining engineer, practising in Toronto, was for fifteen years with the geological survey, and his scientific explorations are recorded in the report of that branch of the public service; and are innumerable. He laughs about his hardships; but they were real and numerous enough to eliminate every excess of optimism from his judgment of any part of a country he has explored.

In 1883 Mr. Tyrrell, as assistant to Dr. Dawson, explored the Kootenay, where the Crow's Nest coal fields and other mines in the southwest of British Columbia now are. In 1884 and 1885, he was in charge of exploration and surveys in central and western Alberta, and thereafter explored and surveyed Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba and the country thereabout. No other scientist has so thorough an acquaintance with the country through which the Canadian Northern line to Hudson Bay will pass.

Mr. Tyrrell was the first man really to explore the west shore of Hudson Bay. In 1893 he went from Edmonton, down the Athabasca to Lake Athabasca; eastward across the lake, then, northward by the Dubawnt river and Dubawnt lake to Chesterfield inlet, covering country never known to have been covered by a white man since Samuel Hearn made his trip to the Coppermine river, a hundred and twenty years ago. From Chesterfield inlet, the trip to Churchill, in canoes was almost a catastrophe; for the season was late, and food was mighty scarce. But, as Mr. Tyrrell says, if he could skirt the shore in a Peterboro canoe in October, the navigability of the bay late in the season is, for steamers, an easy job. Mr. Tyrrell returned to Winnipeg by way of York Factory, the Nelson river and Lake Winnipeg.

The next year he went up the Saskatchewan river to Cumberland House, then northward by Reindeer lake to the Kazan river, and reached Hudson Bay by turning first east two hundred miles, south to Chesterfield inlet, and then down the shore to Churchill. That winter he walked from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg by way of Split lake and Norway House. The country between Churchill and Split lake had never before been traversed by a white man, and the Indians knew nothing whatever about it. Mr. Tyrrell's route is practically that which the railway will take between Split lake and Churchill. He has also been from Prince Albert northward; down the Beaver river to the Churchill river, and has, indeed, crossed and re-crossed the territory through which the colonization road—to use Senator Davis' description—will be built.

The greater part of the Barren Lands, north of the tree line, is broken rock and boulders; a rough, stony country without any great elevation, and very little vegetation of any kind. South of the tree line there is a belt of sparsely wooded country from one to two hundred miles wide. It is not a forest country, but it is wooded along the streams, and in the more protected places. South of that again, there is a belt of forest, two hundred miles wide, that is essentially suited for agricultural purposes. It starts on the east between Lake Winnipeg and Split lake. and extends westward along the Churchill river to the Athabasca river; the eastern side of the tract being the Nelson river.

The belt of forest is, for the most part, excellent agricultural land. Although a little harder to settle up, and not so productive to settlers who are going in and looking for farms cleared for them and ready to put the wheat in, it will be as fine an agricultural tract of land as there is in the West. Everywhere, in travelling through it, the evidence of rich vegetation is abundant, and wherever any kind of agriculture or horticulture has been attempted, it has been eminently successful. This tract is a continuation northward of the Saskatchewan country, and will grow anything grown in Ontario—potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, cauliflowers and all the ordinary garden produce, excellent potatoes being grown in the district around Nelson House. The summer is warm and there is a good rainfall. Mr. Stupart, superintendent of the Dominion meteorological service, reports that the temperature conditions of the district between Lake Winnipeg and Split lake, from May to September, compared with Europe, are as follows: May, with north of Scotland and southern Norway; June, with Scotland; July, with south of England; August, with Scotland; September, with northern Norway and Sweden.

The Indians, in hunting, constantly plant little patches of potatoes here and there in the spring, leave them all summer, and go back in the fall and dig them up when they return to their hunting grounds, and use them for their winter supply. They are not hoed or cultivated in any way, and are not looked after from time they are planted in the spring, until they are dug in the fall. They grow sufficiently to keep down the weeds and are usually planted on islands as a protection against wild animals Mr. Tyrrell has frequently dug splendid potatoes from these unattended Indian gardens.

North of Lake Winnipeg, there are from five to ten thousand square miles of an extension of the Manitoba claylands, that make as fine country there as is in Manitoba, or anywhere else. Throughout this section, there is a variety of timber, including banksian pine, spruce, larch, poplar and hemlock, which would serve for pulpwood. The lakes and streams are stocked with enormous quantities of fish—as full in fact, as the water can supply food for them—trout, whitefish and salmon. In some of the small, shallower lakes Mr. Tyrrell has seen the fins of thousand of whitefish sticking up out of the water while paddling along in a canoe. The whole territory is capable of supporting a thick population.

There has been practically no exploration of the Huronian and Keewatin rocks northward towards the Nelson river, and no prospecting, so that no one can say whether they are to be a barren or rich portion of those rocks, which are rich elsewhere. They have large possibilities. From that point there is an area of sandstone in the vicinity of Cree lake which may contain copper, but we know nothing of it yet. In age it approximates that of the rocks that are rich in copper around Lake Superior. Mr. Tyrrell has heard that coal has been found out near Lac La Ronge, but most of the country north of the Saskatchewan river has not keen explored for coal. He is confident that the same seams that outcrop on the Saskatchewan will, in the west, at all events, be traced much further north.

There is then, besides the thousand miles of wheat-growing plains, a country through which the Canadian Northern Railway to Hudson Bay will pass, that will support, by its agriculture, fish and pulpwood products, a railway of its own; and the two hundred miles of track through the comparatively barren land this side of Fort Churchill will be a mere nothing of unproductiveness, compared with the desert crossed by some of the United States railways to the Pacific coast.

What about the trip across the bay and through the strait? For over two hundred years, the Hudson Bay Company sent two, and sometimes three, ships a year to their forts around the bay; and there have been many whalers in that region. The Hudson Bay Company's ships were of small tonnage, and at the mercy of the winds, until comparatively recent years, when steamers have been employed. But only two vessels were lost in all that time. The bay itself is not frozen over in winter, so the strait, which constitutes the real obstacle to a prolonged navigation season, is never frozen. The ice which blocks the strait at times in the early summer, comes down by way of Fox channel, from the impenetrable vastness of the real North. Several expeditions have been sent to test the navigability of the strait, but they have been regarded with distrust by some who felt that the interests of eastern Canada were so much against the opening of the new route that the pessimist always conquered the optimist when the reports were being written. There are men accustomed to northern conditions, who are confident that Hudson strait can be navigated for eight months in the year.

Commander Wakeman was sent, in 1897, by the Dominion Government, to investigate conditions in the strait. He says that he went into a pack of ice, against his better judgment, and did not reach the bay until July 12, having been jammed in from June 23 to July 10. If he had kept outside the drift ice he would have been in the bay several days earlier. He travelled back and forth, and made his last attempt to get into the bay on October 29, when there were heavy winds and snowstorms. There was no ice, and the fact that the coat was not charted proved a great difficulty. He has no doubt that, when the strait is perfectly in navigation it will be safe until the end of October. It is not ice, but snow that makes sailing dangerous at that time of the year. But there are snowstorms around Halifax, and other places where navigation continues all winter.

Mr. A. P. Low, the present director of the Geological Survey of Canada, whose experience of the strait and bay extends back to 1896, was in command of an expedition by the *Neptune* in 1903 and 1904. He says: "The strait is navigable from about the middle of July until the first day of November anyway, and a couple of weeks might be added at the end, because the new ice in Hudson Bay is of no consequence to a ship until it gets to be fifteen or eighteen inches thick. For from three and a half to four months then, the ordinary tramp steamers could be used. The ice is rafted, and in the midsummer months is easily broken. You just run into it and it breaks to pieces, and you see four times as much as you did before."

Mr. Low says specially prepared steamers could navigate Hudson Bay and strait longer than the period he mentioned. You could navigate the strait all winter, if you had a specially prepared vessel. Altogether, Mr. Low considers that the Hudson Bay route, when it is open, is an even clearer one than the St. Lawrence.

To sum up: Even if Hudson strait is open only three months and a half, there will be quite time to get enormous quantities of wheat and cattle, from western Canada to Europe, by the cold-storage route; and unless what has happened elsewhere fails in this part of the world—and it cannot well be believed that it will—the achievement will be much greater than the promise. For the formidable becomes the familiar, and the apparently appalling obstacle of Nature is made the humble servant of scientific comerce.

YOUNG SHOVELLERS, PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE THE MOTHER WAS INCUBATING ANOTHER BROOD.

BREEDING OF THE PRAIRIE DUCKS

By G. W. E. ATKINSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A paper read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, at Winnipeg, on December 17th, 1907

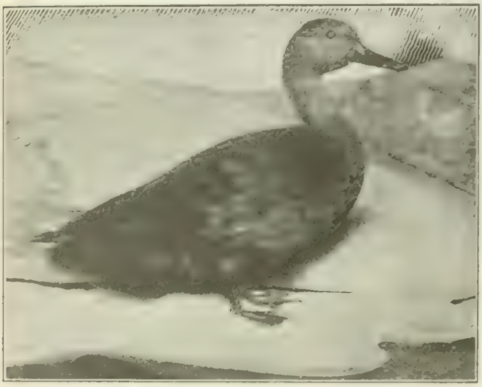
UNDER this title I propose to summarize the results of ten years observations in the West and include those extended notes made, during the summer of 1906, while assisting in a general biological survey of the district, adjacent to the new Grand Trunk Pacific survey, between Portage la Prairie in Manitoba and Edmonton, Alberta.

It is not my intention to go elaborately into the question of the distribution of the various species but, rather, to put together a series of records which convey to us much new information regarding the habits of our ducks during the breeding season. There being no physical features to mark the northern or western boundaries of the Province of Manitoba or to establish any line of difference between the species resident here and those to be found in the Western prairie provinces, I have made the range of this paper all the district lying between the Red River Valley and the Rocky Mountains and between the International boundary and the Saskatchewan River: almost this entire district has been covered by myself in the course of the making of these records.

Within this district there may be said to be three regions distinctly different in character, each of which seems to appeal to a different group of the breeding species.

First, is the large lake region about Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and Winnipegosis: second, the extended and wooded valleys of the Assiniboine, Qu'Appelle and South Saskatchewan Rivers with their tributaries draining as they do the third or great prairie region consisting alternately of extensive flat table lands and bunches of rolling hills (sometimes called mountains) and everywhere spotted with small lakes, ponds and marshes.

The only group which appear to be characteristic of the lake region, with its deeper waters and swifter flowing streams, are the two larger mergansers commonly called sawbills, two species which capture all their food by pursuit beneath the surface of the water. Not being generally classed as edible, or at least not palatable to the epicure, and not numerous enough to be materially injurious to the fish industry, they are not generally given much economic consideration. Both species breed in hollow trees or on the ground among the bushes on the banks of the wooded streams.



BLACK DUCK

The hooded merganser, a smaller species of this division is however a more omnivorous feeder and, with the whistler resorts more to the wooded rivers where both species breed in hollow trees. I have not noted either of these species any distance from these wooded river valleys during the breeding season.

While I thus separate the mergansers and whistlers from the other breeding species, I do not mean to imply that these are the only species which breed about the lake or wooded river regions, as some species are of cosmopolitan distribution within the entire district included in these notes.

I contend, however, that the most important district to be considered is the great prairie region, with its lakes, ponds and marshes, which in settled or unsettled districts are the selected breeding resorts of five-sixths of our recorded breeding species.

Everywhere throughout the entire area of this vast region, among the hills or on the plains, among the scrub and bush, or on the open prairie, in fresh or alkali ponds, marsh grown or clear of weed growth, every pond (except some of the excessively salty) is the annual nursery of one or more families of ducks.

Right here we might pause and reflect upon the question of how we shall deal with the maintaining these attractive breeding resorts in the face of generally increasing settlement, because it must be admitted that as settlement increases the number of breeding birds within a district must necessarily decrease.

The question arises, will these birds adapt themselves to resorts not available for settlement or will they retire eventually from settled regions to appear among us but as migrants?

The latter I confess strikes me as being the more probable, all things considered. The result of all my observations shows that the large marshes with deep water attract to-day only a very small percentage of breeding birds, and only during dry seasons will the hay lands prove suitable breeding resorts because the large majority of the species require a dry interior to the nest to incubate.

To my mind the one essential to a successful breeding season with the ducks is available and suitable nesting locations immediately on their arrival in the spring because it is a conspicuous fact that all the birds are mated and ready for domestic duty. even before they arrive among us.

Adverse weather conditions do not hamper them as they do other groups (conspicuously the grouse) because, once securing a tolerably dry location, the female constructs her nest of the dry vegetable material available and lines it deeply with a fine down plucked from her own and the male's breast which having served them as an undercoat protector against winter frosts, is discarded on the approach of warmer weather. This down gives off a very powerful mineral heat and serves as a great assistant in incubation, even cold weather and late frosts only necessitating a little closer and more faithful sitting on the part of the mother; so that the only dangerous possibility is that of rising cold water flooding the nests and chilling the eggs.

Among all the flocks of ducks which reach us in the spring, and rest a short period enroute, not the least conspicuous point of interest is that, while they appear to swim about and aimlessly mingle together, every sober duck has a dapper drake in her train displaying himself elaborately and devoting to her constant attention, while in many females taken immediately after their arrival from the south, during those years when spring shooting was permitted, I have found completely developed eggs ready for extrusion.

Immediately the young are hatched, the mother conducts them to the nearest pond and they at once commence to educate themselves into the mysteries of life, soon adapting themselves to all its requirements and demanding very little attention from the parents. The advantage taken of this ready adaptation by both parents has caused much reflection during the past ten years as all my observations showed frequent and extended absence of both parents from the young broods.

The well known fact that the males of some species are decidedly disinclined to share domestic responsibilities, and resort together in flocks readily explains their absence from the young, but the action of the females had been one of continual mystery to me until the opportunities afforded me during the summer of 1906 explained to my entire satisfaction the reason her absence from the flock so frequently.

I quite casually discovered that in the most conspicuous case the female had deposited the neucleus of another setting of eggs in the old nest immediately after she had introduced her newly hatched brood to the water, and subsequent investigation clearly justifies me in contending the dominant desire of the female is to raise young ducks and turn them loose on the waters of the world as fast as mother nature will permit, and herein she naturally assists the desire in early adapting the young to the care of themselves.

PINTAIL DUCK, MATURE MALE

It can be readily understood how even during the first days of the young bird's life the mother could absent herself long enough to deposit an egg of a fresh setting and that, on its completion, the brood, now twelve to fifteen days old, would be well able to look after themselves, and in the event of the presence of other broods of other species in the same pond they would mix congenially together and seldom remember that they had any parents.

At some points where only one breeding pair were located, in late July and early August, flocks of from twenty to thirty young, of two or three distinct broods, were found mothered by one female.

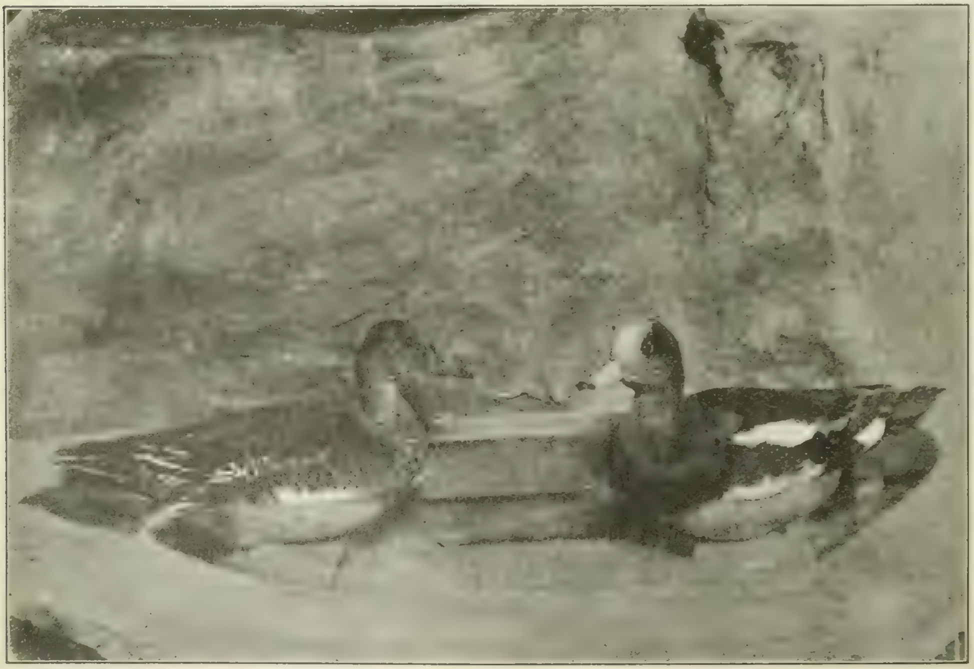
The first case which came under my notice was at Cherry-field Camp some twenty-five miles south-west of Yorkton, Saskatchewan on July 9, 1906. A shoveller's nest containing at that time eight fresh eggs was found some fifty yards from a pond.

Previous to this I had noted a flock of young downy shovellers paddling about in this pond, unattended by any parent, and casually mixing with flocks of other species. When first I flushed the female from this nest she flew a couple of circles about and alighted out in the pond, immediately being surrounded by the bunch of downy young birds which she quite contentedly attended for sometime, returning again to cover the eggs. I at once investigated and made absolutely certain that there was only the one pair of Shovellers within a radius of half a mile of our camp. Among the large flock of young birds on this pond I subsequently found a flock of over two dozen mallards, clearly representing three different ages, attended and mothered by one mallard which, I found, also, was the only mature female mallard in the vicinity of that pond.

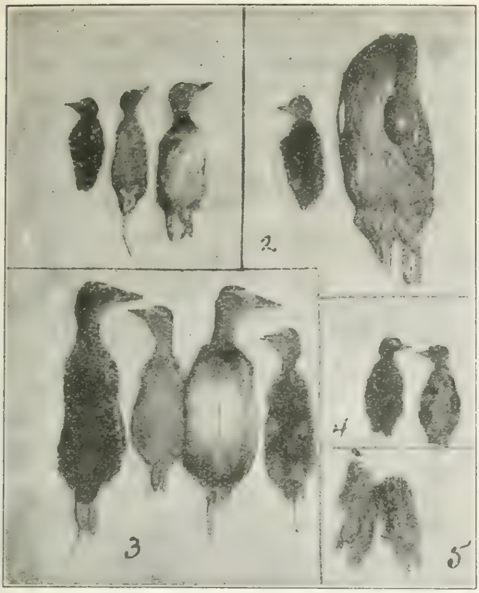
At this point on July 9, I fired a single shot into this bunch of mallards, securing three birds fully developed save wings, two birds just showing the feather development, and one downy chick only a few days old. Of the second stage there seemed about a dozen birds while of the downy ducklings there were eight or ten.

At this point, I secured at the same time several young Bluewinged Teal out of a large flock attended by a single pair of Teal, these collections representing three distinct ages and there being only the one pair of Bluwinged Teal in the district.

On July 19, at Boulder Lake, Saskatchewan, a female shoveller took decided exception to my presence in a small sour pond near our camp and only when a partly grown downy



AMERICAN WIEGEON, MALE AND FEMALE



1.—Bdub Winged Teals of three different ages, collected from one flock, attended by one mother, Cherryfield Sask. July 9 1906.
2.—Mallards of two distinct broods, collected in one shot, and mothered by one female, Cherryfield, Sask., July 9, 1906.
3.—Canvas Backs of two different ages, taken at one shot from flock attended by one mother, Hugel, Sask., July 12, 1906.
4.—Gadwadl Ducklings from a brood of fourteen captured at Portage la Prairie, Man., August 23, 1901.
5.—Mallard Ducklings taken from brood of twelve at Portage la Prairie, Man., Sept. 1, 1906.

young bird splashed out of the weeds into the water, did I learn the reason for the mother's objection.

On the following day I saw the same female drop into the grass a hundred yards from the water. I followed quickly and discovered four more young birds, the same age, huddled in a hole in the ground where they had sneaked out of the water on my disturbing them.

I photographed these, and liberated them; subsequently discovering the female sitting on a nest of eight eggs, not far from where I captured the young birds.

On July 11, near the File Hills I came upon a pair of Ruddy ducks, disporting themselves with a flock of downy young, in a large marsh bordered pond. Wading out to attempt a collection of some of the young, I discovered a nest with two fresh eggs floating among the rushes in three feet of water. I afterwards flushed the female off the nest. These again were the only pair of Ruddy ducks in the vicinity.

On the same date I collected four young canvasbacks of two different ages mothered by one female.

It was a regular occurrence to find flocks numbering hundreds of young birds of different ages and species swimming happily together, apparently not worrying over the question of parents, and taking up readily with any female of any species which dropped into their midst.

The drakes in most cases do not mix with the young birds but swim about apart from them and on several occasions I saw flocks of considerable numbers of drakes and Mallards and Lesser Scaup ducks careering about the country and paying no attentions to females or young.

With other species, notably the leal, Gadwall, Widgeon, Ruddy Duck and Shoveller, the drakes were in more regular attendance and, with the ducks, manifested considerable uneasiness at my presence.

The strength and endurance of these downy birds a few days old is very remarkable. On July 24, we camped beside two ponds some twenty-five miles east of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, one several acres in extent, about which swam a flock of several dozen young birds of several ages and species and about thirty-five yards from this, separated by a regular travelled road, in a cuplike hollow was the second pond, only about forty yards in diameter. In this pond I found a female lesser Scaup duck with eight downy ducklets not more than three days old. Every effort I could make to drive these ashore was futile and I decided to wade in, as the water was only about three feet in depth, and capture the ducklets for a photo.

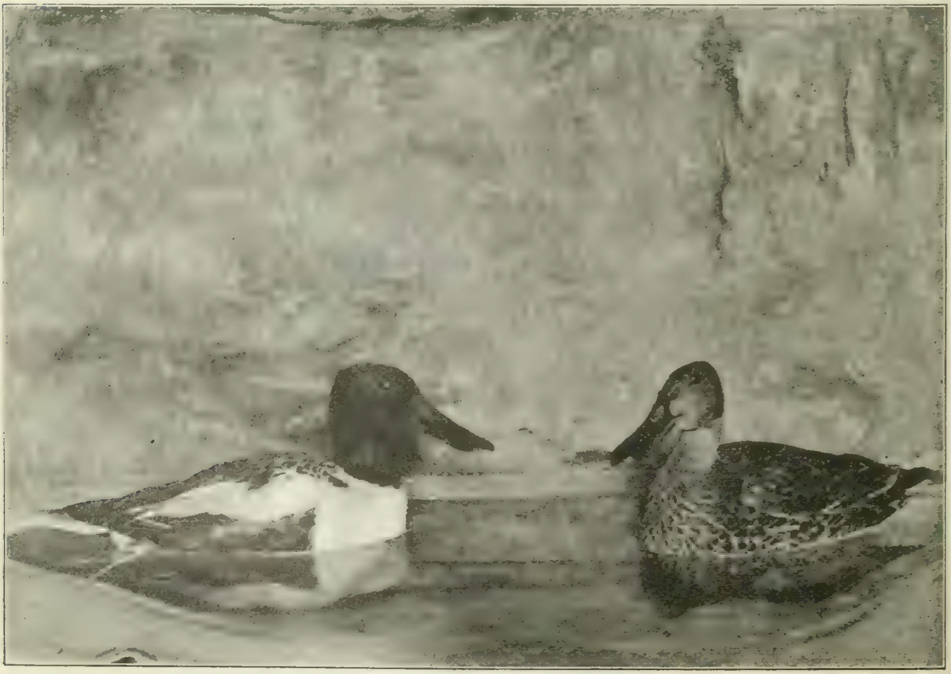
I waded about for over two hours before I succeeded in effecting a capture, and in each case it was accomplished by separation and capturing them individually as they swam past me under the water.

During the persuit, the mother displayed the greatest anxiety for a time but finally flew over to the large pond, mixed in with the large flock and returned only after I had effected the final capture. When I subsequently liberated the chicks in the large pond they swam leisurely to the cosmopolitan flock in the center, mixed up and at once became part of it.

The worrying I have received from hysterical and distressed mothers while pursuing the ducklings is only second to that which my presence gives them and so keen is their pleading and distraction that only the cold ambition of science could steal my conscience to the work at times. So strong is the mother instinct that I have had a Green-winged Teal go into hysterics in supplication for a flock of squeaking ducklings which did not contain a solitary Greenwinged Teal.

My first experience with the young of different species mixing, occurred on June 14, 1899, when I collected eight specimens out of a flock of eighteen downy ducklings on the Assiniboine River near Poplar Point, Manitoba. Of these three proved to be whistlers and five Hooded Mergansers. The flock was mothered by a Whistler and no merganser was noted on that part of the river.

The range of specimens in my possession proves conspicuously the extent of the breeding season. Those fully developed Mallards previously referred to, collected July 9, prove the early commencement of nesting, while specimens collected later in the season, namely seven downy Gadwalls a few days old collected north of Portage la Prairie out of a flock of twelve, on August 29, 1901, and two downy Mallards not over three days old collected near the same locality by myself out of a flock of fourteen ducklets on September 1, 1902, are the strongest evidences that the breeding desire remains dominant in the female as long as favorable weather lasts and altogether too long to make the opening of shooting on September 1, anything



SHOVELLERS, MALE AND FEMALE

better than a licence to the ruthless potter to work his infernal carnage among these helpless duck babies.

The food of the young during the earlier stages consists almost entirely of insect and animal life, being varied with vegetable food as the development advances.

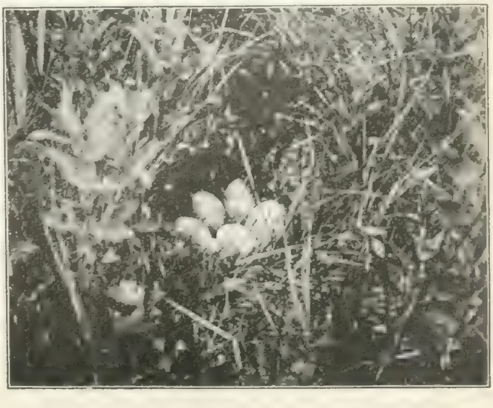
WOOD DUCK

In conclusion I have to refer casually to a feature having material relation to my subject and, to my mind, one of paramount importance to all interested in the economics of the question which I noted during the summer of 1901 while I was accompanying the Indian inspector on a treaty payment trip extending all about Lakes Winnipegosis and Manitoba and up to the Saskatchewan River as far as Cumberland House. In every case these reserves are located on the poorer tracts of land of little value for agriculture surrounded by large tracts of ideal breeding ground for water fowl yet I have noted more ducks floating about the Lake at Portage la Prairie on an average fall day than I observed during this trip of seven weeks duration.

Inquiry at the reserves elicited the information that I was too early; the birds had not come down from the north yet. That countless thousands of birds visited these locations in spring and that shooting was continued after their first arrival. Such birds as attempted to breed were shot wherever seen. Eggs were gathered in canoe loads and any birds fortunate enough to rear a brood were slaughtered with these as soon as they put in an appearance, so that by early July not a solitary bird remained where nature intended hundreds to breed and this hungry intellectual horde must subsist upon fish and treaty till the coming of the northern breeders.

On this occasion I verified a statement made to me and accepted with much hesitation, namely that the native will not eat an egg unless it contains a chick, arguing that all those not showing the embryo are unfit for food. This idea still prevails among many bands more retired from civilization. Be this latter as it may the Indian as a factor in game extermination is a subject which now demands our serious attention

The prize list of to-day for the district covered by this article gives the following as authentically recorded species. Others have been mentioned on various lists but I do not consider t desirable to include any but those whose authenticity is established by specimens in existence.



NEST OF SHOVELLER DUCK WHICH HAS ALREADY A YOUNG BROOD

Merganser Americanus,	American Merganser	Breeds in N. Lake region, Rapid River.
Merganser Serrator	Red Breasted Merganser	Breeds in N. Lake region, Rapid River.
Merganser Culcullatus	Hooded Mreganser	Breeds generally on wooded rivers.
Anas Boschas	Mallard	Abundant Breeder everywhere.
Anas Obscura	Black Duck	Breeder increasing in E. Prairie District
Chavlelasmus Strepera	Gadwall	Breeds generally in Prairie District.
Mareca Americana	American Widgeon	" abundantly " " "
Nettion Carolinensis	Green-winged Leal	" " " " "
Querquedula discors	Blue-winged Leal	" " " " "
Spatula Clypeata	Shoveller	" " " " "
Dafila Acuta	Pintail	" " " " "
Aix Sponsa	Wood Duck	Rare Breeder increasing in Eastern wooded districts.
Aythya Americana	Red-head	Breeds in North West Prairie District
Aythya Vallisneria	Canvasback	Breeds abundantly in Prairie District.
Aythya Marila	American Scaup Duck (Big Bluebill)	Only one authentic record.
Aythya Affinis	Lesser Scaup Duck (Common Bluebill)	Breeds abundantly in Prairie District.
Aythya Collaris	Ring Necked Duck	Regular migrant may breed no records.
Clangula Clangula Americana	Whistler	Regular Breeder on wooded rivers.
Charitonetta Alberola	Bafflehead	Regular migrant no Breeding record.
Harelda hyernalis	Corveen	Only one record a young fall bird.
Oidemia Americana	American Scoter	Regular Breeder North West Prairies.
Oidemia Deglandi	White-winged Scoter	" " " " "
Erismatura Jamaicensis	Ruddy Duck	" " Prairie District.

A SONG

By Thomas Gray.

Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honor of my love.

MODERN WIZARDS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THIS modern day in which we have our existence, is often charged with the crime of being wholly prosaic as well as exclusively practical. Romance and adventure have no part in it, the indictment runs. The race of adventurers, whether gentleman-adventurers, pirates, soldier of fortune or common highwaymen, diminishes to the vanishing point. The ancient incentives to daring, to combat and to risk no longer are alive to incite men to famous deeds and hair-raising escapades. The gleam has vanished. Earth is grey.

Up in Western Canada, where but yesterday we were wont to look as to an unmapped wild—where men who "dream beyond the skyline," might take canoe and lose themselves in an unknown west—the old romance is dead. This is the age of steel; and to-day Canada is building more miles of railway, per capita, than any country on earth. Our men of brain and force are not leading little fleets into unknown seas and battling for new empires. They are reading type-written documents at mahogany desks in tall office buildings. Verily an age of prose

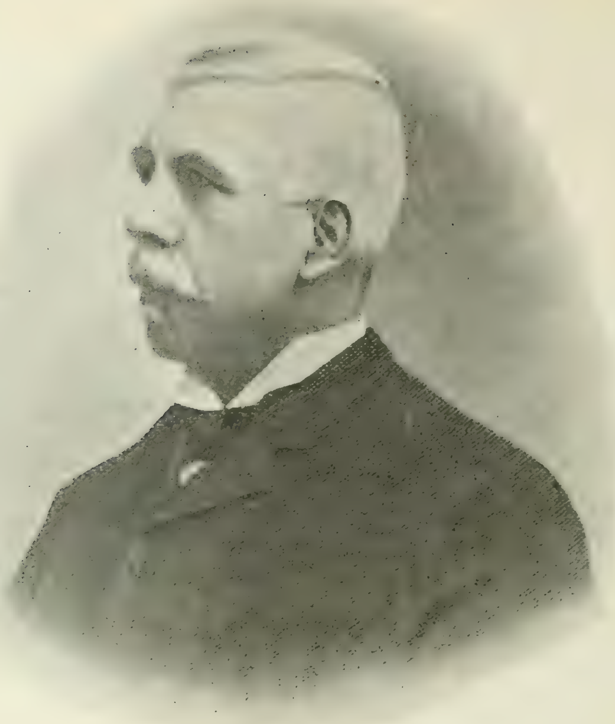
Nevertheless, the least imaginative of us all resents in his heart the literal indictment and from knowledge or experience draws exceptions. There is romance, if wonder be romantic, in this present time. There are heroes, if workers of wonders be heroes, in this present generation.

Utilitarian and even sordid the average life of business may be, but the intellectual life of this young twentieth century appeals to the fancy in ten thousand ways. The almost yearly revelations made by science, the practical changes which applied science works in every day existence, fairly startle the imagination. The imagination, in truth, cannot cope with the facts of science. Imagination never could concieve them, is staggered by them.

If Edison is a wizard, the modern "captain of industry" is a wonder. His performances are immense; his feats, prodigious. From a swivel chair he directs operations over half a continent, and the adventures of his emissaries in executing his commands, whether in exploration or construction are as stirring as those of the buccaneer who harried the Spanish Main, or of the English clerks who conquered India.

There are still extant a few specimens of the professional adventurer, such as the hunters of big game in the African bush, the Alpine climbers and the would-be discoverers of the North Pole. But the engineers rival them. The engineers, the men who build the railroads, carry their surveys into the far corners of the earth, meet dangers, conquer hardships and solve all manner of difficult and new problems. The engineers, those who fling across a thousand miles of wilderness a way of steel, who surmount unmapped mountains with their grades and erect new cities on new seas—they are the modern Drakes and Frobishers,the twentieth century Clives and Hastings, the maker of empire, the pioneers.

Marvelous as are their feats of construction in the well-settled countries of Europe and America, it is the new lands where they must push through rough and virgin regions, must search well nigh impassible mountains, and traverse desert spaces, that test the



W Whyte

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

engineers to the uttermost, that exercise their fullest powers of endurance and ingenuity, while subjecting their lives to hazard of accident and danger.

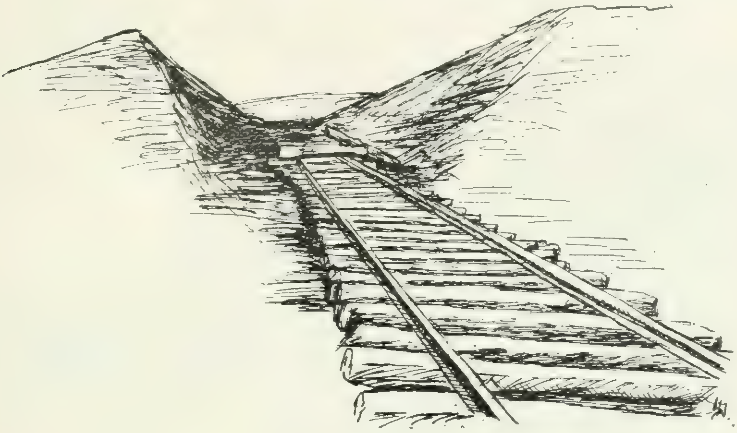
Canada's vast dominion within the last few years has furnished the happy hunting ground of the construction engineer. This wide and sparsely settled country whole population has touched the six-million mark only within the last year, has been constructing railroads with a rapidity that is truly marvellous. When the Confederation of the Dominion was established in 1867, there were less than three thousand miles of railroad in the entire country. To-day there are over twenty-one thousand miles, a great proportion of which has been laid in the last ten years.

Within this same period Canadian development along all lines has been marked by prodigious activity. The "National" policy of Sir John A. MacDonald has resulted in a harvest of patriotism and has created a sense of national individuality and independence. Loyal and progressive Canadians now feel that Canada is fated to work out her own salvation, without regard to reciprocity with the United States; and they are bending every energy to develop her resources and to open to settlement her enormous tracts of untouched agricultural lands. For the development of the resources of a new country, whether they be agricultural or mineral, transportation is the prime requisite; therefore the activity in building of railroads by our aroused and ambitious neighbour

The Canadian people are small in numbers—only 6,442,581—but they possess a country larger than the United States and Alaska as their heritage. Their numbers, limited though they be, are imbued with an ambition proportionate to the extent of their territory and the richness of its resources. Especially in the west is rife among the sparse population a spirit which fears nothing which hopes all things, and which has resolutely determined to accomplish the self-appointed task, the subjugation of the prairies and the mountains and the forests. Here in the newest land on the continent are to be found men of stout heart and of imaginative brain, the adventurers of business life. Foremost among them are the builders of railroads.

These men of foresight who are putting their brains and money into widespread railroad construction, are encouraged by the aid of the Dominion government. At a time not many years back the people at large, that is the people of the east—the west did not count in those days–felt that the building of a railroad across the continent was folly, and Sir John A. MacDonald and his party lost office because of their grants to the Canadian Pacific. But the people soon became convinced of their own mistake and today they applaud the use of public funds and lands to encourage the extension of the railroad service of the country They now realize that the development of an empire of magnificent distances like Canada waits upon the railroads. The adoption of this "National" policy has resulted in an era of railroad growth that is astounding in the swiftness of its energy.

The first of the western roads, the Canadian Pacific, set the pace by getting itself finished in 1886, five years from time the undertaking was commenced, and in half the time allowed under the contract with the Government. Its principal rival on the prairies, the Canadian Northern, has followed suit by extending at the rate of a mile a day throughout the last eleven years. That is the sort of enterprise that is giving Canada more railroad mileage per capita than any other country on the globe. In our own United States, which has something of a reputation for enterprise, 5874 miles of new road were added to our total mileage of 222,282 during last year, an increase of 2.56%, whereas, in Canada the total mileage of 21.353 was increased by 1492 miles or 6.9%. Regard these figures in relation to population and they appear more striking. Mexico's population of 13,605,819, more than twice as great as that of Canada; but Mexico laid in 1907 only 356 miles of railroad or one mile every 38,218 persons; the United States



CANADA IS BUILDING MORE MILES OF RAILWAY, PER CAPITA, THAN ANY COUNTRY ON EARTH one mile for every 14,218 persons of her eighty-three millions. Canada, however, with only 6,442,581 inhabitants constructed a railroad mile for every 498 persons.

Such a tremendous achievement means an enormous expenditure of labor, of materials and of money, the last involving the importation of capital upon a great scale. It is said that eighty per cent of the capital that is pouring into Canada comes from the United states, and hence it is one great interest to Americans to be acquainted with what is being done in every particular affecting Canadian development. Even if the bulk of American capital be invested in lands and industries, and not in railroads, the lands and industries are so intimately connected with railroad development that the latter must interest Americans as much as it does Canadians.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE
PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Naturally the greater part of the railroad building has occurred in the west, where there is still an empire of untouched land to be reclaimed; yet the east has not been neglected. The Canadian Pacific is the only finished transcontinental line; but the Canadian Northern is not content to be confined to the prairies and through its affiliated companies in Ontario and Quebec it is building, stretching its steel armor to touch tidewater on the Atlantic coasts, where in Nova Scotia it already operates its lines. While the newest of them all, the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is in process of construction straight across the continent, both in the east and in the west, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The following table shows the building that was done during the last year, 1907:

Name of railroad.	
Algoma Central & Hudson Bay	.17
Canadian Northern	219.20
Canadian Pacific	570.00
Central Ontario	12.50
Grand Trunk Pacific, National Transcontinental	567.00
Great Northern	26.25
International Timber Co. B. C.	4.00
Kettle River Valley, B. C.	20.00
Napierville Junction	1.25
Niagara, St. Catherines & Toronto	11.00
Oxford Mountain	3.00
Quebec & Lake St. John	13.50
Quebec Montreal & Southern	4.50
Temiskaming & Northern Ontario	5.00
Vancouver Victoria & Eastern	18.00
Total	1475.37

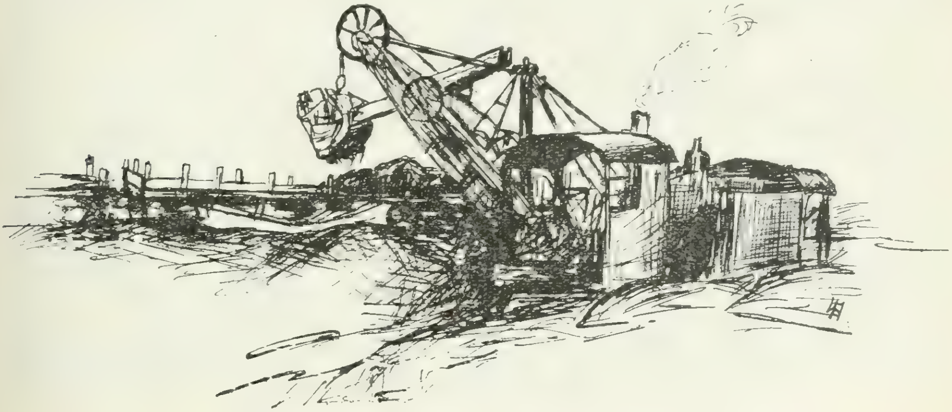
In addition to the total mileage completed there were at the end of the year about three thousand miles under construction, half of the work being in the hands of the new transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific.

As the table shows, the Canadian Pacific led in the amount of construction work finished. As its trunk line was already complete across the continent, the new lines laid were branches, feeders for its main line from which they branch all along the rockies to Quebec. Under the direction of William Whyte, constructive genius, one of the makers of Western Canada, over half of the entire work of the Canadian Pacific was done in the prairie provinces Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The longest stretch of continuous new line, the Pheasant Hills'branch through Saskatoon is interesting because it heads towards the passes of the mountains beyond. It is hardly probable that this magnificent corporation will allow its rivals to hold an advantage in bidding for the northern business; therefore, it would surprise no one if this present feeder for the main line became in time part of a second transcontinental line with an outlet at a northern British Columbian port, which like Prince Rupert would be nearer to the Asiatic market than is the harbor of Vancouver.

This matter of shorter routes to foreign ports is growingly a "live issue" with the Canadian Railroad men. Indeed, it is engaging the attention of business men of all kinds, especially in the west. The route of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the greatest railroad enterprise on the continent today, was determined partly by the wish to pass through the heart of the agricultural country which is continually spreading northward, and partly by the fact that a northern port would be nearer the Oriental markets than a southern one and thus possess an advantage as a terminus.

The company is building a new town, Prince Rupert, on the coast of British Columbia, about five hundred miles north of Vancouver, and fifty miles south of the southern extremity of Alaska. Three thousand miles away to the east, at Moncton on the Atlantic is the eastern terminus of the same road To the north and to the south of this long main line there are to extend branches which will transform the youngster among railroads into a mammoth.

Altogether 7900 miles of constructtion have been authorized for the Grand Trunk Pacific, and this vast undertaking is presided over by Charles Melville Hays, who demonstrated his ability by organizing the old Grand Trunk. The eastern section is being built by the Dominion government to lease to the Grand Trunk Pacific, while the western part from Winnipeg to the coast is being built by the company itself with government aid in the way of lands and by guarantees for its bonds. The first sod was turned in 1905 and since then most of the work has been done west of Lake Superior in an effort to get a share in carrying the grain crops, of that region which are over-taxing the older roads. During 1907, while only fifty miles were built out of Quebec, two hundred and fifty miles were laid westward from Portage la Prairie. By another harvest season this road will be carrying grain from Edmonton, eight-hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg to Lake Superior.



THE STEAM SHOVELS CAN BITE INTO THE LOAM

CHAS. M. HAYS

PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY AND VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

That is the immediate ambition of all the western railroads, to tap the rich agricultural country and get their share of the moving of the crops. For that purpose the Canadian Northern did the largest amount of its building on its line from Winnipeg through Brandon to Regina, the completion giving them three lines through the rich wheat lands of western Manitoba and central Saskatchewan.

The other aim, the more ambitious but less immediate, has never been lost sight of, however. The engineers are still conspiring to reduce the distance to the ultimate goals, the foreign markets. In their surveys Liverpool and Shanghai are in their mind's eye. The Hudson Bay route is still the dream as it has been for many years in the country of the Canadian West.

Some men have started toward the realization of their dream by taking out charters for lines to the Bay, but the single project of the half dozen charters which has proceeded farther than the charter stage, is that of the Canadian Northern. This company graded ninety miles from its Prince Albert branch at Etoimami northeast to the Pas in the spring of 1907, and, when work ceased in the summer, the owners of the rival charters rejoiced. But their joy was short-lived, the guiding spirits of the Canadian Northern, Wm. MacKenzie and D. D. Mann "never let go" and in the early winter track-laying crews were put on the new work, and now the rails are down far as the Pas preparatory to pushing on to Fort Churchill. If the owners of the other charters wish to enter the race to Hudson Bay, they must arouse themselves. and speedily.

The Canadian West, however, is so new that there has been comparatively little extremity of emulation as yet in railroad building. Progress in track laying has not been marked by the scrambles and scuffles and even pitched battles that have marred the history of railroad growth in the United States. The vast extension has been peaceful. The battles incident to it have been waged against nature and the conquests made have been of mountain, river, plain and forest. The story of it is romance, the very stupendousness of the work stirring the blood. Each road has had and still has plenty of elbow room, to be sure; but the immensity of the country is such that the gigantic difficulties thereby presented of themselves effect the imagination, as the means and methods whereby they are overcome excite the wonder.

In the east along the river St. Lawrence the difficulties of construction are not great, but the contractors have had trouble in getting enough labor for the work. They have been obliged to import men from the far corners of the world. Among these latter were one hundred and fifty Scotchmen, fresh from their native Highlands, thirty-one MacLeods, nineteen MacDonalds, ten MacKenzies, besides MacMillans, Mc Whinnies, MacGillivrays, MacDiarmids and MacMurdos. Two hundred years ago a regiment of Highlanders was disbanded at Quebec and their descendants have become entirely French Canadian. There are now MacPhersons, MacNabs and MacDonalds along the banks of the St. Lawrence who do not know a word of English, so completely have they been absorbed into the body of the French Canadians. Does a similar destiny of absorption await these Highland laborers who are today busily grading roadbeds and laying rails in the same country which their ancestral cousins won from the French in battle, only to be themselves conquered in peace?

As we follow the new lines westward the troubles of the engineers multiply. The wild and rugged Highlands of Ontario present a real barrier, not because they rear themselves so high as to require unusual engineering science in the construction of railroad grades, but because they are so rocky, desolate and extensive. The population is infinitesimal, so that the whole supply for the gangs, as well as every ounce of material, must be brought from the east or the west. The work in this region proceeds slowly,inasmuch as it is largely through the rocks, requiring the boring of many small tunnels and the making of many fills between the ridges It is work that does not call for great genius on the part of the superintending engineers, but it does take time and patient labor, involving constant solving of problems and exercise of good judgment, in order to keep the expense within bounds.

In the wildest part of this section of the Grand Trunk Pacific very little work has been done beyond determining the route to be followed, but along the western edge, between Winnipeg and Lake Superior, the shock of blasting has rippled the surface of innumerable lakes and the ring of the axes cutting ties has rung through the forest all the last year. It is a beautiful region, this western part of Ontario a network of lakes and streams bordered by picturesque rocks or magnificent forest.

The contractors between whom the section has been divided, have taken advantage of the waterways in organizing their work. A regular boat service, steamboats, barges, row boats and birch bark canoes, run on the lakes and rivers, bringing in provision and materials, carrying dispatches and even assisting in the regular construction work. On Canyon Lake, long, narrow, with rocky walls, a boiler has been mounted on a barge and is moved along the shore to whatever point it is needed for operating the steam drills. Here the road runs along the shore of the Lake and there is an immense amount of rock work, including two tunnels. A little fleet of boats move materials and equipment easily and quickly, a great improvement over the method of dragging stuff upon the rocky surface of the land. When it is finished this secton in New Ontario will be one of the scenic features of the transcontinental trip on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Going westward still farther, there are no rocks and hills to be overcome. It is distance, just huge, almost immeasurable distance that confronts and defies the road builder. Nature here is upon a grand scale, mile upon mile of unbroken prairie, then mile upon mile of park-like country, then a river that requires a bridge two thousand feet long to span it. In this central part of the country, which stretches nine hundred miles from the east to west, the labor-saving machines are particularly useful. There are no mountains or rock, and the steam shovels can bite into the loam and clay of the prairie soil unhindered.

Bridge building is very important in this land of large rivers. Strangely enough the most of it is done in winter. In that northern latitude the builder can be sure of solid ice for several months, and it is much more economical to haul the materials on the ice than by boat in summer. A temporary tramway can be laid on the ice and the little cars of gravel and concrete run out to the point where the piers are to stand. About each pier a casing is constructed which is kept warm with steam from the power house on the shore. After the concrete is laid, water is run in to keep out the frost. During the past winter the Canadian Northern has taken advantage of the cold months to build two large bridges, one over the Rainy River at Fort Frances on the new direct line from Winnipeg to Duluth, one over the North Saskatchewan at Prince Albert where a short line is to extend to Battleford.

Lastly there are the mountains, the rugged backbone of the continent. Here are the problems that test the genius of the engineer. At present there is no active construction work going on in the Rockies, but the trail of the locating engineer is over all their peaks and valleys from the Kicking Horse, where the Canadian Pacific main line crosses the divide, to Peace River Pass, five hundred miles northward.

For three years engineers for the Grand Trunk Pacific explored the passes before the company decided upon the Yellowhead, which affords their line the lowest possible grade between the prairies and the Pacific. If these men could be induced to write the story of their adventures in that unknown land, most of which had never felt the impress of a white foot, what a 'thriller' it would be! The schoolboy would be smuggling the book up to bed with him unable to resist the fascination of this very modern tale of strange and wild adventure.

These engineers and the prospectors and timber cruisers, who followed them found wide valleys of agricultural land, where wheat will be growing in four or five years, mile upon mile of valuable timber lands and rich minerals. In a sheltered nook in the Rockies were discovered the last of the Iroquois, a remnant of that once powerful nation which had been driven hither and yon across the continent and finally had sought refuge in the fastnesses of those hills, vanishing until now from the knowledge of the white man. They live today the primitive Indian life, unenlightened and uncorrupted by the customs of civilization.

This it is,the railroad engineer encounters the perilous, the wild, the rich opportunity, even while he is bent upon taming the wilderness and fettering its freedom in bonds of steel. The great country of the north is giving him employment in ever increasing quantities and is set upon using more and more of his kind, until the day comes when the whole Dominion is gridironed with the steel. In that day a thick population will fill the prairies and be busy in the mountains, and Canada shall feed the British Empire with her wheat and house it with her lumber.

HOW GOD MADE TEMAGAMI

BY CY WARMAN

Author of "Stories of the Frontier," etc

"DO you know why and how Gitch Manitou, made Temagami?" asked old Meniseno, pushing the tôbacco down into his pipe and glancing out over the limpid lake, where a white launch was threading its way through the maze of islands.

"You remember Meniseno, of course, father of Weiga, of Temagami-old Meniseno who went mad and battled with a bull moose and was broken! Well, this was the same, but before this fight with the moose."

Nobody knew why or how God made Temagami and when we all said so, old Meniseno settled back against one of the huge columns that carries its share of the roof of Temagami Inn and made it all clear to us. It is a stupid Indian, if he has passed the half century mark, who cannot tell you how Gitch Manitou, or Wes-a-ka-chack, made all things.

"There is nothing remarkable about the fact that Gitch Manitou made Temagami," said Meniseno, by way of preface, "but it is remarkable that so great a thing could be so simply done."

Here he paused to collect his thoughts, and blew smoke above his hatless head. He put his gnarled hand upon the head of Woodgi, the landlord's little dog, and gazed wistfully out over the water, while out of the nestling islands a bark canoe came slowly, driven by his daughter, Weiga of Temagami.

"You must remember," Meniseno said, "that all this beautiful wilderness was once a bleak, barren waterless waste. All the way from the big sea water to the salt sea, which is far to the north, there was only wind swept sand,

"Now, when Gitch Manitou saw this, he said, 'This is not good,' and he caused countless springs of water to well up from the sapless sands. He drew his fingers across the face of the earth and furrowed out rivers that run down to the sea, and yet so great was the desert thus reclaimed that he saw the need of more water. It is easier to trail over the open face of a lake in winter than to thread the forests, and it is infinitely easier to paddle in summer than to walk, so Gitch Manitou concluded to make Temagami."

By this time we were eager to learn just how it was done, but Meniseno was in no hurry, and removed his pipe and almost smiled as the little bark canoe poked her brow upon the shivering shore and Weiga walked up the bank, bringing with her the White Lady from Bear island, whom the old man named Kesis, because Kesis is Ojibway for sunshine. So, according to Meniseno, she was the sunshine of the island.

When the people had nodded and passed, Kesis taking the Indian girl up to her own room, the old Indian went on.

"If you were to take a dipper full of molten silver and spill it upon the sandy shore down by the water edge, it would splash and sprawl and sprangle and then lie quite still. Well, that is just the way our God made Temagami. He reached over into the deep sea, scooped up a handful of water, and spilled it here on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitch Manitou looked down he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which means, as you all know, 'deep water.'"

The simple childlike faith of the aged indian was beautiful to behold, and his face told us that he would not hesitate to follow his God to the end of the earth, and beyond.

A white sail glistened among the evergreen isles, and the white launch loafed in the offing. Some boys were diving from a huge rock that raised its granite head out of the crystal water, while down on the little wharf big fish floundered and glad children romped and played upon the shingled shore. The little dog rubbed up against the old man's knee and peered up the furrowed face, but the soul of Meniseno had gone with Gitch. He was musing upon the history of it all. Presently he said:

"Because of the water the grass and flowers and the forest came. Because of the good God of the red men the bear, the beaver, the moose, and the red deer came, and what had been a desert waste became a beautiful world. Yes," he went on with a trace of enthusiasm, "Gitch Manitou made all this—all this entrancing Temagami with its one thousand four hundred islands and three thousand miles of shore line."

The summer winds came sighing through the cedars, humming in the hemlocks, lifted the iron gray tresses of the old Indian, and puffed the perfume of the pipes through the wide veranda, and then drifted out over the clear water to where the white sail shimmered in the sun, and the white launch was now cutting figure eights among the islands.

Presently Meniseno was moved and went on, telling us in detail how each isle and mount was made. "Old Nokomis," said he, "climbed upon the hill behind us here (it was a mountain then,when first splashed up by the spilling water). and lost her footing. She sat down and began to slide. She dug her heels into the earth, but she was unable to stop until she reached the foot of the mountain, and when she did stop she had pushed a great mass of earth and stone far into the lake, which it now called 'Old Woman Island' because an old woman put it there."

At this point some one suggested that these were fables. "I not understand," said the Indian, looking from one to another of the guests. "Fish stories!" the man explained.

"No—that was before the white man, when everything was true and honest; when we cached only against the wild cat and wolf. Have you seen the grave on Bear Island," he continued excitedly, "the one marked with a black stone?"

Nobody had seen it, and Meniseno continued: "Well, that is the grave of the first white man who dipped a paddle in Temagami. He met a great chief of the Algonquins and asked him for powder. The Algonquin passed his horn over and as the canoes rocked side by side the white man let the horn fall into the deep water. 'Excuse me,' he said, and dived down to fetch up the horn. When the Algonquin had waited maybe two or three minutes he looked over the side and saw the white man standing there on the sandy bottom of the lake coolly pouring the powder out of the Indian's horn into his own.

"Now the Algonquin had never seen a thing like that done by one man to another. He saw that this stranger was thoroughly bad, so he sat back in his boat and waited, and when the white man came up struck him with his paddle, and because of all this there is the grave on one side of the graveyard, marked with a black stone.

"That," said Meniseno, significantly "is the way of the white man."

"And is that true, too?" asked the young man who had interrupted the story teller.

"Well," he answered, and [there was the faintest hint of a smile around his eyes, "maybe so; that was after the white man. The rest is true about the lake and the islands."

"And how did he make cobalt, this Gitch God of yours?" asked the skeptic.

"Just as he made all else, out of anything, out of nothing."

And the old Indian, stretching out his arm, closed his fist on a handful of Temagami air and then opened it as if to show us the nothingness of nothing, out of which his Gitch made things.

"Ah," said Meniseno, "the white man is wondrous wise, yet he knows so little that the ancient children of Gitch could teach him. Of course, you must know that there was nothing bad in the days when only the red men roamed these wilds. The world was wondrous fair. The stars were more brilliant, the moonlight clearer, the sunshine brighter, and the sky was a deep blue. Why, Gitch Manitou used to gather stray sunbeams and weave them into cloth of gold. He had only to put forth his hand, skim the moonlight from the lake, squeeze it dry, and it was solid silver. And yet, you, O white man, make empty talk and laugh at the God of the Red Men, who was ever wise and good. You mock me, an old man, and ask, expecting no answer, how Gitch Manitou made this and that. I need not answer, but I will. He made the forests and streams and the fishes, whose fins be gilded with the gold of the sun. He dipped the wild rose into the liquid glory that floods the west when the day is dying. He brought the blue from the burnished sky, swept the silver from the shimmering lakes, mixed it with a million sunbeams, and scattered it broadcast over all the earth, and there is your silver, your cobalt and gold for which the white man will burrow and battle, and fight and die, and die laughing at Gitch Manitou, the mighty who made it all."

The old Indian pulled hard at his pipe, forgetting that the fire was out, and when Weiga, his daughter, came down he rose and, without a parting gesture, strode away into the forest, followed by the comely Indian maiden who cooked his meals.

HEIGHO, THE WIND AND THE WEATHER!

By Sara Hamilton Birchall.

Heigho, the wind and weather!
Heigho, the fragrant heather!
Blue o' sky and blue o' sea,
Heigho, but it's lonely weather!

Heigho, the wind and the weather!
Heigho, the rosy heather!
There's a lass that waits for me.
Heigho, lass, it's golden weather!

STRIPY

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

FAR out in western prairies, where the earth is honeycombed with gopher holes, a wise old mother was refurnishing her nest in readiness for the expected coming of a little family.

The hole was a long one with several blind passages and many upward and downward turns, for the incoming civilization had taught the wise little mother much. Drowning out was a favorite sport; therefore the many turns.

Spring was just losing her last tinge of modesty and blooming out into bright real summer. The yearly arrival of little naked bodies was just at hand and the mother was busy.

A week had passed and the dear, little, soft, fussy, sightless objects rolled senselessly on the soft bed of long dry grass. But young gophers, like nearly all wild animals, are fast growers and in five or six weeks they were after more exciting adventure than rolling on the floor of their darksome home.

So the wise little mother waddled to the top of the hole and after a careful survey brought them to the surface by a sharp squeak which they perfectly understood. The little inmates were not backward and were seen lolling on the sand warmed by the light of the sun.

The brood was small, just three in number, two males and a female. The two former were common every day gophers but the third, a long squat animal, gave signs of more than ordinary cunning.

The stay above earth was short, for the cautious mother, even if the view was unobstructed and no foe in sight, deemed it wise to seek shelter in the friendly bosom of mother earth, the truest friend of all gophers.

An hour later, a tall lanky boy passed and looked at the hole. He was a good huntsman and although he had seen no animals around the hole, the fresh tracks and also some inner prompting led him to set a steel trap at its mouth.

A wise head, however, was pitted against the carelessly set trap and when the shadows of evening had come he returned to find it over-turned, snapped and clogged with dirt.

Another week flew swiftly by and the little family were fat, nondescript gophers.

One day as they reclined in various attitudes close to the mouth of the hole a figure was seen rapidly advancing across the grassy plain.

Like a flash the four brown bodies vanished but not before a quick eye had sighted them. The boy trapper of the previous week had returned. uncoiling a smooth string about two feet long he stretched a loop-shaped end over the mouth of the hole and then retired a short distance holding one of the ends of the string.

The little mother cautiously went forward and, shortly after, summoned the three youngsters to within about a foot of the mouth of the hole where a widening allowed them to stand abreast. Then their mother pointed out to them the grey loop, explaining in the language of the gophers that this was one of their most deadly dangers.

With gophers as well as with men there are some who must learn by experience, but the former seldom live long enough to use their knowledge. At any rate the largest of the young gophers went into the passage. In his head was a determined idea to see and know more of this mysterious cord. It was whitish and scarcely larger than some of last year's grass; surely a thing like this could not be so terrible. So he walked boldly forth. The tip of his head had hardly passed the top of the hole when he felt a fearful yank, a tightening sensation at the back of his fore legs and with a terrified squeak was tossed with considerable force on the grassy sward. He lay trembling a few seconds seeing a mountainous thing holding the other end of the cord. Suddenly the boy gripped the string, the little body whirled in the air and then with a dull thud struck the earth. A few spasmodic kicks and he lay dead on the prairie.

The boy cooly slipped off the noose and dropped him in a bag along with others; he did not hunt to kill only. Then turning on his heel he strode swiftly away.

Days passed and the remaining two waxed fat. The little female was beginning to learn much already. The snare had been pointed out to her and the vacancy in the family was fficient reminder of its deadliness.

Another day as the three were basking at the surface a form again appeared. It was not necessary for the young gophers to be warned this time and they vanished in a minute followed more slowly by their mother. The hunter was the identical boy who on a previous day had snared their brother. This time he had no snare but carried a bunch of steel traps one of which he skilfully set and then passed on. This time the mother was too late, for the other brother forgetting her many warnings had rushed forward to see if the man had gone and a minute later he was in the jaws of a number O steel trap. The others came to the top of the hole and seeing all clear tried to comfort the captive, but the appearance of a form on the horizon sent them flying to safety.

Now there was but two left, the mother and her daughter.

June, July and August had passed, the golden grain stood in the sheaf and all nature was busy. Stripy the younger, had left her mother and dug a hole for herself. To-day she was running in and out with her huge cheek pouches full of grain from a neighboring wheat field.

The little store house to the left of the sleeping room was rapidly filling with grain, seeds and some buds besides a large store of half dried grass.

All through the long summer Stripy had been extremely happy. Traps and snares she had escaped and the great hawks and wily crows had seldom got within swooping distance of her.

The dark hole she had dug was a source of great satisfaction to her, for it was exceedingly long and roomy with innumerable twists and turns. At the very bottom, at least twelve feet below the surface, (an uncommon distance for gophers) was a large chamber lined with long dry grass and the down of the wild cotton plant. This was the living room and it was extremely comfortable. It was, now, late in October and for two or three days she had not been out but to-day she determined to go. It was one of those warm days that come now and then before earth dons her winter garb.

Emerging, Stripy took a sharp run across the level brown prairie and then turned and ran back. It was a glorious day, she thought, but after running about she felt hungry and started nosing around for something edible; this was not forthcoming; the prairie was void and bare, so she turned and entered her hole.

It was growing dark when a hungry weasel came upon her home and straightway entered.

In a moment his sharp inquisitive nose was thrust in the doorway and with a bound he was upon her, but she struggled gamely for life. At last he got his grip upon her throat and in a moment all was over.

An hour later in the ghostly light a weasel, his blood lust appeased, emerged and disappeared in the darkness.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

THOSE SPRING BONNETS

NO ROOM FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

'LAURA," growled the husband, "what have you taken all my clothes out of this closet for?"

"Now there's no use in your making any fuss about it, George," said his wife with a note of defiance in her voice. "I just had to have some place where I could hang my new spring hat."

XERXES

XERXES now and then drank xeres
Mounted oft his xanthis throne,
Salied in xebecs, fished for xiphus
Played in xysts his xylophone—
But he
Never
Wrote it
Xmas.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

MY dad kin lick your dad," said the dirty faced boy.

"I don't know whether he kin or not, said the new boy on the other side of the back yard fence, "but I'll bet my ma kin outtalk your'n."

MASCULINE EXAGGERATION.

MRS. Quimby—"Archibald, do you know anything about these people who are moving in next door?"

Mr. Quimby—"All I know about them is that they are people of some consequence. Two men have just carried in the madam's spring hat."

NO LIE, EITHER.

MRS. McSwat—"Billiger how did you like the decorations at the church this morning?"

Mr. McSwat—"All the decorations I could see, Lobelia, were worn by the young lady in front of me. I liked the grand sweep of the brim, the floral display, and the general arrangement of the ribbons, but I thought the dead bird look out of place."

JUST SO.

MR. Hockafus — "Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me, Amanda how much dough I will have to dig up when the bill comes in for that new spring hat of yours."

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. Contents for July, 1908 No. 3

COVER DESIGN by FREDERICK NOTEWARE
Illustrating " The Sieges of Quebec."

D. B. Hanna		Frontispiece
Eastern Prosperity and Western Railroads Illustrated with Photograph	D. B. Hanna	825
The Wild Geese. Verse	Cecil E. Selwyn	830
The Last Laugh Illustrated by Frederick Noteware	Elliott Flower	831
The Baby. Verse	Cy Warman	836
Modern Man and the Gospel	Shailer Mathews, A.M., D.D.	837
More Sonnets of an Office Boy Illustrated by Florence Pretz	Samuel Ellsworth Kiser	840
The Sieges of Quebec Illustrated with Photographs		
How Kirke Won Quebec	Lawrence J. Burpee	845
The Siege of Quebec by Sir William Phipps	W. D. Le Sueur, LL.D., F.R.S.C.	846
The Great Siege of Quebec	T. G. Marquis	851
Murray's Defence of Quebec	John Ridington	856
The Last Siege of Quebec	C. Frederick Hamilton	860
Champlain—1608-1908. Verse	Thomas C. Robson	864
A Modern Migration Illustrated with Photographs	Louise Darby	865
The Right Angle		875
In the World of Books		879
Watch Dogs of the Wilderness	Herbert Vanderhoof	881
What Makes a Town Grow?	Mary S. Mantle	886
Chestnuts and Cheese		888

Issued Monthly. Price: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

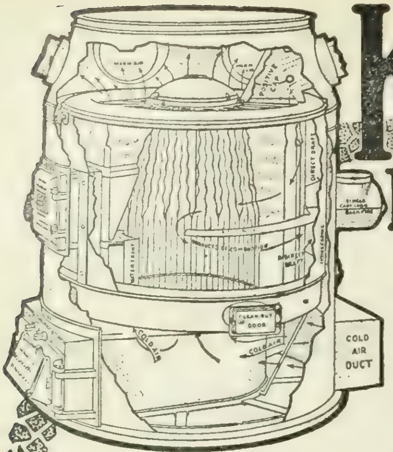
All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers
WALKER THEATRE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT
LONDON 382 CLARENCE ST.
TORONTO 68 VICTORIA ST.
MONTREAL 522 BOARD OF TRADE BLDG.
CHICAGO 1502 MARQUETTE BLDG.



KELSEY HEATING

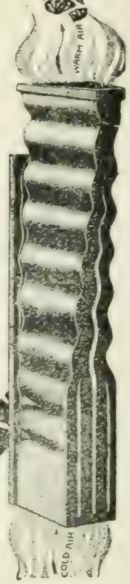
¶ The Kelsey system of Heating insures a constant circulation of fresh warm air and enough of it for heat and ventilation. The Kelsey Warm Air Generator warms fresh air to a natural and healthful temperature, and forces it into every room in equal proportions.

¶ The whole house is warm and comfortable even though a January blizzard may be howling outside. The Kelsey accomplishes these results, not only in small houses, but in the largest and finest city and country residences, and with the most economical use of fuel.

¶ That is why 30,000 home owners who have investigated carefully have bought the Kelsey.

¶ The **ZIG ZAG Heat Tubes** are responsible for the efficiency and economy, and we should like to explain all the other Kelsey Advantages to you.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co. Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN. and
BROCKVILLE, ONT



PEACH & SONS
LACE CURTAINS

Illustrated List & Buyers Guide. The largest and most complete Window Drapery Guide in Canadian Currency. SOLE MAKERS and Patentees of "CONTRENET" Curtains, Twice the Wear. No Extra Cost. Latest styles Nets, Muslins, Cretonnes, Blinds, Linen, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Tailoring, Boots and Shoes. 51 Years Experience Result Pronounced Superiority.

BENEFIT BY THE PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

POPULAR CANADIAN PARCEL

6 pairs Choice Lace Curtains $8.40 Half Parcel 1 pair each $4.30

Contains :—**2 pairs effective Diningroom Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide.**

2 pairs exquisite Drawingroom Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide.

2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide. (White or Ecru) postage paid,

Marvellous Value. Reliable Goods. Quite Distinct.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. DIRECT TO YOU.

Price Lists may be obtained at the office of this Paper

SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms,
Box 674 NOTTINGHAM, Eng. (Est. 1857.

Alma Ladies College

Has superior advantages in Music, Fine Art, Elocution and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Business College Courses, Literary and Scientific Courses, also Public School Classes for young girls. Cheerful, wholesome, homelike. *For Catalogue, address :*

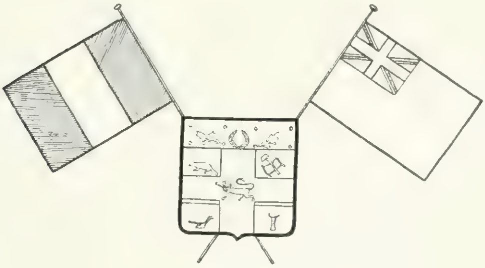
1 **"The Registrar," ALMA COLLEGE,**
St. Thomas, Ont.

QUEBEC

Fierce on this bastion beats the noon-day sun;
The city sleeps beneath me, old and grey;
On convent roofs the quivering sunbeams play,
And batteries guarded by dismantled gun.
No breeze comes from the northern hills which run
Circling the blue mist of the summer day;
No ripple stirs the great stream on its way
To those dim headlands where its rest is won.

What thunders shook these silent crags of yore!
What smoke of battle rolled up plain and gorge
While two worlds closed in strife for one brief span!
What echoes still come ringing back once more!
For on these heights of old God set his forge;
His strokes wrought here the destinies of man.

Frederick George Scott



D. BLYTHE HANNA

Third Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. JULY, 1908 NUMBER 3

EASTERN PROSPERITY AND WESTERN RAILROADS

BY D. B. HANNA

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPH—SEE FRONTISPIECE

THE commercial history of Western Canada begins in 1670 with the charter by which Charles the Second constituted Prince Rupert and seventeen of his friends "The Governor and Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," and permitted them to trade over an area of 2,500,000 square miles. For these tremendous privileges their only obligation to the Monarch was to supply him annually with two elk and two black beaver from the country over which they practically assumed sovereign rights.

The toll of elk and beaver has long since been superseded by a less picturesque method of making annual reports. The difference between the elk and beaver of the "Governor and Company of Adventurers" and the voluminous reports of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian Northern Railway, and other large concerns, is the difference between Western Canada without transportation and Western Canada with transportation.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the race to which we belong is the pioneering instinct.

It has made us what we are.

Why do men carry implements and wives into the far country of the Peace River when a thousand miles nearer the best market for their produce there are square miles of fertile land to be obtained for the asking? A gentleman, whom I will not name, was asked if he would sell, at a magnificent profit, his interests in a railway system.

His answer was, "No, I *like* building railroads."

The instinct of the Peace River agriculturist is, vitally, the same as that of the railway projector. Each is the complement of the other, and each contributes to the newness of life that comes to the migrating millions of the race, without which no empire can save itself alive.

The impulse that brings my fellow countrymen to Canada is not always the desire to acquire a little money. It is rather the reassertion of the elemental quality in virile mankind, which, first in the Garden, was impelled to subdue the earth, and later founded colonies and transplanted empires across the face of the planet.

Abraham trekked out of Ur of the Chaldees under divine direction. Thousands of settlers in the Canadian West were moved by the same influence, though they didn't recognize it in the lantern lectures of the Dominion Government's agents, or the restrained advertisements of steamship and railway companies.

It is profitable, occasionally, to dip into the earlier literature of the Prairie Provinces of to-day.

To glance over the prophecy of a living General in the British Army—Sir William Butler—written in "The Great Lone Land" in 1871, as you cross Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in a luxurious train, is to make you fairly well satisfied with what has been accomplished. Butler trailed from Fort Garry to Edmonton and MacLeod, and returned over Saskatchewan ice. Reading his book you breathe an atmosphere of isolation, not to say desolation. But in the middle of it there is the prediction of settlement and abounding grain fields—a prediction fulfilled in his own time. Butler's journey was made just two hundred years after the charter of the "Company of Adventurers" was granted.

The intervening years had seen the Company's work spread over a vast, immeasurable territory, and had produced Lord Selkirk's heroic efforts to found an agricultural community, imported via Hudson's Bay to the Red River. But there was a majestic vacancy about the whole land.

Even when a corner of the country had become sufficiently civilized to need an armed force to dissipate political rebellion the white population was pitifully sparse. The advance guard of ploughmen pioneers from the East soon afterwards began to break through the woods and waters of the Dawson Route.

But there could be no real advance so long as the Red River and the Dawson Route governed the going-out and coming-in of the people. Men looked for railways as eagerly as a lost voyager looks for the dawn.

They got the railways; but they have never been satisfied with them and never will be so long as there is a railway builder in whom the pioneering instinct expresses itself in parallel lines of steel and in reduced passenger and freight rates.

The Canadian Pacific Railway in this connection is the forerunner of us all.

The early promoters of that great corporation have never, I think, received all the credit due for their marvelous and successful effort to bind the East with the West.

Remember the conditions under which that great enterprise was accomplished.

Between settled Ontario and the Prairies there was a wilderness of poverty. Between the Prairies and the Pacific were ranges of mountains which many people thought no combination of engine and capitalist could penetrate.

The end-all of the scheme was foreseen by some excellent men to be unpaid bills for axle grease.

Financially the times were unpropitious. In 1879 Sir Sandford Fleming felt compelled, in view of what he considerately called "the necessities of the situation," to advise the Minister of Public Works to "establish a great Territorial Road on the site of the main line of the Pacific Railway from Lake Nipissing to the north side of Lake Superior."

When, in 1881, the first Canadian Pacific rails were laid west of Winnipeg, the white population between the western boundary of Ontario and the Rocky Mountains, and between the United States boundary and the Arctic Circle, was 66,161. Manitoba contained 59,187 whites, of whom 8,000 were in Winnipeg and several thousands were brought in by railway contractors.

The true population indicator of that time is the fact that in the Northwest Territories there were only 6,974 whites, practically all living on the fur trade and business with 49,500 Indians.

It was only in 1876 that civil government was organized in the Territories, and Governor Laird, who took up his abode at the newly-founded Battleford, and who still lives in Winnipeg, has described the perilous conditions under which he journeyed officially to Fort MacLeod, that is now in the fall wheat section of Southern Alberta.

Eliminating British Columbia, then, the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1881 began to open up territory 900 miles long and 300 miles wide—taking, roughly, the Saskatchewan Valley as the northern frontier—with a population of 66,000, or one-fourth of a civilized person to the square mile. But in the Territories, or three-fourths of the prairie country, there was only one white person for every thirty-five square miles of cultivable land.

The Canadian Pacific builders were of another sort. True the Company was given an unprecedented stake in the possibilities of the West. But its early history was one of hard times, and for years was a load of care to those who had riveted to it all of their own fortunes and as much of the fortunes of other people as they could attract to their cause. That it is to-day an enterprise of which all Canadians are proud is gratifying alike to the Dominion and to the Company.

Look at some facts that are concomitant with Canadian Pacific history: Beginning with 1851, the growth of white population in twenty-five years has been as follows:

	1881.	1906.
Manitoba........	59,187	365,688
Saskatchewan and Alberta	6,974	
Saskatchewan....		257,763
Alberta		185,412
Total.......	66,161	808,863

A multiplication of twelve in twice as many years should satisfy the worst enemy of race suicide.

Quite as illuminating as the growth of population are the immigration returns, which show that during the year ending June, 1896, the total immigration to Canada was 16,835, and in the year ending June, 1907, 256,000. But this century had come in before the immigration reached 50,000 in a year. In 1901-1902 it was 67,379, and in 1902-1903 it reached 128,364.

Equally illuminating is the growth of actual settlers located on free lands granted by the Dominion of Canada.

Thirty years ago, or in 1877, 845 homestead entries were made, aggregating 135,200 acres (a homestead is 160 acres), but 54 per cent. of the entries were subsequently cancelled, the duties required under the Homestead Act not having been complied with; and the land reverted to the Government. Five years later, or in 1882, when the railway reached Brandon, the Homestead entries were 7,485, representing 1,197,220 acres, with cancellations of 47 per cent.

Twenty years later, or 1902, the Western Country had passed the experimental stage and the larger movement of settlers was in full swing. Then began what has often been called the "American Invasion," and that year, in addition to hundreds of thousands of acres of land sold by land companies to actual settlers, 22,215 Homestead entries, representing 3,554,400 acres, have been made.

The figures were:

	Homestead Entries.	Acreage.
1903..........	32,682	5,229,120
1904..........	26,513	4,242,080
1905..........	34,645	5,643,200
1906..........	42,012	6,721,920
1907 (10 months)	25,305	4,048,800

Up to the end of June, 1907, it may be conservatively estimated that over 30,000,000 acres of land have been granted by the Crown to legitimate settlers in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, and to this acreage add the sales made by railway companies and land companies of approximately 20,000,000 acres, and it is not difficult to foresee that the Canadian West must soon become the bread basket of the world.

The Surveyor-General of Canada estimates that in Saskatchewan and Alberta alone there is a total land area, after deducting 30,080,000 for water, of 324,125,440 acres, of which, he says, 106,240,000 acres are suitable for growing grain, the remainder being suitable for ranches and mixed farming.

The influx of people and occupation of land have been coincident with railway expansion on the prairie itself, to say nothing of what has been done elsewhere to serve the West. The Comptroller of Railway Statistics informs me that this year there are in Manitoba 2,823 miles of railway, and in Alberta and Saskatchewan 3,173, a total of 5,996, with hundreds of miles under construction.

The great expansion in immigration in 1902–1903 was in a most remarkable degree coincident with the extension of the Railway with which I am associated. The Canadian Northern claims no special credit for the phenomenal increase in immigration, but it cannot dispute the fact that the rapid development of the enterprise opened up a wide and fertile territory and made it possible for the accumulating tide of new settlers to locate on free or cheap lands near to markets and general supplies.

It is not my function to laud the particular enterprise to which I devote my working hours, or to defend it from criticism to which, in common with other systems, it is subjected. But, as it is essentially a Canadian undertaking projected and governed by typical Ontario men, it is perhaps not unfitting that some note should be taken of what has actually been accomplished to meet such a situation as is embodied in the immigration and census figures I have just given. Besides enjoying the privilege, as I do, of being the first officer of the Company in the immediate charge of all its operations from the first day a wheel was turned, I am able to speak from a personal knowledge of what has been done.

I shall refer exclusively to the lines west of Lake Superior.

Ten years ago, or in 1897, we operated 100 miles of railway through a then unsettled country. Traffic was light and the train service limited. Our equipment consisted of three engines and some eighty cars all told, a working staff of less than twenty men altogether; and a pay roll for the year under seventeen thousand dollars.

The gross revenue for the first year was under sixty thousand dollars, but it was more than sufficient to pay our debts. During that year we handled 25,700 tons of freight and carried 10,343 passengers—nothing particularly impressive in these figures. To-day, or ten years afterwards, we are operating, now that the last rails have been laid on the Brandon-Regina Line, 3,345 miles. We have an equipment of 237 locomotives; 219 passenger cars, including 35 sleeping and dining cars; and about 8,500 freight cars of all kinds. These figures, of course, do not include the large number of locomotives and cars ordered and now in course of construction by the builders.

The twenty men of 1897 became 10,700 in 1907, with a pay roll of over five million dollars per annum. And these figures do not include the large construction forces which at times run into thousands of men.

The gross earnings are now on a basis of over ten million dollars per annum; the freight handled for the past fiscal year was 1,822,220 tons, and we carried 703,988 passengers. We are accepting freight and passengers for 411 different points west of Port Arthur.

If I were dealing with Eastern as well as Western Lines, I could say that the Canadian Northern has become the second largest railway in Canada. Only a chastened humility prevents me enlarging upon the fact that, with 2,990 miles in the West actually in operation, 150 in Ontario, 531 in Quebec and 431 in Nova Scotia, we have in all 4,059 miles in Canada.

To me, however, the most fascinating result of the past ten years of Western development is that the Canadian Northern System is responsible for the creation of over 150 townsites, on which at least 70,000 persons (exclusive of Winnipeg and other large centres) have found homes tributary to that railway.

I think it is reasonable to estimate that at least one-third of the growth of Winnipeg in this century is directly due to the business opened up by the Canadian Northern.

Let me repeat, we claim no special credit for that. But even railroad men are not devoid of the instincts of citizenship and may be allowed to reflect without boasting that they have inaugurated communities wherein the institutions of a free, strong and intelligent people may mature.

The railways which connect Winnipeg with populous Eastern Canada are Western Lines, inasmuch as without them the West could not be served. They bind the East to the West and the West to the East as nothing else could. They are the abiding symbol of Canadian nationality, and, as they increase in number, they make the nationality the more abiding also.

Geography has been liberal to us.

It has also placed a leviathan responsibility upon our shoulders. The lakes are the friend of the West in summer, but steel is its defence against the rigors of winter. The railways are more vital to the national prosperity than water; for rails can do without the help of navigation, but navigation, of itself, would be impotent against the forces that tend to an identity of interest between the Western United States and the Western Provinces.

The function of railway transportation in the West, then, is to keep open communication with the East.

On purely commercial grounds it is infinitely more important to the East than to the West that it should be so. May we not say that it is true, also, as a matter of sentiment.

It is not necessary to argue that the present day prosperity of Eastern Canada is the fruit of transportation in the West.

It is conceded, on the one hand, that the rural population of Ontario has declined. On the other hand, the manufacturing population of Ontario has enlarged out of all proportion to the increase of Ontario's demand for Ontario-made goods; while the Winnipeg warehouses of Eastern manufacturers tell an eloquent story of the origin of modern Canadian growth and pay tribute in the fullest sense to the wisdom of the rail connections with the East.

The supreme importance, then, of transportation to this aspect of our national growth is too obvious to be recounted.

If it is true that for Canadian solidarity there must be more and still more communication to and from the West, the principle is equally important Imperially.

In the wise settlement of transportation problems lies the premier aid to strengthening the ties that hold a loosely-compacted, world-spreading body politic together. While statesmen have discussed closed union by half a dozen means, the railways of Canada have opened up new country which, within a decade has offered homes and new prospects to four hundred thousand British-born people, whose experiences have doubly enriched the Empire through its reflex action upon the friends they left behind.

There is room for millions more, thanks to the same pioneering agencies. It is not necessary to discuss the wisdom of "pumping them in" before you discern the immense worth to the Empire as a whole, of the access that has been afforded the resources of the Dominion by the railways of the Dominion.

In the United Kingdom a great deal has been said of late years about the extreme need of having capable business men in public administrative positions.

It would be impossible, I suppose, to run the Empire on the principle of strict accountability which governs transportation management. But if governments made as good a job of dealing with new conditions as, on the whole, railways do, I venture to believe there would be less complaining in the land and fewer thorny and perplexing problems of high politics for able editors to discuss.

The statesmen have the advantage of us every time.

Governments who do the popular will get all the money they need, and do not spend anxious nights trying to discover the relation of labor demands and of the increased cost of material to net earnings. They produce pay rolls as the precocious youngster told his sister the Lord produced kittens—"The Lord just says, Let there be kittens, and there are kittens."

We are beset by so many trials that we have scarcely time to complain of anything.

If we want to build a branch line for which farmers are clamoring we are faced by enormous advances in the price of everything from ties to teams. Our managers' offices become the constant Meccas of trainmen, trackmen, telegraphists, skilled and unskilled men looking for more pay. While the hosts of men who serve the railways—and on the whole serve them well—all the time desire to take more money from the till; the passenger, if two or three of his newspapers can be believed, want to put less into it. In the West there is a mile of railway for every 134 people. In Great Britain there is a mile for every 1,911 people and perhaps 70 per cent. of the employees do not receive five dollars per week; yet we are asked to carry passengers at the same rate as the English railways.

The statesmen who have only to say, "Let there be revenue," and there is revenue, are to be envied.

But we have no time even to become envious, and are lucky to find opportunity to tell part of the truth about ourselves. I shall feel compensated for breaking out in an unfamiliar and dangerous role if I have assisted any to think more kindly of the railway enterprises that have brought some of the hidden treasures of the West to the generous hearths of the East, and to appreciate some of the difficulties that daily crowd upon them.

THE WILD GEESE

By Cecil E. Selwyn

WHERE are they going, these wide-winged birds,
Traversing swiftly the azure blue,
With "Cach! Cach! Kek! Kek!" and "Honk-o-honk"
Or ever the grass is green in hue?
To northern seas where the walrus swims
And the white bears fight and growl,
While cliffs resound both night and day
With the clang of the wild sea fowl.
With "Cach! Cach! Kek! Kek!—Honk-o-honk,"
Saying stern winter has flown,
They go on the breath of the warm Chinook
To nest in the Arctic zone!
They fly from the bank of the warm lagoon
Where the white pond lilies blow,
Thro' the shine of the sun and the gleam of the moon,
To the realms of eternal snow.

THE LAST LAUGH

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Reclamation of Cass"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

DAME NATURE is a very rapid person when it comes to making and cementing friendships. In the haunts of men two mortals may live in the same block for twenty years and never have more than a formal bowing acquaintance with each other; in the woods a few hours will suffice to bring the same two to the point of slapping each other on the back, trusting each other as never would be possible in the city, and possibly even experimenting with each other's sense of humor.

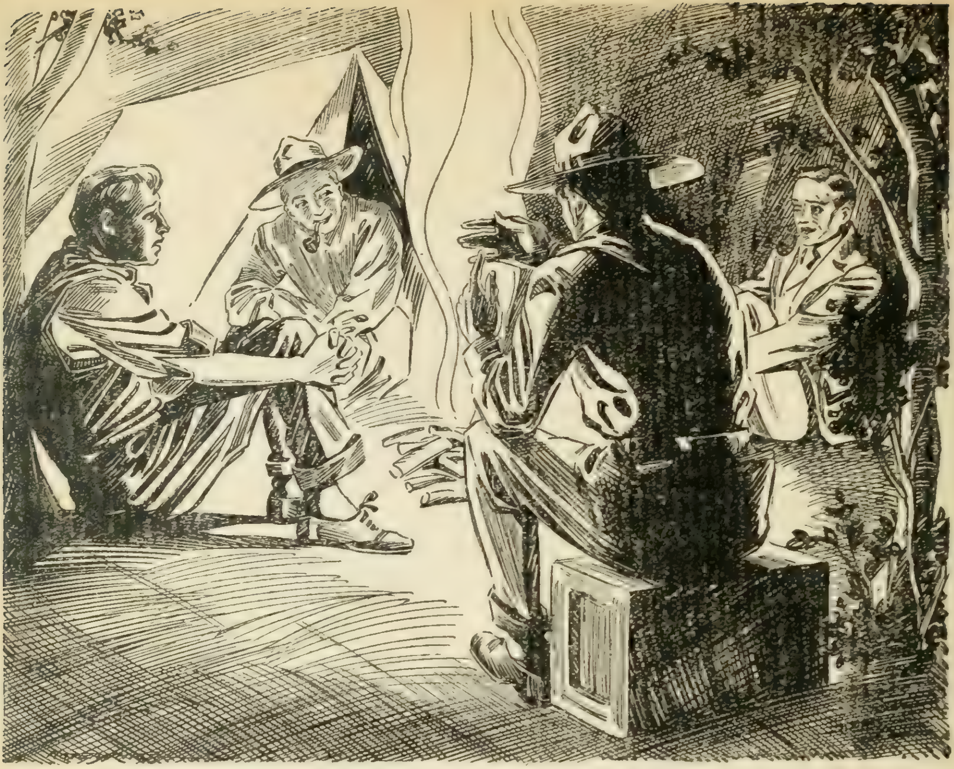
Two days after David Kilterson reached the spot in Northern Manitoba where he had elected to spend his vacation, he and Morris Deane were on exactly those terms and by the end of the week they had forsaken respectively the farm house and the summer hotel and gone into camp with two men they had never seen before, Wilson Lesbit and John Wisner. All four were from Winnipeg, which made an additional bond if one were needed. They sailed and fished and hunted, and at night built a mighty camp fire and smoked and talked around its inspiring glow. They might have gone on in this primitive and satisfactory life until the month's vacation was up, but Deane remembered a promise made to one of the girls at the hotel to the effect that he would bring his friends up to the semi-weekly dances. The others protested, but he was firm. It was a promise—would they have him break a promise and to a lady? They said they would but he still insisted, so with groans and lamentations they went; and that was the end of the entirely simple life for them.

What there is about a crowd of pretty girls that makes every young man desire to shine by telling a funny story at the expense of some other young man has never been made clear, but as a fact it is beyond dispute. In this case Lesbit began it by telling how Wisner prepared a dish of scrambled eggs. The original dish had been absurd enough from a culinary standpoint, but it was not so absurd as Lesbit's story.

By way of retaliation, after he had been gently "guyed" on the egg experience, Wisner put the girls in possession of certain largely imaginary facts relating to Lesbit's effort to broil a chicken without first removing the feathers, his idea being (according to the story) that this could be done later. His veracity being questioned, he proved his tale by appealing to Kilterson, who cheerfully corroborated every detail. This brought the latter clearly within the Munchausen circle, and shortly thereafter he discovered a story in circulation to the effect that he had spent three-quarters of an hour trying to "land" a water-logged piece of wood, under the impression that he had caught a whale. Deane laughed at this so heartily, that Kilterson did not feel comfortable until he had told, with great circumstantiality of detail, how Deane had devoted a full half hour to an effort to get his sailboat under way without first raising the anchor.

The girls were very appreciative. There was one little girl in particular—the one to whom Deane had made the promise about the dances—who had a trick of turning her wide-eyed gaze upon the narrator in a manner to fire the dullest imagination. It was under her direct encouragement that Deane got off his account of Kilterson's flirtation with the farmer's daughter. This tale troubled Kilterson.

It was altogether too elaborate and



AT NIGHT THEY SMOKED AND TALKED AROUND A CAMP FIRE

too specific, and there was just enough of truth in it to make it hurt. As told, he had got up at five o'clock in the morning to help her milk the cows, had held her hand on divers occasions, and finally, after graphically describing his success, had had his ears boxed when he tried to kiss her. As a matter of fact, the only milking he ever attended was in the evening, and she did not box his ears when he tried to kiss her—but that was because he dodged. As he did not know who was responsible for this story, he retaliated by telling one on each of the others. Still, that did not satisfy him. He took the chaffing in good part, but it annoyed him more than anything that had preceded it, and when the story finally found its way into the local paper (without names, of course, but in such manner that he could be readily identified), he set himself the task of finding out who was responsible for its publication. It proved to be Deane. The latter had accidentally made the acquaintance of the editor, and had loaded him up with yarns about the camping party. This was only the first of the series; the others followed.

"Never mind," said Kilterson, significantly. "I'll fix him. He's jumped right into my field, and I'll make it interesting for him."

Kilterson had previously mentioned that he was a newspaper man, so this reference was understood.

"What's your plan, David?" asked Lesbit.

"I'll put the joke on him in Winnipeg," answered Kilterson. "I'll send a tale down there that will keep him busy answering questions for awhile. It won't be much of a tale as to length, but I guess it will do. What do you think of clandestinely marrying him to some girl up here in the woods?"

"Great!" cried Lesbit. "I'll help you get it up."

Lesbit and Wisner both had suffered since Deane began supplying the local editor with items, and they were anxious for revenge. They gave Kilterson the benefit of their advice, and the result was a very brief story of the romantic courtship and marriage of Morris Deane while on a vacation in the woods of Northern Manitoba. The farmer's daughter, under another name, was compelled to do duty as bride.

"It's short," said Kilterson, "but it will answer the purpose. A longer story might be crowded out, but if this goes down to the city over my signature it's sure to get in print. I think the suggestion that he was captivated by her winsome ways when he went to the farm house to buy eggs will do the business for him. George! I'd like to be on hand to hear the chaffing his friends will give him when he gets back. Let's see! I'll send this down to-night, and Saturday we're all going home. He'll begin to hear about it Sunday, and then we might each drop him a letter, asking if he thinks the newspaper account has been settled in full to date. That will sort of 'rub it in'."

Kilterson reported for duty the following Monday morning, and the first thing he did was to look over a file of the papers to see if his little story had been printed. He found that it had appeared in the issue for the previous Friday. Thereupon he chuckled.

"What's the joke, David?" asked one of the other reporters.

"Wait," replied Kilterson. "It's a good one, but wait for the finish. I'll tell you about it later."

"If it's so everlastingly funny," was the retort, "you might tell it to the M. E.; he's just been asking for you."

The M. E. being the managing editor, it was inadvisable to keep him waiting, and Kilterson repaired at once to his office.

"Mr. Kilterson," said the managing editor, "you sent down the item about that romantic marriage at Lake Sewauquah, I believe."

The smile on Kilterson's face died away. Such an inquiry not infrequently portends trouble in a newspaper office. However, he naturally had to acknowledge that he sent it.

"It's a quaint, odd little story, and, if true, was worth more space," suggested the managing editor. "Are you sure of your facts?"

Kilterson gave a sigh of relief. It was only a matter of judgment that was in question after all.

"I thought of making it longer," he said, "but I was afraid the night editor might not have room for it."

"Well, never mind that now," replied the managing editor. "We may be able to make more of it later. Of course, you know it to be true."

"Certainly, sir," was the unblushing response; "but I really don't see how there can be any more in it now."

"That depends on circumstances," returned the matter-of-fact editor. "There may be a breach of promise suit in it. There was a young woman in here inquiring about it this morning, and I suspect the man who accompanied her was a lawyer. I told them you were one of our most reliable men and I was sure it was all right; but — Why, what's the matter, Kilterson? Are you sick?"

"No, sir—a little startled by the thought of getting mixed up in such a case; that's all. Not very agreeable, you know."

"Possibly not, but it's only speculation on my part, anyway," admitted the managing editor, "but she was extremely agitated. However, I'll call you when she comes back, and then we'll get the facts."

"A breach of promise case!" muttered Kilterson as he retired. It never had occurred to him that any serious complications could arise from the joke, but now he had to admit that the managing editor's presumption was quite probable. How would he get out of the predicament in which he found himself? How could he satisfy the managing editor, satisfy the girl, and straighten out matters for Deane? The situation was nerve-racking.

"How about that joke, David?" asked the reporter, who had caught him chuckling a few minutes before. "Are you ready to tell it yet?" Then, as he got a better look at Kilterson, he added, "Great Scott! look at the way the man is sweating, and it isn't such a frightfully hot day, either!"

At this there was a chorus of inquiries, but Kilterson ignored them. In fact, he hardly seemed to hear them, his mind being more than moderately busy with his own thoughts. If he confessed to the managing editor, he knew that he might as well tender his resignation with his confession. If he confessed to the girl, she would be naturally indignant, and very likely would complain to the managing editor. Furthermore, from her point of view, he would be simply contemptible; she wouldn't see any point to the joke. Girls had no sense of humor. Still, he owed something to Deane, and this seemed to be the only thing to do. But he didn't know her name or where she lived.

"How about that joke, David?" asked the troublesome reporter, again.

"There isn't any," replied Kilterson, lugubriously. "There never was any. Humor is only tragedy disguised. Don't bother me."

He started for the entrance to the building, in the hope of intercepting her when she came back, but he was too late. The managing editor's office boy caught him before he got to the elevator.

"Kilterson," said the managing editor, as he entered and cast a hang-dog glance at the pretty young woman who stood there eyeing him with pathetic anxiety. "I have assured this lady that your story is true in every particular—that you were present when the ceremony was performed. I understood you to say that."

"Oh, I know it is true," cried the girl—she was nothing but a girl—"I can read it in his face."

"I assure you," began Kilterson, but the girl had turned to the managing editor with an imploring expression.

"I want him to come with me," she said, "to—to confront my husband."

"*Your husband?*" said Kilterson, feebly. This was too awful! She was so young and so beautiful!

The managing editor, alert for a story, but not above a feeling of sympathy for beauty in distress, turned to Kilterson: "Go with Mrs. Deane," he said, "and"—his eye added—"get what available copy there is out of it."

Kilterson, his mind in a whirl, but not without a glimmer of hope as he left the managerial presence, walked beside the girl down the hall to the elevator. She had pulled her veil down and he thought from one or two little sounds he heard that she was crying. He called himself everything in the list of opprobrious epithets, but he got some comfort out of thinking that as soon as they were safe from being overheard he would tell her the facts and take the consequences. He had indeed ceased to worry about the consequences to himself. All he wanted was to bring smiles instead of tears to this beautiful face with the tender youthful curves and the great dark sorrowful eyes. But as soon as they were in the street, she began to speak without waiting for him. Her voice was low and unsteady and the pathetic music of it went to his heart. What blundering idiots men were with their attempts at facetiousness! What joke could ever be funny enough to justify the risk of causing a girl like this one moment's unhappiness? And how she must have been suffering since Friday when that miserable lie came out. But what of Deane? True, he had never said explicitly that he was not married, but he had never said that he was, and he had certainly paid more than a little attention to that blue-eyed little girl who had made him promise to come to the dances. Of course one excuses a certain amount of that sort of thing at a summer resort, but with a wife like this graceful, drooping creature that was walking close beside him, what could a man see in any other girl?

"I could not believe it when I first saw it," she said. "Morris was away. I read it over and over, and wondered what to do and where to turn. To think that Morris whom I had always trusted so ——"

"But let me—" Kilterson broke in, but she did not listen.

"The moment I saw you," she said. "I knew it was so. You have such a truthful face."

Kilterson groaned.

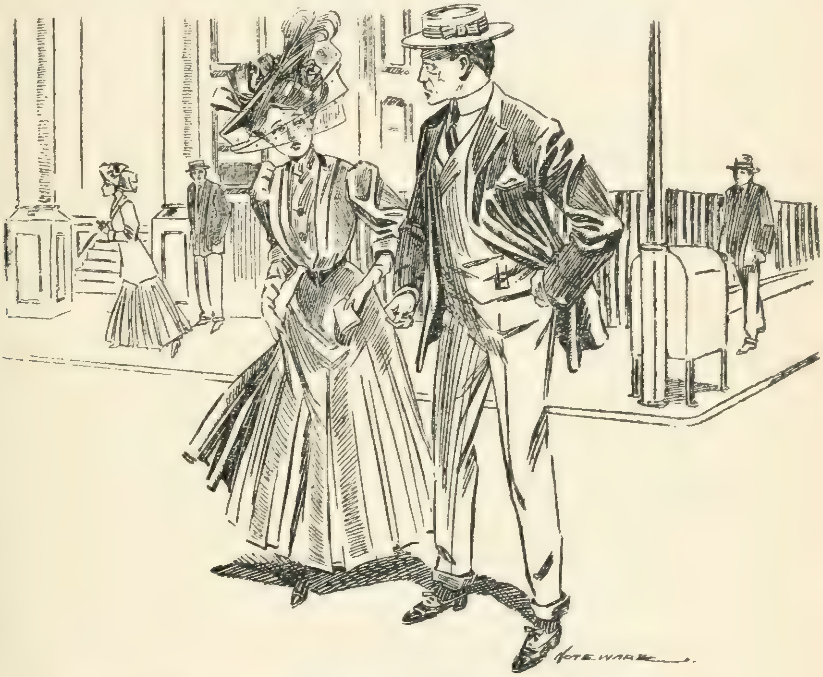
"I have been at my mother's all of the time," she went on, "but I telephoned Morris that I would meet him at Gunter's this noon."

Good heavens! It was at Gunter's that Wisner and Lesbit were to meet him to arrange a joint letter to Deane, which should round out the joke. To run across those two now would be the crowning apex of agony.

"But, Mrs. Deane," he began, desperately—they were nearing Gunter's—"you must let me explain."

"What can there be to explain, Mr. Kilterson?" she asked, with pathetic resignation. "You saw him married to the farmer's daughter. Poor thing! she is to be pitied, too."

This marvellous magnanimity completed Kilterson's demoralization. "But it is all a lie," he burst out, before she could speak again, "a miserable lie."



Good Heavens! It was at Gunter's that Wisner and Lesbit were to meet him

"Oh, Mr. Kilterson," she said, "I can appreciate your wish to shield your friend, and"—she raised her veil and gave him a glance full of confidence—"to spare my feelings, but it is too late. I did hope, of course, that there had been a mistake; sometimes newspapers are not careful in their statements; even after your editor assured me of your reliability I still hoped. But when I saw your face and the straightforward veracity in your eyes, I gave up. I knew then that the story was true." The veil went down again.

Talk about rubbing it in! Kilterson felt that he would like to get down on his knees and beg her to stop. He imagined that the passersby must read in his face the sack-cloth-and-ashes condition of his soul. The girl by his side was going on with some half-murmured reminiscences about Morris, but he hardly heard. He was thinking miserably that after he had convinced her of his own lack of honor that she would never see him again. He took her arm to help her across the street. Gunter's was in the next block. He must tell her.

"Mrs. Deane," he began, but she turned to him imploringly.

"Don't talk to me now," she said, "or I shall break down. Morris is to be waiting for me in the first alcove on the left. I know he hopes to persuade me that the story is false, but when he sees you who actually witnessed the ceremony—oh, here is the place. Come."

Side by side they walked across the

wide room to the first alcove on the left. It was occupied. There seemed to be several people in it. Kilterson's hopes gave a bound. If Morris had mistaken the place there was still time to explain. But Morris had made no mistake. There he sat at the opposite side of the round table, a happy grin on his face; and the other people were Wisner and Lesbit and that blue-eyed girl from Montreal.

Kilterson, after one dazed stare, turned to his companion. She had put up her veil and the dark eyes that had been wells of sorrow were dancing pools of merriment. Deane stepped forward.

"David, my dear fellow," he said "it is a great pleasure to have you with us on this occasion. You have met Miss Henderson," with a proprietary wave toward the blue-eyed girl, "but allow me to reintroduce her as the future Mrs. Deane."

Kilterson recovered sufficiently to bow to the blushing Miss Henderson. Then his eyes went back to the girl at his side.

"Let me also present you to my sister," said Deane, "Miss Eleanor Sapphira Deane—Mr. David Ananias Kilterson."

The dark-eyed girl held out a slim white hand and Kilterson took it. He was still in a dazed condition in which the white hand seemed the only reality.

"Now," said Deane, "if you have quite done shaking hands"—Eleanor withdrew her hand hastily—"pray let us be seated. There is a tale to tell."

Kilterson allowed himself to be steered to a chair. "I should say there is," he said. He looked at Wisner and Lesbit.

"Not guilty," they said, promptly.

"You remember," said Deane, when the waiter had come and gone, "that I changed my plan of coming down with you fellows Saturday and came Sunday. Miss Henderson and her mother came on the same train, and Miss Henderson stopped off to size up her future relatives. We found Eleanor greatly exercised over this libellous newspaper story, and when I told them you must be responsible for it, they planned this little scheme. So to help out, I hunted up Wisner and Lesbit, who posed as sweetly innocent, and persuaded them to be with us at the celebration."

"The point of that joke seems to have been on the wrong end," said Wisner. "The next festivity is on us."

"It is," said Kilterson, "and let us have it immediately. I would suggest a box at one of the theatres for the first evening the ladies have disengaged. Provided, of course, that the inferior performance of the professionals on the stage will not prove too tiresome"—he turned with a bow to the laughing girl beside him—"to the histrionic genius we shall have in the box."

THE BABY

BY CY WARMAN

FIRST, the baby's bonny eyes
Caught the color of the skies,
Then I looked upon his hair,
And the sunlight lingered there;
But he never seemed so sweet
Till his chubby little feet
Ambled out across the lawn,
And caught the color of the street.

THE MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

THIRD PAPER

EVERY sane man hates death. Why should he or those he loves be forced to die? Even more does he hate to see evil men comfortable. The suffering of the good man has always been the great enigma of life. One instinctively feels that evil-doing should bring misery, and virtue happiness. Why should neither be true?

I.

Throw this problem into terms of nationality and we have the enigma confronting the Jewish people. The solitary servant of Jehovah in the world of pagans, the Hebrew people could not understand, why, if Jehovah really were the great God who made heaven and earth, and if indeed all the gods of the heathen were idols, the servants of Jehovah should feel the iniquitous tyranny of those who denied Jehovah's supremacy. It was no academic question, but one of actual experience. The short periods of national prosperity were but oases in the desert of a subject people's history.

Yet misery begat hope. The deep life of faith which beat in the heart of the prophets was not content with passive submission. As long as Jehovah was the one God, so long must the future of his people be one of glory. If suffering were the order of the present moment, it was but that a better future might be possessed by those who had experienced the chastening of the Father of Israel.

Thus there developed among the Jews the belief in two great ages. The present age was full of misery; the future age was full of glory. Between the two lay the great deliverance. Sometimes the hope of what that deliverance should accomplish was very sensuous and frankly political. Judea was to be a second Rome. Among the Pharisees it was, one might say, transcendental. The deliverance was that of the nation, but it was not to be accomplished by war. It was to be a great divine catastrophe, sudden, irresistible. But it was to be something more. Not merely the nation was to be rescued, but all its members, whether living or dead. The coming of the new age on the new kingdom was to be marked by the deliverance of the righteous from the greatest curse that beset humanity—death. And deliverance meant judgment. The God of Israel was to take vengeance upon the wicked, but only after all men had been tried and sentenced. Death all must endure, but with different futures. The wicked dead were to go to the burning abyss of hell; the righteous dead were to experience a resurrection and pass over to the joys of the new triumphant, transcendental Jewish kingdom. The anointed King of God would see to it that no one of those who were righteous suffered after the great day of his deliverance, and with equal certainty would see to it that no one of those who had abused the law should taste of the resurrection of the body and the life of the new age. Deliverance from the power of evil, deliverance from the curse of death, the entrance into joy and power—this was salvation as the pious Jew painted it.

It is easy, therefore, to appreciate what the early Christian would understand by salvation. He rubbed out the national element, but he left the eschatological. That from which the individual was saved was the evil in the present age, and above all, the penalty laid by God upon sin, physical death and future suffering.

It has been more or less customary to

generalize at this point and consider salvation in the New Testament sense as a deliverance from sinfulness—a progressive moral change towards the perfection of God. Such a moral transformation is, of a truth, one of the great elements of the Gospel, but from the point of view of the Apostles, it is not strictly a part of "Salvation." It belongs rather to what they would call "life in the spirit," and what our theologians have called "sanctification." Salvation meant, first of all, negatively, a deliverance from the power of physical death through the resurrection of the body and from the terrors of hell with its punishment. In the second place, salvation meant, positively, the sharing in eternal life; that is, the blessed life of the new age which Jesus would inaugurate at His coming, and the "earnest" of which the Christian was already enjoying in the gift of God's spirit. But all was conditioned upon the actual fact of the resurrection of Jesus. The Pharisees might philosophize about a life after death; the man who believed in Jesus had absolute proof of it. By virtue of His life of holiness, and His resurrection from the dead, Jesus was the great historic demonstration of the certainty of this salvation. There was indeed good news about the future absolutely unique. As Paul himself said, if Jesus were not raised from the dead, the Christian hope was vain, and Christians were still under the penalty of sin. With the fact of the resurrection before them, the men of the New Testament looked forward to death unterrified, knowing that He in whom they had believed as the Christ had experienced death only to triumph over it, and that since He was their Christ, He was to be the first fruits of all His subjects. They had been saved, not from sin—though that, too, would follow in the new age—but from the penalty of sin. Their one great duty was to live worthy of their assured future, and their risen Lord. Death was to be to them as to Him but a sleep.

II.

How much akin is this experience of the early Christian to the fear and faith of the modern man! He, too, cannot understand why evil should triumph; he, too, rebels from believing that a man has no future beyond that of the beast; he, too, despite his inability to think of the future in terms of a kingdom and a great judgment day, is driven by that belief in natural law—which is only another name for the mind of God—with which he explains the eternal process of the universe, to demand some yet higher form of life. Already human life epitomizes the life of the universe. Must it, with all its potencies, be the end of the divine plan? Must there not rather be some stage yet beyond when humanity shall lay aside still farther the traces of the beast from which it has come and pass on to a greater likeness to the spiritual self that unseen but ever realizable controls and makes thinkable the world of force and matter? As never before does the misery of men argue something better yet to come, not for life but for individuals. A beast is complacent where a man suffers. A beast is undisturbed by any suspicion lest the universe be unjust. Man alone demands a deliverance from death, not by way of the introduction of a new species for which humanity prepares the way; not by reincarnation—how childish such a proposal sounds—but by a step forward on the part of personalities themselves into that new stage which seems to be demanded as the logical successor of that succession of stages which each man sees in his past. And, curiously enough, Jesus does for the modern man what he did for the Apostles. The *a priori* argument from science, like the *a priori* argument from Messianic hope, finds difficulty in reaching the individual. The race with the modern man, the nation with the Jew, could expect a future, but how about the members of either race or nation? Could any one of them expect to pass over into the better moment and higher life? Or must they like the millions of other lives that had preceded them be content to die that others, their successors, might be better and happier? Does immortality mean a new type of being, differing from humanity as humanity differs from the beast? Or will men and women, John and Peter and Susan, share as individuals in the new life? We shrink from an uncertain answer as man never shrank before. We believe in the advance of the race; can we believe in the persistence of ourselves?

It is because we forget our facts that we have wandered into distress. It is just here that the Gospel is a Gospel. For it tells of Jesus. It is not the fact that hundreds of years ago men judged Jesus to be the Christ of their Jewish hopes, that appeals to us, but the historical fact of His life and resurrection that compelled this interpretation. One great soul who had lived a life of holiness and love and divine perfection has really made the passage through death from the animalistic human to the spiritually human. Here, then, is one personality that persisted. The fact of the resurrection of Jesus appeals to the modern man, not as a matter of ethical renewal, however much such a view may arouse sentiment, but as a scientific datum as real as that of any earthworm or protozoon. It is no longer an isolated fact that he sees in the risen Jesus, but one correlated with the universe of facts. It comes as the test and corroboration of that working hypothesis of immortality which other facts had forced upon him, and which he had hesitated to extend to the individual, just as Peter and James of the Jerusalem church had at first hesitated to extend their general theories beyond the nation.

Thus the modern man awaits a salvation that is no less definite than the salvation of the early Christian. Nay, in essence it is precisely the same salvation. His description and his philosophy and his hypotheses differ from theirs, but not the great fact which really supports his faith in what he and they longed for. Jesus has demonstrated deliverance from death.

The further effects of this new faith must be left to a later paper. It is enough to say now that salvation in the precise Gospel sense of the word—deliverance from death and sin and suffering—needs but to be preached to be dynamic. The resurrection of Jesus, if once apprehended as historical, will be of enormous force to-day. Why should we minimize these elements of the Gospel, and try to substitute for them ethical principles? People want immortality, and will live better if they believe in it. The Gospel is a message of certainty of immortality. To believe it requires no peculiar religious temperament and no particular credulity. A man needs to listen only to the testimony of those men who are the witnesses of the fact of the career of Jesus. When once that has been received and believed, the modern man, like his older brother, is emancipated. He looks forward with confident eye to that world which lies no farther beyond the realm of the senses than the realm of sense lies beyond the realm of chemistry, and prepares to share in its higher joys and possibilities.

Is such a transforming message not worth the telling? Let a minister preach in modern language the Gospel of immortality with all its consequences —and men will listen. And what is more, they will try to live worthy of this better life that is before them. They will be fraternal because they have a Father and a Brother and a new age. They will not be saved because they are good; they will be good because they are saved.

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

VII.

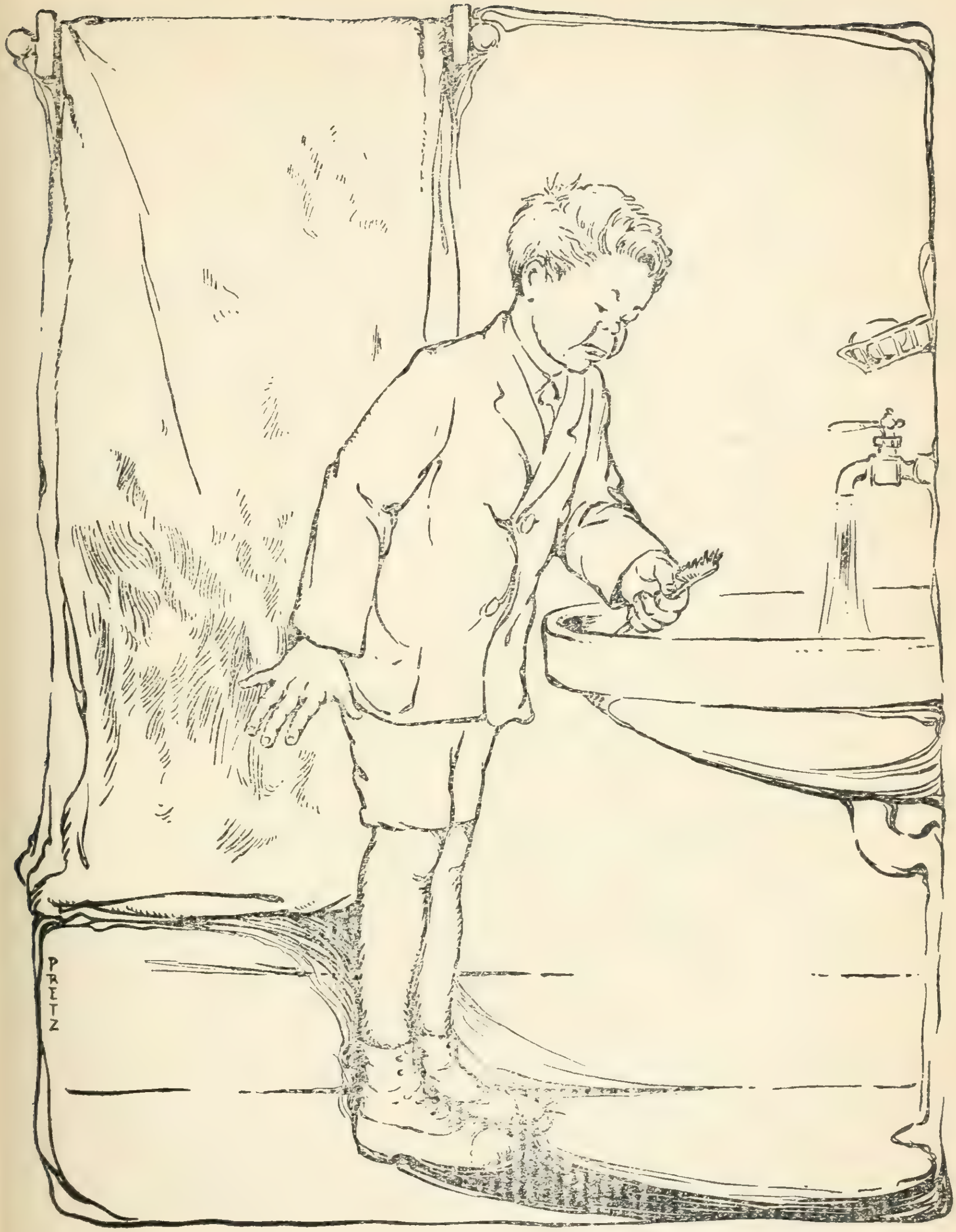
I WISH a fire'd start up here, some day,
And all the rest would run away from you—
The boss and our long-legged bookkeeper, too,
That you keep smilin' at—and after they
Was all downstairs you'd holler out and say;
"Won't no one come and save me? Must I choke
And die alone here in the heat and smoke?
Oh, cowards that they was to run away!"

And then I'd come and grab you up and go
Out through the hall and down the stairs, and when
I got you saved the crowd would cheer, and then
They'd take me to the hospital, and so
You'd come and stay beside me there and cry,
And say you'd hate to live if I would die.

VIII.

SHE telephoned a little while ago
And after she had quit and wasn't there,
I went and put my mouth up to it where
Her soft, red lips had nearly touched, and, oh,
Somehow it kind of almost seemed as though
I breathed the breath she left; the very chair
She sets in is a thing I touch with care
When I go past, because I love her so.

She keeps her toothbrush in her drawer; I seen
Her put it there this morning when she knew
That I was lookin'; hers are white and clean;
I wonder if, to-night, when she gets through
And no one else is here, it would be mean
For me to brush my teeth a little, too?



THE BRUSH WAS FULL OF OIL AND DIRT AND GRIT;
I GUESS SHE'D USED IT ON THE KEYS AND THINGS

IX.

THE lock is broken on her desk; last night
When all the rest had went I stayed and let
Them think that I was keepin' busy yet,
And when the boss and clerk got out of sight,
I snuck her tooth brush from the drawer, all right;
I kind of trembled and could feel the sweat
Come on my forrid, but I got it wet
And started in to brush with all my might.

If we could git the things we try to git,
We'd be as happy, all of us, as kings,
And never have to brace ourselves a bit
To bear the sadness disappointment brings;
The brush was full of oil and dirt and grit;
I guess she'd used it on the keys and things.

X.

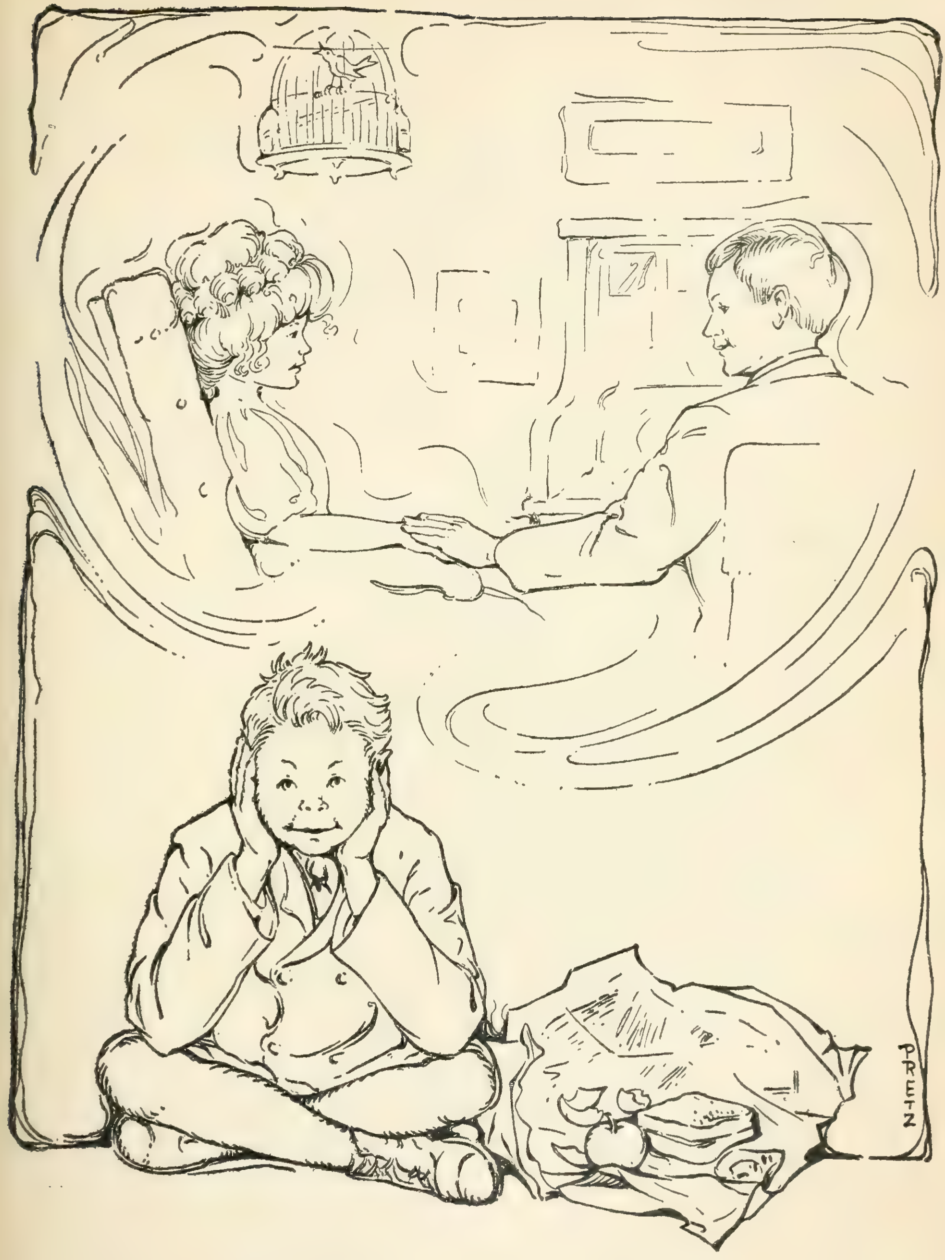
SHE'S got a dimple in her chin, and, oh,
How soft and cute it looks! Her eyes are blue;
The red seems always tryin' to peep through
The smoothness of her cheeks. I'd like to go
And lay my face up next to hers and throw
My arms around her neck, with just us two
Alone together, and not carin' who
Might scold if they should see us actin' so.

If I was boss I'd have a carriage here
To take her to her home in every night;
I'd tell the driver that he needn't fear
To let his horses walk, and holdin' tight
With both hands I would whisper in her ear
While we were snuggled back in, out of sight.

XI.

YESTERDAY I stood behind your chair,
When you was kind of bendin' down to write,
And I could see your neck, so soft and white,
And notice where the poker singed your hair,
And then you looked around and seen me there
And kind of smiled, and I could seem to feel
A sudden, empty, sinkish feelin' where
The vittles are when I have et a meal.

If I would know that some poor girl loved me
As much as I do you, sometimes I'd take
Her in my arms a little while and make



I'D BUY AN EASY CHAIR, ALL NICE AND NEW,
AND GET A BIRD TO SING ABOVE YOUR HEAD,
AND LET YOU SET AND REST ALL DAY——

Her happy, just for kindness and to see
  The pleased look that acrost her face 'ud break
And hear the signs that showed how glad she'd be.

XII.

WHEN you're typewritin' and that long-legged clerk
  Tips back there on his chair and smiles at you,
  And you look up and get to smilin', too,
I'd like to go and give his chair a jerk
  And send him flyin' till his head went through
The door that goes out to the hall, and when
  They picked him up he'd be all black and blue,
And you'd be nearly busted laughin' then.

But if I done it, maybe you would run
  And hold his head and smooth his hair and say
  It made you sad that he got dumped that way,
And I'd get h'isted out for what I done—
  I wish that he'd get fired and you'd stay
  And suddenly I'd be a man some day.

XIII.

IF I was grown to be a man, and you
  And all the others that are workin' here
  Was always under me, and I could clear
The place to-morrow if I wanted to,
I'd buy an easy chair, all nice and new,
  And get a bird to sing above your head,
  And let you set and rest all day, instead
Of hammerin' them keys the way you do.

I'd bounce that long-legged clerk and then I'd raise
  Your wages and move up my desk beside
  Where you'd be settin', restin, there, and I'd
Not care about the weather—all the days
  Would make me glad, and in the evenings then
  I'd wish 'twas time to start to work again.

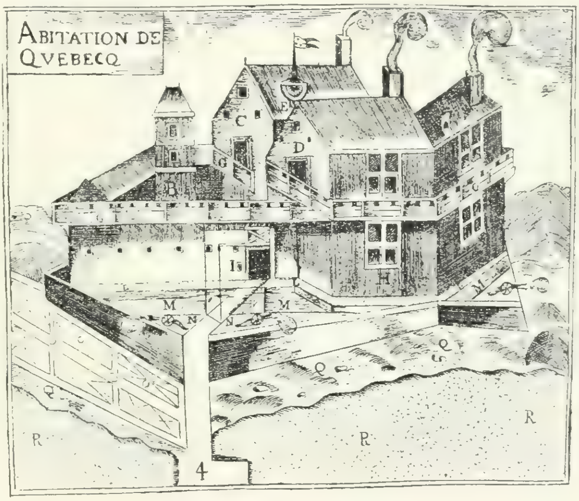
THE SIEGES OF QUEBEC

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HOW KIRKE WON QUEBEC

By Lawrence J. Burpee

In the spring of the year 1627 two hostile fleets sailed from the Old to the New World. One, under the French Admiral, de Roquemont, carried supplies to the starving garrison of Quebec. The other, commanded by David Kirke, armed with letters of marque from King James I., was destined to drive the French out of Canada. De Roquemont was forced into Gaspé Bay by a violent storm, and here Kirke found him, after searching up and down the river, between Tadoussac and the sea. The fleets were curiously matched. De Roquemont had eighteen vessels to Kirke's three; but the French fleet was laden deep with stores, and the decks crowded with women and children, colonists for New France. De Roquemont carried one hundred and thirty-eight pieces of cannon, but most of them were stowed away in the holds of his ships; while the little English fleet was armed to the teeth. Hampered as he was, the French Admiral could not for very shame surrender without a fight. To Kirke's summons, therefore, he returned a curt refusal; but the issue was not long in doubt. Driving his little vessel under the stern of the Admiral's ship, Kirke sent a broadside into her, then rounding to, threw out his grappling irons, and at the head of his crew scrambled aboard. A few minutes' brisk fighting decided the contest. De Roquemont surrendered, and with their Admiral in the hands of the enemy, the remainder of the French fleet quickly haulded down their flags.



CHAMPLAIN'S BUILDING AT QUEBEC
Erected on Commanding Rock and built for a fortress.

Kirke had won an almost bloodless victory; he was master of a French fleet of eighteen sail, loaded with stores and supplies of every kind, and nearly seven score pieces of ordnance. Yet he was not altogether happy. The very extent of his prize was embarrassing. His object-point was Quebec, but he could not attack Quebec and at the same time guard the captured fleet, with its crews and passengers. There was nothing for it but to return to England. Burning ten of the smaller vessels, he loaded the remainder with the more valuable plunder, and sent them to Newfoundland, while he himself returned to England with the more distinguished of his prisoners of war.

With the spoils of his first voyage, Kirke equipped a larger and more powerful fleet, but it was not until March, 1629, that he was ready to sail. Leaving Gravesend toward the end of the month, in the "Abigail," a ship of 300 tons, with five other ships and three pinnaces, he reached Gaspé on the 15th of June. Sending his two brothers, with a portion of the fleet, to the Nova Scotia settlements, he himself, with the "Abigail" and another ship, ascended the river to Tadoussac, meeting and capturing a French vessel under Emery de Caen on the way.

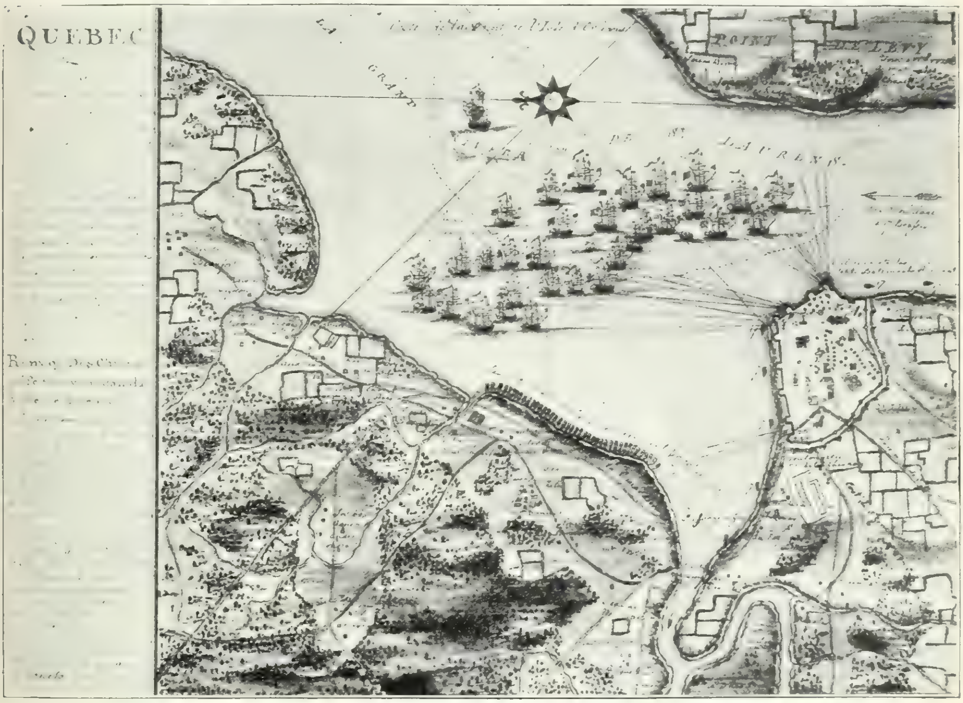
At Tadoussac the remainder of his fleet rejoined him, and leaving most of them there, he sailed up the river with the "George" and the "Gervase," and came in sight of Quebec on the 9th of July. There the heroic Champlain, with his plucky little garrison, had been fighting for months a more terrible enemy than the English. In his own deposition, taken some months afterward, Champlain says: "There were not ane victualls or ordinarie sustenance for men in the forte, the men having lived by the space of two months before upon nothing but rootes." With the Iroquois threatening him behind, the English commanding the river, and hunger within the gates, even the courage and resourcefulness of Champlain could find no way of escape. He would not surrender without a struggle, but a few days' bombardment convinced him that his situation was hopeless. He had guns without ammunition, men without the wherewithal to feed them, and not the faintest possibility of relief from any quarter. Having done all that a brave leader could do, he surrendered Quebec to Captain Kirke, upon the best terms he could secure. He and his men were allowed to march out with their arms, clothes, baggage and skins, and—a vital consideration—Kirke agreed to exchange food for beaver skins. In fact, the English Captain was better than his word. He manned a vessel with seventy of his own sailors, and sent Champlain and his men to England—clothing them and feeding them so well that Champlain's comrade, De Caen, quaintly protested before the Judge of the Admiralty Court in London that "he is upon a diett where he hath much more than he desires, without any agreement what he must pay for it, which makes him afraid that if he should long continue as he doth he should not be able to give satisfaction for it." So ended the first of the Sieges of Quebec.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC BY SIR WILLIAM PHIPPS

By W. D. Le Sueur, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The fifth of August, 1689, is a date of tragic note in Canadian annals, for it was just before dawn on that day that the Iroquois made their descent on the slumbering Village of Lachine, a few miles west of Montreal, and wrought the dismal havoc, over the details of which to this day the reader shudders. The Governor of Canada at the time was the Marquis de Denonville, a man whose piety is greatly lauded by contemporary authorities, and particularly by Bishop Saint-Vallier, the successor of Laval, but whose administrative powers were extremely feeble. He was shortly, however, to resign his office into more vigorous hands; for, on the very day of the Lachine massacre, his successor set sail from France. This was none other than the veteran Count Frontenac, now in his seventieth year, who, seventeen years before, had come out to Canada for his first term as Governor and had remained in the country ten years. His first administration had been vigorous and, on the whole, successful; but he was incessantly quarrelling with the Intendant, Deschesneau by name, and was not quite as tactful as he might have been in his treatment of the clergy. On these grounds he had been recalled; but his immediate successor, M. de la Barre, was a very incompetent man, and of Denonville, who followed La Barre, we have already spoken. Ruin was staring the colony in the face when King Louis the Fourteenth proposed to M. de Frontenac to take another term as Governor, assuring him that if he served him as well as he had done on the former occasion, he would ask no more.

In spite of his years Frontenac did not decline the task. There is no portrait of him extant; but it is hard not to believe that, if one existed, it would show a countenance bearing the stamp of pride, impetuosity and daring, together with an underlying expression of kindliness and generosity. He was easily moved to anger, but he was less vindictive than many who have better control of their tempers.



PHIPPS' FLEET BEFORE QUEBEC
A reproduction of a rare old print made by courtesy of Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archivist

When Frontenac came out there was war between France and England, Louis the Fourteenth having espoused the cause of the exiled English King, James the Second. Even before leaving France, the returning Governor had formed plans for transferring the war to America. The news which he learnt on arriving of the Lachine massacre increased his desire to take vengeance on the English colonies, to whose encouragement the baleful activity of the Iroquois tribes was supposed to be more or less due. For this purpose he organized three war parties, consisting of Canadians and Indians, to operate against the English settlements in New York and Massachusetts, which then included what is now Maine. Three such parties were set on foot, and in the early months of 1690 they did bloody work at Schenectady, Salmon Falls and Fort Loyal on Casco Bay. The massacre at Schenectady was marked by the same atrocities as the one at Lachine, but was on a much larger scale.

These disasters produced a deep effect on the minds of the English colonists, particularly in Massachusetts, and it was determined to strike a decisive blow at French power in Canada. Counsel was taken with the governments of New York and Connecticut, and plans were made for a double attack on the province by means of a land expedition starting from Albany, and a naval one starting from Boston; the first to operate against Montreal and the second against Quebec. Of the land expedition all that need here be said is that it ended in failure, accomplishing nothing save the destruction of a few lives and some property at the hamlet of Laprairie, a few miles from Montreal on the south bank of the St. Lawrence. To organize and equip the naval expedition, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts severely strained its resources; three vessels only out of a total of thirty-three or thirty-four were contributed by New York; New England furnished the rest. The largest ship in the squadron was a West India trader, named "Six Friends," carrying forty-four guns; the next largest was the "John and Thomas," carrying twenty-six guns. Most of the vessels had no armament at all. In all, twenty-two hundred men embarked, some three hundred being sailors and the rest soldiers. Provisions for four months were taken on board, but the supply of powder and ammunition was scanty. Up to the last moment it had been expected that some help would come from England in response to an urgent appeal that had been sent home in April. None came, however, and the expedition had to start without the hoped-for reinforcement on the 9th of August, 1690.

A leader had been found in Sir William Phipps, a man born in very humble life in the wilds of what is now the State of Maine. Having taken to the sea, it had been his luck to recover a large amount of treasure from a Spanish vessel that had been sunk somewhere off the Bahamas: as a reward for which he had received, not only a substantial share of the spoil, but the honor of knighthood from King James the Second. Phipps was a man of daring, of some skill in navigation, and of no small force of character, but he does not appear to have had any special ability as a naval or military leader. In the early part of the year he had had an easy triumph in capturing Port Royal (Annapolis) and other practically undefended French forts in Acadia; but he was now to encounter very different conditions.

The French Governor meanwhile had been busily occupying himself in negotiations with hostile and wavering Indian tribes. The whole trade of the country depended on the security of communications with the West, which had been gravely compromised by the openly hostile attitude of the Iroquois. To tame that redoubtable nation, and win back the native allies, whom the visible weakness of the colony had dispirited and in part alienated, was his great preoccupation. At the same time, as if dreading a possible attack on Quebec, he gave orders for strengthening the fortifications of that place. He was himself at Montreal when the first news came of the impending danger. The date was the tenth of October, and he was on the point of starting for Quebec. The news had come in a double form: the Abenaguis Indians had learnt from a white woman whom they had captured at Pentagonet (Penobscot) that a great expedition had sailed from Boston against Quebec, and this was confirmed by a man who had come up from Tadoussac to Quebec, and who reported having seen Phipps's ships in the river. Making all possible haste, Frontenac arrived at Quebec on the morning of Saturday, the 14th of October. M. de Callières, the Governor of Montreal, was following with some eight hundred men and reached the capital about seven o'clock on Monday evening.

Meantime, Phipps with his squadron, which had been greatly retarded by adverse winds, so that a voyage which might have been made in a month was spun out to over two months, had arrived in front of the city, and sent a summons to the Governor to surrender. Frontenac was not of the surrendering kind, even had circumstances been unfavorable; but, situated as he was, the idea no doubt seemed preposterous. Much had been done within the last few days in the way of strengthening the town; the militia of all the surrounding districts had been called in, and the Montreal contingent was almost hourly expected. Phipps had given as a reason for his hostile proceedings the existing war between the crowns of England and France, and "the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encourage-

FRONTENAC
The energetic governor of New France and the hero of the second siege

ment, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' (William and Mary) subjects of New England." Frontenac made no apology for the "destruction" referred to, but said that it was just what might be expected, seeing that the French King, his master, having taken the deposed English King under his protection, would naturally order him "to wage war in this country on a people in rebellion against their lawful sovereign." He did not hint that the raids of his braves were in reprisal for the previous hostilities of the Iroquois. Being requested to return an answer in writing, he exclaimed in a burst of indignation: "No! the only answer I will give will be from the mouth of my cannon and musketry, that he (Phipps) may learn that it is not in such a style that a person of my rank is summoned." What was defective in the manner of the summons has not been stated. Had Phipps had the power to compel a surrender, the formality of a summons might have been dispensed with altogether. One or two of the French Governor's train were for hanging the messenger as being a traitor to his King, and as belonging to a piratical expedition, but this extreme counsel was not adopted. His eyes had been bandaged before he had been allowed to land, and now, after he had gazed on the glories of the French court, as represented by the brilliant Governor and an almost equally brilliant staff of gay and gallant French officers, the bandages were replaced, and he was rowed out to mid-stream where he was taken on board one of his own boats.

And now it was for Phipps to take Quebec if he could. His expedition was not in good shape for the enterprise, for smallpox had broken out in some of his vessels. The weather was turning extremely cold; more than half the entire stock of provisions had already been consumed; and the conclusion probably forced itself upon him that the task was a more difficult one than he had anticipated. Nothing was done on Monday or Tuesday. On Monday evening, as already mentioned, the garrison was reinforced by Callieres and his eight hundred men. The cheers which greeted their arrival were distinctly heard on board the squadron, and did not tend to raise the spirits of the men. On the afternoon of Wednesday, Major Walley, second in command, landed with about thirteen hundred men on the Beauport flats, a couple of miles or less from the city. Why he was permitted to do so does not appear; for there were troops enough in the city to have made the attempt impossible, especially as the invaders had to wade some distance through icy water in order to reach the shore. There was no enemy visible when they landed; but, as they advanced, a galling fire was opened upon them from the thick bushes which then came down nearly to the water's edge. The New Englanders replied as best they could, and finally, with considerable bravery, charged into the bush. The result was that they gained that evening a position considerably nearer the St. Charles River. Walley, who kept a journal, still extant, of his proceedings, states that he lost on that day four men killed and sixty wounded. On the Canadian side one valuable officer, the Chevalier de Clermont, was killed, and perhaps a dozen or twenty were wounded. A fugitive from the French side gave Walley the rather discouraging news that the troops in the city numbered at this time, French and Indians, about three thousand.

On the same afternoon on which Walley landed, Phipps moved his four principal vessels up before the town and began a most ineffectual bombardment. Not so ineffectual by any means was the fire of the shore batteries. The attacking vessels suffered seriously, one of them particularly; and after a brief renewal of the bombardment on Thursday morning, they retired to a safe distance.

Meantime, Walley's command were having a very wretched time on shore. They were expecting fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition which did not arrive. Instead they got six twelve-pounder cannon which they did not want at all, and could not move—they weighed 800 pounds each—over the marshy ground. There does not seem to have been any fighting on Thursday, but the night was fearfully cold, and the men had almost no shelter. Walley writes in simple fashion: "We stood on our guard that night, but found it exceedingly cold, it freezing so that the next morning the ice would bear a man." On Friday forenoon Walley went to the ships to consult Phipps. Retreat was the only course open, and Walley went back to prepare for it. During his absence there had been more skirmishing and, as before, the losses were chiefly on the side of the New Englanders. On the Canadian side M. de Ste. Helene, one of the Lemoines, a very popular leader, received a wound in the thigh which proved fatal. Walley's men were now in a great hurry to return to the ships, and on Saturday night they succeeded in doing so, leaving their cannon behind however, to become the spoil of the enemy. It was a sorry Sunday that was spent on ship-board. Many were sick, others were wounded, some were frost-bitten, and all were profoundly discouraged. It was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting next day "to seek God's direction," as Walley has it in his journal; but the weather was so stormy that it was all the crews of the several vessels could do to keep them from drifting. The next day the whole squadron set sail for home. On the homeward trip misfortune still followed them. Phipps had brought all his vessels to Quebec without loss. On the return four vessels were lost and many lives.

In the lately besieged city all was rejoicing and triumph, though of course there were some losses to deplore. A careful investigator, M. Myrand, has estimated these at nine killed (including those who died afterwards of wounds) and fifty-two wounded. Phipps reported his losses at thirty; but in this number he probably took no account of the wounded. A religious view of what had happened was taken on both sides. "Well may you speak of this country as the country of miracles," says Laval, the ex-Bishop, writing to Denonville, the ex-Governor. Laval's opinion was that Phipps would have taken Quebec had he arrived one week sooner. On the other hand, the eminent New England divine, Cotton Mather, recognized "An evident hand of heaven sending one disaster after another."

The momentous fact was that Quebec had been saved, and that the life of Canada as a French colony was extended for seventy years. This was certainly one of the critical moments of history; for the Canada of to-day has inherited the independent existence which, in that gloomy week of mid-October, 1690, French Canada successfully defended against an attack which in any case was formidable, and might with a slight change of circumstances have been irresistible. The success of Phipps would in all probability have thrown Canada into the group of English colonies, to share their destinies in peace and in war. If the British flag to-day floats over Canada, it is because it was not raised over the fortress of Quebec in 1690.

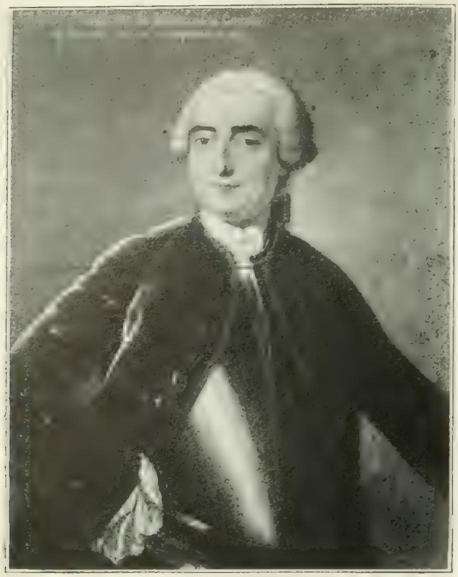
THE GREAT SIEGE OF QUEBEC

By T. G. Marquis

In 1759 New France was on the verge of ruin. She was neglected by the liscentious French Government; she was neglected and robbed by the Colonial Confederates — Bigot, Varin and Cadet—into whose hands Governor Vaudreuil apparently played. The Commander-in-Chief of the forces, Montcalm, was thoroughly competent but greatly handicapped by the interference of Vaudreuil. A divided command helped Wolfe capture Quebec.

Wolfe, "the hero of Louisburg," was chosen by Pitt to attempt the capture of Quebec and thus end French rule on the American continent. He was given a free hand. He had as fleet commander one of the ablest sailors of his time, Saunders, a pupil of Anson. He selected his own brigadiers, and, even contrary to the wishes of the King, chose such an efficient officer as Guy Carleton.

On February 17 everything was



MARQUIS DE MONTCALM
The patriotic defender of Quebec during the siege

ready and the British fleet sailed from Spithead for Halifax. It was not until May that the coast of Nova Scotia was sighted. It was the beginning of June before the final arrangements were completed and the fleet sailed from Louisburg for their goal, Quebec.

In the spring of 1759 the news reached the French that a British fleet was en route for the St. Lawrence. At first the inhabitants were terror-stricken, as Quebec was in no condition to stand a long siege; but their fears were dispersed by the arrival of eighteen vessels with supplies from France.

Montcalm was in Montreal, but hastened to Quebec to prepare it for a successful resistance. All the available troops were hurried to the city, and the excited inhabitants kept watch for the expected warships. Montcalm and Vaudreuil resolved to concentrate almost their entire force on the river front between the St. Charles and the Montmorency Rivers, a distance of eight miles, and one continuous line of redoubts, batteries and entrenchments was constructed. De Levis commanded the left; Dumas the right; Sennezergue, the centre; while Montcalm's headquarters were in the Village of Beauport. Two hulks were mounted with cannon and placed at the mouth of the St. Charles and a boom of logs was thrown across this river. Every available entrance to the city was closed and barricaded save one which was left open to admit troops from the river front. A hundred and six cannon frowned from the heights, and a considerable floating battery with guns, fire-ships and fire-rafts protected the front of the city. The entire force under arms in and about the city amounted to 17,000 men.

Towards the end of June signal fires on the hills along the St. Lawrence told that the enemy's ships were in sight. With incredible skill the vessels were piloted past shoals and reefs, and on June 26, without loss, the entire fleet reached St. Laurent, on the Island of Orleans, and came to anchor.

The next day was a busy one for the British soldiers; boats loaded with troops plied between the ships and the Island, until the entire army was landed and drawn up on the beach. Wolfe was anxious to begin action at once, and looked about him for a point of vantage from which he might attack the city. He knew the strength and the weakness of the forces opposed to him, and, while he had every confidence in his troops, realized that all his courage and skill were needed to drive Montcalm from his stronghold or to entice him to give battle in the open.

On the day of the landing a furious gale blew for several hours. While it lasted, it drove the ships hither and thither, and in spite of the utmost vigilance, some were driven ashore and others collided, causing no small damage. On the following day Vaudreuil determined to try the effect of fireships on the invaders. Seven merchant vessels and a number of rafts had been equipped for their work of destruction at enormous cost. To make their deadly work almost certain, they had been loaded with pitch, tar and other inflammable materials, besides having on board firearms and cannon crammed to the muzzle with explosives. Vaudreuil appointed Delouche, a distinguished naval officer, to the hazardous task of guiding the fireships against the British fleet and setting fire to them at the appropriate time. They started on their journey of destruction at ten o'clock at night, but Delouche's courage failed him and he ignited the vessels much too soon. The night was pitch dark, but the sudden blaze in an instant dispersed the blackness. One after another the vessels leaped into flames, and soon the whole river, from the city to the Montmorency, was as light as day. The flames were not long in reaching the explosives, and the air was filled with the crash of loud reports and the whizzing of balls and bullets, but no harm was done to the British fleet, and no renown gained by the French save by gallant Captain Dubois de la Meultire, who alone acted with cool courage and heroically met death at his post.

Wolfe determined to begin active hostilities. He carefully considered every available point of attack, and concluded that his best move would be to take up a position on Point Levis, directly opposite Quebec. He despatched General Monckton thither with his brigade on June 29, and on the following day went over in person and selected the most commanding spot from which his cannon might play upon the city. The guns of Quebec poured out an iron storm upon his workmen. Many were killed, but the work of entrenchment was vigorously continued and in a short time his troops had secured a strong and comparatively safe position. When all was ready, the besiegers turned their cannon on the city. In all directions bursting shells set fire to houses, and among other buildings the revered Cathedral was given to the flames. But, apart from the destruction of property, this gun-practice availed but little, and the fall of Quebec was still remote.

Wolfe now decided to attack the main force along the St. Lawrence. He first took up a position to the left of the French on the banks of the Montmorency. He hoped by this movement either to press back the left of their line, or by ascending the river to find a ford by which his army might cross and get to the rear of the enemy. For some days destructive firing continued with considerable loss of life, but no material progress was made.

Towards the end of July the British ship "Sutherland," and several smaller vessels succeeded in passing the fortress of Quebec and taking up their position above the city. Wolfe followed up this success by having boats dragged across Point Levis and launched at a spot out of range of the enemy's guns. The French were now attacked from three points—Montmorency, Levis and the river front above the fortress.

Vaudreuil determined to once more try the effect of fireships. He had some seventy rafts, boats and schooners joined together and loaded with guns of all sorts crammed to the muzzles with every conceivable explosive. This "gigantic infernal machine" was carefully directed and appeared destined to destroy at least a portion of the fleet; but the hardy British sailors gallantly manned their boats and grappling the blazing raft pulled it ashore, with bursting cannon and showers of bullets falling about them.

Summer was rapidly drawing to a close and Wolfe, seeing that if something were not achieved at once the year's work would be lost, decided to make a concentrated attack upon Montcalm's main force. He directed a division of his army against the enemy's entrenchments, and on the last day of July a fierce battle was fought. It was a foolish effort and cost the Grenadiers and Royal Americans some four hundred and forty men, among whom were thirty-three officers. Wolfe, however, learned a valuable lesson. With his present force the capture of the entrenchments from the Beauport side was an impossibility, and, withdrawing his troops, he thought out other plans.

Wolfe now gave orders to lay waste the surrounding country. Many villages and farmhouses were laid in ruins, and not a few of their resisting inhabitants put to the sword. No strong opposition was made to these depredations, Montcalm feeling that every man was needed to protect the city itself. Wolfe began to despair. He even thought of giving up the siege for that year and going into winter quarters at Isle aux Coudres, intercepting as far as possible the supplies of the enemy and forcing a surrender in the following spring. Before doing this he determined to make at least another attempt to capture the city and with it Montcalm's army.

Wolfe was a sick man. Death stared him in the face, and he was impatient of delay. At the end of August he proposed three plans to his brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend and Murray—to cross the Montmorency about eight miles from its mouth and take the enemy in the rear, to ford the Montmorency at its mouth and roll back the enemy's left, to make a concentrated attack with fleet and army from the front. The brigadiers advised him to abandon all three plans, and after long consultation suggested the scaling of the heights above Quebec. From the commencement Wolfe intuitively felt that this was the proper course and gladly accepted their suggestion. Illness confined him to his bed for several days, but on August 31st he was once more with his troops. The final stage of the siege now began. Wolfe's first task was to concentrate his troops along the river front above Quebec. He sent up to join Admiral Holmes all the ships he could spare from his fleet. Seeing that his troops at Montmorency were of no practical use, he at once decided on evacuating his position there.

These efforts tried Wolfe's strength severely, and on September 4th he was again prostrated with his painful illness. But he had a will capable of crushing down pain and overcoming bodily weakness, and on the following day was once more with his army. Every cove, bay and rock was eagerly scanned from the Levis shore, and he at length fixed on the Anse au Foulon (Wolfe's Cove) as a place where he thought it possible that his army might scramble up. A guard was there, but it was commanded by the careless coward, Captain de Vergor. Besides this guard the battalion of Guienne was within hailing distance, and the batteries on the headland of Samos and on the heights of Sillery were in a position to play upon approaching boats.

De Bougainville was stationed at Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, with a force of about three thousand men, and it was decided to begin final operations by attacking and harrassing his position.

On September 7, Admiral Holmes sailed up to Cap Rouge, and opened fire on Bougainville's force, and at the same time sent off troops to feign a landing. This was but a ruse of Wolfe's to keep the enemy from suspecting his intention to scale the cliff at the Anse au Foulon.

On the 12th, Wolfe issued his last general orders. Until this time not even his brigadiers knew what course he had decided to pursue. He was keeping his own counsel, and was alone responsible for the final plan which ended in the capture of Quebec.

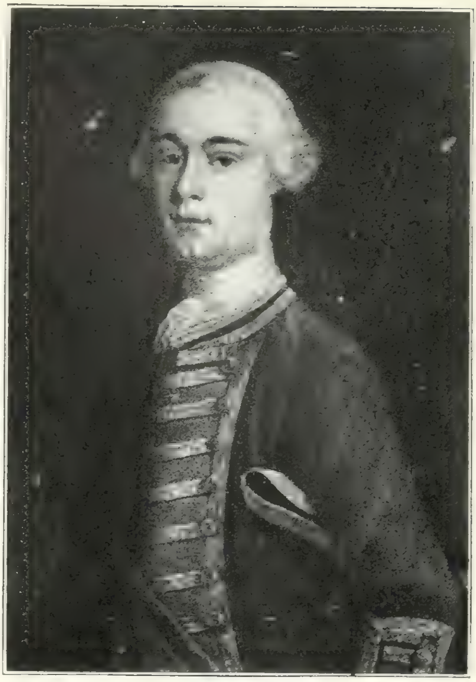
The first task was to choose an advance party to scale the heights, surprise the guard and clear the way for the troops. Twenty-four gallant volunteers were soon found. Seventeen hundred men were to go ashore with the scaling party to be ready to follow them to the heights in case of success. De Bougainville anxiously watched the fleet as the numerous boats left it laden with men. He thought he was to be attacked and remained on the defensive. On the same day Wolfe learned from French deserters that supplies were to pass down to Montcalm's camp under cover of darkness. He decided to have his boats go down in advance of these, deceive the sentinels along the river, and gain the Anse au Foulon without opposition. He feared that Montcalm might suspect his intentions and have a force on the plains to oppose his landing. To avoid this Admiral Saunders was to storm Montcalm's position while Wolfe, in person, led the attack above the city. At nightfall Saunders began a fierce fire on the entrenchments and sent off boats loaded with men to pretend a landing. Montcalm was completely deceived, and as the battle grew in fury he called his troops together to resist what he supposed to be a concentrated attack.

While Saunders was doing such effective work below Quebec, Wolfe was patiently awaiting the ebb of the tide. At two o'clock in the morning everything was in readiness. A lantern gleamed from the masthead of the "Sutherland." This was the signal to begin operations, and the boats at once drifted to their destination favored by a light wind. As they rounded Sillery point a sentinel shouted, "Qui vive!" "La France:" replied Captain Simon Fraser. "A quel regiment?" questioned the sentinel. "De la Reine," answered the quick-witted officer. The troops passed on unmolested. They were again challenged at the headland of Samos, but this, too, they passed in safety by replying to the sentinel, "Provision boats! don't make a noise; the English will hear us!" In a few minutes after passing Samos they landed at the Anse au Foulon and quickly disembarked. Wolfe was the first to step ashore. The volunteers at once began scaling the wooded heights. De Vergor was in bed, and a careless guard was being kept. A sudden volley warned him of danger. He tried to escape, but was shot in the heel and captured. The guard was over-powered, and the British cheer told the troops below that the path was clear. Shortly after daylight the entire army (4,829 men of all ranks) that was to take part in the battle was on the heights, and the batteries at Samos and Sillery had been captured.

Wolfe at once looked about him for a battleground, and soon decided on drawing up his troops on a rough ridge about a mile from the landing-place. Here he awaited the foe.

When Montcalm learned of the landing of the British, he galloped at breakneck speed to the scene of action, and to his amazement found the story but too true. He under-estimated the force, however, and over-estimated his own strength and the assistance Vaudreuil would give him. His warlike spirit would brook no delay. His men, too, were eager for action, and with a force numerically but slightly stronger than that of Wolfe he went at once to meet the enemy.

The English troops waited steadily the charge of the French, holding their ground with admirable firmness, notwithstanding the harassing fire of skirmishing parties. Wolfe went from company to company cheering his men by word and deed. At ten in the morning he saw that the moment had come for a decisive blow. The French assembled on a ridge in front of him and collected their strength for the final charge. In a few moments the whole force was in motion, Montcalm leading the way. Volley after volley was poured into the thin, two-deep British line, but not a soldier moved from his post, save when one fell and a comrade stepped forward to take his place. When the enemy was within forty paces the command "Fire!" rang out. As one man the different brigades poured a leaden hail into the advancing ranks. A second volley almost instantly followed, and cruel indentations in the advancing line and heaps of fallen men told the effect of the fire. The British line moved forward twenty paces. A third well-aimed volley at pistol distance changed the French advance into a retreat. The order to charge was given, and with a ringing British cheer the scattered enemy


GENERAL WOLFE
The genius who finally won Quebec from France and died in the hour of victory

was driven in full flight toward Quebec.

But there was mourning in the British camp; Wolfe was slain; there was bitter mourning in Quebec; the city must inevitably fall; Montcalm was wounded unto death and Vaudreuil was in cowardly flight.

By nightfall on the 17th, twenty-one British guns were ready to open their deep voices on the city. After a feeble resistance, Governor Ramezay sent out a flag of truce. Townshend was now in command, and sternly replied that if the city were not delivered into his hands by eleven o'clock on the following day, he would capture it at the bayonet's point. His demands were complied with, and on September 18 the British troops were marched into Quebec, and the French flag would never again, as a symbol of authority, wave over the strongest fortress in America; but under the British flag French hearts were to enjoy greater freedom than they had ever experienced under French rule.

MURRAY'S DEFENCE OF QUEBEC

By John Ridington

It was almost the end of June, in the year 1759, when the British appeared before the Isle of Orleans, and by September 18th they had made themselves masters of Quebec, the key of French Dominion, the Gibraltar of America. The exploit was one of the most daring, but profoundly calculated, feats of arms in all history. The conflict shed almost equal lustre on victor and vanquished. Never was victory more consummate, or defeat more glorious.

Quebec had been so badly battered by the guns of Admiral Saunders' fleet that it afforded but little shelter to the British on taking possession. The Lower Town was a wilderness of scorched and crumbling walls. Even in the Upper Town the cathedral was burned to a shell, and the solid stone buildings were pockmarked by numberless cannon balls. The bomb shells had burst open even the tombs of the dead, scattering bones and skulls and splinters of coffins. The body of Montcalm, the last hero and hope of New France, now sleeping in peace among triumphant enemies, had found fitting burial in a grave already half dug by a bursting shell. Confusion and pillage reigned among citizens, many—though they aggravated rather than bettered their lot by so doing—fleeing to the surrounding country.

The command of the British forces in Canada after the capture of Quebec, devolved upon Brigadier Murray, an upright, humane, gallant and generous soldier eager for distinction. Ten battalions of regulars, a corps of rangers, and the artillery were left with him to bide the rigors of a Canadian winter and to defend the ruins of Quebec against the efforts of Levis until the spring should unlock the ice-bound St. Lawrence and permit the return of the fleet.

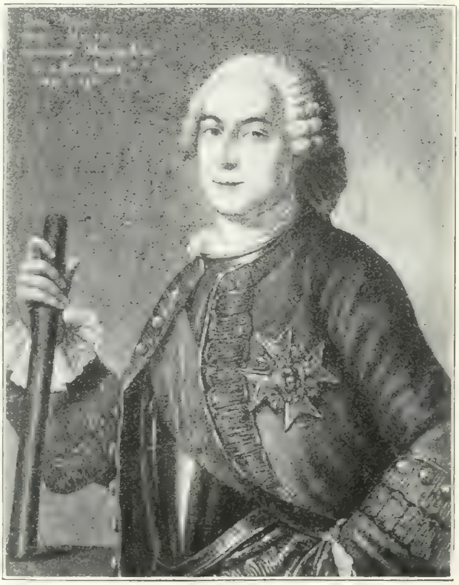
The very beginning of British supremacy in Canada was marked by that equity and toleration that have made it possible for peoples of diverse race and language to each do its share for the upbuilding of a great Dominion. Murray befriended the Canadians, and issued strict orders against harming them in person or property. He hanged one of his soldiers who had robbed a citizen of Quebec, and severely punished others for slighter offences. The troops also showed kindness to the conquered people, shared with them their tobacco and rations, and helped to harvest the meagre crops of the war-harried country.

Within a very short time of their taking possession of Quebec, the appearance of the troops whose steady valor on the Heights of Abraham had been the outcome of Wolfe's contagious spirit and unrelaxing discipline, would have moved to derision the martinets of Whitehall. "We rather resemble a masquerade than a body of regular troops," wrote one of their officers, "the uniformity, as well as nicety of the clean, methodical soldier being buried in the rough, fur-wrought dress of the frozen Laplander." The troops were put to sorry shifts to protect themselves against the intense cold, and the Highlanders, in spite of their natural hardihood, suffered the most, the "garb of old Gaul" offering but slight defence against the rigorous winter climate. The nuns, whose convents they guarded, knitted woollen stockings for their bare legs—the gifts being perhaps inspired as much by modesty as charity. The men's feet and fingers were continually being frozen, though sentries were relieved every hour. One hundred and fifty-three were treated for frost-bite in a single week, and of one whole party of two hundred men sent to the south shore only two escaped. The supply of fuel in the town was hopelessly insufficient, and the cutting and dragging from the forests of Ste. Foye, four or five miles distant, was one of the chief tasks of the garrison for many weeks. Eight men would harness themselves to each sleigh, for the labor of hauling the loads through the deep drifts was prodigious.

Financial troubles added to the difficulties of Murray. For the second time during the war Secretary Barrington shamefully neglected to send out money for the military chest. The troops had not been paid since August, so that none of the men had the wherewithal to supplement the army rations or clothing. The navy, before the sailing of the fleet, had done everything possible to help the sister service, leaving behind all the stores it could do without on the voyage home. To help the financial situation the officers had subscribed a fund of 3,000 pounds for the military needs of the garrison. Murray obtained what supplies he could by undertaking to pay for them on the return of the fleet.

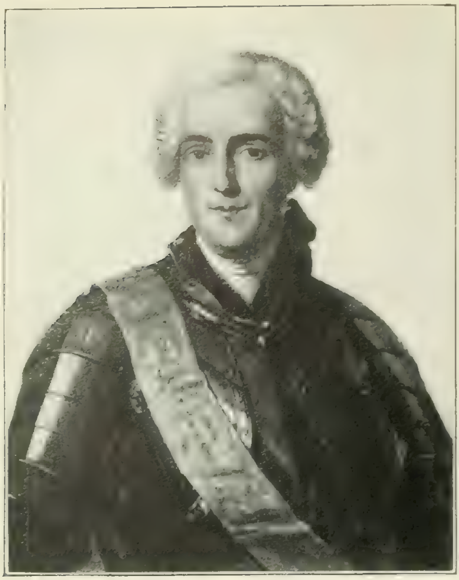
Small as the garrison was for the all-important work it had to do, it was far bigger than the food supply, and for months during the winter it was in a state of semi-starvation. There was absolutely no fresh food to be got long before Christmas—salt pork, salt beef and biscuits was the only food available. Scurvy broke out, and in spite of every precaution, this malignant disease, aided by fever and dysentery, played havoc with the garrison, as it had with the crews of Jacques Cartier at the same place two centuries before. Of about 7,000 men left at Quebec in the autumn, scarcely more than 3,000 were fit for duty on the twenty-fourth of April. About 700 had found temporary burial in the snow drifts, as the frozen ground was impenetrable as a rock.

Quebec is impregnable on either of its water-washed sides, but, an enemy once in possession of the heights to the west, the city is at his mercy. Montcalm had no choice but to march out and meet Wolfe as soon as he knew the British had scaled the cliffs and were on the Plains of Abraham. The logical defence was, therefore, to fortify the Plains with earthworks, but to do this in the frost-bound season was impossible. Nevertheless, whatever could be done was done. Eight timber redoubts were erected outside the city towards the Heights, and armed with artillery. Outposts were established at favorable points. The adjoining parishes were ordered to make 10,000 fascines and 40,000 pickets for temporary fortifica-



MARQUIS DE VAUDREUIL

By his vascillation and self-seeking he lost Canada to France



CHEVALIER DE LEVIS
His gallant attempt to recapture Quebec almost undid Wolfe's work

tion. Some entrenchments had been dug before winter locked land and river in its icy grip. A sub-garrison had been established across the river at Point Levis. Works to prevent a landing had been constructed some miles up the river at Cap Rouge. Ste. Foye and Old Lorette were fortified, ammunition depots were located in secure positions, and frequent consultations were held as to the best dispositions for defence.

It soon became apparent to the garrison that it was not the intention of the French to permit Quebec to remain in their hands without a determined effort to recapture the fortress. They had frequent reminders of this fact throughout the winter. Almost every week saw spirit-stirring skirmishes between the garrison or the outposts and roving bands of French regulars and condottieri or their Indian allies. One side would establish itself in a building—preferably a church because of its greater size and solidity—and the other would either storm or besiege it. Rude but effective log forts would be built at strategic points, and often were no sooner completed than they were attacked. There were frequent and fierce fights in the woods, both the opposing forces travelling on snowshoes, in which the British, particularly the Highlanders, had become quite expert. And the men of the half-sheltered, half-frozen, half-starved and half-clothed garrison never hitched themselves to a sleigh to track across the snow to the nearest bush for firewood without the prospect of a sudden attack, and the danger of their scalps decorating the wigwams of the French Indian allies.

Meantime, at Montreal, the arrogant, vacillating, supple and self-seeking Vaudreuil, in the intervals of besmirching the memory of Montcalm in his dispatches to Paris, had been issuing inflammatory addresses to the Canadians, while Levis had set systematically to work to organize the expedition to retake Quebec. By April 17th he had 7,260 men ready, and in the march from Montreal he would be joined by several thousand more. Levis expected to carry Quebec by escalade, and, just before the starting, the troops had a grand rehearsal with scaling ladders against the walls of a church. Provisions were gathered from far and near, but the stock was scanty and the quality poor. Butcher knives were lashed to the muzzles of guns, for the supply of bayonets had run out. All the workmen around Montreal were busied in making tools and gun carriages. The war vessels still remaining to the French were refitted and two new galleys were built. The stores and cannon were placed aboard, the army embarked in a fleet of batteaux, and on April 20th, 1760, eight batteries of the line, two of colony troops, the colonial artillery, three thousand Canadians and four hundred Indians—6,910 in all, according to Levis' own statement—set out for Quebec. With the accessories to his strength he recieved from the garrisons he passed on his march, and by the Canadians who joined him en route, his army when he arrived before Quebec was over 9,000 men.

Murray had meanwhile completed, as far as was possible, the preparations for the impending attack. The day after Levis left Montreal he ordered all the French out of Quebec. He abandoned and burned the blockhouses at Point Levis, fell back from Old Lorette before the advancing emeny, and with his entire force withdrew within the walls.

He had the choice of one of three courses—to defend the city itself, to fortify himself outside the walls on the Plains of Abraham, or to risk a battle in the open field. He had long decided on the second plan, but little had been done towards the necessary fortifications owing to the severe weather. Though the ice had gone out of the St. Lawrence three days before, the ground was still frozen when Levis came knocking at the gates of Quebec, and, under the most favorable circumstances, to construct the entrenchments would take ten days.

Murray was young, ardent, fearless, ambitious and emulous of the fame of Wolfe. He determined to attack the enemy in the open field.

On April 28th, leaving only a handful to guard the gates, the British marched out of Quebec—3,000 hungry, ill-clad, high-spirited men, against an army three times their number. The French had already commenced the construction of redoubts, and the garrison promptly attacked them, driving them from the works. Reinforced, the French took the aggressive and broke the British right, which, falling back, masked the fire of the artillery. The left gave ground under heavy odds, and some gave way utterly. The British guns were all abandoned, and the whole army retreated within the walls. Nothing but the feeble landward defences of Quebec, and its hungry and hard-pressed little garrison, prevented the fleur-de-lis from again waving as the ensign of sovereignty in Canada.

Though the battle of Ste. Foye had been short, lasting less than two hours, the losses were very heavy. Levis had 1,800 men in killed and wounded, while Murray had lost 1,124 men—over one-third of his available force. The great preponderance in numbers of the French of course made their loss relatively less.

Levis now closed in on a city apparently doomed. He started his parallels and mounted siege guns at every coign of vantage. His ships discharged provisions and warlike stores of all kinds, which were hauled up the Anse du Foulon, the precipitous path up which Wolfe had scaled the cliffs the preceding September.

Murray met these energetic preparations with equal vigor. He cut embrasures in the city walls, mounted fresh guns, and organized nightly sorties to harry the French. works. The sick were placed in the convents, the women attending them and doing the cooking, so that every gaunt fighting man might be on the firing line. The convalescents filled sandbags to strengthen the defences, and even the sick and wounded in the hospitals made waddings for the cannon. Officers, as well as men, worked with barrow, pick-axe and spade, while Murray and his engineers showed exhaustless fertility in resourceful defence.

The immediate fate of Canada was now plainly dependent on the command of the sea. If France could only get a fleet and convoy to Quebec, the balance of victory would surely incline towards her. If, however, the British fleet should return first, Levis' position would at once become untenable, for the fleet could sail up the St. Lawrence and land troops that would place him between two fires.

On the first of May Murray had sent the "Racehorse" to Amherst at Halifax with letters advising him of the situation. Eight days before, the British fleet under Colville had left that port for the St. Lawrence, but had been much hindered by ice and contrary winds.

At Quebec besiegers and besieged looked eagerly down the St. Lawrence for the ships that should decide the city's fate. On the morning of May 9th the tops of a man-of-war were seen above Point Levis. She rounded into the harbor and came slowly on, her men at quarters, her decks cleared for action. Amid breathless excitement the garrison waited to see with what colors she would answer the citadel, and when the Union Jack was run to the peak the little beleagured army mounted the walls and cheered to the echo. She was the "Lowestoft," and had left England exactly two months before.

Levis still continued to press the siege, for he had nothing to fear from a single ship, but on the 15th three more came to harbor, and, two days later, Colville's Halifax squadron arrived. To remain longer was simply to court destruction, and Levis hurriedly raised the siege, abandoned his guns and almost all his equipment, and retreated in all haste, both by land and water.

When Murray made a vigorous sortie next day he found the French trenches empty. He pursued, but Levis was already well on his way to Montreal. On the river, however, the British were more successful, the fleet attacking and destroying the remnants of the French frigates and transports. One of the frigates—"L'Atlanta"—was fought most gallantly by her commander, Vanquelin. He kept off the British during a running fight of many miles, finally running his vessel ashore, and fighting until he had fired his last round. He then burned his ship, landed his crew, and left his colors flying!

So, after an arduous, well-conceived and capably executed campaign of six weeks, Levis was back again in Montreal. He had won a battle but had failed to take Quebec, or in any way change the situation; he had lost his guns, ships and stores. The curtain was up for the last scene of the drama. The British moved on the doomed colony from east, west and south. Levis soon found himself shut up on the Island of Montreal with Vaudreuil, Bigot and the shameless band of wreckers who were mainly responsible for bringing New France to such desperate straits. The end came early in September. Forsaken of France, and overborne by the overwhelming strength of Britain, the French forces in Canada unconditionally capitulated, to find, in British rule in the succeeding century and a half, respite from extortion, equity in government, and opportunity for development such as they had never known under the autocracy of the Bourbons.

THE LAST SIEGE OF QUEBEC

By C. Frederick Hamilton

On November 19, 1775, Governor Carleton entered Quebec, a fugitive from Montreal. Great was the joy of the garrison and of the loyal among the inhabitants; yet his arrival was far from triumphant. Behind him were bitter disappointment, defeat, a Canada over-run by Americans from the revolting colonies. Ahead, had he known it, was the success which meant that there would be two great nations on the North American continent. He could not see ahead and gloom hung thickly about him. Yet he abated not a whit of the cool, calm, polite, almost cold composure of his manner. He began at once to organize, and, under the influence of his efficiency and high serenity, the discouraged garrison and the half or quarter disloyal militia pulled themselves together.

Up to this time Carleton had not done particularly well as a soldier, and as a statesman had seen his work fall in ruins. He found himself in September with an American invasion on his hands and with less than 1,000 regular soldiers to meet it. His attempts at defence collapsed. Very injudiciously, from a strictly military standpoint, he sent 700 of his regulars to St. John's and Chambly, right on the frontier, and there Montgomery's 3,000 Americans curled round and captured them. Then Montreal fell, and with it 150 more regulars were captured. This whole campaign, at the outset, was more political than military. The Americans posed not as men who were invading the Canadians, but as men who were raising a rebellion among them; they sowed the countryside full of stories, argued desperately that they were the real friends of the French-Canadians, and tried with some, though very slight success, to enlist French-Canadians as soldiers. To some extent the farmers believed the Americans.

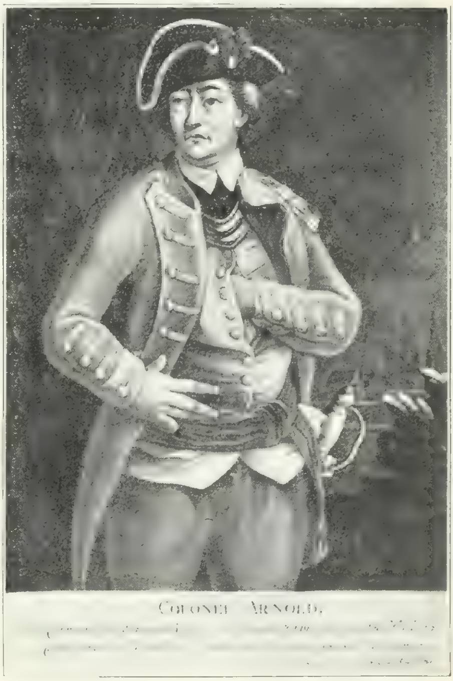
To a larger extent they sat quiet and let the English folk fight their own quarrels in their own way. Carleton, for his part, had spent nearly ten years trying to turn Canada into a French Province, which was to be a citadel of monarchy on the continent. He expected the French to turn out in their old militia for King George, as fifteen years earlier they had for King Louis. And when he came to call out this militia he found himself confronted with a half-rebellion, as well as with an invasion. In the country the French-Canadian farmers helped the Americans, and in Montreal a portion of the English-speaking inhabitants worked for the invaders because they were angered at the favor shown the French.

Quebec, now that the regulars had been captured, was badly off. If the marines on the two small warships in the harbour were landed, Carleton's regular or semi-regular force would be:

	Officers.	Rank and File.
Seventh Fusiliers....	7	76
Royal Emigrants....	21	207
Marines............	3	34
	—	—
	31	317

Defend Quebec with 300 bayonets! The militia at first had been untrustworthy: there was the same disposition to rebel which had shown itself in Montreal. But Maclean, Commander of the Royal Emigrants, stopped a meeting where surrender was being preached; Carleton when he arrived packed the ringleaders out of town; the militia stiffened and improved, and ultimately it amounted to 900 men, nearly 600 of them French. And then Carleton brought ashore 400 sailors, trained to work big guns, though otherwise inexpert in land-fighting, and so he organized a garrison of some 1,650.

Let us turn to the Americans. They had planned two invasions, one open, one secret. The Hudson River, Lake Champlain, Richelieu River route was the traditional doorway to Canada, and Montgomery entered by it. From the sea coast of Maine it was barely possible to ascend the Kennebec, cross the mountains at Lake Megantic, descend the Chaudiere to the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec. Arnold, a bold, adventurous, resolute man, was given 1,000 men and ordered to try this route. The rivers were rocky, swift and unfit for boating, so that it proved impossible to carry provisions, and the 800 men who got across the mountains were starving when they reached the French-Canadian settlements and were given food. On November 8 they appeared at Point Levis; the Quebec authorities had just warning enough to carry most of the boats to the north side. On November 14, while Carleton still was in trouble near Montreal, Arnold managed to cross the river in a very daring manner, and tried to bluff the town into surrender. Cramahé and Maclean, who were in command, were not to be bluffed, and Arnold, as he had no artillery, had nothing to do but fall back to Point aux Trembles, twenty miles higher up the river, and wait for Montgomery. He did this on Novem-


Colonel Arnold.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

The daring leader of the march through the almost impassable wilds of Maine ber 18; on November 19 Carleton slipped by him and entered Quebec.

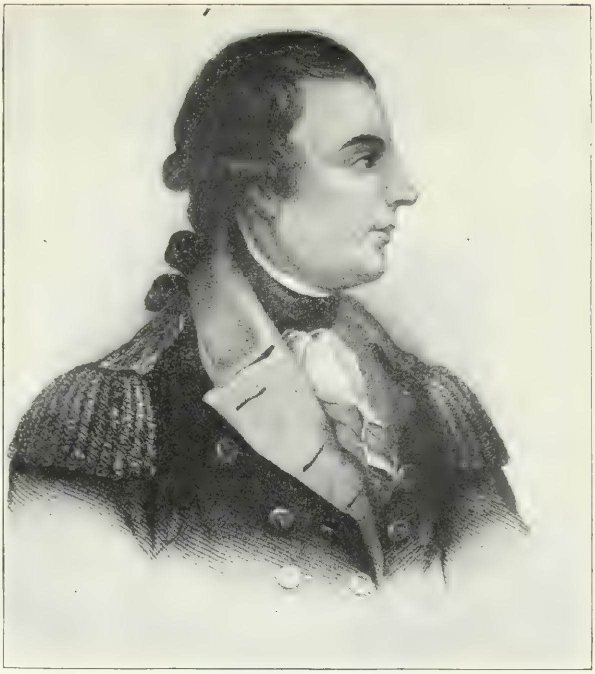
Montgomery duly joined Arnold and, on December 5, 1,500 to 2,000 Americans appeared on the Plains of Abraham and began the siege. Hitherto the invasion had been in great part a rebellion, and all through December a large portion of Montgomery's efforts ran in the line of stirring up disloyalty in the garrison. As Carleton would not receive overtures—for he held the Americans to be rebels and not entitled to the courtesies of war—Montgomery sent letters in by old women and other odd messengers, and had appeals to the people tied to arrows and shot into the town. One letter to Carleton was a very insulting piece of boasting, ending with an injunction not to destroy any of his stores; "if you do, by heavens there will be no mercy shown." One letter to the citizens was remarkably like Rabshakeh's speech when he advised the people on the wall to be disloyal to King Hezekiah: "Let me entreat you to use your endeavors to procure my peaceable admission"; otherwise, dreadful things would happen to them. It was the course which had succeeded so well at Montreal. But Carleton had steadied the garrison, and its spirit improved as the days went by. The summoning was a waste of ink. The bombardments which Montgomery tried proved a waste of powder. A small breaching battery on the Plains was shot to pieces as soon as it tried to open fire, and a number of small shells thrown into the town did no damage. So, towards the end of December, Montgomery resolved on a bold stroke. He would attempt an escalade.

Everybody knows that Quebec consists of an Upper Town on the bluffs, backed by the Plains of Abraham, and a Lower Town on the low land between the St. Lawrence and St. Charles. To enter the Lower Town it was necessary to squeeze between the high bluff and one of the two rivers. At the west or St. Lawrence end there was no road at all past a place called the Pres de Ville, but active men might scramble along between precipice and river. At the east, or St. Charles end, there was a narrow neck, known as the Sault au Matelot, or Sailor's Leap. Carleton simply barricaded these two narrow entrances; one barrier was regarded as sufficient for Pres de Ville; two, one on each side of the Sault au Matelot, were provided for the east end.

Montgomery's plan was to pretend to attack the wall opposite the Plains, sending a couple of detachments to make noisy demonstrations, and to deliver his real attacks low down, storm the barricades and break into the Lower Town.

Montgomery could attack the bastioned wall which fronted the Plains; if he stormed it he would have the Upper Town, and the Lower Town would fall with it. He might creep along the foot of the bluff on which the Upper Town stands, and break into the Lower Town. There was no comparison between the two plans from a strictly military standpoint; apart from the disadvantage of fighting in narrow streets, even if the Americans succeeded they would have a second and very disadvantageous fight on their hands, for they would have to storm the wall-topped hill. But once again politics mingled with soldiering; the idea of tampering with the garrison's loyalty still was on top, and it was thought that if the citizens in the Upper Town saw their shops in the hands of the Americans, they would force Carleton to surrender. So Montgomery, on a dark stormy night, December 30-31, took some 300 or 400 men and crawled along to the barricade at the Pres de Ville; and Arnold with 600 or 700 was to attack the two barricades at the Sault au Matelot. Two small parties were to pretend to attack the Upper Town ramparts from the Plains, to distract attention.

Montgomery's attack crumpled up in the twinkling of an eye. In the snowstorm he came close upon the barricade, which was manned by sailors and French-Canadian militia. He had with him 50 or 60 men, the rest of his party stringing out along the narrow pass. The barricade was silent. Montgomery sprang forward with a shout of encouragement. At the instant a cannon flashed and a charge of grapeshot swept down the head of the American column; Montgomery and the two leaders next in rank were among the thirteen who were killed. More cannon shots and a musketry fire; back went the Americans. The defenders of the barricade, being undisciplined men, later in the night were struck with panic and fled; but they had done their work. Montgomery was dead, and his attack had failed.



RICHARD MONTGOMERY

Commander of the American invasion, who lost his life in a vain assault on Quebec

A reproduction of an unusual portrait made by courtesy of Dr. Doughty, Dominion Archivist

Arnold's men made a longer fight of it. Marching down from St. Roch, they rushed the first barrier and took it after some fighting. Here Arnold was wounded, and had to go back; Morgan, a man of desperate courage, took command and led the Americans across the neck at the Sault au Matelot, up a narrow street huddled against the foot of the rock, and slap against the second barricade. There they fought for a long time, only to find that they could do nothing against it. Some of the fighting was murderous close-quarter work inside the rooms of a stone house which was part of the barricade.

Here Carleton's directing mind decided the issue. First he appraised at their true meaning the noisy attacks on the front, and turned his attention to the Lower Town attack. Then he organized the solid defence of the barricade against which Morgan's men ran their heads in vain. Then, as soon as it was evident that the barricade was holding them, he sent party after party out of the Palais Gate, down the hill, around the Sault au Matelot, and upon the rear of the Americans. Thus cut off, Morgan and his men had to surrender. Over 400 of them were captured; perhaps 200 were killed.

After the assault Carleton gave a notable exhibition of cool prudence. The Americans, until reinforced from Montreal, had only some 800 men under arms, and many in the garrison were keen to sally out and drive them away. But Carleton would not stir, and the pertinacious Americans kept up a blockade until early in May, when the ice broke, the British ships came up the river, and it was time for them to go. It certainly was curious to see from 800 to 1,500 Americans holding a garrison of 1,600 behind its fortifications, but Carleton was right. What he above all things had to do was to keep Quebec safe till spring; then an army would come from England. As long as he stayed where he was he assuredly could keep Quebec; if he sallied, he might possibly be beaten, and then Quebec would fall. He would be exchanging a certain for an uncertain chance. So with great prudence Governor Carleton sat quiet.

Then the army came. Then the Americans found that the French-Canadians were as unwilling to help them as they had been to help Carleton, and their invasion collapsed; and, as Sir James Carmichael-Smyth quietly says: "They got out of Canada nearly as quickly as they came into it."

So ended the siege. A very dull affair, except for that hot morning's work where No. 5 Fire Station now stands in Lower Town. But how much it meant for the North American continent!

CHAMPLAIN

1608—1908

BY THOMAS C. ROBSON

IS THIS the virgin forest of the past?
These the giant oaks spreading far and wide,
That greeted Champlain in his venturous ride
By lake, river, and rapid surging fast.
E'en lonely Nipissing no barrier cast
'Fore his adventurous soul, that knew no rest,
Till he had hailed the empire of the West,
Saw, in each cove white sail and sloping mast,
With their once streaming pennants now in peace,
Forgetful of the winds they late did woo
On new-won seas, when striving without cease.
The long low chant he heard from rude batteau,
Heard, too, the deep-mouthed cannon's booming sound
On Hochelaga's isle and royal mound.

To have been with him when with hope he sailed
In light canoe, amid a lonely wild,
When spring broke forth like a fast sleeping child,
And at his father winter chaffed and railed.
To have been with him, even tho' we failed
To grasp his deep-laid schemes. To have reposed
'Mid forest verdure with great pine enclosed,
Sweet, as breath of heaven-sent cherubim
To him of old. To you almost as sweet
As chaste salute, making your vision swim,
Caught from sylvan naiad whose unbuskined feet
And fearless untamed eye, in one brief thought,
Entrapped your fancy, happy being so caught.

A MODERN MIGRATION

BY LOUISE DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

YESTERDAY, a prairie schooner and a pair of raw-boned oxen; to-day, a train of eighteen cars and a high-powered locomotive. These two pictures contain the whole story of the migratory movement to the West.

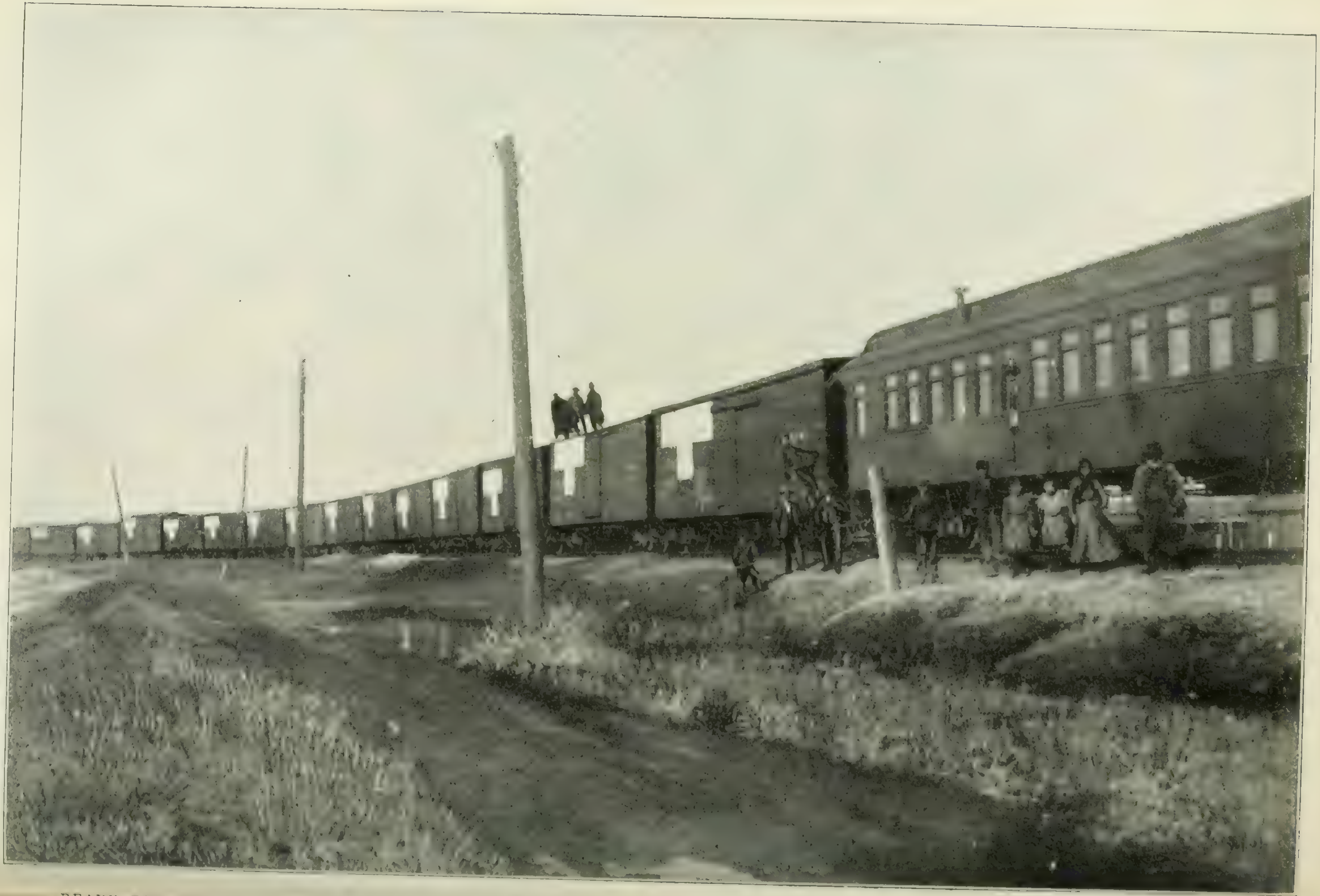
To "go west" in the days of the pioneers, meant a toilsome, tedious, often dangerous journey, and the breaking of all the ties of kinship and friendship—a tearing up of a family by the roots that left an aching gap in the hearts of the immigrants and a void in the life of those who were left behind. None of these hardships have met the three hundred German Lutherans who this spring migrated from Hastings, Nebraska, to the Tramping Lake district in Saskatchewan. They encountered no dangers during their journey of a few days, more frightful than the curiosity of the throngs who swarmed at each stopping place, attracted by the posters, "Bound for Canada," on their comfortable modern cars. They broke no ties of kinship or friendship, because all their ties went with them—the colony moved bodily, parents and children, cousins and friends, even all the familiar animals from the plow horses to the pet canary.

The first installment left Hastings on April 2nd, on the "Canada Special," a train of seventeen freight cars and one tourist, carrying twenty-three families and all their household goods. These modern immigrants had nothing to do but unload the stock to be watered and rested once in twenty-five or thirty hours, and cook their meals on the range in the tourist—the railroads did the rest. Here was no hardship from which the women might never recover, but rather a jaunt which the comforts and novelty made a real pleasure, so that the whole party echoed the sentiments of the little girl who sighed as she left the car for the last time: "Oh, I wish we were just starting, and then I could see it all over again!"

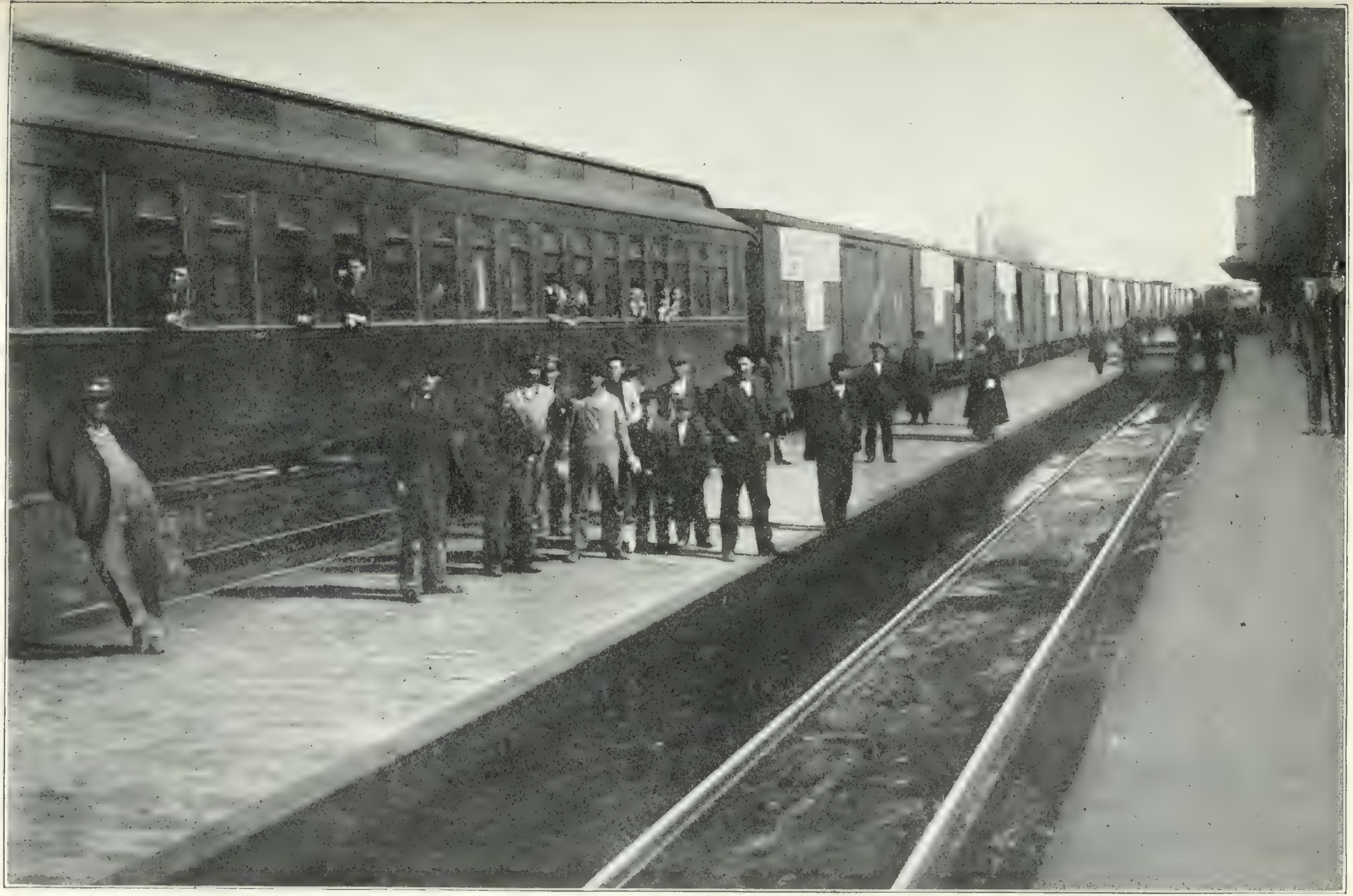
A pleasure jaunt truly, but also a serious undertaking. These immigrants did not look worn and weary, as though life in the past had been a struggle from which they hoped to escape; nor yet could they be classed for a moment among this world's failures; rather they looked the prosperous farmers they were. It was not necessity that was driving them from their old homes, still less was it a spirit of adventure; it was purely a business move. They were leaving a good country for a better.

As they were carried across the line into Manitoba, up through bustling Winnipeg and westward across the wheat belt, they were not disappointed. Their interest grew with every mile of rich prairie traversed, and when they came to their journey's end they unloaded their belongings with haste, eager to see the new farms and to get to work on their own fields in the land of No. 1 Hard Wheat.

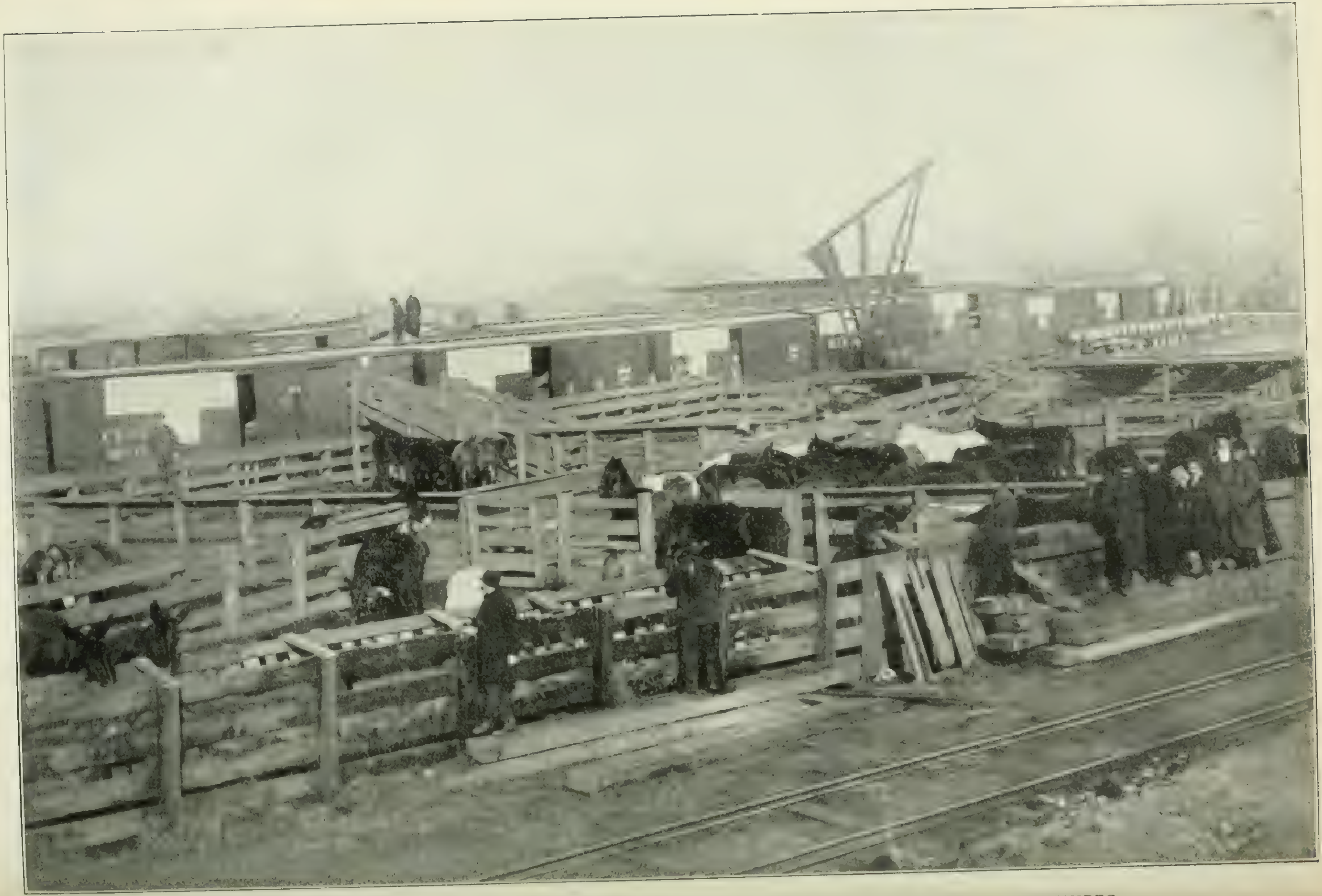
Of real pioneering they are doing little. They found the district rapidly filling up, and Wilkey, the ninety-days-old town, in full running order, with hotel, stores, liveries and the railroad rapidly approaching. In the course of one afternoon's drive, one hundred and seventy-six wagon loads of settlers' effects were counted moving into the district. With schools and churches already established, and plenty of good neighbors, it will not be long before the colony almost forgets that it ever lived "back in Nebraska," and feels itself entirely at home near Tramping Lake in Saskatchewan.



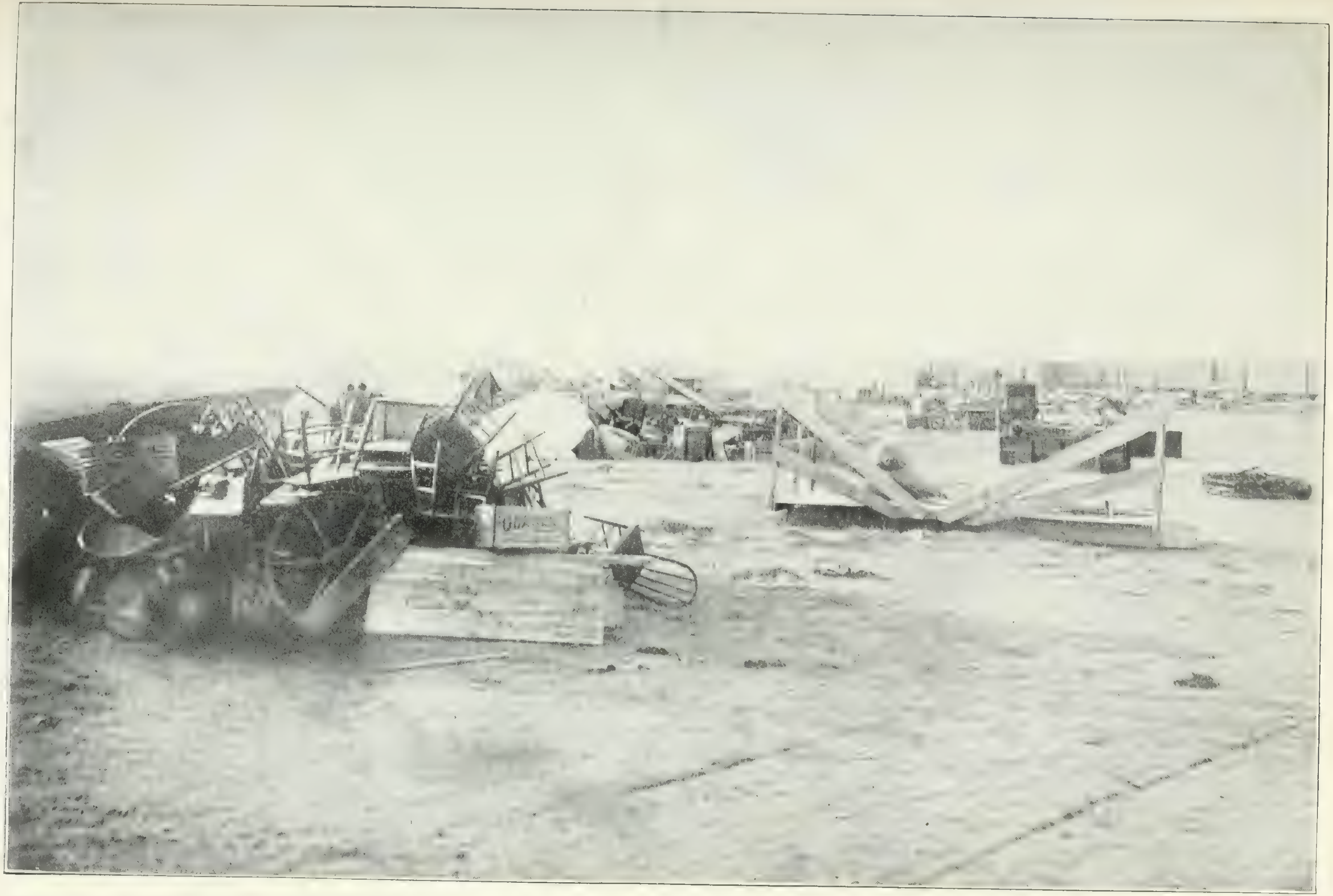
READY FOR THE START—THE MIXED TRAIN OF THE LUTHERAN IMMIGRANTS LOADED AND SWITCHED ON TO THE MAIN LINE



THE LUTHERANS' MIXED TRAIN ABOUT TO CROSS THE INTERNATIONAL LINE, WHERE THE CANADIAN IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS MET AND EXAMINED IT



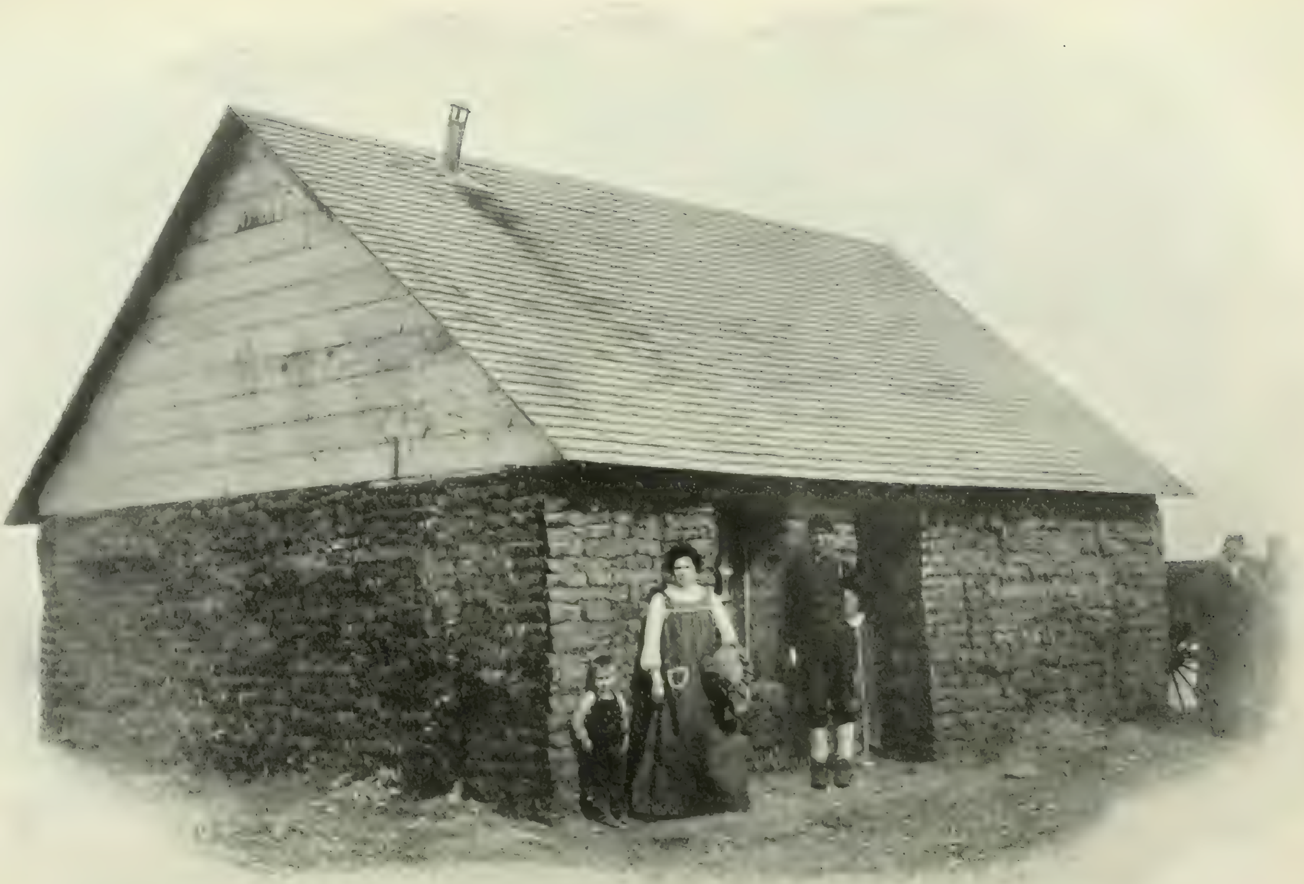
LUTHERANS, EN ROUTE TO THEIR NEW HOMES, UNLOADING STOCK TO BE FED AT WINNIPEG



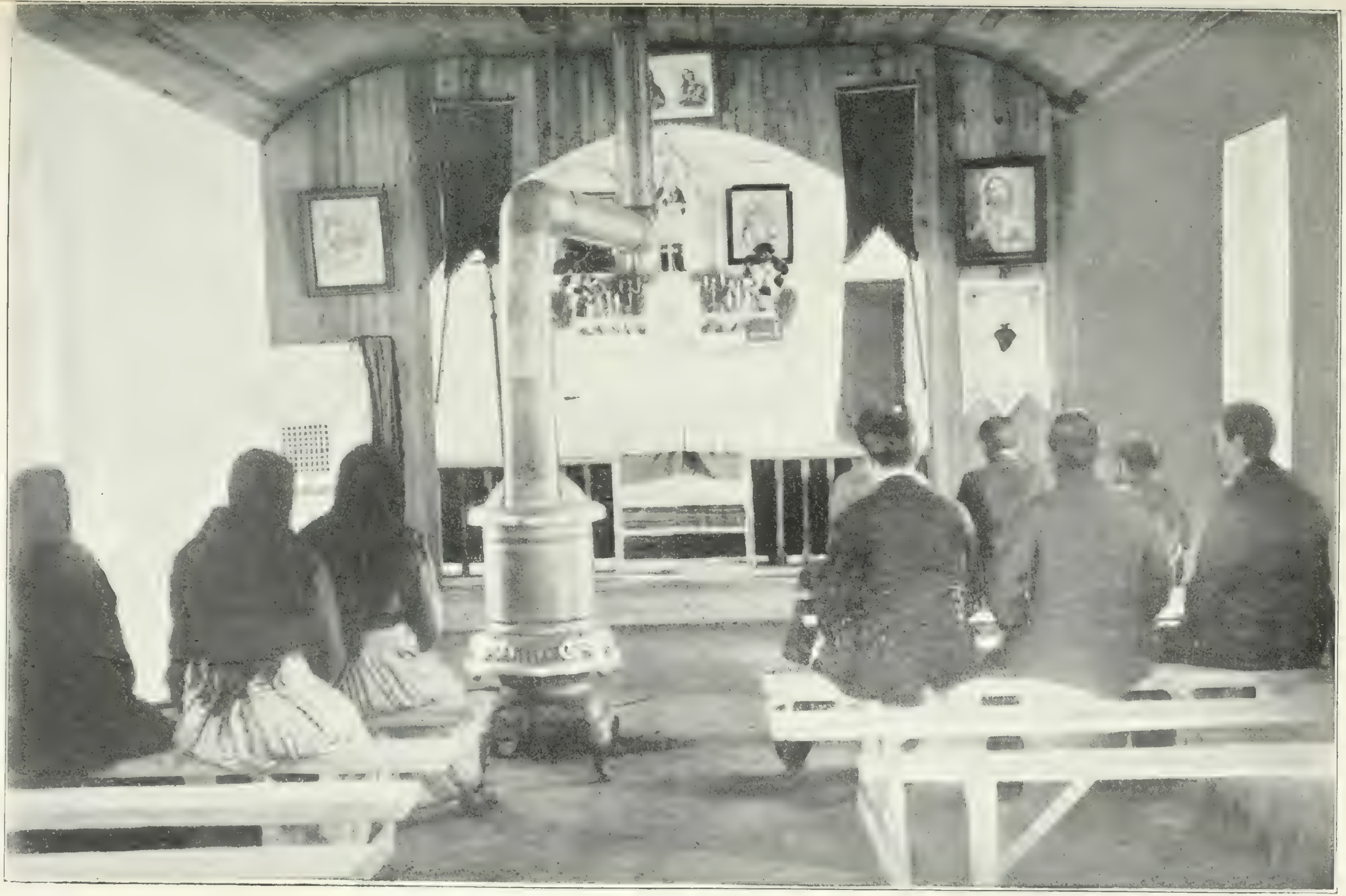
IMMIGRANTS UNLOADING THEIR EFFECTS ON ARRIVAL AT DESTINATION OF THE TRAIN. FROM HERE THEY DROVE TO TRAMPING LAKE

CAMP LEHMAN IN THE TRAMPING LAKE DISTRICT, TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS OF THE COLONY

AFTER DINNER; LUTHERANS STARTING OUT TO SELECT THEIR LAND



THE SOD HOUSE IS THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE NEW SETTLER



INTERIOR OF NEW SOD HOUSE CHURCH NEAR TRAMPING LAKE

THE RIGHT ANGLE

BILLIKIN

BILLIKIN and CANADA-WEST readers are old friends. For more than a year the little gnome with his infectious grin has been a welcome guest in thousands of Canadian homes. It was in this magazine, and to Canadian readers, that he made his first public appearance, but he existed even before that as a little plaster cast in the possession of his creator, Florence Pretz, the artist. Now in the States he has become the idol of the hour. Newspapers have taken him up, and the public generally are buying him right and left. In the accompanying picture Briggs, the New York cartoonist, shows Billikin and the American Presidential candidates at a baseball game.

He is as popular in the West as in the East. Under the heading, "Chicagoans worship Billikin, the Good Luck God," the Chicago Sunday *Tribune* devoted a whole page in a recent issue to the mannikin and his young creator, Miss Pretz. The latter is, in her own way, quite as odd as Billikin himself. As a student in the Kansas City schools she puzzled her drawing teachers by evolving Japanese ideas out of her own original little head. They could not understand how or where she got the secret of an alien art, and they often questioned her, "but," as the *Tribune* says, "Florence Pretz, whom her friends called 'Tinker Bell,' only gave the gay little smile she was noted for and kept on with her drawings. She had the strangest collection of mud animals of any of the children in the clay modeling class, among them queer little beasts which were never heard of in natural history books, but which were strangely like hieroglyphic animals. Then one day 'Tinker Bell' thought of Billikin. 'There never seem to be any really good-natured looking idols,' she said. 'There ought to be one to express all the new doctrine about smiling.'

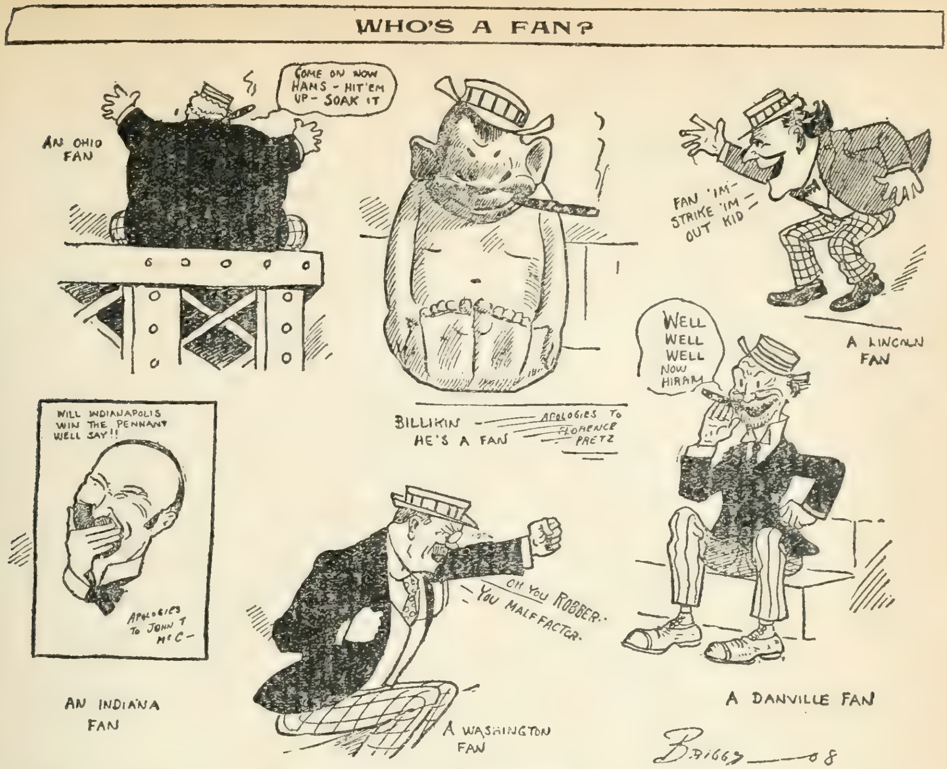
" 'Wear a smile,' 'Keep smiling,' 'Come and take a smile with me,' she repeated to herself while she was modeling, and pretty soon Billikin was evolved.

" 'He is the god of things as they ought to be,'' said Miss Pretz, as she set him up for her best girl friend, after getting him cast in plaster. 'There, smile for the lady, Billy.' "

And Billy, duplicated and re-duplicated in plaster casts, has been smiling ever since. He grins at care-worn business men from the tops of massive desks, at chattering school girls from a corner shelf in a cozy den, and at the

ELLIOTT FLOWER

This well-known magazine writer whose work first appeared in *Canada West* in April will continue to entertain our readers with short stories. To this number he contributes "The Last Laugh."


WHO'S A FAN?
AN OHIO FAN
COME ON NOW HANS - HIT 'EM UP - SOAK IT
FAN 'IM - STRIKE 'IM OUT KID
A LINCOLN FAN
WELL WELL WELL NOW HIRAM
BILLIKIN HE'S A FAN
APOLOGIES TO FLORENCE PRETZ
WILL INDIANAPOLIS WIN THE PENNANT WELL SAY!!
APOLOGIES TO JOHN T MCC-
AN INDIANA FAN
OH YOU ROBBER. YOU MALEFACTOR.
A WASHINGTON FAN
A DANVILLE FAN
Briggs —08

AN OLD FRIEND OF OURS

Billikin, to-day, is a popular idol in the United States. It was in this magazine in May, 1907, that Miss Florence Pretz's mannikin made his first bow to the public, and he has continued to entertain our readers at intervals since that date. Briggs, a famous cartoonist, caricatures Billikin and the American Presidential Candidates at a base ball game

hurrying crowds from the windows of arts and crafts shops—and they all stop and smile back at him. This is the secret of his popularity—the smile he provokes.

So our Billikin—the fat little elf who took shelter under the toadstool in "Billikin's Umbrella," who flirted with the Nasturtium Girl in "Billikin in the Nasturtium Vine," and who was blissfully ignorant of the sudden transformation of the pussy willows in "While Billikin Slept"—our gnome has become public property, the present day craze. But we have a feeling of proprietorship in him because we knew him first. Sara Hamilton Birchall, poet and author, had told us all about him, and had explained his queer capers. With Miss Birchall as guide, did we not peer down his hollow log, and peep under grass blades to find him in his native haunts long before the Americans ever heard of him? Surely.

And we, too, smiled with Billikin, because we could not help it.

AN ENGLISH-CANADIAN VIEW

"WITH regard to Canada and her place in the Imperial housekeeping, it is not safe to dogmatize; it is very necessary to inquire, to observe, to sift, and to make sure of one thing at a time," writes Mr. Arthur Hawkes, in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, London. Mr. Hawkes' article, which is called "The British Trader in Canada," comments favorably on the report of Mr. Grigg, Special Commissioner of the British Board of Trade to Canada. "First-hand knowledge and plenty of it," is the burden of the song. The article shows a keenness of observation and soundness of judgment, that gives great weight to its author's unqualified endorsement of the Grigg report.

Mr. Grigg's message to the British

manufacturer makes plain the urgency of the need of first-hand knowledge, not that kind gained when they "send a son or a nephew, not long out of school, on a trip to Canada, which is designed to combine pleasure, education and business; which is admirable as far as the first two objects are concerned; and useless or worse than that, as regards business." And Mr. Hawkes takes up the plea. He sees clearly the proneness of the Englishman to consider Canada as a "second fiddle" England, when it is really composed of a variety of elements that are being molded into an entity not like any other community on the face of the globe; not even like that other cosmopolitan nation, the United States; though with the same basic predisposition towards the British idea in government that impels Australia and South Africa. When we think of the French Province of Quebec, seventeenth century Norman French, Scots of the sixth generation who speak Gaelic and have never seen a railroad, and newly arrived immigrants from Galicia, Poland, Germany or Scandinavia, besides the great mass of British descended Canadians whose ideas have been modified by American-made goods and climatic conditions—when we think of this, we agree that "there must be nothing casual in the study of a market compounded of such a variety of elements. We have passed the season of muddling through crises in trade and imperial politics. Lord Roseberry once said the Continental peoples dislike England because the Englishman treads Europe as if it were his quarter deck. Obviously, there is something else for the Englishman to do than to perambulate Canada as if it were his backyard. That is true of trade. It is true of politics. As soon as due heed is given to the kindly, searching admonitions of Mr. Grigg about trade, fruit will begin to ripen in the more sensitive field."

There are many suggestive ideas in the article; such sentences as these embody food for thought:

"With the increasing competition of the United States and of Canada, the British manufacturer must always have in view the possibility of becoming, to some extent, a Canadian manufacturer also."

"Nothing can replace the initiative, courage and innovation that should belong to every British firm that means to become notable in Imperial trade."

"There cannot be too much interchange of ideas; too much coming and going."

"British firms who look for business in Canada could make money by outfitting settlers as they will be outfitted when they have been three years in Canada."

"The importance to Britain of the connection with Canada grows faster than the importance of Britain to Canada."

There is food for thought here, and more. These prove an appreciative loyalty to both Canada and the Mother Country, on the part of this English-born Canadian writer, and his study of the commercial relations of the two countries, therefore, is worth while.

YOUR TRUE POET

TO laugh with, or to laugh at—here lies the difference between humor and horse-play. It is Mr. Kiser's sympathetic insight into the soul of a boy that makes his sonnets so delicious. He knows the romantic heart beating warm and true, deep down under the rough crust, and every man of us who remembers his own youth must confess the truth of this romance of the office boy. Irresistibly as they raise a laugh, they appeal also to the best that is in a man. The office boy's singleness of purpose, the purity of his devotion, shame the passion of older years, mixed as it is with considerations of self and ambition. The sonnets are poetry as well as humor.

That he can write poetry Mr. Kiser has demonstrated in his earlier work. Among the books that he has published the "Ballads of the Busy Days" are notable for including bits that have a haunting significance. Such verse as the following on "Genius" swells the breast and lifts the eyes to the heights:

Ten thousand times to doubt,
  Ten thousand times to let
Hope flicker out,
        And yet,

Ten thousand times to start
With hope reborn and old resolves re-made.
Ten thousand bitter lessons laid to heart;
Ten thousand times to put the task away
As never to be finished—then
To take it up again,
And, after all the sweet old dreams are dead,
And all the glad old thrills for aye have fled,
To hear, some day,
The sweet praise so long denied—
And be satisfied.

Evidently the man who wrote these lines understands equally the heart of the imp who terrorizes the office and the soul of genius; haply he knows the latter so well because he has it himself—the genius of the poet.

PROSPERITY REINDEER

PROSPERITY, in the shape of three hundred reindeer, has come to Newfoundland. Up in Lapland these wonderful creatures mean the difference between poverty and comfort, and in Alaska they furnish milk and food, clothing and transport to the poor inhabitants. Now, through the untiring effort of Dr. Grenfell, the good angel of the fisher-folk of the Banks, a herd has come to Newfoundland.

It is not such a simple matter as might be supposed to arrange for the successful migration of such a herd to new homes twenty-five hundred miles away. First, the Governor of Newfoundland sent to Kew a collection of native mosses, which proved to be identical with the natural food of the Norwegian reindeer. Then came the question of expense—a hard one for a colony that is far from rich. But Dr. Grenfell was not to be balked. He travelled all over the United States and Canada, delivering lectures and raising funds. Contributions came in from various sources, from President Roosevelt and from the Canadian Government, and at last the devoted missionary had accomplished his purpose. Next, through Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian Government was persuaded to allow the exportation of sufficient forage moss for the long sea voyage. Finally, a herd on an island was bought and with its Lapp herders was embarked at Attenfjord about the middle of December.

An artificial waterfall supplied the deer because they will not touch standing water. The poor penned creatures were very seasick, and so were the Lapps, but the faithful fellows did not neglect their charges for a moment. When the ship reached Newfoundland, the Lapps went ashore to examine the country and make sure that it was fit for their pets.

So the reindeer came to Newfoundland. Dr. Grenfell has added another good deed to the countless that have endeared him to the men who toil and suffer, love and die on the stern shores of Newfoundland.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE CHURCH AND MODERN LIFE

"MODERNISM" is rousing the Church to action. The leaders in the theological world are putting forth effort to meet the growing unrest among the laity and clergy. One of the most notable books tending to show that the Church is neither stubbornly bigoted in its attitude towards modern thought, nor unmindful of its duty as a world-saving force, is "The Church and Modern Life," by Washington Gladden. The primary intention of this able work is to show that religious thought has not been retrogressive, and that, while much has yet to be done by the Church to elevate the tone of society, the world is religiously on a higher plane than it has ever been in the past. Dr. Gladden sees that the great work before the Church is a work of reformation. The Church (and the term is used in the broadest sense of the word) has come to its testing time. "It finds itself in the midst of a society whose tendencies are downward. Mammon is on the throne; the greed of gain is eating the heart out of commercial honor; the most cynical schemes for plundering are daily brought to light; . . . . the house of mirth resounds with the mad revelry of the wasters, while the purlieus are noisome with poverty and vice." The Church, if it is to grow must step into the arena and do the work that such men as President Roosevelt have been attempting with the Trusts; it must battle the conditions exposed, no doubt with exaggeration, by Upton Sinclair in "The Jungle." "The Church and Modern Life" is written in a simple-direct manner and the reader closes it with the feeling that religion is a thing not so much for future happiness as for present use. The ideal Dr. Gladden has in view for the world is far distant, but his clarion note of warning and suggestion will aid in bringing it about.

THE BLACK BAG

"THE Black Bag," by Louis Joseph Vance, is an atrocious book. It has no redeeming qualities, and might be passed over in silence but for one thing. For several months it has headed the list of the best selling books in America. Printers' ink and the former work of the author is the only way of accounting for its large sale. The publishers know the value of advertising, and "The Black Bag" is the best-boomed book of the year.

MY LADY OF CLEEVE

"MY Lady of Cleeve," by Percy J. Hartley, is one of the most readable romances of the year. It is an historical novel of the days of King William III., and the main action centres round a Jacobite plot to place James Stuart on the throne of England. The story is not overloaded with historical detail. It is a love story, pure and simple—and a good one. The hero, Captain Adrian Cassilis, is an English D'Artagnan, a little less boastful, it is true, but without that immortal character's unconscious humor. The book is packed with incident. It never flags, and by taking business and society weary men and women of this commercial age into the romantic past does an excellent work. It is a lineal descendant of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," and is of a family that never tires the world. Under the skin the race is still a race of warriors and delights in the clash of arms, hairbreadth escapes and chivalric deeds. Being what he is, the modern man cannot but find pleasure in the gracefully and strongly narrated story, "My Lady of Cleeve."

FOR JACINTA

THE modern novelist, in his search for something new, visits remote corners of the earth. The Yukon, Labrador, Newfoundland, Africa, India, have all been thoroughly explored. The islands of the sea are not being neglected. "For Jacinta," by Harold Bindloss, has for its stage the Canary Archipelago and the West African coast. The author understands the sea in calm and storm. His book, while not being great, is entertaining. There is a dual love story in it, and it might as fittingly have been named, "For Muriel"—but that would have been too commonplace. The struggle of the two heroes on the fever-haunted African coast to make a fortune for the women they loved is admirably told, and in a way recalls the fierce struggle of the hero in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." But it lacks the tragic intensity, the epic grandeur of that absorbing book. Mr. Bindloss has, however, studied his characters and scenes at first-hand. His humorous and thrilling description of a bull-fight could only have been given by one who had witnessed such a scene.

THE MEASURE OF THE RULE

"THE Measure of the Rule" is Robert Barr's latest book. It is not worthy of the author. It deals with one phase of Toronto life about thirty years ago; but the picture it gives of Normal School experiences is neither a true one nor artistically done. To Robert Barr, who, we believe, attended the Normal School in his youth, the life has taken on somewhat lurid and vulgar colors. This story will add nothing to his reputation.

WATCH DOGS OF THE WILDERNESS

BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

From the June PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

A LAND of infinite attraction and of infinite danger, a happy hunting ground for the outlaw; a land of peril almost prohibitive to the peaceful-minded settler. That was Western Canada thirty years ago. Now what country can point the pharasaical finger? The beauty, the fascination, the amazing possibilities, realized and yet to be, remain, and with them and of them are ordered and orderly living.

In the story of how this has come about is the story of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The mounted policeman! Don't you remember, when you were a little chap, how you looked after the uniformed man on the glossy bay, as he cantered through the park, and how you had no dearer dream of glory than to be like him? Even now, don't you feel the old, boyish thrill at the sight of a blue-coated, erect figure in the saddle at a crowded city crossing? If you do not, you are a "grown-up"—saddest of labels—and will journey no more to the Never-Never-Never Land.

But for us "incurable children," the sight of the mounted policeman still catches at those old heart-strings, even though he be only a tame member of "the force," and do nothing all day except protect people at crossings, or arrest a feebly-protesting "drunk-and-disorderly."

And if all this for the blue-coated brass-buttoned horseman of the parks and boulevards, what of that other horseman, the one who rides alone, the stretch of endless prairies for his beat, the criminal, who holds a life at less than nought, his quarry? Surely even your dulled imagination, poor, to-be-pitied, grown-ups, can catch fire faintly from the gleam of his scarlet coat.

Recruited chiefly from the younger sons of well-to-do and even titled English families, the Northwest Mounted Police has long been an institution where an English University man can work off the bubbling froth of a drop of gypsy blood before settling down as head of a county family and warden of his church; in the main, a collection of young men for whom the Red Gods call too wildly, men with a dare-devil dash in their make-up, who leave England because they are impecunious, or because of a row with their families, or for sheer love of adventure. Come with me to Regina or Edmonton, and you will hear stories of men who gave the recruiting officer the name of plain John Smith with something of a cynical smile—and it was bad form for the recruiting officer to notice this smile—men who had a habit of reaching for a monocle that wasn't there, of talking with the correct London pronunciation, and thrashing the fellow-trooper who called attention to this fact.

And any story you ever hear of the heir-presumptive to an English marquisate patrolling a five-hundred mile beat along the Arctic Circle, can be outmatched on the written records of the force, and in the memory of any officer. Fifteen years ago Englishmen of Kipling's "gentleman ranker" type made up fully half of the force, and the other half was composed of wild Irishmen, with all their country's love of a fight, old plainsmen, and Indian fighters, the silent, steady-eyed, hard-riding men who gather on the frontier, where the savage falls away before the ragged vanguard of civilization. And they have done their work so well that they are fast driving away their own excuse for being. The present Northwest is no more what it was in 1874 than busy Winnipeg of to-day is the old Fort Garry to which the first troop of "The Mounted" came, forty years ago.

They have made Western Canada what she is out of the lawless "Territory"—an almost preposterous undertaking—one-quarter the number of policemen in New York to govern a country 250,000 square miles larger than the United States.

In short, the Mounted Police have brought British law into Western Canada, and firmly established it. The homesteader can go into any of the Provinces and take out his claim, secure in the assurance that he can work his land undisturbed and harvest his crop uninjured. The homesteader is doing it by thousands, and the Last West is vanishing. The frontier—the last frontier of America—is being prosaically ploughed by the practical man in blue overalls, who doesn't even carry a hunting knife, except to cut off his chew of Granger Twist. The Indian has been reduced to his lowest terms. When men of the United States were building the Union Pacific across the plains, they were obliged to employ Uncle Sam's troops to guard the builders. If the ghosts of the dead who died violently in that five-year fight for the West were to line up along the right of way, there would be almost enough of them to mark the miles.

On a thirty mile ride from the North Saskatchewan to Saskatoon last fall, I met dozens of teams driven almost wholly by Indians and half breeds. They were hauling the logs that were to be driven twenty or thirty feet into the sands of the Saskatchewan to carry the false work of the Grand Trunk Pacific steel bridge.

What a contrast! Instead of hindering, as was once the case, the northern Indians are helping to build the railroad. In the construction of the new government transcontinental line, Indians are employed wherever they can be used, for the road is being rushed with all possible speed, consistent with good work. The Indians are useful, also, to the pathfinders as guides: they know the forests of new Canada; they know the mountain fastnesses of the Peace River, and they know all the crooks and canons of the Coast Range. In short, the red man of to-day is the trusted guide and faithful servant of the pathfinder. He hunts for the white man still, but quite differently from the way he used to hunt for the pioneers of old.

Thanks to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, civilization's house is in order. To-day the freight cars carry thousands of bushels of "Alberta Red" where not long since the buffalo browsed and the white tail deer wandered undisturbed. It will not be long before "The Mounted" will be a thing of the past as well.

Commissioner Perry's report for 1906 states that the present arrangement ends on March 31, 1911. What after that?

Their work is almost done. The spirit of adventure which brought the men of 1874 to Red River Settlement will lure the hardiest on to still more distant fields. The scarlet tunic will be seen no longer, except in the pages of some historical source book, but the work of these silent steady-eyed men will live forever, a record of tireless, fearless, unflinching courage and patience—the making of a new and greater Empire.

Change has already come to "The Mounted." The days when a scant eight hundred men were magistrates, doctors, coroners, explorers, surveyors, mining recorders, crown timber agents, revenue and customs officers, telegraphers, scouts, riders, drivers, boatmen, canoemen—imagine a New York policeman in a canoe—marines and sailors, dog-drivers, mail carriers, couriers, public health and animal quarantine officers, prairie and forest fire guardians, constables and soldiers for one-third of the British Empire, are passing with every new mile of railroad. The border "wolfer," the cattle "rustler," the whiskey trader, the fighting Indian, the whole band of swaggering ruffians who used to give zest to life in "The Territory" has largely passed away, or been crowded northward and westward toward the mining camps of Alaska and the Yukon. The reckless daring, the robust hardihood and picturesqueness of the force necessarily has somewhat changed in the development of the thoroughly civilized new Northwest. Now the young fellows are getting their breaking-in among the settled districts, while the old stagers are stationed to the north and west, where there is still "The Frontier" on the edge of untraversed wilderness.

For the purposes of the new order of things, it is a thoroughly competent and efficient force, as it was in the days of the Territory. The members must pass a physical and mental examination which guarantees that. I came upon one of them in a moment of leisure studying a textbook on the common law, and he showed me some examination questions which implied that he must know how to conduct a cross-examination in open court so as to avoid what are known in the law as "leading questions." And any lawyer will be impressed when I say that every mounted policeman must know how to take a murdered man's dying declaration in such a manner that it can be presented as evidence in court. The reason for this is that he combines the functions of a policeman with those of a petty magistrate.

And this arrangement, whereby the same man could arrest you, and then try you himself, and finally put you in prison and be your keeper, was an ideal arrangement in the days when justice was a justice of the saddle, and all the more desirable for being summary. Although there are the regular civil courts in the southern portion of Canada now, in the Far North the duties of the mounted policemen are still as varied as those of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pooh Bah." Primarily, he keeps order. After that, he does everything that ought to be done and that it isn't anyone else's duty to do. And when someone else leaves his duty undone, the mounted policeman takes it up and finishes it. When the mail carrier, who covers the North Country on dog sledges, reaches the most northern limit of his route, the mounted policeman takes over the bags, and goes five hundred miles further north with them. Not long ago a letter came to my hands from the Leffingwell Polar Expedition, in which the writer states that he would take five dogs and a companion and travel three hundred miles over the ice to mail the letter. When the letter reached its destination, the envelope bore the stamp of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who evidently had received it at one of their posts in the Arctic, and then had carried it by dog train from the ice fields to railway connection.

It is all in the day's work to them. They will undertake anything from minding the baby to hanging a man with equal placidity, and put it through without flicking an eyelash. They have done their part to demonstrate that the one thing on this earth longer than the equator is the arm of English justice. Less than three years ago a mounted policeman tracked a Yukon murderer over six thousand miles, caught up with him in Mexico, brought him back by way of Jamaica and Halifax, avoiding United States soil to prevent extradition complications, and hanged him within sight of the scene of his crime.

There has never been a lynching in Canada. Put that down to the credit of the Mounted Police, who administered justice so successfully that there was never any temptation for the work to be taken up by private enterprise. There was never any parallel for the experience of Bismarck, North Dakota, where it is said the first twenty-four graves were those of men who had died by violence. Towards the Indians, the Mounted Police maintained a tradition of stern vigilance which prevented anything like the shameful and costly Indian wars which the United States waged up to a few years ago. There was never in the history of Canada a train robbery such as still feature the headlines of United States newspapers from time to time. The desperado of every type had a healthy respect for the Mounted Policeman and preferred to conduct his little enterprises south of the border.

Canadians are particularly fond of telling the newly-arrived American about the troop of American cavalry—a whole troop, mind you—who tenderly escorted a band of "bad Indians", bent on crossing the border, to the Canadian boundary line. They were met by a single mounted policeman.

"Are you ready for these Indians?" asked the American officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the policeman. "They're a bad lot. Where is your escort stationed?"

The trooper smiled faintly under his moustache. "Why, Scott's having his horse shod, and I guess Murray's over getting a drink. They'll be along in a minute."

And when presently Scott and Murray came placidly on the scene, that troop of cavalry sat on their horses and watched the band of Indians they had so carefully guarded depart under the charge of three men over the yellow prairie.

The American officer watched them dwindle to a dot across the level. Then his feelings found speech. "Well, I'm damned!" he said. And the troop rode away.

Another time a Wyoming desperado named Ernest Cashel was arrested for forgery by the Calgary city police. He escaped, and some months later murdered a ranchman for his horse and watch. Again he broke jail, and the Mounted Police searched the whole Northwest for him, finally locating him in the cellar of a shack six miles from Calgary. Following the tradition of the force, that "The Mounted" never fires first, a constable approached the cellar and ordered the desperado to surrender. Cashel fired twice from the cellar, but fortunately missed his man. The police thereupon set fire to the shack, and Cashel surrendered.

Again, old Pie-a-pot and several hundred of his tribe were making serious trouble along the railroad then under construction, and the Mounted Police promptly rode out to the Indian village with an order for the tribe to break camp and take the trail to the North, away from the line.

When the policemen explained the order to him, Pie-a-pot laughed and turned away. The other Indians jeered and discharged their guns in the air. The two policemen sat still.

"I give you just fifteen minutes to comply with the order," said the sergeant quietly, taking out his watch in full view of the old chief, and again the young braves hooted, some of the more daring even trying to jostle the mounts of the redcoats as they calmly held their position in front of Pie-a-pot's tepee. Pie-a-pot himself expressed his opinion of his visitors in fluent language, but they sat their horses with apparent indifference, the sergeant's watch open in his hand.

When the fifteen minutes were up, he dismounted, walked over to the chief's tepee, and kicked out the key-pole of the lodge with calm deliberation, bringing the whole structure down, poles, war-bonnets, drying skins, kettles and all, in a miscellaneous heap.

Pie-a-pot did some deep and rapid thinking. A gesture to his young men would have sent a hundred bullets into each of the quiet, unruffled men who were systematically going through the camp, kicking out the key-pole of each tepee. But the Indians of the Northwest had learned that sooner or later justice was done by the Mounted Police, and Pie-a-pot never made that gesture. He gave in, and in sullen silence the camp collected its scrambled effects and turned the ponies' heads north. And on the open prairie, among the stamped-out ashes of the fires, the two policemen sat in their saddles, watching them go.

Not so fortunate was the attempt of Sergeant Colebrook to arrest a fugitive Cree Indian named Almighty Voice.

Almighty Voice had stolen a steer, and Sergeant Colebrook, with a half-breed companion, rode across the prairie to arrest him. The policeman instructed the half-breed to tell the Indian that they had come to arrest him, and that he must go with them. The Cree replied: "Tell him that if he advances, I will kill him."

Instantly the half-breed covered the Indian with his rifle, but Colebrook promptly ordered him to desist, for Almighty Voice must be taken alive. Then he rode deliberately forward upon the muzzle of the Cree's rifle, and sooner than submit to the shame of arrest, Almighty Voice fired. A year later, however, the Indian was surrounded in a pit where he had taken refuge. The police brought up their field guns, and shelled the pit, killing Almighty Voice, and thus avenging Sergeant Colebrook's death. The outcome of this incident served to prevent serious trouble with the Indians, who were all in a more or less sulky and unsettled mood at the time.

How greatly the Indians have come to respect the just and impartial administration of the law by the Mounted Police was shown when one of Mecasto's band escaped from the guard-room at Macleod, after having been tried by the police and convicted on a charge of theft. When he returned to Mecasto's camp, the chief, who had attended the trial at which the fugitive was convicted, had been so impressed by the impartial nature of the proceedings and by the fair administration of justice that he promptly delivered him up again at the Fort gate to the officer in command.

Perhaps the greatest achievement which the police ever undertook was accomplished when they persuaded Sitting Bull and his band of between five and six thousand hostile Sioux to return and surrender to the United States authorities when they had taken refuge in Canada after the memorable massacre of General Custer and his command. Commissioners from the United States had visited Sitting Bull and had negotiated with the chief for his return and surrender to no avail. The police, however, by infinite tact and diplomacy, and because in their previous transactions they had won the confidence of the Indians of the Northwest, at length succeeded in inducing Sitting Bull and his hostile braves to return peaceably to the United States, an exploit of which any body of men might be proud.

When the Boer War broke out, England called for the Mounted Police to help her there. One-third of them, practically the pick of the force, went out. Very few of them ever came back. Many were offered commissions, and some accepted. Wherever there is trouble, there the Mounted Police are the answer to the problem as they have been in Western Canada for thirty years, from the time of the Riel rebellion up to to-day.

The story of "The Mounted" has its shadows. Men grew tired of the loneliness and deserted at times: men who had lost all—love, hope, ambition—quietly went away into the wilderness and blew out their brains. The life was unsettling; men could not leave it and take up clerical work or farming, because adventurers are not built that way. Sometimes they tried it, and then there was a record of shirked responsibility. Even the tamest and quietest of them had moods when the blood ran wild for the old freedom, when there was no peace by day and no sleep night after night; when they must be in the saddle again, or off to sea, or away to some mining rush, war, exploration, anywhere beyond the fences, out on the frontier. They heard again the dip of paddles, the click of the trigger, the roar of the surf, the thunder of horses—and in the morning they were gone.

But shadows and all, the story of the Canadian Mounted Police is one of the most gorgeous tales since the days of the Spanish Main. And the spirit of the force is best embodied in that message found scrawled on the orders of a policeman who perished in a blizzard while making his way with dispatches to a distant post. In his last moments, with numbed hand he, had written: "Lost, horse dead. Am trying to push ahead. Have done my best."

WHAT MAKES A TOWN GROW?

BY MARY S. MANTLE

WE WERE travelling along the Soo-Pacific line, which connects Minneapolis and Moosejaw. Our train was just steaming into the town of Estevan, Saskatchewan, the present, though not the ultimate, terminus of the Canadian Pacific extension from Brandon. I well remembered the time, so recent, when no town was here, and, turning to my companions, said: "What makes a town grow?"

No one is permitted to live long in our West of to-day without the word "growth" forming a very important addition to his vocabulary, and the spirit of growth and advancement entering into the very marrow of his bones. Where men meet together, the talk is largely of expansion, and in no connection is this more true than when travelling over the various railway lines of our country. The possibilities, the natural advantages or disadvantages, resources, situation, etc., of the various districts through which our train progresses are freely canvassed, and again I voice the pertinent question: "What are the essentials for the growth and permanence of a town?"

The company sit in silence for a time, then opinions freely circulate. "Judicious advertising," says one;—that is necessary, but not all sufficient.

"The right kind of ambitious and hardworking settlers,"—a factor, but not *the* factor.

"Capital," a third suggests—a certain amount necessary.

"Good railroad facilities"—always a drawing-card.

"Fuel and good water."

Then our thoughts take broader shape, and we finally agree that a town grows if it has natural advantages in the territory tributary to it which can be advantageously and profitably exploited, and are given publicity; and, further, if during this time the necessities for the existence of its exploiters can be procured without undue exertion and cost.

The past has furnished so many examples of the truth of this; the present furnishes full as many, and the future—who can say where growth will end when the field for expansion is a country so rich in natural endowments, so limitless in extent, so sun-bathed as is the Last Great West! With the true acuteness of his countrymen our American friend remarked: "Yes, it is a great country, but the man who has far vision will stake out his claim *now*, and before he has had time to pigeonhole his papers, its value will have doubled. One following another told of his experience, or the experience of someone he knew, where in so short a space as two years, values had jumped from $75.00 to $300.00 a lot, and the only regret on the part of the investor was that he had not ventured more.

One of our party was a resident of Estevan, and, feeling evidently that experience outweighed theory, offered us a concrete example of the subject under discussion—"What makes a town grow?" And, truly, right in his home town were substantiated the theories we had been constructing in our earlier talk.

Surrounding this town is a fertile farming country, where crops have averaged better than in most other localities. The moisture stored in the ground during the winter, through the frost, materially aids the growth of the wheat; the long hours of sunshine and the cool nights, occasioned by the high altitude of nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, produce a hard grade of wheat preferred by millers to the variety grown in warmer climates.

Mining operations are carried on in a rapidly increasing measure in the vicinity of Estevan. Lignite coal in veins running from seven to eleven feet thick—a good coal for domestic and commercial purposes—is being mined without the expense of deep shafts and hoists; the veins being tapped and dug out from the river banks.

A short time ago it was discovered that the stratas of earth underneath the surface in and about this town contained excellent clays, shale and sand. An experimental brick factory was started and a superior quality of brick is now being manufactured at low cost, the raw material and the fuel necessary for preparing it being so abundant and accessible. The brisk demand for this brick will necessitate an early extension of the present factory with its capacity of six to seven carloads a day.

Estevan is but young yet, and our enthusiastic citizen enlarged not only on its past and present, but on its undoubted future growth, having visions of the manufacture of pottery and fire brick, chemists having affirmed that the clays there rendered this possible, which decision capitalists will one day crystalize into busy factories, the development of each new industry thus paving the way for others.

"But what about the necessities of life for its inhabitants," we asked; "the two great problems of fuel and water which face every new town?" To Estevan these are not problems. We had already seen where lay their fuel supply, and the character and contour of the country lying before our eyes explained their water resources, which are unlimited, and a slope or large river basin offers favorable drainage facilities.

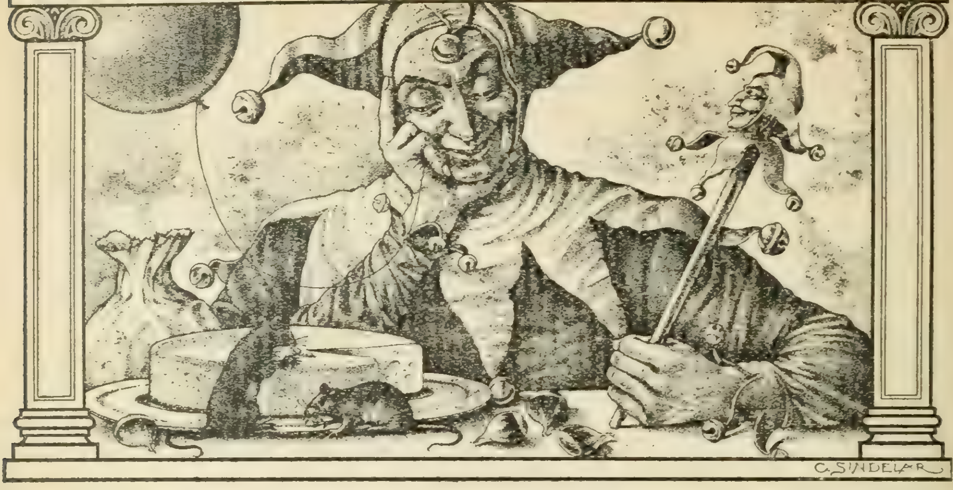
As one year succeeds another, we look over the map of the West, and can trace world history in the names of the towns, and approximately place the date of their inception. We are surprised to realize that though of mushroom growth, they have the stability of the oak, their roots striking deeper each year. They are so young in years; they are but newly awakening and stretching their limbs—yet what young giants they are, what backbone of true worth they possess, what muscles of industry they are developing! If half a decade has shown such marvellous progress, and the West has as yet only put out a few feelers into her vast unknown, what surprises has the future in store?

Pessimists are not lacking who say that we are going ahead too fast, that we are outgrowing our strength, but pessimists are to be found everywhere, and the facts do not confirm this view. There are people who feel that every encouraging situation calls for a corrective, like the Manitoba farmer of habitual grumbling tendencies, who when his friend said: "Well, John, you have nothing to complain of this year with your forty bushel to the acre crop," remarked: "Humph! dunno. It's hard on the ground!"

Though for commercial purposes, climate is always reckoned with as an important factor, yet where men are able to attain moderate wealth so quickly as they are with industry in Western Canada to-day, climate in so far as it affects the individual is not greatly considered. Yet surely a climate so invigorating, so dry and so bright cannot fail to leave its impress for good on the work and lives of its people.

Sometimes the first condition named for the growth of a town—natural advantages in the territory tributary to it which can be advantageously and profitably exploited—is alone sufficient to make it grow; but when the further conditions mentioned are fulfilled, what may we not expect? Western Canada is studded with "Estevans," and also with towns possessing not only the main qualification for growth, but aided by capital, advertising, suitable colonization, etc., these towns are forging ahead at a rate surprising even to the most sanguine.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE



HEAVENLY ARTILLERY

THE family was gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunder storm, when the mother bethought herself of Nellie alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illumined the whole room, she saw her youngest sitting straight up in bed. Her big brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands while she shouted encouragingly:

"Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

A CERTAIN ship doctor was always prescribing salt water for the sailors who complained. No matter what the ailment might be, the patient was always given the gruff advice, "Take a dose of salt water."

One day during a bit of a blow, the doctor was carried overboard. At once there was commotion on deck, and the captain rushed up to investigate.

"What's the matter?" he shouted to he sailor on watch.

"Oh, 'tis nothin', sir!" coolly replied the man, "only the doctor fell into the medicine chest."

WHOSE FAULT?

"THESE whiners who have nobody but themselves to blame," said the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the other day, "remind me of the bad little boy who ran howling to his mother:

" 'Oh, ma, Johnny has hurt me!'

" 'And how did bad Johnny hurt mother's little darling?'

" 'Why, I was a'goin' to punch him in the face and he ducked his head and I hit my knuckles against the wall.' "

CONVENIENT COMMANDMENT

IN humorous defense of outspoken and frank methods Senator Tillman says: "These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears under abuse an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite. An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle: 'Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah am allus best. Hit's commanded, an' furthermo', sonny, hit makes 'em maddah'n anything else yo' could say.' "

CANADA-WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. London, Ont., August, 1908 No. 4

CONTENTS:

COVER DESIGN by H. B. LACHMAN

Stepping Westward	**William Wordsworth**	
The Chief Reproduced from the Painting made for Canada-West by Edith Cary Farrell.		**Frontispiece**
Regulating the Common Carrier Illustrated with Photographs	**William Whyte**	935
Summer. Verse	**Ennis Graham**	940
The Shop of the Six Hands Illustrated by Frederick Noteware	**Forrest Crissey**	941
More Sonnets of an Office Boy Illustrated by Florence Pretz	**Samuel Ellsworth Kiser**	951
Modern Man and the Gospel	**Shailer Matthews, M.A., D.D.**	956
Alberta. Verse	**Arthur M. Dickenson**	959
Penance	**Cy Warman**	960
The Centenary of the West	**Leonard Francis Earl**	963
The All Red Decoration by William Molt	**Cy Warman**	965
The Nakimu Caves Illustrated with Photographs	**James Cooke Mills**	966
An Hour of Life	**Lance Lazier**	976
The Right Angle		977
In the World of Books		982
My Quest Illustrated by William Molt	**Agnes Lockhart Hughes**	984
The Signeur's Honour	**Arthur M. Dickenson**	985
Sunset. Verse	**Stuart**	988
In the Valleys Illustrated with Photographs	**Walpole Murdock**	989
The Pot and the Kettle Illustrated by ... B. Aleshire	**Hubert McBean Johnston**	991
Chestnuts and Cheese		997

Issued Monthly. Price: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

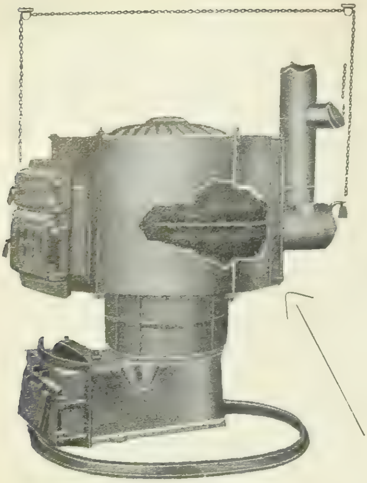
Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers

WALKER THEATRE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON 382 Clarence St.
TORONTO 68 Victoria St.
MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg.
CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.



CANADIAN AIR WARMER

Patented

FOR

Hard, Soft, Souris, or Lignite Coal Coke or Wood

A Powerful and Economical Heater

Note the long Reversible Flue and long down fire travel.

The perpendicular Fire Pot makes it impossible for ashes to accumulate on inside and interfere with the radiating of heat, as is the case with the tapering fire pot as commonly made.

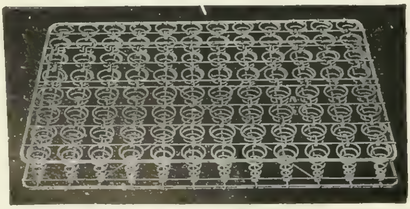
Smoke exit is at back of combustion chamber, consequently fuel doors do not get heated and radiate heat in cellar.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET.

The Jas. Smart Mfg. Co., Ltd.

Brockville, Ont. **Winnipeg, Man.**

THE CORNELIUS SPRING



GUARANTEED

Luxurious,	Sanitary,
Refreshing,	Vermin Proof,
Restful,	Will Not Sag.

If your dealer does not handle it, write

CORNELIUS BROS.

485 Sherbrooke St. WINNIPEG.

If Your Name is not already on

"Canada-West"

Subscription List, One Dollar will put it there for Twelve Months.

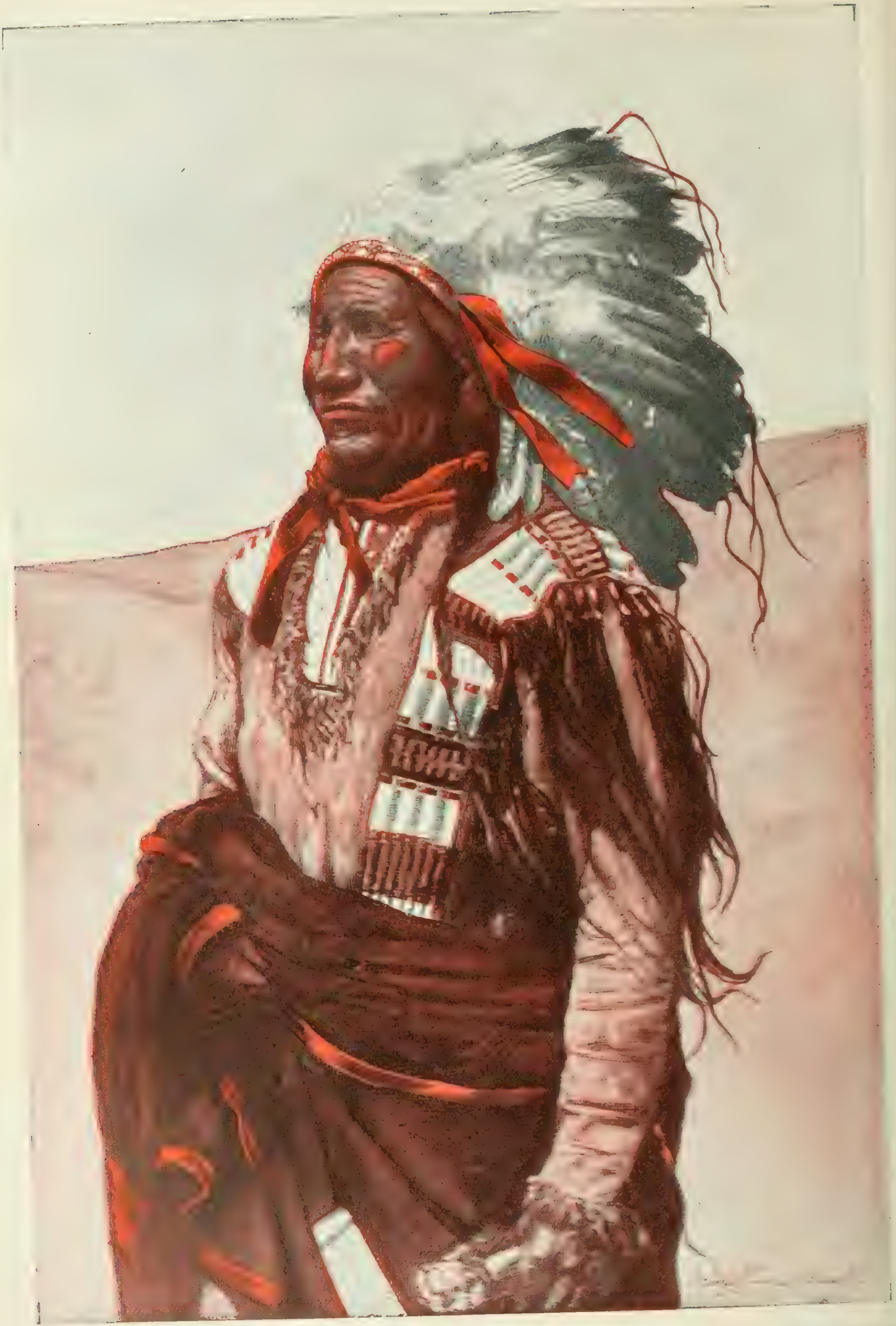
The Vanderhoof-Gunn Co.

Winnipeg - - Manitoba.

STEPPING WESTWARD

"What, you are stepping westward?" "Yea"
—'Twould be a wildish destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance:
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

William Wordsworth.



Painted for CANADA-WEST
by Edith Cary Farrell

THE CHIEF

Plates engraved
by Carl G. Bea

Penance. See page 960.

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. AUGUST, 1908 NUMBER 4

REGULATING THE COMMON CARRIER

BY WILLIAM WHYTE

Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT IS a self-evident truth that the development and prosperity of any new country depends upon its transportation facilities. Production without transportation is often impossible, and always unprofitable; consequently the fertile Canadian prairies lay untilled, and the lead, the copper, the coal of the West remained undisturbed where a generous Providence placed them. The forests were choked, and the fish multiplied in the myriad of lakes and rivers; and the great silence was broken only by shouts of sportsmen, the snapping of steel traps set by the Hudson's Bay traders and the creaking of Red River carts. The Canadian West was a sealed empire waiting the touch of steel rails to open its doors to the world.

One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the Canadian Government, fearful of discouraging railroad construction at a time when it was sorely needed, would have moved slowly in the matter of enacting a railway regulation measure which, in the United States, at least, would have been considered drastic. But the Government saw clearly that, while additional transportation facilities were of vital importance, yet, at the same time, efficient railway regulation was an absolute necessity to the development of the West, and, instead of resorting to dilatory tactics, it met the situation squarely, adopted the Railway Act; and, when the Bill had gone into effect, the wisdom of the course which it had taken at once became apparent to all.

Although it is not generally known, it is, nevertheless, an established fact that no country in the world has so great a mileage per capita as Canada now has. Then, add to this the fact that contracts have been let for hundreds of miles of additional railway, consisting in part of feeders which will suck up and bring to the main lines the crops from the newly developed wheat regions—and you will understand that Government regulation is not necessarily a fatal drag on a nation's railway prosperity.

Canadian railroads are regulated by a board of three Commissioners, who are appointed for life. The chairman of the Board receives an annual salary of ten thousand dollars, and associate members, eight thousand dollars. This board is authorized to employ the services of experienced railroad men as experts in the different branches of railroad work. The Commission is endowed with powers that would make a citizen of the United States, accustomed to the weak and ineffectual efforts of the Interstate Commerce Commission, gasp with astonishment.

BEFORE THE RAILWAY CAME FORTY-BUSHEL CROPS WERE THRESHED BY SUCH PRIMITIVE DEVICES AS THIS

The publicity recently accorded the affairs of several large railways in the United States, as a result of the proceedings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been the means of arousing considerable interest in all parts of Canada, and, as a natural consequence, Canadians, ever on the outlook for improvements in all things, have compared their Dominion Railway Act and the powers of their Railway Commission with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The result of the comparison is interesting, indeed.

THE MODERN WAY—THRESHING BY STEAM

Whenever railway regulation, considered necessary for the public good in Canada, is adopted, there is no cry of "confiscation" on the part of the railway companies; no much-mooted abstract questions as to the constitutionality of the Act are raised, and no protracted and expensive legislation ensues. The authority of the Board's members is plenary within its jurisdiction, and its decisions and orders may be made rules of any Superior Court. There is no appeal from their decision, unless the Board itself grants an appeal, except on questions of jurisdiction or to the Governor-in-Council. It is to be noted in this connection that when the statute authorizing this Board of Commissioners and defining their immense powers in railroad regulation was enacted, it was with the approval and co-operation of most of the Canadian roads. This statement will be pregnant with interest to a citizen of the States who is familiar with the railroad situation in his own country. It is, nevertheless, true in every particular. The Canadian's characteristic respect for the law is primarily responsible for this most satisfactory result. All classes seem to agree in the sentiment: "It is the Law; it must be obeyed."

The railroads realized at once that such action on the part of the Dominion Government could not fail to operate to the mutual benefit of the Canadian people and, in the end, to their own benefit.

THE RAILWAYS BRING EVERYTHING TO THE NEW TOWNS FROM A TRACTION ENGINE TO A PAPER OF PINS

In one step Canada has accomplished what the United States has not been able to do in years of effort. The powers of the Railway Commission under the Railway Act are infinitely greater and more clearly defined than are those of the Interstate Commerce Commission under the Interstate Commerce Act, and, in comparison, the latter seems ridiculously weak and ineffectual. The power of the Railway Commission within its jurisdiction over the railways in Canada is absolute, and its duties and powers are set forth in the Railway Act. Such is not the case with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It might be well to mention a few of the more important powers extended to the Railway Commission which the Interstate Commission does not seem to possess.

It possesses jurisdiction over telegraph or telephone lines operated by railway companies, and all matters pertaining thereto.

It can order the abolition of grade crossings where it considers them too dangerous to the community to be permitted, and can order the railways to construct subways or overhead crossings, or the installation of safety appliances at level crossings.

It has the power to regulate the running and operation of trains, and can order changes in schedules or operation of additional trains to give better service for the accommodation of business.

Railway companies must report to the Board all cases of fatal or serious injury.

All agreements for the sale, lease, or

amalgamation of railways must be approved by the Board.

The Board may order the allotment or distribution of cars, where there may be question of discrimination.

Railway companies must submit to the Board plans of all branch lines, spurs, sidings, or railways of any description whatever, and the approval of the Board must be secured before the work can be commenced. This applies also, to all works, bridges, etc., which the railways may desire to construct.

The Board may order the construction of bridges over navigable waters, and the regulations respecting the construction of such bridges are included in the Railway Act.

The Board may exercise jurisdiction over claims against railway companies; at the same time, it protects the railway companies from unjust claims.

The Board may determine what lands the railway companies may take without owner's consent for right-of-way, etc., and its authority extends to expropriation proceedings of every description.

No railway may cross or join another railway without the consent of the Board.

The Railway Act defines the duties and powers of directors of railways.

It can fix either maximum or absolute rates.

All freight tariffs have to be filed with, and receive the approval of the Commission, which has the power to order changes in them.

No toll can be charged which unjustly discriminates between different localities.

No greater toll can be charged for a shorter than for a longer haul unless, in the judgment of the Commission, special conditions make it necessary.

Freight tariffs are governed by a classification which must receive the approval of the Board. This insures uniformity of classification.

The effect of this beneficent rate regulation on the commercial development of Canada cannot be overestimated. Consider for one moment what this protection means:

1.—Equal rates for all. A guarantee that one section of the country will not be exploited to the detriment of another region equally endowed with natural resources.

2.—No secret rebates. An exemplification of the "live and let live" policy. The small producer is zealously protected and is afforded an equal chance on the same basis with a wealthy corporation.

3.—Government regulation of train schedules. An absolute assurance to the shipper that he can fulfil his contracts.

In short, it may be said that the Board of Railway Commissioners has absolute control over all matters pertaining to the construction, operation and maintenance of railways, and, in comparison, the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission seem dwarfed almost to insignificance. It may be said, also, that not only does the Dominion Railway Act, which gave to the Board of Railway Commissioners its life, protect the public but it also protects the railway companies.

For instance, a town where one railway is already located may desire the entrance into the town of another railway and may wish to grant a location to the entering road which might prove injurious to the first road. In such a case, the first road may appeal to the Commission against this injustice, and the Board has the power to compel the second road to enter the town by another route.

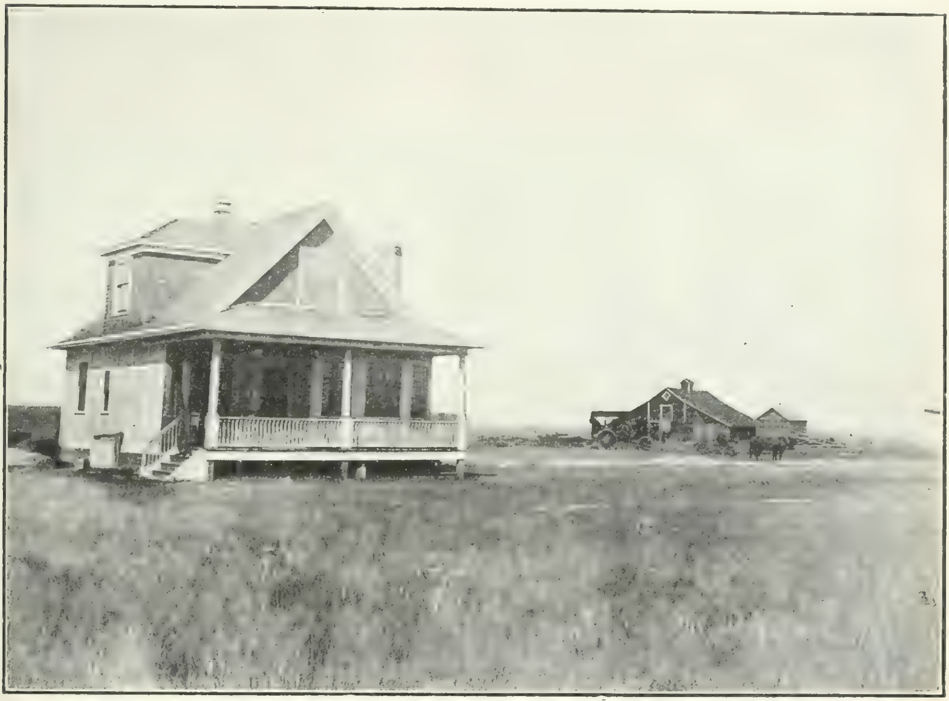
Previous to 1881, the country lying west of Winnipeg had never heard the whistle of a locomotive.

Now, there are over five thousand miles of track in operation through a region which in 1906 produced nearly one hundred million bushels of wheat, and which shipped—for export alone—some eighty thousand head of cattle.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was, of course, the real pioneer, throwing open to the world its last Great West, carrying on its work of construction and development in the face of obstacles which, in any other country, would have spelled failure for any enterprise; but this railway has won an empire from a wilderness and has turned defeat into a tremendous success. To-day, in a desperate effort to meet the requirements of the region through which it runs, this railway is building eight new branches. Its orders for rolling stock equipment amounted last year to $11,808,751, and it spent in the West alone in the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars in improvements and new works. The railway is indeed moving fast, but the incoming settlers are moving faster.

In all that the road has done for upbuilding Western Canada, it has had in mind the permanent prosperity of the settler. The plan has been to create every possible element of success in the way of transportation auxiliaries to successful cultivation of the soil, harvesting of the crop and converting it into cash. From colonization of the empty prairies to cultivation of profitable crops and converting them into cash, the policy of the road has been to co-operate with the incoming population to the best of its ability. It has gone far beyond the usual sphere of a transportation company.

Every possible co-operation is given to enable the settler to get the most possible out of the soil. The Dominion Government, the Provincial Governments, and the railways each endeavor to bring to the cultivator of the soil definite information of seeds, methods of cultivation, care of crops, etc., etc. Seeds are sought which are best for the soil and climate. These are brought in and given to the farmer almost without financial consideration. He is shown how to plant the seed and how to care for the ground. Special trains have been sent through the country with seeds and with instructions.



MODERN HOMES REPLACE THE SHACKS OF THE PIONEERS. THE RAILWAYS BRING LUMBER MILL-WORK AND SHINGLES, TO THE TIMBERLESS PRAIRIES

Nothing is left to chance. Organized effort eliminates risk as nearly as the enormous resources at the disposal of the Government and of the railroad, can accomplish it. The aim is to make profitable crops a certainty in Western Canada.

How enormous is the crop which the Canadian railways are working like beavers to handle may be realized when it is said that more than once last year the daily receipts of wheat at Winnipeg exceeded the combined daily receipts at Duluth, Minneapolis and Chicago. Next year the acreage under crop will be greatly increased, and so the total yield. Each year the golden stream of wheat flows wider and swifter and deeper down to the lakes, and, by the time the railways now under construction are completed, there will be need of more; for, with all of this wonderful progress, the development of the Canadian West has just begun.

Is it any wonder, then, that thousands of men are being employed, and millions of money being expended in the construction of new lines which will be needed to assist in the movement of the crop of 1908?

With the tremendous undeveloped natural resources of Canada and the blessings incident to railway regulations such as these, there can be found no better field for capital seeking investment. Perhaps the fairest indication of hearty co-operation with the Government by the railways, and likewise of a firm belief in Canada's present and future prosperity, is the tremendous amount of railway construction going on to-day.

SUMMER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

FULL summer now—the genial hours
Lend radiant noon to glowing night.
Full summer—see the gleaming flowers
Basking in the fervid light,
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its summer sun, its summer moon;
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

THE SHOP OF THE SIX HANDS

BY FORREST CRISSEY

Author of "The Country Boy," "A Sermon and a Sinner," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK NOTEWARE

"ISN'T it queer, old man, how we keep harking back to first things," said Billy Kentland, halting the small coffee cup on its way to his lips. "Just now, when I caught sight of your old mug there in the reading room, after all these years, it hit me the same way as the first time I ever saw you—at college. A few days before, I'd watched Leyendecker blocking out a cover design for the college number of a magazine—a figure of an athlete—big, hulking shoulders—face mostly nose and chin—a kind of on-the-square, done-in-the-rough, to-be-filled-in-later sort of business that came right up at you in bold strokes. 'Here's my blocked-out college poster man!' I said to myself the second I sat eyes on you, there at the campus. There's been a lot of filling in done on the waste places of your face since then, Rufe, but—same old nose, chin, shoulders! Tell 'em a mile off. And they look like money from home."

Rufus Fair smiled indulgently at this comment from his old chum. He could afford to stand almost anything, he felt. Here he was back in "God's country" after seven years of exile in Mexico; he had made his stake early—a big one—and he was sitting once more in the club with Billy — loyal, bubbling exuberant Billy — opposite him; and he was going to tell Billy all about how it happened.

"Just give the high sign to Buttons over there," remarked Rufe, "I want a Pantella." Then, very incidentally, he added: "By the way, whatever became of the Bronson girl, the one——"

"Yes; *the* one," cut in Billy. "I always suspected it—but I was never sure 'till now. When a man puts 'by the way' in front of a girl's name, it's time to sit up and take notice. Oh: things are coming your way, all right, to-day; you run across me here at the club first thing—then ask for a 'by-the-way girl,' who is just home from two years in Europe and happens to be right next door. She's in the Arts and Crafts Building, and you can be in her studio in two minutes. But you've got to tell me a lot of things first—she'll keep."

"Studio?" repeated the returned wanderer. "I didn't suppose Stella Bronson had the suspicion of an artistic impulse. When I knew her she was just—well—just a nice, plain, jolly girl without any frills—and not so *plain* either, when it came to looks. But what is this studio?"

"Some sort of a hand-made stunt she's joined—beaters of brass, bruisers of leather or singers of wood—anything that takes lots of tools and talk and tea—Oh! I don't know! Anyhow, it's done in a 'shop' and swell society, and every knock of the hammer is heard in the newspapers and is a boost for the Larger Life. But come on—tell me about your blooming old mine—what's the name of it?"

"The Stelita," answered Rufe, rather self-consciously.

"Spanish for Estella?" pursued Billy.

"Yes."

"I see! Good thing?"

"Rather!" laughed Rufus. "One of the biggest producers in Mexico. Wouldn't say this to anybody but you, Billy—but the fact is that it's put me where most anything else is more interesting to me than money."

"By George: Rufe; that's great! Bully! I'd no idea that it was so good as that. Then you don't have to go back?"

"Never—unless I can't find enough

to interest me around here—and I guess I can."

"I guess!" laughed Billy. "Now I'm going to hustle back to the factory and leave you to do a little—prospecting! You know the leisure class here in Toronto consists of three persons. The rest of us work—no matter if 'father' does happen to be on the directory or own the concern. But I'll see you again at the house, this evening. You're going to put up with me while you're here, you know."

It was two-thirty and Billy had gone. The young wanderer from the West pulled himself together for a preliminary reconnoissance in the Arts and Crafts Building. As he entered the cool lobby, with its walls of yellow tinted marble, he encountered a trio of girls carrying music rolls and all talking at once to a gaunt, solemn man, whose black hair almost touched his shoulders. "But such *expression:* Such soul: Such ———" he heard the oldest of the trio exclaim.

"Do you believe all the awful stories they tell about him?" interrupted the smallest girl.

Then they were out of earshot and Fair began to look about for the office directory. Everywhere were pictures—fine old prints, etchings by Zorn; photographs in warm sepia tones, and a dry point, by Schneider, of a society girl whom Fair instantly recognized.

Seeing the trim, uniformed figure of the "starter" standing in front of a Japanese poster, the man from the West inquired for the studio of Miss Bronson.

"Seven ten — Shop of the Six Hands!" was the answer.

"This is sure the centre of Sweetness and Light," was Fair's mental comment as the elevator ascended and he glanced at its occupants; a spindling boy, with a violin, who seemed lost between the spreading skirts of two grand dames of society who were discussing the ethical course of the club's extension movement; a tailormade actress who told her companion that she always took her physical culture training at two-forty-five excepting on matinee day; a pair of fluffy chorus girls who primped in the glass, hummed gay little trills and made their connection with the musical drama plain to all comers; a shadowy man with dark Jersey eyes and a thin Van Dyke beard.

At the club floor, with its triangle of high-backed seats in settle effect, one of the grand dames stepped outside the elevator and clung to the hand of her friend who still remained in the car.

"No, to-morrow," she was smilingly explaining. "I have a committee meeting and after that I dine with Mrs. Oakley-Tuffts, but sometime later ——"

"Going up! Going up!" interrupted the elevator man with the wearied voice of one dealing with a familiar and hopeless source of irritation.

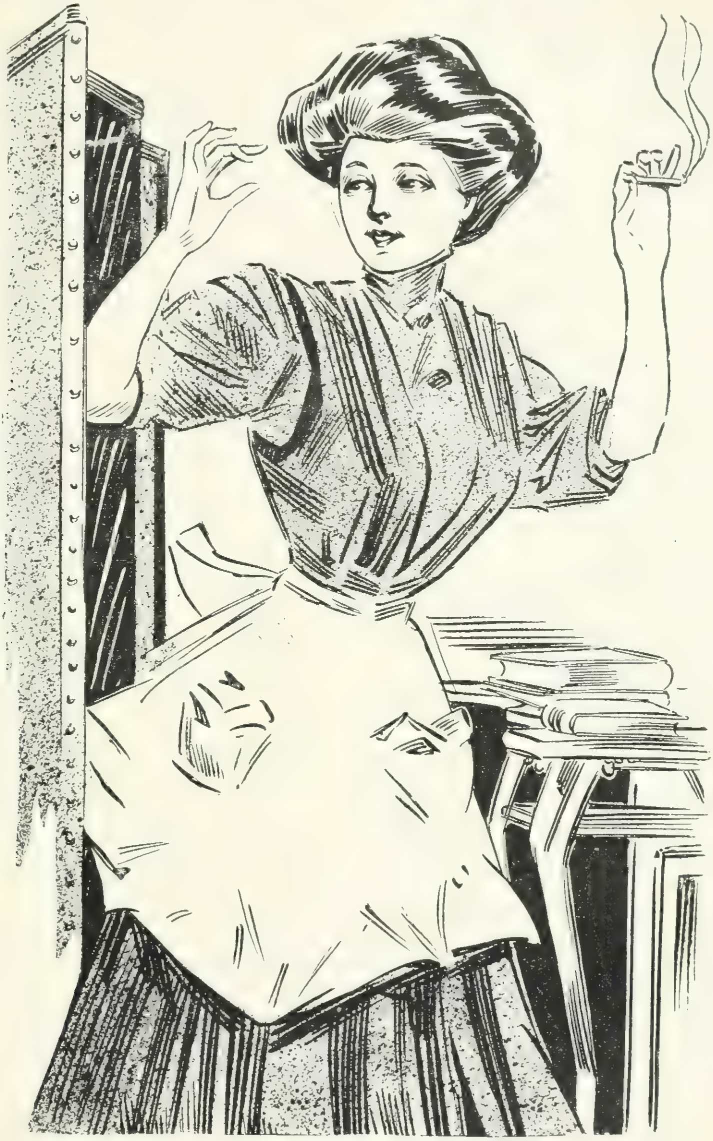
Finally, when Fair heard his floor called, he managed to squeeze out of the doorway between the two divinities of the chorus who were doing a *soto voce* selection from the "Dato of Bing Bong."

Half way down the cool hall in conspicuously small letters upon a frosted door glass, he encountered the sign, *Shop of the Six Hands*. Below this line was a mysterious symbol which made him mentally comment:

"Inner seal: Has the girl gone into the hand-made biscuit business?" Then in a lower corner of the glass he read, "Enter."

He hesitated—then smiled and said to himself: "I'll do it—and see if she knows me. The sign says to come in and she can't blame me for obeying written instructions."

With a light, hurried rap he pushed open the door and found himself in a room which seemed to him a cross between a cabinet-maker's shop and the den of a Harvard undergraduate of comfortable stipend. The German prints on the wall were beyond criticism from an artistic standpoint—but he could not quite imagine his mother giving them a place on the walls of her home. The centre of the room was occupied by a contrivance which suggested a gymnasium horse fitted with jaws; a low bench crossed the end of the room just below the window and was littered with glue pots, scraps of bright colored skins, stacks of the leaves of unbound books, tools like delicate chisels, a frame strung with dangling strings, a small iron press and several devices which he took to be cabinet-makers' clamps, and various tools which resembled kitchen chopping knives with unnaturally keen edges.



Drawn by Frederick Noteware

SHE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL HER CIGARETTE

In the instant required for him to gather this impression from the room he caught the mingled smell of tea and cigarettes and heard a voice from behind the big screen saying:

"Oh: Isn't it a *dear?* Do you know, girls, I feel that at last I have really *found* myself. Already I begin to realize what a dreadful waste life would be without work with the hands. Cobden-Sanderson says ——"

"Somebody came in," interrupted a voice, which Fair at once recognized.

"See who it is, Stella, dear," replied the first speaker, adding in a lower tone, "I do hope it is somebody who is—in sympathy—I feel so in harmony with the work I simply can't bear the thought of intrusion."

"*Why, Rufus Fair!*" This exclamation from the dark, oval-faced girl who came forward from behind the screen was tame in its note of astonishment to that which the caller would have expressed had he not been schooled to hide any strong emotion with an inscrutable facial mask and with a quiet, steady voice that breathed only of serene self-command. If the flush of her cheek was from any sense of confusion, rather than surprise, her composure was restored by his complacency. She made no attempt to conceal the cigarette in her left hand, but exclaimed:

"How good of you to look me up! You are just in time for tea. Come and meet my shop mates. Led behind the screen he was introduced to a tall, slender, very effeminate and silken young widow, Mrs. Everingham, who was evidently doing her best to be a man under the handicap of extreme feminine endowment. Just a delicate shading of difference in the tone which Stella employed in introducing her old friend to the petite and rosy little Miss Cross—Miss Elaine Cross—seemed to give him the opportunity to draw the conclusion that, although some persons might recognize a social difference between this small and dimpled girl and her associates, the democracy of the shop, the fraternity of the craft, forbade social distinctions—excepting to show that they were *not* drawn.

"May I join you?" asked Fair, glancing at Stella and reaching for a cigarette in the box before her.

She pushed the box and candle towards him, and banteringly asked: "Now confess: You never expected to find me devoting my time to a Purpose—spelled with a capital, did you? I always told you that you never did me justice. So long as I'd laugh at your funny talk and then say foolish things myself for you to laugh at, you considered that I was fulfilling my highest mission in life."

"Well," responded Fair, with a laughing half-gravity, "your missionary efforts suited me all right, I confess. Perhaps if they had been on any higher plane they'd have gone clear over my head."

"But don't tell me that you're not interested in what I am doing now!" she exclaimed, with pretty anxiety. "The sympathy of old friends means so much to a frivolous girl who has finally found a work into which she can put her whole life. I'm *perfectly devoted* to it. Mrs. Everingham and Elaine will tell you so. There is something in expressing oneself in work with the hands that ——"

"You have the spirit, my child," quickly interrupted Mrs. Everingham, as she passed Fair a cup of tea, "but perhaps I am a *little* more familiar with the letter of our craft. You know what the great master-binder says?"

"Who's he?" bluntly inquired Fair, in response to the glance which the head of the shop turned upon him. A subtle shading of voice in her answer seemed to express, in the same breath, reverence for the name spoken and a slight shock at the ignorance prompting the question.

"Cobden-Sanderson—we feel that there is no other master. Don't you think that he expresses it *wonderfully* when he says that, 'The Book Beautiful may be beautiful by virtue of its writing, of printing, of illumination; it also may be beautiful or even more beautiful by the union of all of the production of the one composite whole, the consummate Book Beautiful. Then comes in attendance upon it strife for the love of the idea to be itself beautiful, the written or printed page, the decorated or decorative letters, the pictures, set amid the book and finally the binding, holding the whole in its strong grip and for very love against itself becoming beautiful because in common with the idea. This is the supreme Book Beautiful, the ideal book, a dream, a symbol of the infinitely beautiful in which all things of beauty rest, and into which all things of beauty do ultimately merge.' Oh, I think he's sublime when he deals with the spirit of art!"

"Well; I never thought of it just that way," responded Fair, solemnly, "but it sounds as if he knew all about it. The fact is, I never thought about it at all. You see, I've been seven years an exile from the softening influences of civilization—went straight from college to the mountains of Mexico and have been there ever since until I'm a seasoned barbarian."

"But you must feel the beauty of work—work with the hands," suggested Stella. "And then Art speaks with a universal language—don't you think? What was it that *he* said about not needing anything ——"

"'Artists should not,'" promptly quoted Mrs. Everingham, "'need the guidance of anything outside themselves, as artists should, as artists, realize that the world of Art is a common weal, and that the most beautiful art is a composite work, higher than the art of each and that the art of each is contributory, only to be exercised in due subordination to the ideal which is the creation of all.'"

"Have you—got any of your work about?" inquired Fair, laying the butt of his cigarette on the hand-hammered tray. "I'd really like to see some of it," he added, glancing at Stella and vaguely trying to readjust himself to the change which he saw in her—or was it more a change in her environment?

"Unfortunately," volunteered Mrs. Everingham, "everything we have finished has gone out. The only thing in hand is a copy of Sappho, and that is just now in the forwarding—a very unattractive stage to the layman, but a *perfectly fascinating* process to the worker.

"Anyhow," suggested Stella, "we can show him the lovely Niger Morocco that it's going to be done in."

"Certainly dear," was the prompt second, "it's such an *expressive* red—so perfectly suitable for a book of love. To tell the truth, Mr. Fair, the Shop of the Six Hands is the envy of every other bindery because of our Niger Morocco importations—and our exquisite old brocades for end pieces. They—the others—are simply furious because of the lead it gives us—and we don't blame them! You will know what this means when I tell you that we are doing a rare print of Cobden-Sanderson's 'The Book Beautiful,' in Niger for the wonderful collection of ——"

A merciful knock at the door and the sudden entrance of a bevy of society people, of semi-bohemian celebrity, put a period to the unfinished sentence and gave Fair a chance to say to Stella: "When are you going to let me call at the house and renew old times?"

"To-morrow night," she answered, "but you will always find me here. Run in often. We keep open house. In fact, the newspapers say the shop is quite the thing in a social way—so you will be likely to meet a good many pleasant people—and perhaps you will become interested in the work, too."

"Will you let me help on something—I don't want to hinder and block the wheels of progress, you know."

She laughed her old-time, merry school-girl laugh as she answered:

"Yes; you may turn the screws on the big press. That's a man's job, anyway."

Carefully evading the chattering group at the bench upon which were heaped the precious expensive skins, he made his exit, with a parting nod to Stella.

"Look here, Billy," he exclaimed, as they sat in the smoking room that evening, "what's got into this old town, anyway—and everybody in it?"

"Been up to the Shop, I see," commented Billy. "Got the message straight from the grand hyphenated master, eh? Sublimely expressive, isn't it? And did you notice anybody doing overtime work with the hands—except vocally?"

"Why—no. I didn't."

"But perhaps you struck one of the soul feasts, one of the sublimated cigarette seances, when the sanctuary of the Beautiful is opened to the worship of the elect."

"Right in the middle of it!" confessed Rufus, with a touch of shamefacedness.

"I got up against it—once," returned Billy, "but since then I've always gone back to my office—mighty well satisfied to do a little work with the head and make my social calls on Stella and Elaine at the house. When I invade the Shop of the Six Mitts again, old man, I hope they will stitch me proper, put a hand tied head band on me, run me through the press, tool me to a finish and lay me away in crushed levant. Stella is all right — and so is the little red-headed Briton from Battersea—but no more Book Beautiful for Billy! I'm not up to the Cobden-Sanderson Curves, and just plain business and a little unregenerated society on the side will do for mine!"

But no such rebellious liberty remained for the man from the West. He stripped the wrappings from a bundle of books he had brought home with him, and when Billy saw the titles he sent up a shout of derision.

" 'Book Binders and Their Craft,' " he read from the first cover, and laughed as if he had caught his friend in the act of stealing sheep. But when he snatched the second volume from the stack he fairly yelled with mirth. " 'Love Is Enough,' by William Morris," he read aloud. "Rufe, you certainly are stung! To think of you—the best stroke oar we ever had—deliberately soaking himself with the technical lore of Miss Prideaux and the lofty æsthetics of William Morris in order to get a stand-in at the Cigarette Seance of the Amalgamated Hand Workers—Oh! But it's lovely! You are a living proof of the truth of that title. Love that's enough for such debasement, Rufe, is certainly enough! One distinguished collector of fine bindings in this town has a volume bound in human skin. I can see your finish, old man! Before this thing's through, you'll be offering up on the altar of Love and Art whole chunks of your epidermis—and smiling sweetly as they lift it from your devoted back. Rufe, you've simply got the worst case I ever saw on land or sea."

Fair only smiled brazenly, refused an invitation to go motoring, and buried his nose in Miss Prideaux's illumination of the binder's art. On returning from Lorne Park, Billy found him still at the book. And in the morning the young mine owner began a business-like attack upon that hive of æsthetic sweetness, "Love Is Enough."

Before the week was over—and also before he had called again at the Shop of the Six Hands—Fair could tell a double from an end sheet, and knew that to use a head band not tied with hands was an artistic heresy little short of æsthetic blasphemy. And when he made the second call upon the hand workers he betrayed a familiarity which struck speechless astonishment to the lips of Stella and caused Mrs. Everingham coyly to shake her jewelled finger at him and exclaim:

"Mr. Fair! You are simply the *cleverest deceiver* I ever saw. The other day you made us believe you had never heard of Cobden-Sanderson—and now I am sure you know quite as much about the master binders as we do. I simply suspect you've been a discriminating collector all your life—and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that you are really one of the craft. Now, tell the truth, sir! Haven't you had a shop in connection with your mine and practiced the art just as a pastime for the uplift—to keep you in touch with the higher influences? Confess it!"

But Fair modestly denied the impeachment—and noted with some satisfaction that his disclaimer failed to carry conviction. Before Stella recovered her powers of speech, Mrs. Everingham dropped into a pensive tone and continued:

"There is no cure for loneliness like it. I took it up after dear Jack's death when I was, oh! *so* wretched, and it has brought such a perfectly sweet sense of companionship. I am sure I should have simply *died* if it had not been for the precious impulse that came from work with the hands."

Fair was not given to flinching; he had faced many a so'wester before he drifted southward and down across the Rio Grande; but a threat of feminine tears was always enough to stampede him on the instant. So he made his escape by abruptly inviting Stella and Elaine to luncheon at McConkey's, and suggested that they go at once as he had an early afternoon appointment.

During the luncheon Stella was a trifle abstracted and silent, and the burden of conversation fell upon the little English girl. She talked surprisingly well and before he was aware Fair found himself on uncommonly good terms with her. They had been fortunate enough to get a seat by the window, and a shaft of sunlight struck directly into the crinkly auburn tangle that framed her clear-cut features. He could not keep his eyes from the rich, irridescent riot of color under the brim of the chic little straw sailor hat, and he was even ingenuous enough to ask her how she accounted for the generally fresh complexions of English girls.

"How many English girls have you ever seen, Rufus?" laughingly asked Stella, arousing a moment from her revery.

"Why—not very many," he responded with surprise. "In fact, not more than half a dozen, all told, I suppose. And most of those—now that I come to think of it, had skins of calcimined mud."

This brought a general laugh—and a very rosy blush spread up from the neck of Elaine—and did not escape the attention of Fair. Before they left the luncheon table Fair had invited the shop-mates to attend the theatre that evening—and left them at the street door to go after the tickets.

The play was an English comedy—a fact which seemed to call forth considerable comment from the Briton member of the trio. In fact, Stella's mood of abstraction seemed even more complete than in the afternoon. But if Fair noticed this, he gave no sign of it and made no attempt to rouse her, being apparently satisfied to listen to the oral leaves from a London notebook offered in the low and pleasing voice of Elaine.

Frequently, but not too frequently, Rufus Fair dropped in at the Shop of the Six Hands, smoked cigarettes with the disciples of Cobden-Sanderson, and gave further demonstration of his familiarity with the inner secrets of the craft and protested his complete conversion to the love of the Beautiful. But, however, his evidences of erudition and interest did not appear to arouse in Stella the compensating response he had looked for, although the widow was politely rapturous over his progress and laughingly proposed to adopt him into the artistic family.

Once Stella allowed him to turn the screws of the big press, and for an instant the old-time glint came into her dark eyes and the evasive dimple, which only showed when she really laughed, came for a second upon the soft olive surface of her cheek.

"Stella," he exclaimed, "for a second then, you looked just like your old self —the rollicking, saucy bunch of girl-mischief that you used to be when you set the pace for the co-eds."

"What—have I grown so old—changed so much as all that? My! but you are frank. You used to be able to pay a real nice compliment; but I'm afraid mining is not exactly a post-graduate course in diplomacy."

Just as the word that "the little widow" had made a "new find" began to percolate through the whole chain of shops and studios and it was whispered that the young mine owner from Mexico was a Crœsus of the first order, he suddenly left Toronto for a touring trip with Billy Kentland, with whom he had taken up his abode—for the old family home on Jarvis street had long since been closed, and the father and mother were living luxuriously in the South of France.

Being wise in the affairs of the heart, Billy had ceased to badger his chum on the subject of his artistic affiliations and the matter of work with hands was not mentioned during the whole of their outing. The fact that Fair did not introduce the subject, but was moody and preoccupied, told quite enough for the keen perceptions of Billy—who mentally remarked: "There is some trouble with the sparker in that combination. When we get back I am going to give the crank a little turn myself and see if I can't get things going a bit."

Before they had quite completed their run, Rufus asked:

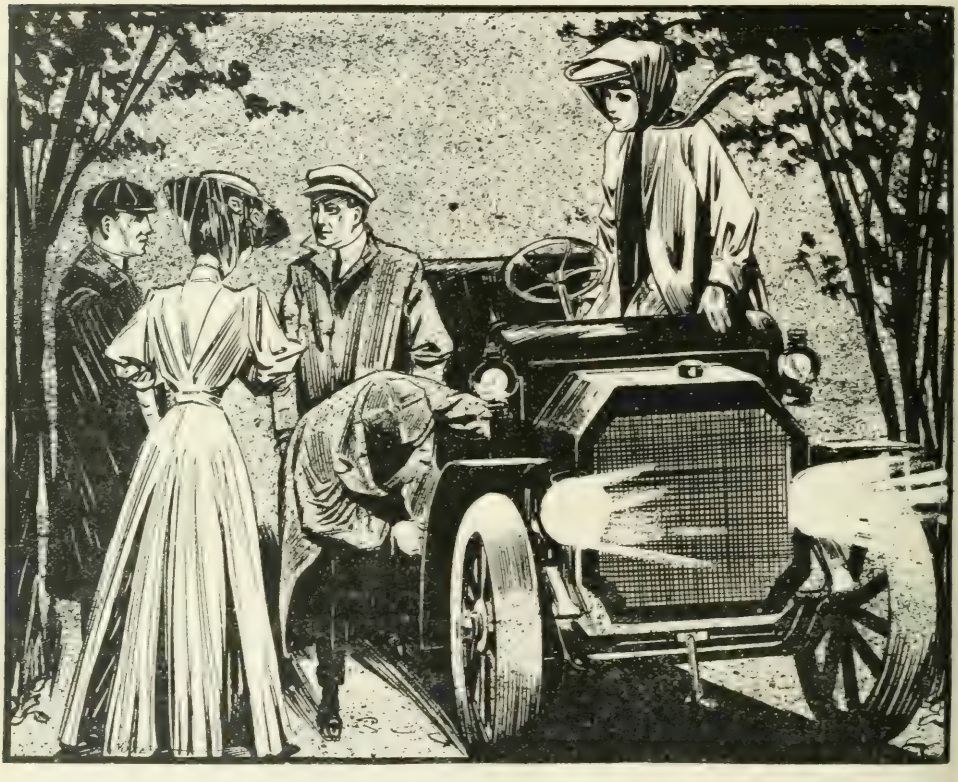
"Are you dead set on finishing this thing according to schedule, Billy? Of course, if you want to stick to the trail clean to the end, then I'm with you. But if it's all the same to you, Billy, I'm ready to go back."

"Back it is then!" responded Billy,

and he turned the big touring car round just as soon as he could slow down. Once in Toronto again, Rufus lost little time in appearing at the Shop of the Six Hands.

"Stella," he said, "I've bought a new car and I'd like you to go out with me to-night and christen it."

"Billy Kentland just telephoned me," she answered, "and I promised to go out with him. I'm going right home now to be ready for an early start."



Drawn by Frederick Noteware

"NO USE, RUFE, YOU'LL BOTH HAVE TO GET IN WITH US"

He lingered, after she had gone, and Elaine quickly pressed him into service in helping her forward the new book which had come in during his absence—and about the prospective beauties of which he had read a two-column article in the afternoon paper, which the carrier had shortly before delivered.

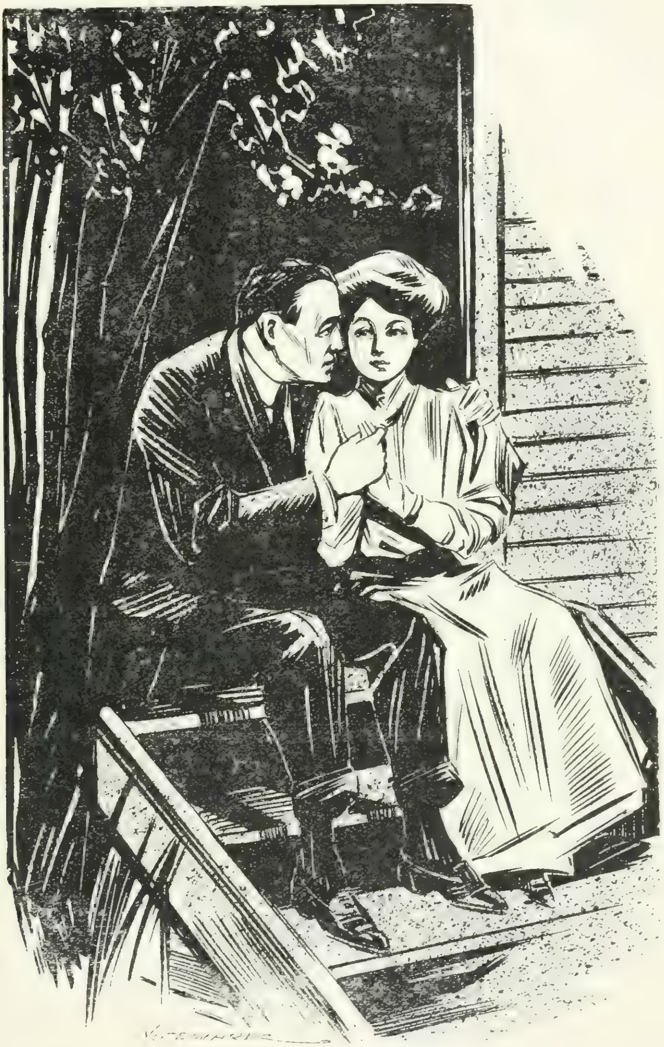
"Will you take a run out to Oakville this evening with me?" he suddenly asked. "I'm going to put my new machine through its paces. The strawberries are ripe and we will get some fresh from the gardens."

"Yes," she answered simply, making no effort to conceal her pleasure. "But I'll have to leave at once to be ready in time." So the work of the hands was quickly put aside and later callers at the Shop found only a pensive widow who, for once, seemed to fail of extracting the usual uplift and satisfaction from the pursuit of the Larger Life.

When half way home from the strawberry village, the new machine, without warning, gave vent to a hair-raising line of explosions ending in a series of blood-curdling mechanical screams—and then came to an abrupt halt. They sat quietly in the back seat while the chauffeur tapped and tinkered the monster to his heart's content. A dozen touring cars had passed them when suddenly one slowed down, and they were startled by the voice of Billy saying:

"Hello, Rufe. Has she balked on the trial stretch?" The shop-mates greeted each other with apparent cordiality, while the men gave themselves up to an examination of the disabled machine. Finally Billy announced:

"No use, Rufe! You'll both of you have to get in with us while your man waits until I can send Tom back with a new spark coil."



Drawn by Frederick Noewars

HE MOVED CLOSER TO THE ASTONISHED GIRL AND TOOK POSSESSION OF HER HANDS

Although this suggestion was adopted, the conversation was spiritless and heavy on the homeward way. When they reached the nearer boarding place of Elaine she was dropped and Rufus stayed with the machine.

"I'll have to leave you here," exclaimed Billy, as they approached Stella's home, "and hurry on to the barn with Tom, so we can help your man out without keeping him there all night."

"Will you come in?" asked Stella, with a voice of only moderate cordiality.

"Sure!" bluntly responded Fair. "Let's sit out for a while."

"I'll bring cushions," was the girl's

quick answer as she hurried inside. Rufus had ample time for reflection before she reappeared. In the dim light, as she dropped the cushions upon the broad stairs he was not certain that her eyes showed traces of tears—but his suspicions pointed strongly to that conclusion.

As she sat there on the top step close beside him, her dainty head dropped musingly forward and her eyes apparently fixed upon the tips of her white shoes which peeped from the edge of her skirt, he looked into her face so long and so searchingly that he could see the color spreading over her dark cheeks.

"You are tired," he said, "you stick too close to that shop."

"Shop:" she exclaimed explosively. "I *hate* the shop: I'm sick of all the stuff and twaddle that's talked there from morning till night. And I simply *detest* the taste of cigarettes—and despise the women that smoke them—myself included."

Then her eyes flashed out with the old gleam he had once seen in them when her spunk had been stirred by a bit of snobbery on the part of a co-ed.

"You can have my place in the Shop of the Six Hands, Rufus Fair, for I'm going to *strike!* There's going to be a walkout to-morrow morning, so far as these two little hands are concerned. Those who want the Larger Life can have it—all they want of it—but I'm going to lead the frivolous life and try to feel like myself once more. I wonder how I ever did get pulled into it, anyway?"

"Yes?" prompted her astounded listener, still staring into her snapping eyes.

She responded instantly to the spur and continued:

"Yes—and I might have dawdled along in it and thought it 'perfectly fascinating' if — if — if you hadn't opened my eyes to it all by your silliness. It's one thing to see women feed on that kind of æsthetic breakfast food—but to have a big, strong man of the world who has done things and *lived*, come round and eat out of their hands and seem to like it—that makes me *sick!*"

"Bully!" exclaimed the owner of the Stelita. "Bully! It's worked all right! You don't belong to the Sublimated Cigarette Seance after all! I couldn't quite believe it any of the time, but you put up such a good imitation ——"

"Imitation?' 'Worked all right?' What do you mean?"

He moved closer to the astonished girl, calmly took possession of her hands and replied:

"Stella Bronson, I mean just this: I wasn't a bit more up in the air with joy the day I struck the ore vein in the Stelita—my mine—than I am to-night to find that all this rot you've been putting on isn't you or what you care for, and that you've got the sense and the grit to come and shake it off. I named the mine after you and I came back here to find you and *get* you. I'm used to high altitudes, and my lungs and heart have stood an elevation of 12,000 feet—but the Cobden-Sanderson atmosphere was a little too exalted and thin for me. I couldn't breathe it and continue to work with the head. And—forgive me, Stella—I just had to wait and find out if you really did belong to the color scheme of Niger Morocco tanned in cigarette smoke. But, thank God, you don't! And now, girl, I want you to come with me and set up the Shop of the Four Hands, where we'll do work with the heart. Will you?"

Her eyes flashed with the old dancing lights that he had carried in his memory through seven years of Mexican exile, and her laugh had the ring that matched these lights as she answered:

"Yes, Rufus—if you'll promise not to have anything in it that isn't strictly machine-made—a trade mark on *everything*."

"Everything but this, dear," he promised, as his lips touched hers, and he added: "but you *are* the *Girl Beautiful*—you can't help that!"

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

XIV.

THIS morning when that homely, long-legged clerk
Come in, he had a rose he got somewhere;
He went and kind of leaned against her chair,
Instead of goin' on about his work,
And stood around and talked to her awhile,
Because the boss was out,—and both took care
To watch the door; and when he left her there
He dropped the flower with a sickish smile.

I snuck it from the glass of water she
Had stuck it in, and tore it up and put
It on the floor and smashed it with my foot,
When neither him nor her was watchin' me—
I'd like to rub the stem acrost his nose,
And I wish they'd never be another rose.

XV.

YESTERDAY I watched you when you set
There with your little lunch-box in your lap;
I seen you nibble at a ginger snap,
And wished that where your lips had made it wet
I'd have a chance to take a bite and let
My mouth be right where yours was before;
And after you had got your apple e't,
And was n't lookin', I picked up the core.

I pressed my mouth against it then, and so
It seemed almost the same as kissin' you,
Your teeth had touched it, and your red lips, too,
And it was good and tasted sweet, and, oh,
I wished you'd bring an apple every day
And I could have the cores you'd throw away.

XVI.

I WISH, when you was through your work some night
And goin' home alone, and had your pay
Stuck in your stockin'—what you drew that day—
A robber'd come along with all his might
And you'd be nearly scared to death, and right
There in the street you'd almost faint and say:
"Good robber, please don't hurt me—go away!"
And as he grabbed you then I'd come in sight.

I wish I'd be as strong as two or three
Big giants then, and when I handed one
Out to him he'd be through, all in, and done,
And then you'd look and see that it was me,
And, thinkin' of the great escape you had,
You'd snuggle in my arms and just be glad.

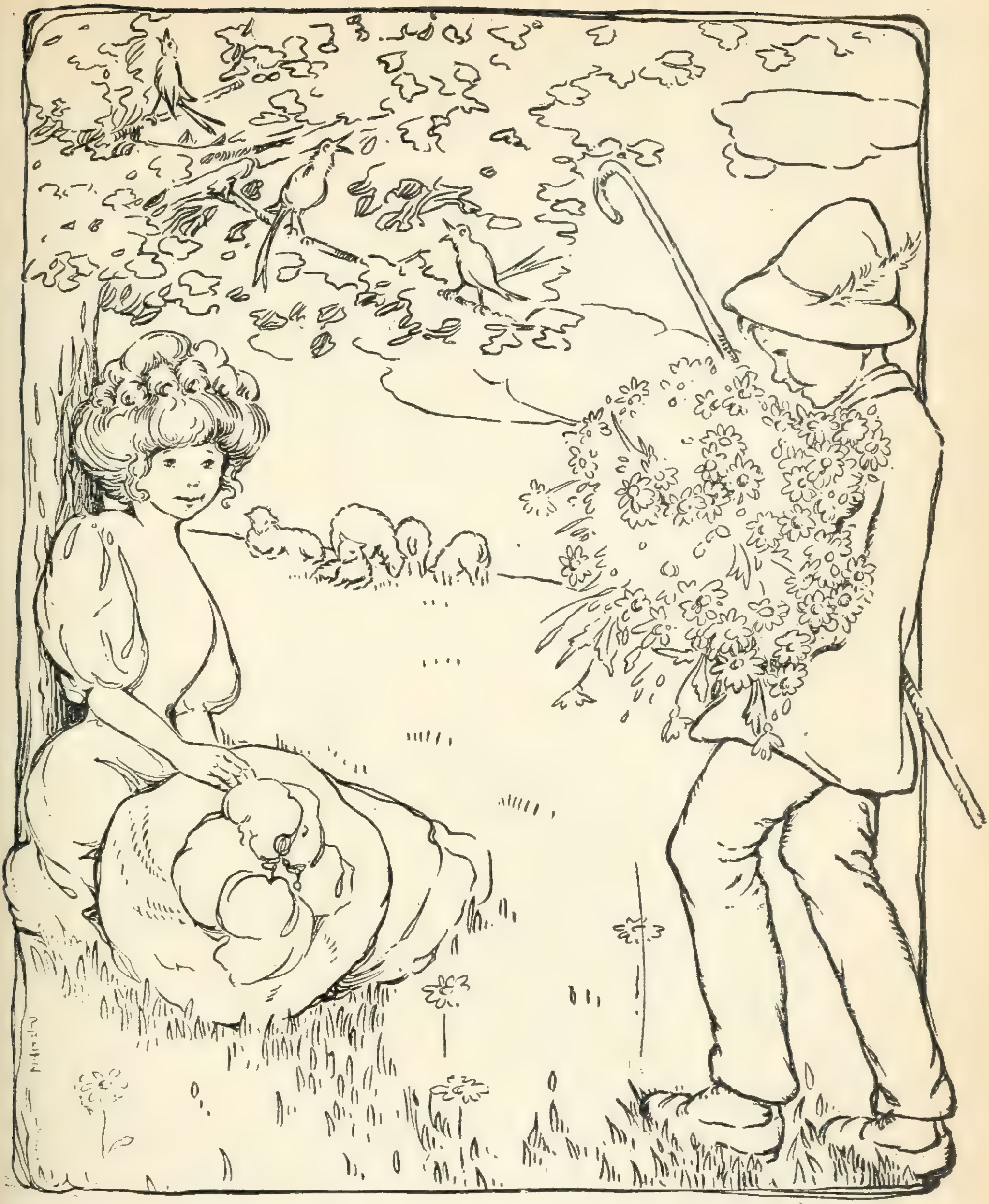
XVII.

HER brother come this morning with a note
What said that she was home and sick in bed;
She's got an awful bad cold in her head—
They think it might run into the sore throat,
And oh, what if she'd not come back again,
And they would get some other girl instead
Of her to typewrite here, and she'd be dead?
I wouldn't care no more for nothin' then.

I wish I was the doctor that they'd get,
And when I'd take her pulse I'd hold her hand
And say, "Poor little girl!" to her, and set
Beside the bed awhile and kind of let
My arm go 'round her, slow and careful, and
Say, "Now, put out your tongue a little, pet."

XVIII.

SHE'S back to work again; I'm awful glad;
When she was sick it seemed to me as though
The clocks all got to goin' kind of slow,
And every key she pounds looked kind of sad.
It's tough to have to hear her coughin' so—
I wish that I could take her cold and she
Would know I took it, and not have to blow
Her nose no more, and be as well as me.



Drawn by Florence Pretz

JUST LOVIN', AND I'D GO AND GATHER FLOWERS
AND PILE THEM AT HER FEET ALL IN A HEAP.

She takes some kind of cough stuff in a spoon,
I seen her lickin' it this morning when
She took a dose and put it down again,
And when the rest went out awhile at noon
I got her spoon and licked it, and it seemed
As though it all was something nice I dreamed.

XIX.

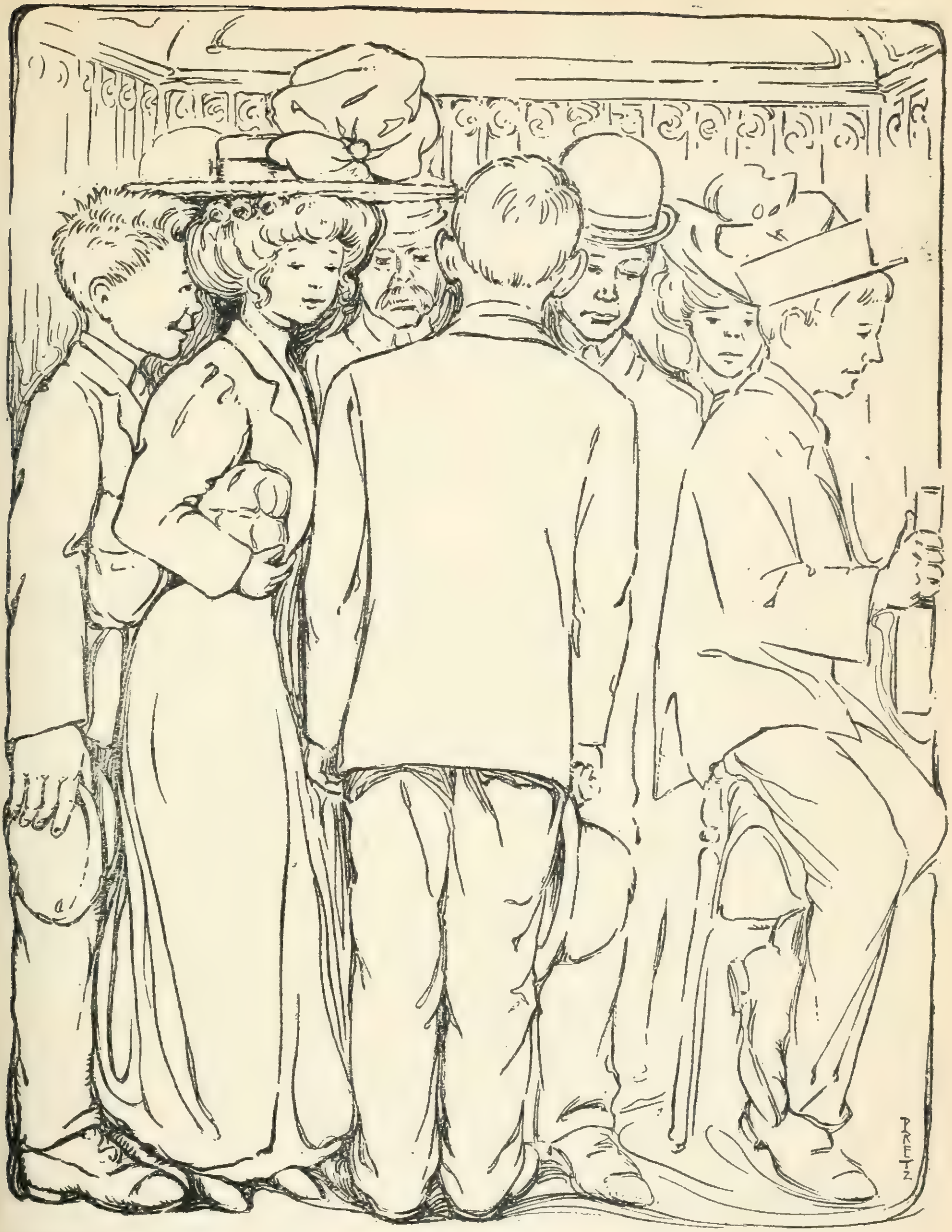
LAST night I dreamed about her in my sleep;
I thought that her and me had went away
Out on some hill where birds sung 'round all day
And I had got a job of herdin' sheep.
I thought that she had went along to keep
Me comp'ny, and we'd set around for hours
Just lovin', and I'd go and gather flowers
And pile them at her feet, all in a heap.

It seemed to me like heaven, bein' there
With only her besides the sheep and birds,
And us not sayin' anything but words
About the way we loved. I wouldn't care
To ever wake again if I could still
Dream we was there forever on the hill.

XX.

THIS morning when we come to work I got
Jammed in the elevator back of you, and there
They made you stick your elbow in me where
The mince pie lands; the lunch that I had brought
Was all smashed flat, but still I didn't care;
You leaned against me, for you couldn't stand
Because the ones in front were crowdin', and
My nose was pressed deep into your back hair.

I wish we'd had to go ten times as high,
Or else that we'd be shootin' upward yet,
And never stop no more until we'd get
Away above the clouds and in the sky,
And you'd lean back forevermore and let
Your hairpins always jab me in the eye.



Drawn by Florence Pretz

THIS MORNING WHEN WE COME TO WORK I GOT JAMMED IN THE ELEVATOR BACK OF YOU, ——

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M.A., Ph.D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

FOURTH PAPER

A LOVING God is the heart of the Gospel. To think of God as unloving, to act as if He were a tyrant, to endeavor to placate Him as if He were angry, all this is the survival of heathenism. God is love. That is the basal fact in the teaching of Jesus. Almost commonplace as is this conception to us, to the Jew and to the Greek of the days of Jesus it was a revelation. Not that the Old Testament fails to set forth the love of Jehovah, promises of forgiveness, offering of assistance. Divine love indeed is there, but it is the love of Jehovah for Israel alone. Open the Old Testament at any page and you will find that the Jew did not think of God as being merely like a king, but as actually being a king. The law which every Jew observed and taught his children to observe was the actual work of the finger of God. Any communication between the individual and Jehovah was to be upon the conditions of recognizing that He was the King of the Jewish people. The individual came to Jehovah only as a citizen; God was the Father of a nation.

Jesus ended all this nationalization of piety. With Him God was not a king, but neither was He said actually to be anything else. For Jesus does not define God; He describes his character. He is a father. But obviously this is a term born of analogy and not of philosophy. It sets forth God's infinite fatherliness, not His fatherhood. And that means love; it means the possibility of reconciliation; it means a willingness to forgive.

But it was impossible for the early followers of Jesus to escape the forensic, monarchical conception. It was forced upon them as an intellectual heritage. It was their way of describing to their fellow Jews the fact Jesus had told so simply. He spoke of a father rushing to welcome the prodigal son as he came in sight of home: they spoke of a man's being acquitted at the great judgment day by a loving God Who had maintained His reputation for regard of law by allowing His Christ to die.

I.

It was their regard for penalty that gave moral intensity to the Hebrew prophets and law-givers. It was their spirit that Pharisaism socialized in the time of Jesus. But there was this difference: instead of punishment in the present age alone, the Jew of the New Testament times looked forward to a place and time of suffering for all those who, whether angels, giants, or men, had violated the law of God. The day of judgment swept across the entire horizon of the future. The idea of cause and effect was unknown, and the idea of law was inseparable from that of sovereignty. There was but one way to conceive of the consequences of wrong-doing—that drawn from the trials in the market-place or at the Court of Cæsar. A man's future became a matter of legal procedure. If he could plead his cause well before the bar of Jehovah, he would be acquitted at the judgment day; if he could not, he would be condemned. It would be useless for him to appeal to mercy, for all his deeds had been written down in a book and this record he would sign. The verdict pronounced upon him depended upon whether the majority of his deeds was good or bad. Jehovah's mercy covered only that minority which was to go unpunished.

It is out from this forensic conception of God, so clearly an analogy drawn from human rulers, that the doctrine of justification by faith is drawn. To "justify", as our scholars all but unanimously affirm, is not to make people righteous, but to declare and treat as righteous; that is, to acquit, to remit penalty. It is in a way, figurative.

Before the Apostles, as before all their contemporaries, was the terrible day when men were to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, the representative of God, to have sentence passed upon the deeds done in the body. For those who thus were placed on trial, Paul, like all his fellow-Christians, could see no hope except in the mercy of the judge. His acute mind rejected any acquittal dependent on the fact that a majority of the deeds of one's life might be good, and insisted that the law provided only its curse of death for those who did not keep all of its provisions. The other New Testament writers took the same position. To their minds it was not commands that were broken or kept, but one great law, which was as truly broken if violated once as if violated in fifty-one per cent. of a man's actions. The great problem which was over against the Jew was over against the Christian. He did not settle it before he believed; it confronted him in consequence of the experiences born of his faith. How was it possible for anyone still morally imperfect to escape the sentence of death at the world assize, to share in the promised salvation and pass over into glories of the new kingdom? He knew he was saved, but how?

This simple question suggested the first attempt to systematize the facts of Christian experience, perhaps the most profoundly philosophical in a prescientific age. Its answer is this: God remits the penalty of those who accept Jesus as Christ, because He loves them. He who has accepted Jesus as Christ is through God's love treated as a member of the future kingdom. He therefore has already passed from death to life, and is certain not to be condemned at the judgment. He is justified not by his deeds, but by his faith in Jesus.

The evidence of this teaching was precisely the fact that had occasioned the question. A man was not conscious of acquittal, for, strictly speaking, the acquittal was an act of God and had not as yet taken place, but the moment he accepted Jesus as Christ, he was conscious of the fact that he was treated as a real member of the kingdom; he received the gift of the Spirit, the first installment of his inheritance of life. It would be inconceivable, argues Paul, that this spiritual experience could be given by God to those whom He would later condemn. Only those who were saved would enter the heavenly kingdom, and he who had accepted Jesus as Christ was already sharing in the life of that kingdom. He was, therefore, saved. Thus the answer to the question as to the outcome of the judgment, though in itself more or less academic, is answered by Paul by an appeal to the fact of a loving God and a religious experience as the part of those who are reconciled to Him through choosing Jesus as Christ. The experience of God following faith in Jesus argued that God in His love had remitted the believers' penalty of death and hell.

II.

So simple and consistent a scheme is entirely intelligible to the modern man, but he cannot help querying what there is in it for his own moral and religious life. His fundamental conception of the universe makes it difficult for him to respond to the idea of God as a great monarch who establishes days of trial and passes individual sentence upon millions of lives. His ideas of law makes it hard for him to think of a remitted penalty in the moral world. Yet he has but to strip away the forensic figures to see in the historic doctrine its lasting and simple message of joy. His difficulties are, after all, due to new modes of thought. Moral questions are no longer conceived of in terms of the law court and a king. They, like all other problems of the universe, can be thought of by the modern man only in the terms of natural law, of organism and environment.

Has, then, this teaching of Paul no

meaning for the modern man? And is it, precisely understood, no part of the modern preacher's message? We cannot so believe. To-day, as never before, do we need the evangelic assurance that sin may be overcome, that God will give men a better future than their isolated efforts would accomplish. Penalty, the need of divine acquittal, faith in a Christ as a means to such acquittal—these are ways of describing unquestioned facts.

The modern man responds to the fundamental fact that is described in forensic terms as judgment day and penalty. As his equivalent of the judgment he has the law of cause and effect in the moral world, and for the penalty the frightful suffering of the degenerate. Far better than the man of the first century does he appreciate the awful truth that whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. Nor can he believe that this law is abrogated by death. For him the world beyond the grave is no more anarchic than the world this side. There, as here, must natural law obtain. If a man's life is to continue beyond the time when the animal in him perishes in death, his future will be joyous or happy in accordance with the degree in which he has been at one with that divine purpose which leads onward rather than backward from the animal. The slave suddenly given freedom can continue to live only under the conditions set by his previous habits and accomplishments. The man suddenly freed from his lower self will rejoice or sorrow, will be happy or miserable, in accordance as he has made his life superior to that element of personality which is forever gone. Degeneration cannot end with death. The great strife which Paul describes as existing between the flesh and the spirit is no phantasy. Its consequent corruption or incorruption are no figures of speech. With all the facts of geology and biology at his command, the modern man sees a still wider sweep for the principle. The brute will die within him, but what if he has trained himself to live in accordance with the impulses that came from the brute? The human soul with habits formed by yielding to purely animal impulses must inevitably suffer when bereft of his animal nature. What must the glutton endure without a body?

Quite as distinctly does the modern man know a loving and forgiving God—a God, however, who is no longer conceived of as a pardoning judge, but as the ever-present Soul that carries creation on through successive betterment. As long as we hold to evolution, so long must we believe in eternal beneficence. That universe is not evil in which suffering leads to higher life, in which travail promises joy. But what is this but saying in another way what Jesus said so much more simply when he taught us to call the God of nature Father?

Nor is this all. The modern man accepts sincerely the great truth taught by Jesus and His Disciples, that God must save the man if the man is to be saved. With to-day's physiology teaching him, who would dare say the individual is ever his own unaided savior? Every life has its unearned increment of character. It would have been better or worse had it not been swept on by its environments. The very insistence of the New Testament upon the divine element in salvation makes it the easier for the modern man to welcome it and to understand it. The past is irrevocable except as its consequences are overcome in the future. We want a God to save us—to counterbalance the awful law that in man animal living brings spiritual suffering with the other law that a life of harmony with the divine life brings spiritual strength and growth and joy.

Have we confidence to believe that each of us can share in this regenerating love which works about us? Love we know is at the heart of things, but the love revealed by philosophy and science is a heartless, relentless love that saves the race at the cost of the individual. We ourselves want to be saved. We want the assurance that the forces making towards degeneration in our lives can be overcome by God. Who can give us the assurance that divine love can save the individual man or woman, and who can show us the sort of life implied by such a salvation?

The reply comes from the Gospel: Jesus. We have faith that in Him was the life of God. He is indeed the way, the truth and the life. Knowing Him, we know how to harmonize our life with the great life of God. We simply have to live like our Master. So to live is, as we have seen, to have faith in Jesus. So to live is also to come under the saving power of God. The fact that such a divinely regenerate life will be ultimately victorious over passion and sin and death, is to-day's equivalent of that removal of guilt which Paul described as justification.

It is not merely a perfect life of Jesus upon which we base this assurance of ultimate victory. His resurrection furnished the Apostles with the eternal guarantee that death, the penalty of sin, can be overcome by the Divine Spirit. His life and resurrection furnished the modern man with the constant proof of humanity's capacity to triumph over death and evil through union with God's own life. Because He lives, we, who make His life ours, shall live also.

It is easy to see how out from this new certainty of life like that Jesus is now living there must grow duty and obligation, moral strength and achievement, but we are not concerned with them just now, but with the great evangelic fact that in making Jesus supreme in our lives we are assured of a future like His. The fact that we cannot duplicate perfectly His life does not spoil this assurance. No one of us is the Master. But even to try to live like Jesus is to be more in harmony with God. There may be sorrow here, there may be suffering here, because the life of heaven fits itself but painfully to a world in which the fierce animal struggle of the survival of the fittest is not yet complete. But love and sacrifice and service—these, after all, are God-like traits, and to acquire Jesus' habit of living in accordance with them is but to make one's life the more susceptible to the regenerating God as He works with unceasing love in every atom and ion of the great universe that reveals Him. Bye and bye the adjustment between the human soul and this saving God will be complete, but until then we have in the experience of Jesus as He passed through death to the better life the assurance of our own release from all those forces that would bring us degeneration and agony. The loving God of the universe will save a man who tries to live like Jesus. Of this we are sure.

Man stands between two worlds: the world of the beasts from which he is emerging, the world of God towards which he goes. Except help come to him from God he will slip back into his lower past. With God's help, he moves on. To be so loyal to Jesus as to try to live His life of harmony with the environing of God, and thus to be assured from one's own experience of the divine life that death is but a step forward towards Jesus and his new life —this assurance means to the modern man all that the certainty of acquittal at a world assize meant to Paul. It is but another way of saying again with Apostle and martyr and reformer, "the just shall live by faith." It is no figure, it is a confidence born of facts, and chief among these facts is Jesus.

ALBERTA

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

THE kindly sun sinks in the purple West,
The cool night breeze blows softly o'er the wheat,
The mountains rear their glittering peaks on high,
The beacon-lights of heaven illume the sky,
Long 'cross the plain I hear the coyote cry.

PENANCE

BY CY WARMAN

FAR down the Mackenzie River, beyond the wheat lands, in the place of the Copper Knives, so named because the natives fashion their table utensils from the clear copper broken from the barrens, there is a strange blending of politics and religion, commerce and matrimony.

Once upon a time there was a head chief of the Copper Knives, who became widowered and wanted a mate. A small band, an off-shoot of the main tribe ruled by Red Dog, the wifeless one, was attached to the Hudson's Bay Post, hunting, fishing and fetching furs to the factor employed by that Honorable Company of Gentlemen Adventurers.

Another branch of the tribe of Red Dog allied themselves to the Free Traders, the commercial rival of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Above and apart from all these bands, there was the Priest. The Church may be likened to the King, the main band, the people, and the two smaller factions the two political parties.

The bereaved Red Dog first took up with a young klutch of his own tribe, but left her for a widow of the Hudson's Bay band. In a little while he wearied of this one as well, and began to mate with a high stepper, another widow of the Free Traders' Tribe.

Came now to the patient Priest the Hudson's Bay Factor, complaining of the unholy conduct of Red Dog.

"We," said he, meaning the Hudson's Bay Company, "are the pioneer here. We were here before the Free Trader, before *you*, Father, if you don't mind me saying so, and the will of the Hudson's Bay should be the law. We have ever dealt fairly with the Indian, and have their confidence. The Free Trader is a mere adventurer without interest of any kind in the welfare of your people. Speak to the Chief, Father, and compel him to return to the wife he has abandoned. She is a good hard-working woman. Her pelts are always in good order. This much I hold we are entitled to; to have him return to his woman in our band. Remember, I represent the most ancient and honorable firm."

"I," said the Priest, "trap for an older firm than any of you—Christ and Mary."

"Then you will not help me?"

"I did not say so—I will see."

The Factor had no more than mounted the steps to his store when the Free Trader's scouts came in to acquaint their master of what had taken place. They could give no details, but the mere fact that the Factor, a Protestant, and the Little Father had been together for half an hour was sufficient to induce the Free Trader, himself a Protestant—blown in the bottle—to make a little pilgrimage.

"Father," he began, diplomatically, "you are supposed to help the weak as against the strong, the oppressor. I stand for the Opposition, which in politics insures good government, the opposition in trade, which insures fair treatment and fair prices for the products of the wilderness in which we all live."

"Yes, my son," said the Priest.

"Red Dog has abandoned his wife and roams at will, which is a bad example to your young men. In the name of common decency I ask that you compel him to return to our tribe and to his woman, who is one of us. I may be pardoned, I trust, if I suggest that to have the high chief identified with our band will be of incalculable advantage to us, and to Free Traders everywhere."

"I understand," said the Father, "and I will see what can be done."

* * * * *

When the Free Trader had gone his way the Little Father of the wilderness sat thinking, thinking, trying to decide what was best to do under these trying circumstances. A man came suffering from a mysterious malady, unknown to the Indians before the coming of the white man, but the Father understood giving medicine and good advice, bidding him go and sin no more.

A weary prospector, coming out overland from the Klondike, called to ask aid. His dogs had died of heat in the Arctic circle, he said, and he had been obliged to *cache* his kit and come on alone. As he talked, he pulled potatoes out of the ground and gulped them down. The Priest took him in and nursed him back to life.

When the stranger had been fed, the Little Father sent for Red Dog, Chief of all the Yellow Knives.

"Red Dog," said the Priest; "you have been a pretty bad Indian."

Red Dog grunted.

"You are going to get married and settle down," he added, looking into the Indian's face, and talking like a fortune-teller, who says: "You are about to start on a long journey."

"I big chief," said Red Dog.

"Yes, and ought to know better."

"Red Dog, the chief, will choose his time and place—also his wife."

"The time," said the Priest, "will be Sunday; the place, here; and I will bring the bride and the bridesmaids."

"Red Dog would see the woman!"

"You shall—Sunday."

"And if I refuse?" he asked in Cree.

"You will not refuse. You are a disgrace to your tribe, and must change your mode of living."

"I *do* refuse," said Red Dog, deantly, and he rose to take his dearture.

The Priest held him in the grip of is gaze, leaning forward and speaking arnestly.

"Very well, Red Dog. Go your way nd I'll have no more of you or your and. When your people return in the pring with worn moccasins, with torn nd bleeding feet, and no furs, they will know why. And the others—the God-fearing and obedient children of the other tribes—will know why the black fox fails always to find the traps set by the followers of Red Dog. I wash my hands of you and yours. Go, and see how you fare—Go!"

Red Dog, sullen and defiant, strode from the room, but he was deeply troubled.

There being no fire-water, he could not drown his trouble in drink. The best he could do, or the worst, was to seek out the young klutch, whom he had deserted, and tell her the story. Instead of commending him, she upbraided him, shrinking from him as from an evil thing, for she had just come from confession. The Little Father had forgiven her, and she had promised to "go in peace."

In a little while the whole band became aware of what had befallen them through the wickedness of their chief. Upon the slightest provocation they sought out the Little Father, but he told them to go to Red Dog.

With each passing day the band became more and more demoralized. Some of them sought solace in long loud prayers to Wes-a-ka-chack, the god of their fathers. Others declared that there were too many gods and too many leaders, but all were troubled in spirit. In groups of twos, fours and tens, they came to call on Red Dog, imploring him to square them with the Priest, who would have nothing to do with them. An eagle carried off a papoose and they blamed it onto Red Dog. A white man came into camp aflame with smallpox, and they said Red Dog did that. They were bordering on panic. Finally the entire band waited upon Red Dog. It was mutiny, and Red Dog weakened. He appeared before the Priest, sullenly submissive.

"Well," the Priest demanded.

"I come to do."

"That is better, my son—much better."

"Have you wife for Red Dog?"

"I shall find her."

"When?"

"Sunday. Let all the Indians be here when the day-sun is at its height. Put on your best clothes, and let the women wear their finest feathers. We shall have such a wedding as becomes a great chief, and you shall be married for all time, never will you need to be married again."

Red Dog departed, evidently wondering "what will the harvest be!"

In due time the eventful day dawned. The Indians of the main tribe, as well as those of the branch tribes came in their best clothes. Red Dog, the unhappy groom, was arrayed to shame Solomon. Each and all the prospective brides were there, in deep doubt as to the outcome. Many would be called, but only one chosen. They waited.

The Little Father came from behind the blanket that curtained the confessional from the main room, robed for the ceremony. The women were eager to know who would draw the prize. One said it will be the first, another said it would be the last, but the Little Father had decided that the last should be first and the first last. He raised his hand and beckoned the wayward widow—the high-stepper—from the Free Trade tribe. Everyone, even the bride herself, was surprised. Red Dog not so much. He knew the Little Father would hand him the acid. He did not flinch, as the bride, in screaming Hudson Bay calico, and with blue heron feathers in her well oiled hair, stepped forward. Very seriously and ceremoniously the pale Priest put them over the matrimonial jumps, finally announcing that so long as they both should live they must live together, cleaving and clinging each to the other and that nothing could jar them asunder.

After the wedding there was a great feast, greatly enjoyed.

When the more or less happy couple had taken themselves away to the Royal shack, and the Little Father had set him down to think, there came a rap at his door and the Factor entered. The Priest was surprised at the wrath of the Factor, who spoke his mind.

"This is most extraordinary," he began, for he had been English before he became Hudson's Bay. "The klutch was, of course, too young for him, but the woman of our tribe was a widow; you had every reason to compel him to take her, but your conduct in marrying him to that woman is inexplicable—I may say a—inexcusable; I was about to say damnable."

"Tut, tut!" said the Little Father. "Tut, tut! In the confessional we hear much and see much we may not repeat; but if we are wise we may profit by what we learn. This woman has had four husbands—rest their souls. I was the confessor of them all. Red Dog is a bad Indian. He has caused me much worry. If I kept him doing penance for the rest of his life he would die in debt to his Creator. Now, it is finished—believe me, my son, *he* will worry now, not I. I have arranged all that very quietly. This day he begins, and henceforth, each and every day of his life he will do penance. 'So long as ye both shall live.' "

And lo, a great light dawned upon the Factor, and he went away smiling.

THE CENTENARY OF THE WEST

BY LEONARD FRANCIS EARL

FOR two weeks in July the eyes of the world were focussed on Canada. The list of events literally jammed into Quebec's fortnight, events which rekindle memories of the daring resource of those who first planted the fleur-de-lis on the banks of the St. Lawrence, proclaimed to the kinsfolk of the British Empire a message of peace and good-will. A fleet of nations have been manoeuvring in the waters beneath the frowning cliffs of Quebec citadel, and up above on the Plains of Abraham have passed the brilliant pageants of a demonstration which will plight the troth of two nations which once mustered their forces upon that field in battle, but which now look back upon the perspective of a brilliant national history to which they have both gloriously contributed.

To both peoples the demonstration has been a new vision of national greatness. If the balance of honors swerves either way it is in favor of the Canadian of French extraction, for it is he who still holds sway, socially and politically, over the territory which was the nucleus of development of half a continent. Coincident with the celebration of the birth of the Dominion there comes to mind the anniversary of another great event, the foundation of the West.

August 30, 1812, the vanguard of he venturesome contingent, whose nterprise established the first white settlement in the unbounded wilderness ying to the west of rock-bound Lake uperior, reached the Red River. The ounder of this colony, Lord Selkirk, ad for years given his undivided atention to the problems of the poor in is own country and of immigration to he colonies. In 1803 he visited the United States and his patriotic spirit was distressed at seeing his people paying allegiance to an alien flag. He formulated a plan for a settlement in Upper Canada. Then his dream of empire, expanding wider, took in the romantic uncertainty of the unknown West and the possibility of a few men holding sway over a country of limitless area and probably unbounded resource.

His administrative ability and astute caution led him to ascertain the legal basis of the Hudson's Bay Company's title and a report signed by four prominent lawyers, Samuel Romilly, G. S. Holyroyd, W. M. Cruise and J. Scarlett, and John Bell warranted him in proceeding with his scheme. By May, 1811, he and his friends owned exactly one-third of the £105,000 of Hudson's Bay Company stock. On May 30th at a meeting of the general court of proprietors Lord Selkirk presented a proposition to purchase a tract of country in Rupert's Land, lying east and west of the Red River. He undertook to settle within a specified time a large portion of the lands, to assume the expense of transportation, of outlay for the settlers, of government, and of negotiating with the Indians for their title to the lands. By this stroke be became the sole possessor of one hundred and ten thousand acres.

Thereupon he called for emigrants to join the enterprise, setting forth the advantages which were offered, undertaking to provide means of transportation, to grant free lands to his colonizers and to permit perfect freedom of religious opinion. He secured the services of Miles MacDonell, a young United Empire Loyalist from Glengary in Upper Canada, who possessed excellent military experience and exceptional powers of leadership for the control of a mixed band of emigrants. By June Captain MacDonell was in England and formally in charge of the enterprise. Three ships, the "Prince of Wales," the "Eddystone" and the "Edward and Anne" were placed in commission, the first two to convey the regular cargo of the company and the third to carry the passengers. On September 24, 1811, after sixty-one stormy days' sailing from Stornaway, the fleet anchored in the harbor of York Factory. The approach of winter made it impossible to attempt the swift current of the Nelson River. Accordingly Captain MacDonell built the "Nelson Encampment," a group of huts and comfortable log dwellings on the North side of the river several miles from the Factory. Making provision for fuel and food was a minor difficulty to the insubordination of a dozen men. The governor of the Factory, W. H. Cooke, lent his influence to maintain discipline, but the men lived apart from Captain MacDonell and hauled their own provisions from the fort to their huts.

Early in the new year the preparations for the seven hundred miles journey inland began. Boats were built for the transportation of the settlers and their effects up the Nelson, but the inefficiency and indolence of the workmen caused extra expense and drew forth the objection of Lord Selkirk. By June first the party had started for the Red River. Through rapids and over portages, encountering the innumerable difficulties of a journey through unexplored regions, the party penetrated on, and still on, until they reached the district set apart for them by the founder. The following message was conveyed from Captain MacDonell to Lord Selkirk, under date of July 17, 1813: " On the 30th of August we reached the forks of the Red River." Almost a year before there was an opportunity to get a message out!

The names of the vanguard are given in the Dominion archives as follows: Captain Miles MacDonell, in command; John McKay, aged 21, from Argyle; John McLennan, aged 23; Beth Bethune, aged 19, and Donald McKay, aged 17, from Rosshire; William Wallace, aged 21, from Ayr; John Cooper, aged 26, Nich. Harper, aged 34, Magnus Isbister, aged 21, and George Gibbon, aged 50, from Orkney; Patrick Corcoran, aged 24, carpenter, from Crosmaline; John Green, aged 21, Thomas McKim, aged 38, overseer, and James Thoomey, aged 20, from Sligo; Patrick Quinn, aged 21, Martin Jordan, aged 16, John O'Rourke, aged 20, and Anthony McDonell, from Killala.

These were the men whose adventure was the initial chapter in the history of Manitoba. A small, discontented and despairing band, they reached their goal after an arduous trip of thousands of miles. To them was first allotted the task of managing the affairs of a region which expanded to half a continent. They were followed by others who mastered the same discipline, submitted to the same obedience, and taking their lives in their hands made a name brilliant in their country's history. As time and civilization advanced, they talked to and mastered the Indian, and as masters and heroes of the wilderness, they sought to found, amid seeming impossibilities, a colony as great as Lord Selkirk himself had hoped to see. The great colonizer did not realize his dream of a large community at the junction of the Assiniboin and the Red River of the north. But ninety-six years of history has told the tale.

August 30th, 1912, is the centenary of the foundation of the West. Quebec's Ter-Centenary is all-Canadian, but not more so than the celebration of the hundredth birthday of the prairie land. The pageant of huge destroyers and formidable battleships manoeuvring in the face of the frowning citadel upon whose heights one great nation wrested supremacy from another may be lacking. But in its stead can be evolved another pageant teeming with the golden resource of a people who once staked all where they knew there was inconceivable hardship and wild adventure to be met. The century anniversary of their coming is an event which should be recognized in a fitting way by a generation unto whom much has been given and who have reaped the advantages of the work of the early colonizers.

The idea has been exploited by Ernest Thompson Seton. There is no reason why its success should not be guaranteed by the people of all Canada.

THE ALL RED

BY CY WARMAN

I AM an all-red Indian,
A British Columbia Cree,
I always lay aside my gun
When I go on a jamboree;
It is a disgrace to paint the face
When you ought to be painting the town,
Then here is one to the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

The pale face hike to the lonely pike
And the forest undefiled,
With their little pack they're trailing back,
To the heart of the ancient wild;
That's not for me, I'm a Timber Cree,
And I pant for the prairie brown,
And a midnight run with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

I hate the glare of the *chemin de fer*,
And the dusty trail by day,
But I delight in the lamps of night
That gleam on the Great White Way,
I note the hush of the lonely bush
And the hills in glacial gown,
I take my fun with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

It were not wise to civilize
The whole of these carmine yaps,
For some must trim the beaver skin,
And some must mind the traps,
The sparkling wine for me and mine,
Or a brew of Autumn Brown,
And a midnight run with the son-of-a-gun
Who gets up when the sun goes down.

THE NAKIMU CAVES

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THE Rockies of British Columbia near the summit of Rogers Pass, where the Canadian Alpine Club camped this July, lie the wonderful Nakimu Caves which, for variety of structure and peculiarity of formation, are without parallel on the Western continent. Through a labyrinth of passageways, cut countless ages ago in a ridge of dark blue limestone which forms the floor of the valley, the waters of Cougar Creek tumble with wild fury, in some places as cascades almost fearful of aspect, in others as rapids over a confusion of huge fragments of rock littering its bed. There are cavernous openings and deep abysses, into which subterranean waterfalls leap with a thunderous vibrating roar, rendering the pitch-black depths, lighted only by the feeble rays of lanterns, unearthly in the extreme. Overhead, weird spurs of rock reach forth in fantastic shapes. Here also are marble halls, and walls and ceilings frescoed in florescent creations of snowy whiteness which for the moment, by means of a flashlight, may be wrested from the stygian darkness. Owing to the grandeur of the work of nature, the absence of stalactites and stalagmites, and the peculiarly shaped and much ruined passages pointing to the agency of seismic disturbances as a factor in their origin and present condition, the Caves are of the deepest interest.

The Valley of the Caves, lying in the heart of the Selkirk range, not far from the point where it is crossed by the Canadian Pacific, is formed by the rough and rocky steeps of Mt. Cheops and Mt. Cougar on the east and south, and of Mt. Bagheera and Mt. Ursus Major, on the west and north. Far up on the eastern slope of Mt. Bagheera is the remnant of the once great glacier which, in a bygone age, shaped the valley in the rough outline of a U, by its ice erosion. At the head of the valley the ice tongues of the glacier feed Cougar Creek with sparkling icy water, and the stream, as it leaps and dashes through gorges and subterranean passages in its four mile descent of 3,200 feet, receives the outpourings of other ice and snow fields on the frowning mountain sides. Down into the Illecillewaet River the Creek finally pours its waters, as if eager to be free of them; and the Canadian Pacific Railway at its crossing has marked the place as Cougar Creek Water Tank. This point is about four miles westward of the Glacier House, which is at the foot of the Great or Illecillewaet glacier, and is reached by a good bridle trail along the south face of Mt. Cheops. From Cougar Creek Water Tank to the camp ground at the Caves, a distance of nearly two miles, there is a rough trail along the lower valley of the Creek, the ascent being 2,000 feet.

The first persons to have seen the Nakimu Caves were two prospectors in the Cougar valley, Messrs. D. Woolsey and W. Scott, of Revelstoke, who descended to the bottom of the "Gorge" by means of a fallen tree trunk leaning against its side. It was not, however, until May, 1904, that the Caves were discovered in section by Charles H. Deutschman. He was prospecting for minerals and hunting big game at the time, and on October 22nd of the same year, he located the Caves as a mineral claim. The first person to enter the Caves after him was A. Johnston, editor of the Revelstoke *Mail-Herald.*

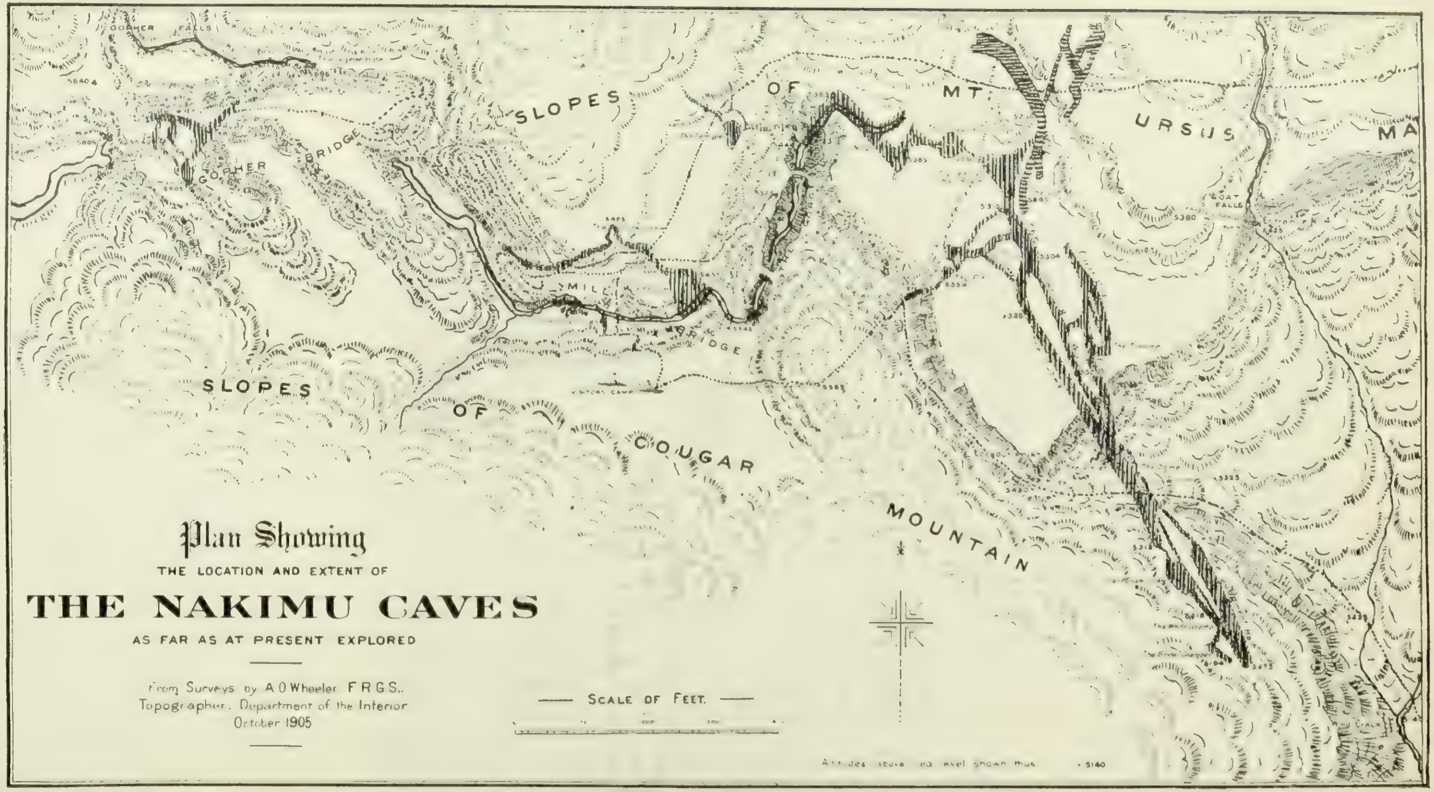
On May 29, 1905, a party of twelve men was organized to visit the Caves for the purpose of aiding W. S. Ayres, an expert underground engineer, to report upon the discovery to the Dominion Government, for the Caves had then been ascertained to be situated well within the Glacier Park Reserve. During that summer and in 1906, Topographer Arthur O. Wheeler and party made a photographic survey of the entire valley of Cougar Creek, and of the peaks enclosing it. As soon as this was accomplished work was taken up in connection with the Caves, and a location made of them as far as then known, both above and below ground.

Up to this time only a portion of the Caves had been explored, and it was not until August 4th that an attempt was made to penetrate the huge opening seen at the north end of the bottom of the gorge. On this day A. O. Wheeler descended the gorge by means of a knotted rope, followed by Deutschman.

MOUNT SIR DONALD AND ILLECILLEWAIT GLACIER, LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM JUST BELOW POINT LOOKOUT

The work of exploration done by these men shows characters utterly devoid of fear, and credit is due them for accurate maps and descriptions of the Caves. The descent into depths of blackest darkness, lighted only by the dim rays of a tallow dip, without ladders or other aides except in the direst necessity, requires more than courage; it requires strength of purpose and power of will far beyond the ordinary degree. Added to the thick darkness there was always the fierce vibrating roar of subterranean torrents, a sound most nerve-shaking in a position sufficiently uncanny and demoralizing without it. Huge cracks had to be crossed and precipitous descents made in pitch darkness, where a misstep would have meant death. Now that ladders and bridges are placed and ropes set, and the sure path pointed out by these intrepid explorers, it is difficult to realize how in the first place the passages could have been made. The final exploration was made by W. S. Ayres, M. E., from October 25 to 29. He also made a survey of the Caves, covering much the same ground as that surveyed by Mr. Wheeler, with the additional new passageways named "The Terror" and "The Old Mill" (see the accompanying map).

From the Glacier House as a centre, the trip of six miles to the Caves may be made in about four hours. The trail along the north side of the Illecillewaet River skirts the base of Mt. Cheops


GOPHER FALLS
5640
GOPHER BRIDGE
SLOPES OF MT. URSUS
MA
GOAT FALLS
5380
MILL BRIDGE
SLOPES OF COUGAR MOUNTAIN
SCALE OF FEET.

Plan Showing
THE LOCATION AND EXTENT OF
THE NAKIMU CAVES
AS FAR AS AT PRESENT EXPLORED

From Surveys by A O Wheeler F R G S.,
Topographer, Department of the Interior
October 1905

Altitudes above sea level shown thus · 5140

Underground passages of Caves.......... ▥

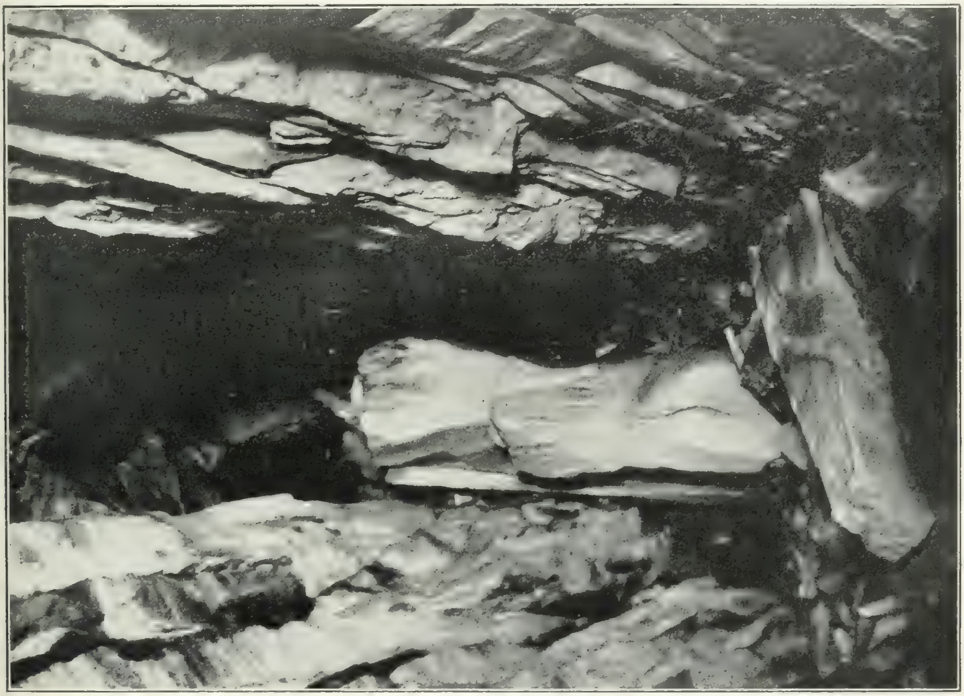
Additional passages explored by W S Ayres M E........................ ▤

Pony trails........................ ········

Rivers and permanent streams.................. 〰

for three miles, passing through some magnificent forest growth of cedar, fir and hemlock. A mile further on, the trail touches the railway at the water tank, and there the real climb begins.

At first there is a steep pull up through a belt of forest, and then the path leads along the western slopes of Mt. Cheops, on a falling grade to the bed of Cougar Creek. This portion of the trail is through a dense growth of bracken, rank grass and alders. The stream is a mountain torrent, leaping in a white swirl of foam from boulder to boulder. Its precipitate rush and deafening roar, to which may be added the shrill incisive whistle of the mountain marmot, render the surroundings most impressive and mysterious.



CLEFT IN THE ROCK STRATA. ENTRANCE NUMBER ONE TO THE MILL BRIDGE SERIES

As the explorer proceeds, about one and a third miles from the tank, he comes to a spot where water is seen welling up out of the ground. Beyond this point the volume of the stream is much diminished, which is evidence that the mammoth springs, wholly or in part, are the exit of the underground flow from the Caves. Continuing for a short distance, he comes to a place where a wintry blast of wind strikes him, and, looking for the cause, discovers two narrow lateral cracks in the rock strata, across the Creek, through which the sharp current belches from somewhere in the interior of the mountain. "The Wind Crack" (as shown on the map) is the first intimation of the existence of the Caves.

About sixty feet upward a most picturesque waterfall is seen breaking over the cliff, but instead of forming a mountain rivulet in its course to the lower levels, its waters disappear in an opening of the Caves directly below it. The name, "Goat Falls" has been given it; and its volume contributes to the subterranean stream flowing through the Caves. Swinging to the left a climb of some two hundred feet, up a narrow gully where the hillsides close together, brings the explorer to the entrance to the Valley of the Caves. Directly above to the right is Lookout Point, commanding a grand view of the distant Illecillewaet glacier and the

THE CAVE ENTRANCE IN THE GORGE, SHOWING THE TREE TRUNKS BY WHICH THE DESCENT WAS MADE

peaks and snow fields to the south. It also embraces the entire lower valley up which the journey has just been made. Just beyond Lookout Point is a cave opening, leading in pitch darkness to a sheer drop of 120 feet to the bottom of "The Pit," as the deep cavern is called.

The narrow ravine between the ridges is here cut off by a deep gash in the valley, called "The Gorge," at the bottom of which flows Cougar Creek. At this point the trail turns to the left and a short distance beyond the explorer comes to the visitor's camp, on a little grassy bench, bright with alpine flowers, and surrounded by graceful waving spruce trees, and aromatic smelling balsams. It is a charming spot full of sights new and interesting. The clear bracing air is laden with sweet mountain odors, and the dull roar of the Creek leaping into the caves close by has a most soothing effect.

Aside from the attraction of the Caves, the upper valley of Cougar Creek, extending for two and a half miles to the head waters of the stream, is of exceptional interest. It is of that special type known as the "Hanging Valley," one that has been carved out in a U-shaped cross-section by the action of glacier erosion alone; and quite different from the V form of the lower valley, cut by the rushing, leaping waters of the Creek. The numerous small glaciers that still line the sides and head of the valley give it exceeding great beauty and charm in the summer time; and there is no other spot in the Selkirks where alpine flora is more abundant and varied.

The wealth of color displayed by the mingled beds of yellow Adder's Tongue, scarlet Painter's Brush, blue Larkspur, crimson and yellow Monkey-flower, purple and pink Asters, together with many other species of greater variety and equal attraction, is marvellous and a source of wonder and pleasure to the beholder. As the rich display of color follows the melting snows up the valley, it lasts well toward the end of the summer.

Of the animal inhabitants of the valley, the Rocky Mountain goat, the grizzly bear and the black bear, the hoary marmot or whistler, Say's squirrel and the Little Chief hare are most frequently seen. The birds are few, but a flock of Ptarmigan may nearly always be seen, and the Water Ousel, the black-headed Jay and the Rocky Mountain Whisky Jack are sometimes apparent.

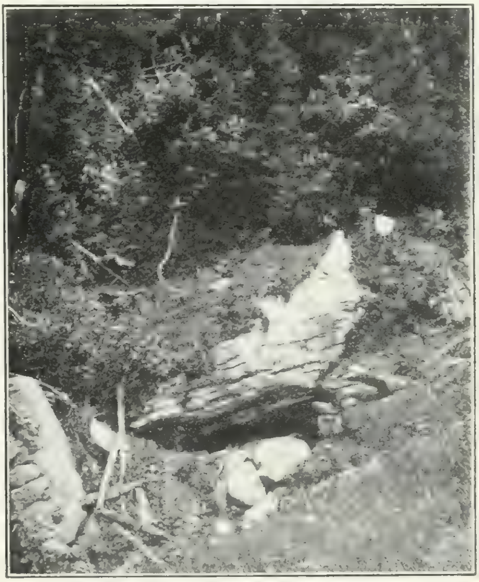
To give a clear description and comprehensive idea of the Caves, they are divided into three sections called, "The Gopher Bridge," "The Mill Bridge," and "The Gorge" series, in the order named from the upper waters of Cougar Creek. On leaving the lakebed, which receives the waters from the small glaciers on the surrounding peaks, the Creek flows in a series of cascades for a half mile, through open alpine meadowland, broken here and there by knolls crowned with scrubby spruce. Suddenly, without warning, it disappears into a cavity, and 450 feet further on quietly issues from its underground way, having dropped only thirty feet. The intervening space between the Creek's entry into and exit from the ground has been named the "Gopher Bridge," owing to the large numbers of Parry's marmot, which much resembles the gopher, to be seen in the immediate vicinity. Directly opposite the cavity two striking cascades tumble down the mountain side, and uniting, flow for a little way parallel to Cougar Creek; then, vanishing into a hole in the ground, they join the main stream by a subterranean passage. They are known as "Gopher Falls," and the place where they disappear, "Gopher Hole."

The first entrance to the passageways of this series was an opening, shown on the map as the "Old Entrance." It was a most difficult opening, entailing much wriggling and squeezing through narrow cracks, but eventually a point of vantage was reached directly over the subterranean torrent. By the use of acetylene bicycle lamps the pitch darkness can be pierced to some extent, but when a piece of magnesium wire is lighted, for a brief moment the interior is bathed in dazzling brightness. Standing on a narrow ledge that overhangs a black abyss, the eye is first drawn to a stygian waterfall heard roaring immediately on the left. It appears to flow from a dark opening above it. Below, between black walls of rock may be seen the foam-flecked torrent hurtling down the incline until lost in dense shadows. Overhead, fantastic spurs and shapes reach out into the blackness; and the entire surroundings are most weird and uncanny.

At one time the stream entered the Caves by this opening, but a natural dam gradually formed, causing it to find a new opening at a spot indicated on the map. Between these openings a small natural cavity was discovered by Deutschman, sufficiently large to admit an average person with comfort. A small passage joins with the underground course of the Creek, and by following its edge, the explorer eventually comes to the point of vantage just mentioned. Several small chambers are passed which originally were carved out of the rock in the form of potholes, by the swirl and swish of the waters, but since have become much distorted in shape, owing to disintegration. The place is unique and wonderful, and the sensations it produces eerie in the extreme.

On making its exit at the eastern end of the Gopher Bridge, the Creek pours down a narrow rock-cut, only eight or ten feet wide, for a distance of 350 feet. The upper half presents a series of cascades and falls, and the sides show curious potholes that are in the process of erosion from the soft limestone. It has been named "The Flume," because of its resemblance to a millrace. At the point where the Creek disappears in a whirl of flying spray, there are several openings in the floor of the valley, and its last spectacular leap, as it vanishes underground, is very striking. Seventy feet beyond is a larger opening where the stream centuries ago delved into the earth, but as the rush of water cut deeper in the rock-channel, it took advantage of a handy crack and gradually carved out for itself the opening where the full volume now descends. After leaping and dashing down the underground fall of 85 feet, the Creek reappears 300 feet further on at the bottom of a deep gorge, and this section has been named "The Mill Bridge," on account of the roar of the water through the choked entrance resembling the noise made by a big mill in full operation.

On the eastern side of the Flume and thirty feet from it, is the entrance to the Mill Bridge series of caves, shown on the map as entrance number one.



GOPHER BRIDGE, THE OLD ENTRANCE

This entrance is a mere cleft in the rock strata, and is only wide enough to admit a man's body. The underground passage, at one time carrying a large volume of water, is four hundred feet long, from three to fifteen feet wide, and its height varies from ten to twenty-five feet. At its eastern end it opens to an irregular shaped chamber, sixty by seventy feet, with a height of twenty feet, called "The Auditorium." Cougar Creek in its flow beneath Mill Bridge passes through the Auditorium, and as it falls seventy-five feet in a distance of two hundred feet from its entrance to the series, the chamber resounds with its roar, and the name seems peculiarly appropriate. Faint daylight enters through the passageway of the waters and serves to make the surroundings look dim and mysterious. The frosts of winter reach this spot, and in the spring stalactites and stalagmites formed of huge icicles are seen in columnar groups surrounding the rushing waters and extending some distance into the chamber itself. In this place disintegration has created much havoc, and the walls no longer show the marks of water erosion, while the floor is heaped with rock debris fallen from the ceiling. The passageway, however, that connects it with the surface is still intact as a sample of the power of water erosion. It is composed of a series of potholes connected one with the other by short narrow passages. The bottom of each succeeding pothole from the entrance is at a lower elevation, sometimes as much as ten or fifteen feet.

COUGAR CREEK ENTRANCE TO MILL BRIDGE, AT FOOT OF THE FLUME

At one spot the passageway twists in a loop, and here the potholes are of such curiously spiral form as to suggest the name of "The Corkscrew." Across this bend, about twelve feet above the main floor, a gallery extends for one hundred and twenty feet, of similar pothole formation, but on a smaller scale than the main passageway. With the exception of the Auditorium, the floors and ceilings are of water-worn rock, and practically no debris has fallen away, pointing to the fact that the channel is of more recent origin, and the rock through which it is worn of a more compact stratification.

On emerging from its subterranean course under Mill Bridge, at the bottom of a narrow gorge three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, Cougar Creek flows at right angles to the general direction of the stream, eighty feet below the floor of the valley. The sides of the Gorge are composed of badly shattered limestone, and it is spanned by two natural rock bridges; and altogether is a most striking feature of the scenery of the Valley of the Caves. At the lower or north end is the dome-shaped opening in the wall that leads to the largest and most interesting series of passageways comprising the Nakimu Caves. Into this aperture, which is some thirty feet wide and about the same height, the stream plunges with mad fury, creating leaps and falls and a dissemination of spray which causes the mouth of the cavern to appear through a luminous mist.

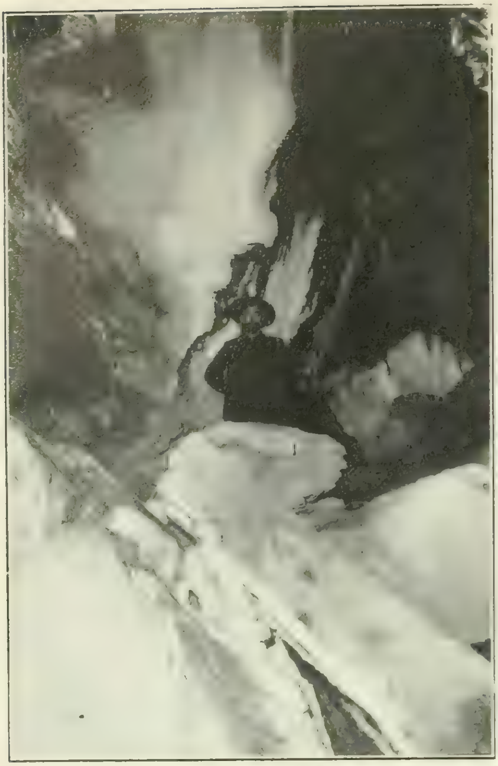
Through this entrance, number two, the explorer proceeds downward and, at the foot of the falls, finds that the channel resumes its southeasterly course, while the stream swings northward to lower depths. He crosses the Creek at the turn and enters a chamber, one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and from ten feet in height at the upper end the ceiling increases to thirty feet at the lower end. The floor is heaped with debris dropped from the immense slab of rock forming the roof, which slopes with the dip of the strata. The Creek has cut through the northeast wall of the chamber and disappears into the blackness with a dull reverberating roar. Fifty feet beyond the Creek, the passage turns to the north again, and it is necessary to descend a rock face of some twelve feet by natural notches that seem to have been cut with a cold-chisel for the special purpose.

Far down in the cavern depths the stream is welling through some rock cut with a dull intermittent pounding, like the blows of an immense steam hammer. About forty feet to the right the explorer creeps through a low-roofed passage, only two feet high, into "The Dropping Cave." It is thirty by forty feet, and six to ten feet high, and so named from water dropping from the roof in all directions. The floor is strewn with broken rock fragments, and the walls and ceiling are marked in places by irregular streaks of white in the dark blue limestone. At the eastern end a very narrow passage, between fallen masses of rock, affording barely room to squeeze through, leads to the "Witches' Ball Room."

This roughly irregular chamber, with sides of about sixty feet, and an estimated height of fifty feet, is filled for the most part by an immense rock that has fallen from the roof. This rock, having a generally level surface, forms a sort of platform where a group of witches might be expected to caper about in the stiffling fumes of some hellish cauldron; hence the name appropriate to the weird surroundings. On all sides are deep cracks leading to the unknown, where the underground stream is heard roaring dully. By one of these, at the northeast corner, the fearless explorer may penetrate to the "Terror" and the "Old Mill," which are the most difficult of access and dangerous passages of the entire Caves.

The passage from the Ball Room leads southeasterly for one hundred and twenty-five feet to where there is a parting of the ways. The upper end of the vaulted chamber, fifteen to twenty feet wide, and about twenty feet high, shows erosion markings, the roof and floor both being water-worn, while the floor of broken boulders and slabs is very irregular. The lower portion of the passage lies between separated limestone strata from three to seven feet apart. On the right, three narrow passages, at intervals, lead to two circular funnel-like closets. The more distant of these has been named "The Pit," which is reached by means of entrance number three, mentioned before.

The most southerly passage from the Pit is called the "Marble Way," the name given it by Mr. Wheeler, because the dark bluish-grey limestone is shot in every direction by ribbon streaks of white crystals The walls drip with moisture, rendering the limestone dead



IN THE SLANTING WAY, ROCK DEBRIS LITTERS THE FLOOR MAKING IT ALMOST IMPASSABLE

black and the veins of crystals a vivid white, the whole resembling a rich glistening marble. At the meeting of the ways, before referred to, the lower or eastern one is named "The Slanting Way," from the fact that the passage is formed by a separation of the limestone strata, and lies across their dip. The upper passage has an arched roof and has been named "The Subway." On account of the debris and sloping rock and several very narrow places, both passages are difficult of traverse, and there is the necessity of almost bending double in crawling through a part of the old waterway.

Along the east side of the Slanting Way are deep cracks in the strata, leading to the unknown depths of the creek echoing loudly through the vaulted ways. At one point the cracks expand, and a descent may be made to the "Turbine," through a difficult passage ending in an irregular opening in the rock. Across a chasm, at whose bottom flows the main stream, a number of waterspouts gush out with great force, and a noise like that produced by water falling into the pit of a turbine. Near the south end of the Slanting Way the floor and walls are covered with an incrustation of carbonate of lime of light creamy color, shading off, in some places, to a delicate salmon, having a florescent formation resembling cauliflower heads set closely together. The spot has been named the "Art Gallery" by Mr. Ayres.

From the meeting of the ways, the passage continues southeasterly, ever increasing in interest. It varies in width from fifteen to thirty feet, with a height of ten to fifteen feet. On the right is a narrow twisting side opening, named "The Gimlet." On the left is "The Dome," so named from its perfect formation. Minor passageways lead to still greater depths, the most easterly one to the "Judgment Hall," a chamber two hundred feet long, twenty feet wide, and forty to fifty feet high, having a pillar which might stand for the "pillar of justice." The roof is roughly arched and the sides rise upward in parallel ledges resembling balconies. The more westerly passage narrows to an opening only eighteen inches wide, and is fifteen feet long, which terminates at the "Carbonate Grotto," where are seen very fine calcium decorations. The cavern is about sixty by thirty feet, and ten to fifteen feet high. The passage further on varies in width and height, and the bottom is much littered by fallen rocks. By squeezing through a narrow cleft, barely noticeable in the dim light, the explorer is enabled to descend to the lower end of the Judgment Hall, fifty-seven feet below.

A narrow gap in the corridor above leads to a very beautiful, though small chamber, named "The White Grotto." The carbonate decorations there are of great beauty and delicacy. The final cave has been named "The Bridal Chamber," owing to the purity of its lime draperies and the general beauty of its floral decorations. Beyond this point exploration has not been made because the passage breaks off in a deep chasm, at the bottom of which the subterranean stream may be heard rushing onward to its exit, a half mile below.

The chasm is two hundred and forty feet from the Wind Crack, previously referred to, and is only fifty-four feet above it, so that it is safe to assume that there is a more or less direct connection between. The wind issuing from the crack is probably due to a water blast caused by the subterranean stream falling into the chasm at the end of the Caves.

There are two other sets of passages, one called "The Ice Cave," situated above the deep entrance from the Gorge, the other entered below the Goat Falls. The Ice Cave is reached from the floor of the valley, and presents only one chamber of any size which has been named "The Temple." The cave takes its name from the fact that the initial passage is blocked with ice all the year round, and an entry is effected over this blockage. The passages at Goat Falls are ice-bound from early October until June, and consequently have been explored only so far as there is a footing without bridging. It is more than probable that the flow from the falls empties into the main waterway at the Turbine. If it does not, it is a mystery where the water gushing in at the Turbine comes from.

The occurrence of limestone in the Selkirks is rare and, in the present case, is probably one of the crystalline beds found among archæan rocks, of which this portion of the range is almost entirely composed, and concerning whose origin there is considerable difference of opinion. The phenomenon of the Caves, therefore, is due to the occurrence of a limestone deposit at this particular spot. Subterranean waterways of a similar nature are the exception, not the rule, both in the Selkirks and the main range of the Rockies. Even in the main range, where limestone formations predominate, there are only two places, so far discovered, where streams of any magnitude (leaving mineral springs out of the question) issue from underground passages. They are the streams forming the source of Amiskwi Falls, west of Emerald Lake, and Crownest River, near Crownest Pass.

As to the origin of the Nakimu Caves, there is some difference of opinion. W. S. Ayres, who examined the Caves and reported on them, as an underground expert, advances the theory that these subterranean passages have been formed entirely by water erosion, and owing to a small stream of Cougar Creek having found its way, some 38,400 years ago, through a shrinkage crack of some particular bed of limestone; subsequently they have been enlarged and made irregular in form through the process of disintegration.

Topographer Wheeler, on the other hand, while admitting the factors named as having been largely instrumental in the condition of the underground channels and caverns, as seen to-day, holds that there has been an agency at work, more potent and far-reaching than the ordinary methods of nature. His view is strengthened by the fact that, although the temperature is well below zero at the camp in the woods, about the middle of October, there is no frost found in the cave interiors at a short distance from the entrance. Thus, two of the highest factors of disintegration, sun and frost, are lacking when accounting for the wholesale cleavage that has taken place within the old waterways. The enormous size of the blocks of stone, moreover, and the indication that the largest of them have been displaced a very long time ago, would point to the agency of a severe shock or series of shocks such as would be caused by an earthquake or some similar seismic disturbance.

The underground waterways comprising the Nakimu Caves, and for the most part now in disuse, viewed in the light of an earthquake, are of comparatively simple origin. They are of exceeding interest, not only on account of the unexpected forms of the various chambers, passages and potholes, but for the exceptional opportunities offered to study the crystalline limestone strata in their various phases, and the erosive action of the prehistoric stream in conjunction with the sedimentary particles carried by it at flood stages of bygone days.

Apart from the Caves themselves, the valley is one of an alpine type of special interest to the explorer. There are few places in the Selkirks, or for that matter in the entire mountain regions, where such a wealth of alpine flora, fauna, glacial and other mountain attributes, not only does not have to be sought, but forces itself upon the eye of the observer with a persistence and beauty that will not be denied.

AN HOUR OF LIFE

BY LANCE LAZIER

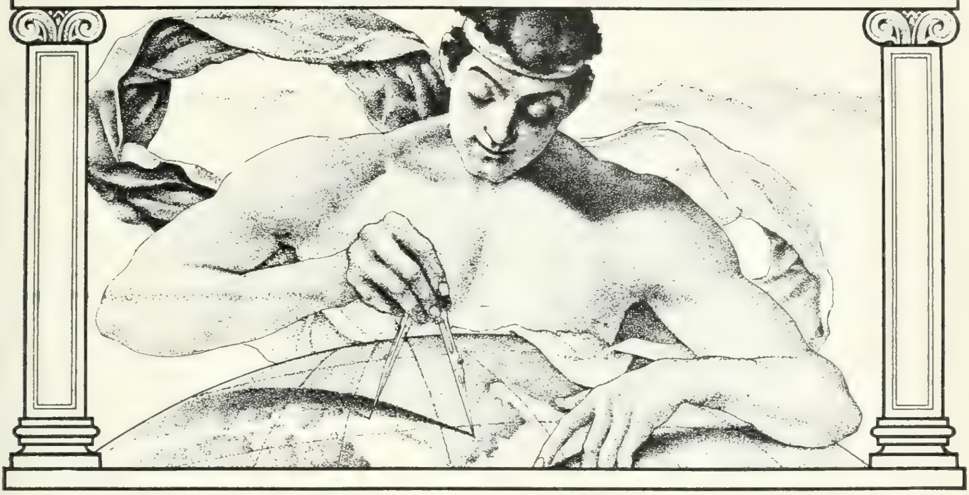
YOUR hand on my arm and my foot on the wheel
And I leap to the seat; then beside me I feel
You jump to your place; catch the reins in your hand,
For the bronchos are plunging, refusing to stand.
They know by that wild note that laughs in your voice
This is no held-in trot they must make, and rejoice:
For their dark manes toss back and their lithe bodies swing;
No need of the whip—scorn its petulant sting!

Contempt for the speed of a senseless machine!
Here we've life, spirit, strength; every faculty keen:
They joy in the running; that blood in their veins
Leaps as ours, when we call, and let loose on the reins.

That dark line before us, the horses well know
Is the prairie trail leading to home. On they go!
The moon hangs above—what a glorious night!
All the world that we dash through is silver and white.
Past stack and past sad-gazing trees, well do they need—
Poor things, that shall ne'er know what joy is in speed.

But why this wild risk and this reckless mad haste?
Are there lives to be saved, not a moment to waste?
Or a message of joy, or a tiding of woe,
That is carried by us? But we lightly laugh No!
'Tis the dance of the blood; 'tis the wine of the race;
'Tis the love of the horse; 'tis the wind in your face;
'Tis a hundred mixed feelings—Youth, Life, Love but Oh!
Only those who have felt it, as we have, can know.

THE RIGHT ANGLE



"THE SOWING"

ANNOUNCEMENT was made last month that this magazine had secured the exclusive right to publish Emerson Hough's new work, "The Sowing," which will appear serially in these pages, beginning with the September number, and running a year.

The extracts from this book which have appeared in our advertisements are in themselves a declaration of its importance to all who look to the elevation of mankind in the mass, or who have interests in Canada, present or to come. The argument it makes to Canada and England is that a nation is "as strong as the average of its humanity," and the plan it proposes looks to improving that average by a radical change in the method of choosing and locating newcomers to the Canadian domains.

While the work is certain to arouse criticism and opposition in many minds, it really should be widely read and fully considered for what it has to say, whether the reader may agree with or condemn the author's views, his criticism or suggestion. Mr. Hough is a Yankee, and does not see with Canadian or Imperial vision, nor talk with a British tongue; but he has earned the right to recognition as a sound economist and a broad humanitarian. And sometimes it is good to hear outside voices, not unfriendly, telling us how we look and where we seem to be going.

Several of Mr. Hough's previous books, notably, "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," and "The Story of the Cowboy," have dealt intimately with the taming of new countries, their settlement, and the upbuilding of nations. All of his work has shown a philosophy almost Carlylean in its power to get at the heart of things, regardless of externals. His sympathies are profound, but his reasoning is ungloved where it deals with the problem of readjusting populations. It is that problem solely which concerns "The Sowing," and the way Mr. Hough applies his philosophy to it in the case of the Canadian West is deadly logical, but very startling.

The series of articles will commend itself forcibly wherever the English language is spoken or the elements are at work out of which the future of this country is being formed. Every Canadian should read it for his own personal interest, and every Englishman will find it stir him to admiration or to protest, as the case may be, but always to keen interest.

Mr. Hough has thorough knowledge of Canadian conditions and highly positive convictions as to what the new Canada should be. "The Sowing" differs broadly from everything heretofore written on these subjects, especially in an intense Anglo-Saxonism and a startling plainness of speech where it touches the immigration and colonization policies of government and the schemes of opulent philanthropy in promoting emigration from the ethnic morasses of the old country—the hopelessly sodden "folk swamps" of the great cities.

Just now the air is filled with the growing thrum of approaching great events, and the earth of our new nation moves with the uneasy stirrings of unborn deeds and mighty changes. We are a puny people yet, though our home is large enough for the great race that shall come after us. The question of all questions we would like to see answered is what that race shall be, by what process of election or selection shall it arrive at perfect maturity, and so raise the human average. Mr. Hough with a quite unfevered hand undertakes to raise the curtain of the future upon it, to point by deduction, if not by prophesy, the process necessary to the best outcome. We give him way most gladly.

IS MODERN MAN RELIGIOUS?

LAST December when we announced Dr. Shailer Mathews' papers, "The Modern Man and the Gospel," we asked the question, "is modern man more religious than his forbears?" It is still being answered through our mails. We are not surprised that the interest among CANADA-WEST readers is intense because the question itself is fundamental. Pick up almost any daily paper and you will find it discussed in one form or another. Occasionally it finds a place on the front page with glaring headlines; again, it is there in the form of a report of a lecture or sermon or a review of a new book. It is always before us.

The question is an absolutely direct one, yet few of us will answer it with an unqualified "yes" or "no." Of course our whole difficulty lies in the definition of the adjective *religious*. Your definition may not be mine and mine may not be yours. We may not agree, but we may talk about it together and, by listening to the opinions of persons whose viewpoints are widely at variance, we may attain a broader knowledge and, perhaps, come a little nearer to the truth. Here is one viewpoint:

THE EDITOR: — "Is modern man more religious than his forbears?" In my opinion he is not. In our grandfathers' time life was more simple and people more sincere. Church members then belonged to a church because they had a high ideal of what a member of the church of Christ should be, and they tried to live up to that ideal. In these days people join a church because it is a badge of respectability, and because it is the fashion. As to living the life of a sincere and lowly follower of the Divine Master, Who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," they never dream of it.

The strenuous life we live these days perhaps has something to do with it. Men are so wearied with the physical and mental toil of making a living, that when an interval of rest does come, the body seems to serve merely as a dead encasement for a dead soul, too numb to respond to the call for higher and more spiritual things. If you take a look around in a great many churches during the time of service, it will surprise you perhaps to see how few are listening with any degree of interest to what is being said. The preacher's fault? In some instances I am sorry to say, "Yes." But too often the body holds a soul so shrivelled up by the hardening process to which it has been subjected, through the eager desire to grasp more and more the things of this world that it would take the trumpet call of an angel to arouse it to a sense of its need of living for better and nobler things than the gratification of selfish desires.

Fashion, form and money there may be in the modern church, but religion

FROM THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

IT is a new thing for a publication to present in one number and on the same page a recognition of the merits of its contents from two men who stand for the governing forces of half the world.

The Governor General of Canada in a letter, the subtance of which we print below, thus expresses his appreciation of an article treating of Canada's earlier history, and places himself among our permanent patrons:

Montreal, June, 13, '08.

Dear Sirs:

I am desired by the Governor General to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd May, and to thank you for the number of Canada-West you so kindly sent him.

His Excellency read the article on the Plains of Abraham with much pleasure, and has instructed me to convey his thanks and congratulations. His Excellency has instructed me to order Canada-West to be sent to him regularly and looks forward with interest to the forthcoming special Tercentenary number.

Will you kindly render me the account for the magazine. *I am, yours truly,*

Arthur F. Sladen

The following note from the President of the United States is especially valued, since it comes as a personal word of praise to one of our regular contributors, himself a widely known writer of English verse in the lighter vein :

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 23.

My dear Mr. Kiser:

I have been so much amused with your bits of poetry that I must write to tell you so.

With regards, sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

These extraordinary compliments are less a stimulus to pride than an incentive to continued endeavor in serving to Canada and the Canadians the best written and most helpful magazine they have ever had.

is being slowly but surely forced out, and the world at large, looking on, has lost faith in the church itself. It is not new theology people want. The old New Testament truth, lived as Jesus lived it here on this earth, would transform so-called Christians to such a degree that this earth would become the border land of heaven. Religion itself is not at fault though professors of religion are. If those who are sincere in looking for something satisfying would take the New Testament (and letting all side issues go, things that do not vitally concern a man, as far as the salvation of his soul is concerned), turn to John the twenty-first chapter, and read from the twentieth to the twenty-third verse, trying to take in and understand all that Christ meant for us, in His answer to Peter's curiosity: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." That, it seems to me, is sufficient answer to all man's prying and curiosity. Our part is to follow Him, and in following His great unselfish example of love and patience, we would not want to be looking for something new, but would be satisfied that the religion as practised by our Divine Master will satisfy the needs of every human soul. Sincerely yours,

Fanny Clark Clench.
Ninette, Man.

This answer to our question, without directly stating it, assumes a certain definition of "religious." The whole argument hinges on that definition. Is it yours?

FISH FROM THE WHEAT BELT

THE term "Prairie Provinces" means *wheat* wherever it appears—naturally and properly so, for it is the name of the greatest and richest wheat field in the world, the very last place where most people would look for a fish supply. Yet the fish-catch of 1907 in the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta brought $1,492,923.

This doesn't mean that anyone can sit on a fence and throw his hook into a wheat field—with results. But it does mean the beginning of a new and big industry in a country where fresh fish is wanted, and where the rivers and lakes can be worked with proper tackle in the open season and with commercial profit. Some of the largest fresh water lakes and streams of the continent are to be found in Western Canada, and all these waters are well stocked with fine varieties of food and game fishes. "The fisheries of the prairies" may have an incongruous sound, but not very far hence those same fisheries will loom large in the economics of Canada.

HUBERT MCBEAN JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston, best known as the author of "The Gore Valley Viaduct," has been a frequent contributor to CANADA-WEST ever since "The Edge of the Shadow" appeared in one of the earliest numbers. To this issue he contributes "The Pot and the Kettle"

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEAFORD ?

IT used to be said of Edmonton that no matter how dead she was, she would never acknowledge the fact, and that long after some of the other budding boom-towns were laid out, you would continue to hear from Edmonton.

Edmonton made good, and largely because her people, during the dark days between the boom of twenty years ago and the present "growing time," refused to lie down and close their eyes.

And now comes Meaford up on the Georgian Bay route of the Northern Navigation Steamers, which thread the Thirty Thousand Islands on the way

FORREST CRISSEY!

Mr. Crissey, who is one of the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is contributing several short stories to CANADA-WEST. One of them "The Shop of the Six Hands" appears in this number from Sarnia to Fort William. You meet a man from Meaford and say, "Where is Meaford?" and mark the look of amazement upon his face. He will not say he's sorry for you, but he'll pull you over to the edge of the walk and ask you, quietly: "Say—don't you know about Meaford? There are three thousand souls in Meaford. Meaford employs 500 hands who turn out three-quarter of a million dollars' worth of goods annually. We raise rice and rye, ship 31,000 barrels of apples, $175,000 worth of live stock, and 5,000,000 feet of lumber between New Year and Christmas.

"Why, man, Meaford has ten miles of permanent sidewalk, a seven-hundred-thousand-bushel elevator, electric lights and power plant, public school, model school, several churches, a splendid harbor and the Grand Trunk Railway."

Then you walk on with the name, "Meaford," permanently fixed in your mind in connection with pleasant ideas that predispose you to stop off at the town in the future.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE is already well-known to readers of CANADA-WEST. His articles on Canadian affairs, especially those relating to the West, have been marked by scholarly insight. He has now launched out into a larger field. No more important book on the great Northwest than his, "The Search for the Western Sea," has appeared from any Canadian pen. It is a monumental work. It gives an exhaustive study of the exploration of North-Western America. Mr. Burpee knows the West—knows it by travel and by a careful examination of every available important book or document bearing on his subject. He has divided his book into three parts: The Northern Gateway, The Southern Gateway, and The Road to the Sea. The title of the book is "The Keynote of Exploration in North-Western America." The early explorers were all lured on by the hope of finding a practicable passage to the great Western Sea, the Pacific.

Part I. deals with British exploration in the north, first into and about Hudson Bay, then inland from the shores of the Bay. The narrative covers a period of one hundred and sixty-five years, from the date of Henry Hudson's discovery of the great bay to the establishment of Cumberland House by Samuel Hearne. Part II. takes up the Southern or St. Lawrence route. It graphically sketches the heroic work done by such explorers as La Verendrye, Jonathan Carver and Peter Pond. Part III. deals with the consummation of two centuries of adventurous effort in the wilderness, the reaching of the Arctic and the Pacific. Much new light is thrown on the work done by such men as Alexander Henry, Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson and Simon Fraser.

In the preparation of his book Mr. Burpee has not rested content with second-hand material. He has, wherever it was possible, gone to the original documents. Living in Ottawa, he has had peculiar advantages, and has availed himself of them. The rich manuscript material in the Canadian Archives has been carefully examined, and at every step of his work there is evidence that he has consulted such eminent authorities as Dr. A. G. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, Dr. James White, Geographer of the Department of the Interior, Dr. A. P. Low, Dr. Robert Bell and other members of the geological survey who have had personal acquaintance with the regions he has studied.

"The Search for the Western Sea" is a great book. It should be in the library of every man who takes an interest in the building of the Dominion. The author has evidently spent years in collecting and sifting his material, and has treated his subject in an eminently fair and unprejudiced manner. On every page he shows the historical conscience.

The publishers have entered into the spirit of the author. They have spared no expense in making a volume worthy of the theme. It has in all some fifty-six fine illustrations, covering every region of the West, and eight maps, some of them exceedingly rare, that aid the reader in tracing the course of the narrative.

THE HEART OF A CHILD

FRANK DANBY (Mrs. Frankau) has achieved another success in "The Heart of a Child." This novel is a distinct advance on either her "Dr. Phillips" or "Pigs in Clover." Sally Snape is a creation that will rank with the best of Dickens' female characters. The story is for the most part a powerful interpretation of life. The author has selected a strange character, red-haired and green-eyed, with the grotesque name of Sally Snape as her heroine, and with her as a dominating centre has produced a most entertaining novel. It is a London study. The slums from which Sally sprang are depicted with a brutal realism; the fashionable West End millinery establishment where Sally was employed as a model is presented with a fulness of detail that shows the most intimate study; and the world of the Gaiety Girl is drawn with knowledge and power. Every phase of Sally's life is well done, save possibly in the climax of the book, where she appears as Lady Kidderminster, and then there is a distinct falling off in truth to life. But "The Heart of a Child" is no commonplace novel. It is a bit of psychology of the highest order. It is true Mrs. Frankau has failed in her purpose, which was to show that "a young girl, inexperienced and unprotected, could go upon the stage, achieve a popular triumph and yet retain her purity." As the story developed, the author forgot her avowed attention—Sally Snape was what she was by temperament and accident. The story of other Gaiety Girls placed in similar situations would probably have had a different ending. The book is well worth close reading. It will be found to have been truly named "The Heart of a Child," and as in the case of the men in the story, the men who read will feel their hearts go out to Sally Snape. She is "truth and simplicity" itself, and possesses a magnetism that rivets the attention.

TRAILS AND TALES IN COBALT

"TRAILS and Tales in Cobalt," by W. H. P. Jarvis, is a timely book. The silver country is attracting much attention, and no book that has yet appeared gives a truer picture of mining methods, the difficulties to be contended with, the snares to be avoided, and the picturesque life of the sojourners in this mining camp. Mr. Jarvis is an experienced miner. He has been an "Inhabiter of change." Gold and silver have lured his feet for years, and Alaska, the Yukon, British Columbia and the Cobalt are familiar to him. The lover of tragedy and romance can find much that is interesting in "Trails and Tales," and the tenderfoot who sees visions of fortune in a mining country will profit by reading it. The "Pard," that splendid raconteur of mining-camp stories, is a fine creation. His stories are nuggets, which could easily be taken from their rough setting and elaborated into great short stories, as great as anything that has appeared from the pen of Bret Harte. But, in "Trails and Tales in Cobalt," the story of "Hyena Jane," the tragic romance of Alec McCutcheon, the pathetic narrative of the life of "Poor Chappie" are to Canadian story what the "Songs of a Sourdough" are to Canadian verse.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Search for the Western Sea," By Lawrence J. Burpee. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

"The Heart of a Child." By Frank Danby. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

"The Soul of a Priest." By The Duke Litta. Toronto: William Briggs.

"Trails and Tales in Cobalt " By W. H. P. Jarvis. Toronto: William Briggs.

MY QUEST

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

Illustrated by William Molt

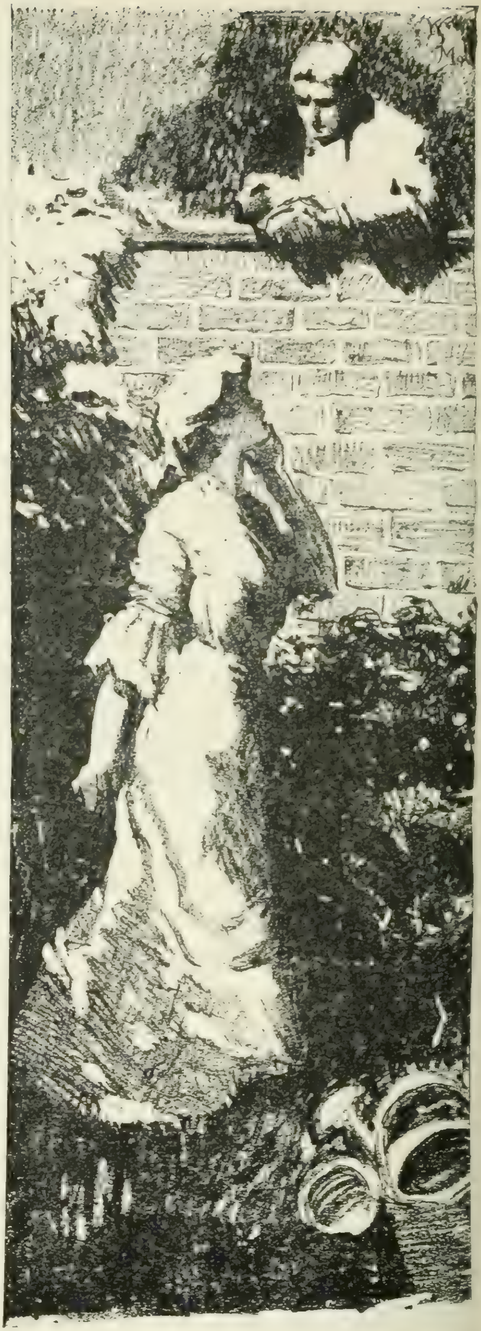
Through the scented aisles of my garden, fair,
I wander at close of day;
Where perfumed roses ope their hearts,
And stately lillies sway.

Gay fireflies, with torches bright,
Flit 'midst the sleeping flowers,
And on her rosary of pearls,
Time counts the golden hours.

High overhead, the ragged moon,
Sails through a sea of blue—
And one by one the angel stars,
Come softly peeping through.

I searched for thee, each night, my love—
I sought thee—far and near,
And yet 'midst all the scented blooms,
I found thee not—my dear.

But now my quest is ended—
As night's dark shades depart—
For ah—beloved, I hold thee, now—
In the garden of my heart.



THE SIGNEUR'S HONOUR

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

"MAIS OUI, MONSIEUR," replied Louis the ancient voyageur in answer to the unspoken question in William Lynch's quick glance; "they have gone, the Abbe and the dogs, by moonlight across the bay, and such journeys I like not, for as Monsieur well knows 'tis almost spring and the ice on the bay no longer safe." And having satisfied the curiosity of his employer, the old man busied himself in preparing the evening meal, all the while shaking his head and muttering various expressions indicative of anxiety and foreboding.

For much had happened that day at the little trading post of the old French Fur Company, and although one may defy the cold and rigors of the great white winter in the far north, one cannot defy death. This William Lynch realized only too well as he paced the floor of the living room in his own quarters at the Company's Post. While he blessed the pluck of that brave old missionary, the Abbe St. Claire, the friend alike of the white man and the red, he cursed the haughty pride and stubborn obstinacy of the Facteur, the Signeur de Montierre, which made him remain idly at home while an older and feebler man performed a task which should have been his own, a task which needed youth and courage and health and strength. All these had William Lynch in abundance, together with a great love for Yvonne de Montierre, the Facteur's one daughter. "Matiska"—the laughing one—the Indians called her. Her bright eyes and merry smile had indeed laughed their way deeper and deeper into Lynch's honest heart until at length, emboldened by the sweet shy glances of Yvonne and the thought of a clean name and a cleaner conscience, he had craved permission of the Signeur to press his suit; but de Montierre would have none of it. Naturally proud and domineering, he had become doubly so at the thought of an alliance between a de Montierre of old France and a plain William Lynch of the then new Canada.

"It were almost as well, Monsieur," remarked the Signeur with a sneer, "that you should ask my daughter to become your wife as that she should ask you to become her husband; and, ah! morte de ma vie, while I think of it," further remarked the Signeur, safe in the security of Yvonne's modesty, "should my daughter ever ask you to become her husband, Monsieur, on my honour you may; but by my faith, not before. I trust Monsieur will have much patience and a long life, Sancta Maria, such a long life, for if Monsieur waits he will need both I assure him."

Angry and humiliated Lynch had gone about his daily duties, but not, however, with the intention of forgetting Yvonne. The Signeur had promptly informed his daughter of his interview with Lynch and of his own decidedly novel decision; and Lynch had sworn softly, as day by day he watched Yvonne grow quieter and sadder.

Now the Signeur de Montierre was lying on his bed slowly bleeding through a vein which had been severed in his arm by a gun discharged in the hands of a careless savage. They had done what they might but the vein they could not mend. It was beyond them. Fearful of the results of the accident every Indian and breed about the place had disappeared as if by magic and the few white employees of the company having departed some days before on an expedition to a distant post, there remained only

Lynch and the old missionary to summon aid.

In a faint but perfectly audible voice the Signeur had intimated that he infinitely preferred death to succor at the hands of Lynch. This was the reason why the staunch old Abbe St. Claire, who knew every trail and every portage, every lake and every stream in all the great North Country, was at that moment lashing six huskie dogs attached to a long sled, across the thirty miles of treacherous ice which lay between him and a doctor. This was the reason why William Lynch so anxiously paced the floor of his room and Louis, the ancient voyageur, seemed so troubled and ill at ease. For should the Abbe fail in his attempt to cross the bay and the doctor came not by morning, then would the spirit of Philippe St. Jean Signeur de Montierre depart to join those of his forefathers.

Four hours had elapsed since the dog team had departed at six that evening and Louis, having settled the back-log well in the embers, had piled upon it as much wood as the spacious fireplace could well contain and was beginning to think fondly of his bed, when the sharp yelp of a dog, accompanied by the cracking of a whip and the stern harsh voice of a man, drew him in haste to the door.

"Is that you, Louis?" queried the man.

"Oui Monsieur," replied the voyageur, instantly recognizing the tones of the venerable Abbe.

"Monsieur Lynch! quick, mons fil, where is Monsieur Lynch?"

"At the quarters of the Signeur, mon pere," responded Louis, "together with Madamoiselle, doing what they can to stop the blood."

"Then to the quarters of the Signeur, quick," commanded the Abbe, "and say that one would speak with him, but mark you that the others hear not who that one is."

Only too plainly did Lynch understand what the return of the Abbe signified and his worst fears were confirmed by the lips of the missionary.

"It is even so my son," the old priest assured him, "I had gone but half way when a great crack stopped my progress and although I followed it for some miles it extends out to the open sea. It is as yet but the thin edge of that wedge which will in a few days completely break up the ice in the bay; and in the narrowest place which I could discover it is at least fifty feet wide. And I, my son, helas, in my youth I learned not to swim. Even if I had I greatly fear this old heart of mine would ill stand a plunge in the icy waters and may the good Virgin help us for I know not what to do."

For a moment Lynch stood like a man in doubt. Then as the thought of a little woman with a white quivering face and a soft beseeching manner flashed across his mind, a light shone in his eyes and a look of determination settled upon his countenance.

Curtly ordering Louis to attend Madamoiselle Yvonne, he briefly explained to the Abbe his intention of making an attempt to cross the gap. In an incredibly short time, having secured fresh dogs and an extra sled, the Abbe and Lynch, each with his own team, were racing for the crack in the ice. The wiry brutes with lolling tongues and panting sides, urged on by voice and whip and with no load save their drivers, ran as they had never run before. In a little over an hour the missionary, who had been in the lead, turned his dogs south, motioning Lynch to do the same. After another run of four miles they reached what the priest had decided was the narrowest part of the gap.

Here Lynch at once set about preparing to swim across the icy water which separated him from the other side. With the assistance of the Abbe, he securely fastened around his waist the end of a long rope, leaned over the edge and with a "God speed you, mon garcon," from the priest, lowered himself into the water. For a moment he felt nothing; then as the water searched a way through his clothing a deadly coldness seized him which seemed to reach to his very heart. He had not gone quite half way and already his limbs felt like leaden weights and each stroke was an agony. Why should he struggle for the life of a man who despised him? With her father dead Yvonne de Montierre could be easily persuaded to become his wife and the Abbe St. Claire, who was his friend, would readily consent to marry them. But again he thought of Yvonne holding back with a weary hand her father's ebbing life, and he fought the chill which assailed him; fought on and on, until he was half—three-quarters of the way across. Oh, God! those last few strokes! Could he make them and could he pull himself out when he had made them? Slowly, steadily he fought on until one and then both hands rested on the edge. He was over; but could he pull himself up? For a moment he hesitated, then with his last remaining strength he rose in the water, hung for a moment on the edge of the ice and with a groan fell flat on the ice, safe.

For a few moments Lynch lay as he had fallen, then slowly staggering to his feet he began to stamp about in an effort to warm himself. After a little with the aid of the rope he was able to pull across some dry outer garments which the Abbe had wrapped in an old robe. There was no time to be lost for Lynch could not long stand such exposure, and fifteen miles still lay between him and the aid he sought. One by one, so that they would not become tangled in the harness the missionary pushed the dogs belonging to Lynch's team into the water and they were quickly pulled over, the last thing to cross being the empty sled. With such speed as he could summon Lynch again succeeded in harnessing the whining dogs and shouting to his companion to return to the post, he began the last part of his journey. After a few miles he had the good fortune to happen upon a trail easily followed and leading directly to the shore and the fort which he was now rapidly approaching. Well was it for him that he had done so, for long before the last part of the trail had been traversed he had become so numbed that it was with difficulty he succeeded in guiding the dogs, who luckily stuck to the path with little urging. At last the lights of the fort were dancing before his eyes, the sound of friendly voices filled his ears and willing hands were helping him from the sled. The men of the far North, however, are accustomed to exposure, hardship and to danger and William Lynch was no exception, so that warmed and dried he was quite prepared to accompany the doctor on the return journey, which was accomplished with little difficulty. For while his wants were being attended to busy hands had been at work in the store rooms and after removing bale after bale, had at last succeeded in unearthing a canoe, a task which unaided would have occupied Lnych and the Abbe for hours. The canoe was placed on a third sled and in it Lynch and the doctor easily crossed the water, pulling the dogs after them, and in another run of an hour reached the post.

* * * * * * * * * * *

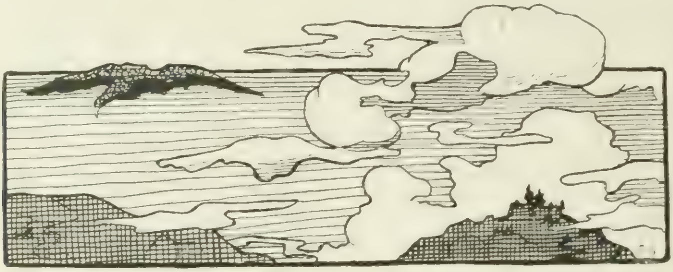
On a day in April a month after the expedition across the bay, Louis had intimated to Lynch the Signeur's desire to speak with him, and it was with considerable trepidation that Lynch repaired to that gentleman's quarters.

"Monsieur," began the Signeur, who sat propped up with pillows that Yvonne had placed behind him, "I am weak and it fatigues me greatly to talk, so what I have to say I will say briefly. First, Monsieur, I have to thank you for my life. You are a bold man and, I say it, a brave one. There was a time, Monsieur, when you honored me by asking for the hand of my daughter; only then I did not as I do now perceive the honour. But Monsieur, I have decided to allow Madamoiselle to speak for herself, and I trust you will find her answer satisfactory."

For a moment Yvonne de Montierre looked wildly about as if she wished to escape and when she spoke her voice trembled.

"Monsieur Lynch," she began and her eyes fell, "my father has informed me of your interview with him and of his own decision, but I—I am not quite of the same opinion as my father. Monsieur it is what you English call Leap Year, so let that be my excuse if I speak as a good woman should not, for Monsieur, I would feel honored if you would condescend to become my husband, because I—I also love you—"

But the great arms of William Lynch had closed around her, crushing her to his breast, while he kissed her lips, her face, her eyes, her hair, and for a little while the world seemed far away, save for the sound of the birds and the whisper of the warm spring air that came through the open casement. And the old Abbe St. Claire, who had at that moment opened the door, closed it again softly and went away murmuring to himself, "Ah—they are young and have health and strength and much love, and 'tis Spring—Spring in 'la belle Canada,' and for what more could one wish. Et le bon dieu, mes enfants, may he bless you."



SUNSET

BY ——— STUART

SOME with smiling tell the sorrow
That the day can never die,
That the blazoned gold of sunset
Is the morning of some sky.

Day fades
As the shadows rise,
The morning comes
As darkness dies;
And day dies
In evening's breath—
Must sorrow aye go on and on
Forever seeking death?

Oh, sunset, sons of men that toil
Forever westward wandering, roam,
And in thy molten clouds behold
The fire that lured them from their home.
Land where the fleecy clouds of day
Turned gold and silver, lose their way,
Where all the fiery airs and ethers
Are purpled round the throne of heaven,
Land of gold, of sunset and of night,
Deep night, of sleep forever, where never
Comes the morning and the weary cry of light
Sleep,—sleep on.

A RIVER OF THE PRAIRIES

IN THE VALLEYS

BY WALPOLE MURDOCK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE valleys of the rivers of the prairies—it is in them that one finds the needed contrast to the broad, bright, level stretches; the relief of sheltering branches and shadowy half-lights in a land of wide-flung, open, sunshine-flooded plains.

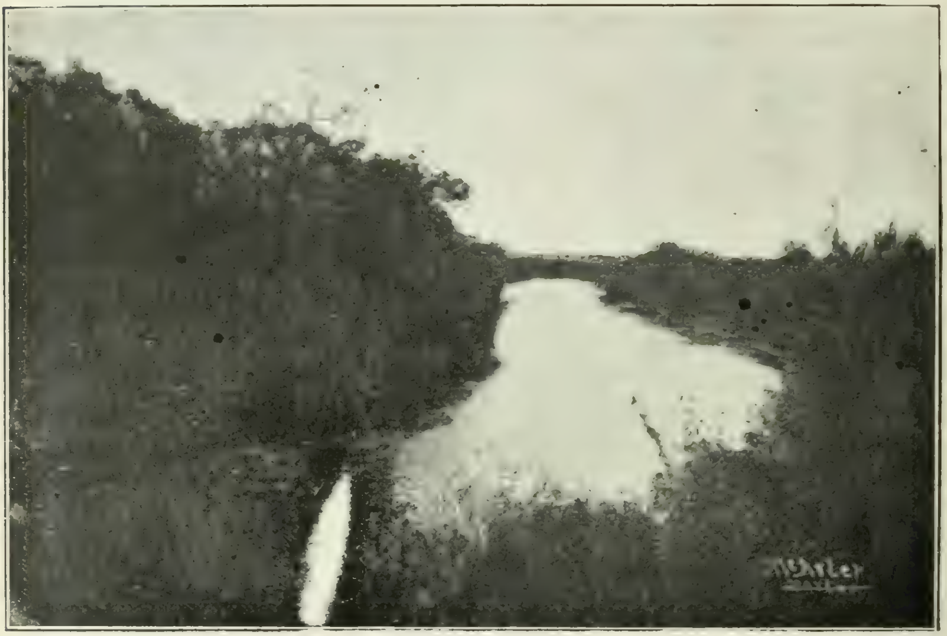
It is in the close copsewood of the river valley that the bush birds build their nests and pour forth their sweetest songs. It is there that the richest and most dewy roses bloom and the honeysuckle hangs its clusters of flowers side by side with the morning-glory and the spiræa; it is there that the hare and the rabbit take shelter in the shade, and there the doe hides her fawns amongst the bushes; it is there that, in the spring, the wild plum trees display their loads of snowy blossom midst a whole forest of flowering trees that shadow their glories in the stream beneath.

It is to the river valleys that the berry pickers take their way when the June berries are ripe, the raspberries fragrant and the cherries red and purple, while the cranberry bushes hang the still green fruit in heavy bunches over the water and the tangling vines shake their clusters of pungent hops in the faces of intruders.

Then, when the flowers have faded on the prairies and October frosts have browned the grass, and the first flurries of snow drive in from the north, it is to the river valleys that the birds retire for shelter from the cold night winds and the grouse, that have been gathered far and near on the plains during the summer, seek the woods in immense numbers.

Later still, along the river the glossy mink ambles on the ice or enters the open water at the rapids in search of fish. The deer seek the valley to hide from the winter chill, and the sleepy owl, blinking his yellow eyes, frowns at the gay and happy squirrel amongst the branches of the old oak where a hoard of acorns has been concealed. It is in the river valley that the blue jay screams, the woodpecker taps on his tree, and the grosbeak flits amongst the maples where the seed pods hang.

During the cold season the wild life of the vast prairies has fled, or is under ground, awaiting the spring; but in the river valleys all the wild life is amongst the trees, for there can be found shelter and food. Even the solitary wolf, that nightly wanders on the prairie, at the approach of daylight, seeks his den amongst the bushes on the hillside where the ground slopes towards the deep valley.



IN THE CLOSE COPSEWOOD OF THE RIVER VALLEY THE BUSH BIRDS BUILD THEIR NESTS

SUMMER

BY ENNIS GRAHAM

FULL summer now—the genial hours
Lend radiant noon to glowing night.
Full summer—see the gleaming flowers
Basking in fervid life and light.
And love, too, has its perfect noon,
Its summer sun, its summer moon;
In thy deep radiant eyes, my queen,
My triumph lies—there love is seen.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

Author of "The Gore Valley Viaduct"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALESHIRE

MR. SAM BROWN had made three different and distinct attempts to find out her name, and yet he had progressed no further than to learn that she was "Miss Jones, sir; Mr. Jones' daughter." The elevator boy told him that. It must be admitted that for an ardent lover such as Mr. Brown to be able to get no further and not even to be able to secure an introduction to his divinity, was disheartening.

Consequently, as Mr. Brown walked down the hall of the apartment house, saw the wet slippery street, and saw the object of his affections coming across the road, he conceived an audacious plan on the spur of the moment, whose daring startled even himself when he thought it over afterward.

"I beg your pardon!" cried Mr. Brown, in mock consternation. "How terribly stupid of me. You see, I had my head down and did not see you and——"

Mr. Brown had deferentially assisted the young lady to her feet and was making a dismal failure of his attempt to brush the mud off her skirt.

"I trust you were not hurt," said he, solicitously.

"Not at all, thank you," said Miss Jones, smiling. "It was equally stupid of me; I should have seen you coming." Miss Jones did not mention that she suspected Mr. Brown's little subterfuge.

Being a well-bred young woman she was strongly impressed with the belief that it was the young man's place to make the opening overtures toward forming a new acquaintanceship, and, therefore, very properly neglected to mention that she had seen Mr. Brown's approach with both eyes wide open. "Ah, thank you so much."

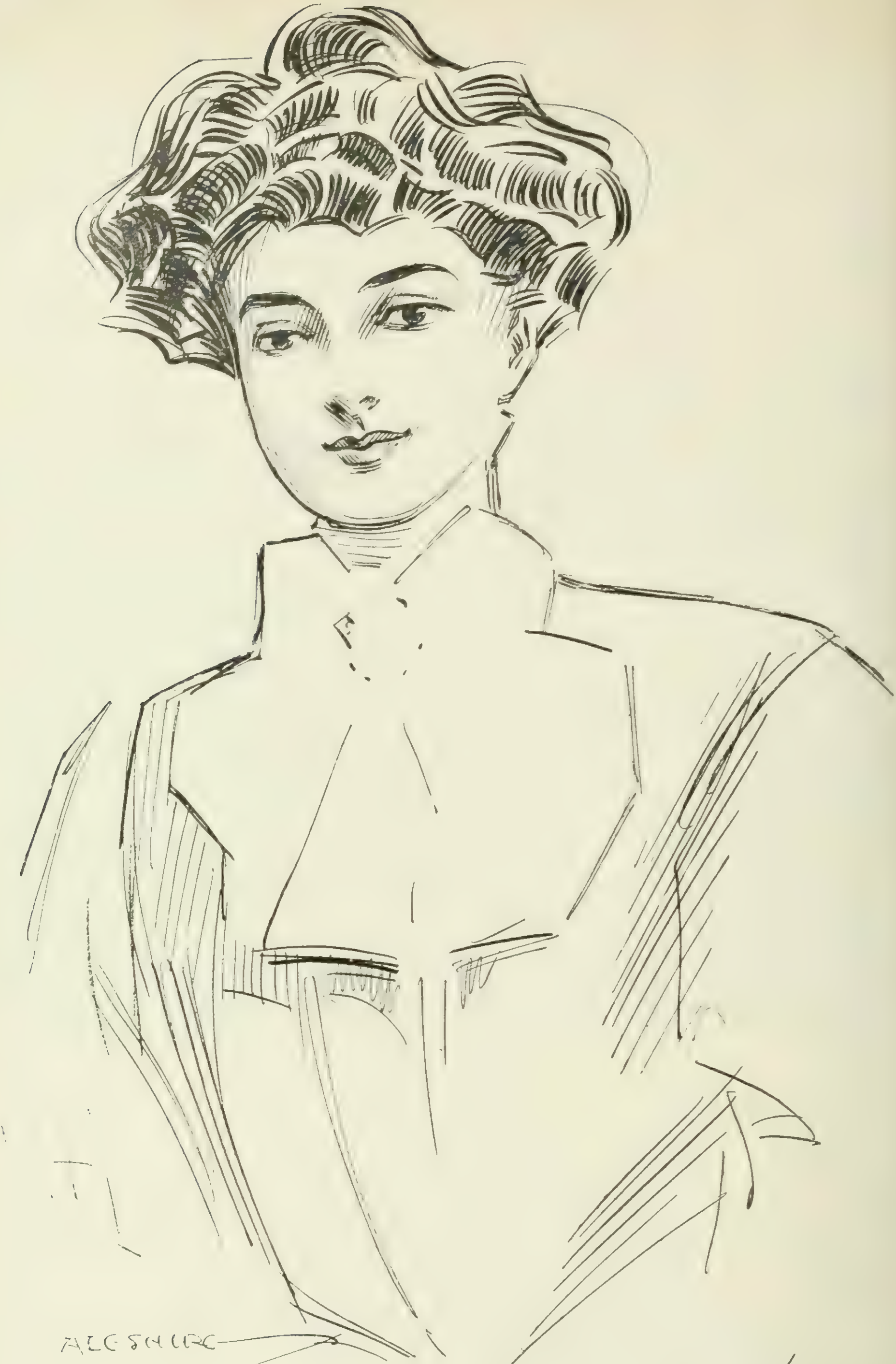
Mr. Brown had recovered a muddy pocketbook from the gutter and at the same time caused a very bedraggled lace handkerchief to make a mysterious disappearance.

"Perhaps," thought Miss Jones, "he intends sending it to the laundry before returning it. What a nice young man!" As a matter of fact, no idea could have been further from Mr. Brown's mind at that moment.

After that they found it all very plain sailing, and, without a compass Mr. Brown experienced no difficulty in steering a perfectly straight course toward his chosen goal. Possibly he used the stars to guide him. It is really quite wonderful how well one can steer by stars, especially, as Mr. Brown sentimentally soliloquized, "the stars that shine in woman's eyes." In the course of a month he and Miss Jones were very old friends.

Indeed, within two weeks over that time they were considerably more. Notwithstanding Mr. Brown's unromantic name—for what has a mere name to do with a man's soul—and in spite even of Miss Jones' prosaic cognomen of Sarah, he had fallen very violently in love with her. To tell how Miss Jones felt on the matter would be betraying a lady's confidence, and be highly ungallant. It must suffice the reader to know that in the privacy of her own boudoir she had rechristened Sam into Samuel, and if that is not a barometer of any maiden's affections, you will have to remain in ignorance.

Mr. Brown, having made this much headway with the daughter, with consummate diplomacy, turned his attention towards Mr. Jones—Mr. Nathaniel Jones. By dint of inviting the gentle



Drawn by M. B. Aleshire

"MISS JONES, SIR, MR. JONES' DAUGHTER"

man into his bachelor apartment across the hall, and opening sundry bottles of '83, to say nothing of consuming divers twenty-five cent cigars, Mr. Brown succeeded in winning the golden opinion of Mr. Nathaniel Jones to such an extent that on several occasions the latter expatiated at great length, and with many hiccups to Mrs. Jones upon the young man's merits.

Whereupon Mrs. Nathaniel Jones would sleepily open one eye, fix it on the clock, and say to Jones, "Come to bed, you old fool"; and Mr. Nathaniel Jones would do so.

Mr. Sam Brown and Mr. Nathaniel Jones never so far forgot the laws of etiquette as to talk vulgar shop when they were together. The nearest they ever came to it was one time when Mr. Jones ventured to inquire of Mr. Brown in what business he was engaged.

"I?" Mr. Brown had questioned in reply: "O, I'm in the restaurant business."

As neither had shown a desire to pursue the subject further, the topic had been dropped. Although the occupation of restaurant owning might be a trifle plebian, Mr. Jones had no strenuous objection to a son-in-law engaged in it so long as the young man was steady and made plenty of money. That Mr. Brown was so fortunate as to feed a great many people with some degree of regularity was apparent enough, thought Mr. Jones, from the luxurious way in which his apartment was furnished.

What Mr. Jones did for a living Mr. Brown never inquired; though, as nearly as his own observation would allow him to estimate, his prospective father-in-law was retired from active pursuits, and, outside his home, took his only interests in the club. When a man spends all his day around the house, and is out every evening, surely it would not require great depths of reasoning to fathom that. Moreover, it was a matter that was not worrying Mr. Sam Brown to any great extent, for so long as Mr. Nathaniel Jones would remain away in the evenings, Mr. Brown did not care very much if he had never had any other occupation than that of raising a daughter.

Is it not superfluous to say that Mr. Sam Brown had declared his love for Miss Sarah Jones? There is no necessity for going here into the details of how he did it. Let it be enough that we know Samuel had offered himself to Sarah, and that Sarah, recognizing an existing affinity, had accepted Samuel for better or for worse as her affianced husband. All this had happened, moreover, with the full knowledge and consent of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Jones.

Indeed, the wedding was but a short six weeks off when came the bump which always lies in the path of true love, and over which the course never runs smooth.

One unlucky Friday morning Mr. Nathaniel Jones went down town with Mrs. Jones to select a new wall paper for the dining room—though the mission itself is of no importance. The task accomplished, Mr. Jones, having decided to spend the afternoon down town, let his better half go home alone, and turned to look for a restaurant where he might take his luncheon.

Who can tell what evil genius directed his steps to Hanley's down-town place?

"I will have some calf's liver au beurre noir," ordered Mr. Jones; "potatoes julienne and some cauliflower au gratin. You may also bring me a demi-tasse and some Roquefort and ——!"

Mr. Nathaniel Jones had looked up at the waiter.

As sure as he had two eyes in his head there stood Mr. Sam Brown. He was dressed in the waiters' regulation eton jacket, wore an immaculate white shirt, and had a large, clean napkin ready to spread over Mr. Jones' lap. Even as Mr. Jones looked, Mr. Brown tilted the water-bottle and filled his glass with a hand as steady as a rock.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Brown, imperturbably; "and a demi-tasse and Roquefort. Anything else, sir?"

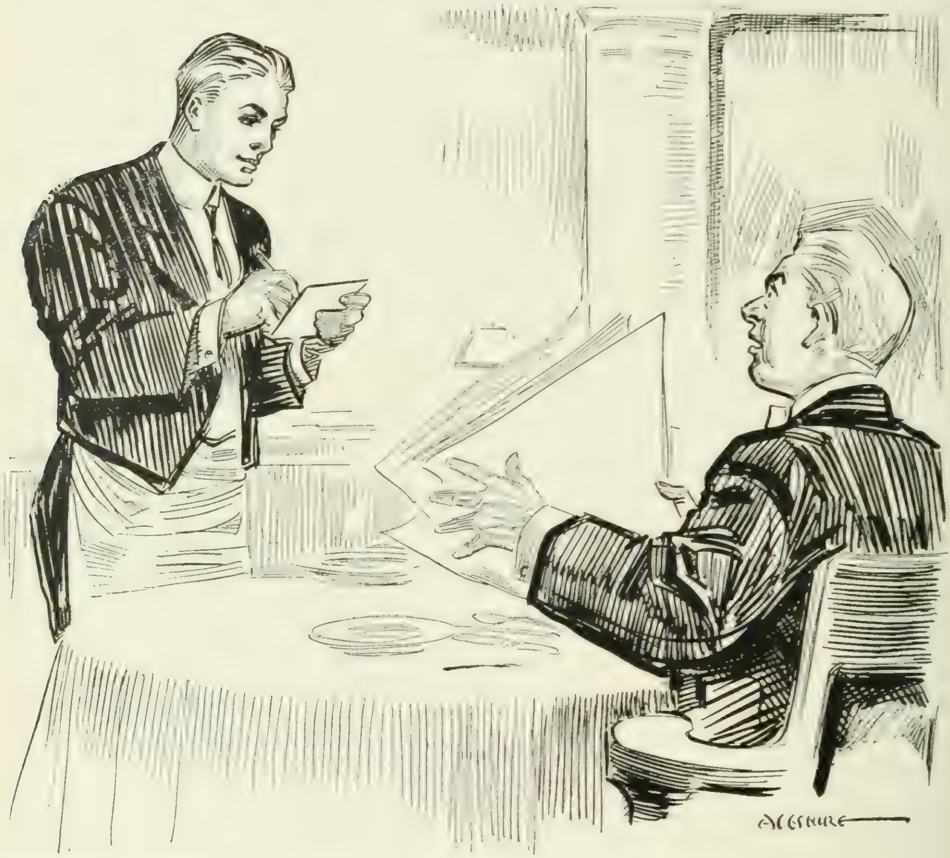
Mr. Nathaniel Jones gasped. Such audacity he had never seen. He rose to his feet and reached for his hat and coat.

"I think it was a mistake," he said, in his most dignified manner; "I don't really believe I care for any luncheon."

Mr. Brown assisted him into his overcoat, was careful to pull down the tails of his undercoat, and handed Mr. Jones his cane.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, holding open the door; "hope you're not unwell, sir."

To describe Mr. Jones' feelings when he reached home would be quite impossible.



Drawn by M. B. Aleshire.

HE LOOKED UP AND THERE STOOD MR. SAM BROWN

Until he had unsteadily placed the key in the lock, he was a man in a dream; once inside his own hallway, the familiar surroundings brought him back to himself. With much embroidery of language, he related the adventure to Mrs. Jones and to Miss Sarah Jones, winding up by depicting Mr. Brown's ultimate end in highly lurid terms. When he was through he was quite red in the face.

"A waiter!" he gasped. "A common, ordinary waiter! And wants to marry my daughter!"

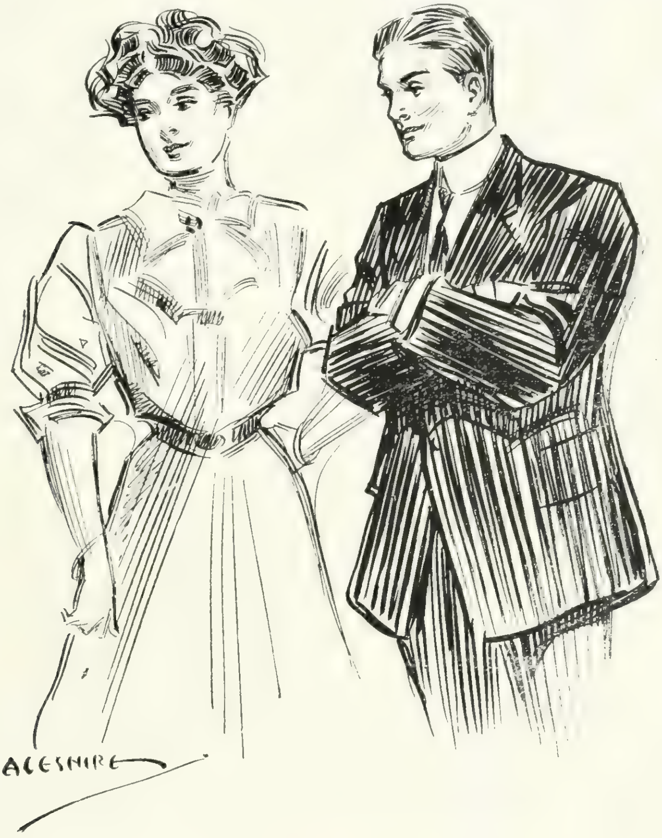
"I see no reason to be ashamed of it," said Mr. Brown, who in the meantime had entered the room, unobserved. He was now seated, with an expression of dove-like innocence, on the lounge beside Miss Sarah Jones. "I told you I was in the restaurant business, and I'm sure it's a very well-paid profession ;I suppose I average a hundred a week," he added, in self-justification.

"Sarah!" Mr. Jones had risen majestically to his full height of five feet four inches. "Sarah," he repeated; "show this person out."

Mrs. Jones drew frigidly aside to allow Mr. Brown to pass, lest he might rub against her, and she be contaminated. Miss Jones escorted him to the hall.

"Eight o'clock in the reception hall downstairs," she whispered, as she shut the door—from which one will naturally infer that, in this instance at least, Miss Jones did not share her parents' decided opinions.

"That young man must not come here any more," announced Mr. Jones. "Sarah, I want you to promise me that you will not ask him to come in here again."



Drawn by M. B. Aleshire

"MAMMA ASKED HIM IN'" EXPLAINED MISS JONES NAIVELY

"Yes, papa," obediently answered the demure Miss Jones, thinking of the reception hall; "it shall be as you wish."

What valuable information Miss Jones conveyed to Mr. Brown that evening after her father had gone out would really be quite difficult to say. She probably told him several things. For, as Mr. Brown went down the steps half an hour later, his face wore the sunniest of smiles.

On the sidewalk he stopped, looked at his watch, and thoughtfully tapped the front of his waistcoat.

"I believe," murmured Mr. Brown, reflectively, to himself, "I believe it's about time for some dinner."

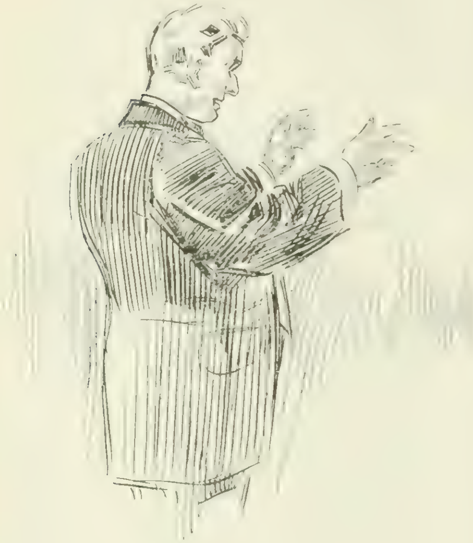
He held up two neatly gloved fingers and a cabby drew up alongside the curb.

"Hector's Broadway Place," ordered Mr. Brown.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Brown to the head waiter; "if you don't mind I think I'd like to occupy that little table over in the corner. It may be the primeval instinct of the Western man cropping out in me; but I always had a fondness for sitting with my back to the wall. If there happens to be two walls and a corner seat, so much the better. Ah, thank you."

As Mr. Brown unfolded his napkin, he turned for a better survey of the room, and immediately became aware of a heated discussion going on at his right. The head-waiter was engaged in an argument with one of his assistants.

"It's your table," said the head-waiter; "of course you must wait on it."



Drawn by M. B. Aleshire

"BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN."

Mr. Brown discreetly looked the other way.

A moment later, Mr. Jones placed a glass of water in front of him, and handed him an order-pad!

"Ah, good-evening, Nathaniel." murmured Mr. Brown. "I think I'll have a little puree of tomato."

As Mr. Jones placed the tureen, and commenced to serve Mr. Brown, his hand trembled so that as much as several drops went on the cloth. It was quite perceptible that his emotion was the result of great restraint.

"Careless, careless," said Mr. Brown, reproachfully. "But it's all right; the head-waiter is looking the other way. There!" he dipped his own spoon in the soup. "Now he would never know but what I had done it."

Mr. Jones struggled for words. Mr. Brown had a strong suspicion that he was going to swear.

"Waiting for my order?" asked Mr. Brown. "Why, of course. Now, let me see; how are your English mutton chops with, say, some string beans and some carrots and some potatoes saute. Oh, yes—and a glass of musty ale."

Mr. Brown finished his dinner in leisurely silence with Mr. Jones standing at the back of his chair, thinking thoughts entirely unsuited to the morals of this story. As Mr. Brown arose from the table, Mr. Jones made a pretence of helping him on with his coat. Mr. Brown fished in his pocket and found a fifty-cent piece.

"A small gratuity, Nathaniel',' said he.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Jones, quite unconsciously.

When Mr. Jones arrived home several hours later, well after midnight, he found Mr. Brown and Miss Sarah Jones occupying seats at opposite ends of the sofa.

"Mamma asked him in," explained Miss Jones, naively, "so she could hear a funny story he was telling."

"Humph," grunted Mr. Jones. "I guess you can suit yourselves about asking him in after this."

Then he caught Mrs. Jones' eye and began to laugh. Turning about, he raised his hands in benediction.

"Bless you, my children," he said.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

TOURISTS

By Thomas C. Robson

YE TALK of travels, wander but from home
A few poor furlongs, mark in nature's wood,
The sturdy woodsman, who with flesh and blood
Writes out his own good patent. Here ye come,
Camp out, or sleep in woodland hamlet rude,
Partake of dainty fruit, call it backwoods fare,
The vile weed inhale, praise the rural air,
And send to distant friends, how all is good,
How sleeps the pansy in its native dell,
How stands the pine like Saul among the throng,
What luckless fate the spotted fawn befell,
Lulled to repose by your false syren song;
Then hamlet, camp, and native airs forsook
Ye hurry down to town, and—write a book.

AT THE BRIDGE CLUB

"THEY say Mrs. Gulpin is at death's door."

"Oh! oh! And she is such a beautiful player!"

RISING GENERATION

MASTER—You want large wages for a boy who's had no experience.

Boy—Well, ain't it harder for me when I don't know how?

THE SCIENTIFIC BABY

OUR baby isn't lullaby'd, nor rocked until he sleeps,
The pacifier's not allowed to soothe him when he weeps,
His mammy and his daddy both are sterilized each day,
For we're bringing up our baby in the scientific way.

He may not chew his little thumb, while on the rug he squirms,
For thumbs they are not healthful and rugs they teem with germs.
His oatmeal must be fashioned in a fireless stove of hay,
For we're bringing up our baby in the scientific way.

He mustn't kiss his Auntie Maud, nor yet his Uncle John,
For osculation is a thing that microbes dote upon;
And now and then, with bated breath, we wonder if 'twill pay,
This bringing up of baby in the scientific way.

ACCOMPLISHED HIS PURPOSE

WILSON lived in the suburbs, and much to his dismay had forgotten to visit his regular shaving-place before leaving town. He had but an hour's time and some distance to travel before the appointed time for the important dinner party. So in despair, he sought the suburban barber. The appearance of the only man in the place did not please him, but martyr-like, he climbed into the empty chair. The man began to lather his face in an awkward way, and Wilson wondered about his safety. When it was well lathered he repeated the treatment, and then proceeded to lather it again in a most careful manner. Wilson remonstrated:

"Say, man, what are you trying to do, you have lathered my face for the third time; you're wasting a lot of soap and energy."

"We—well, I've been trying to keep you here as long as I could—till the barber gets back. He said he wouldn't be gone long, and if anybody came in I should be sure and not let a customer get away."

EMBARRASSING FOR MAMMA

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Dorothy was obliged to sit opposite her mother on the crowded Winnipeg street car. She amused herself by examining the car in detail. After spending some time in this way, her sweet, piping voice attracted the attention of every passenger abroad: "Mamma, oh, mamma, look up there," pointing to the hanging straps. "This car has suspenders zactly like papa's."

TOO PERSONAL

"HOW many children have you?" asked the rental agent in Montreal.

"Four," responded the prospective tenant.

"How old are they?" continued the agent.

"Won be sax mont, anoder four yere"—he paused for a moment, glared at the agent, then shouted angrily:

"Vat you vant a know for? I not ask you to support them."

RIVAL OF METHUSELAH

MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, the actress, tells this of a sailor she once met: "There was a ship in the offing and the salt took from his pocket a collapsible telescope. He extended it and then bade me have a look at the ship. 'What a fine telescope,' I said, after I had looked duly. 'By tar, yer right there,' said the old salt heartily. 'There ain't no finer spyglass in the world. That glass, lady, was give me by the great sea fighter, Paul Jones.' 'Paul Jones!' said I. 'Why, he has been dead over a hundred years.' 'A hundred years!' he muttered. 'An' it seems like yesterday. Shiver my timbers, how time does fly!'"

WHAT THEY BRAG ABOUT

A BOY always brags of what he will do when he's a man.

And when he becomes a man he always boasts of what he did when he was a boy.

PROVERBIAL

IT seemeth when the bubble busts
And home I have to tote her,
That money makes the mare go;
Profanity, the motor.

THE SHORTCAKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

THE shortcake mother used to make—
Ah, you will wisely say
That in those days my appetite
Was always with me, day and night;
That 'tis but fancy's play!
Well, have your fling! Say I have lost
The joy of eating for the sake
Of satisfying hunger which
Youth only knows! But, oh! the rich
Rare shortcake mother used to make!

The shortcake mother used to make
Was built three stories tall.
I never had to search with care
To find the juicy berries there,
Nor were they green or small.
And when I craved a second piece,
Defying any future ache,
I got it without extra charge,
For it was free as well as large,
The shortcake mother used to make

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. London, Ont., September, 1908 No. 5

CONTENTS:

COVER DESIGN by F. DeFOREST SCHOOK
Illustrating "The Sowing."

The Horizon of Our Possibilities	Gerhard Hauptmann	
They Dreamed the Dream of Lovers Since the World Began	F. DeForest Schook	Frontispiece
The Sowing—Part I.	Emerson Hough	1037
A Hunting Song. Verse	William A. McDermid	1048
More Sonnets of an Office Boy Illustrated by Florence Pretz	Samuel Ellsworth Kiser	1049
Modern Man and the Gospel Fifth Paper	Shailer Matthews, M.A., D.D.	1054
Autumn. Verse	Jane Rothwell	1056
The Jumping Frenchman Illustrated by F. DeForest Schook	Wildan McBride	1057
A Study in Homestead Laws	L. Darby	1063
Zum Weinen. Verse	Elizabeth Munger	1066
A Short Tale of a Rabbit	Nellie McClung	1067
The Ideal. Verse	Hugh Cochrane	1068
Rails to the Peace	R. W. Wilson	1069
Joe Dickling's Pig	James N. Mackinnon	1071
Serenade. Verse	Jane Rothwell	1073
Westward Bound in '79—Part I.	Fannie Clark Clench	1074
A Modern Ananias	J. J. Armstrong	1079
Among the Wheat. Verse	Blanche E. Holt Murison	1081
The Garden. Verse	Dorothy Green	108
The Hunters Illustrated with a Photograph	W. R. Holt	1083
Out of the Sea. Verse	Elizabeth Mungor	1086
The Right Angle Illustrated with Photographs		1087
In the World of Books Illustrated with a Photograph		1091
To Sudbury Illustrated with Photographs	Grace Williamson	1095
Chestnuts and Cheese		1099

Issued Monthly. Price: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

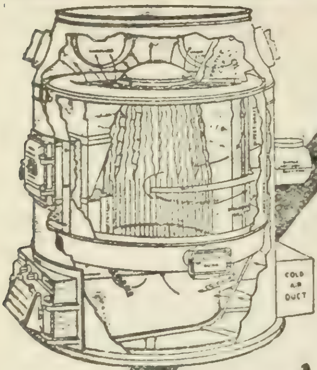
All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers
WALKER THEATRE BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322
OFFICES AT
LONDON 382 Clarence St.
TORONTO 68 Victoria St.
MONTREAL 522 Board of Trade Bldg.
CHICAGO 1502 Marquette Bldg.

KELSEY



HEATING

¶Is your home warmed satisfactorily? If not, the chances are that it will pay you to discard the old apparatus entirely and replace it with a KELSEY.

¶The principles of hygienic heating and fuel economy are better understood now than when thousands of heaters in use were built. The KELSEY is the embodiment of the highest attainments of heating engineering.

¶The **KELSEY Zig-Zag Heat Tubes** of which the fire box is formed and by which greater volumes of air are warmed and FORCED to every part of the house than is possible in any other heater, saves you enough in coal bills to more than pay for the change, to say nothing of the comfort of having your house kept at just the right temperature from top to bottom all the time. **Let us prove it to you.**

THE JAS. SMART MANUFACTURING CO.
WINNIPEG, Man., and BROCKVILLE, Ont. LIMITED

THE CORNELIUS SPRING

GUARANTEED

Luxurious,	Sanitary,
Refreshing,	Vermin Proof,
Restful,	Will Not Sag.

If your dealer does not handle it, write

CORNELIUS BROS.
485 Sherbrooke St. WINNIPEG.

NAKUSP

The Last Chance

to purchase fruit lands in one of the best Kootenay Valleys at moderate prices.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, OR WRITE

THOS. ABRIEL,
NAKUSP, ARROW LAKES,
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Back Copies "Canada-West"

In order to complete our files, we require six copies each of the September and December issues of 1907. **VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO.,**
Winnipeg, Man.

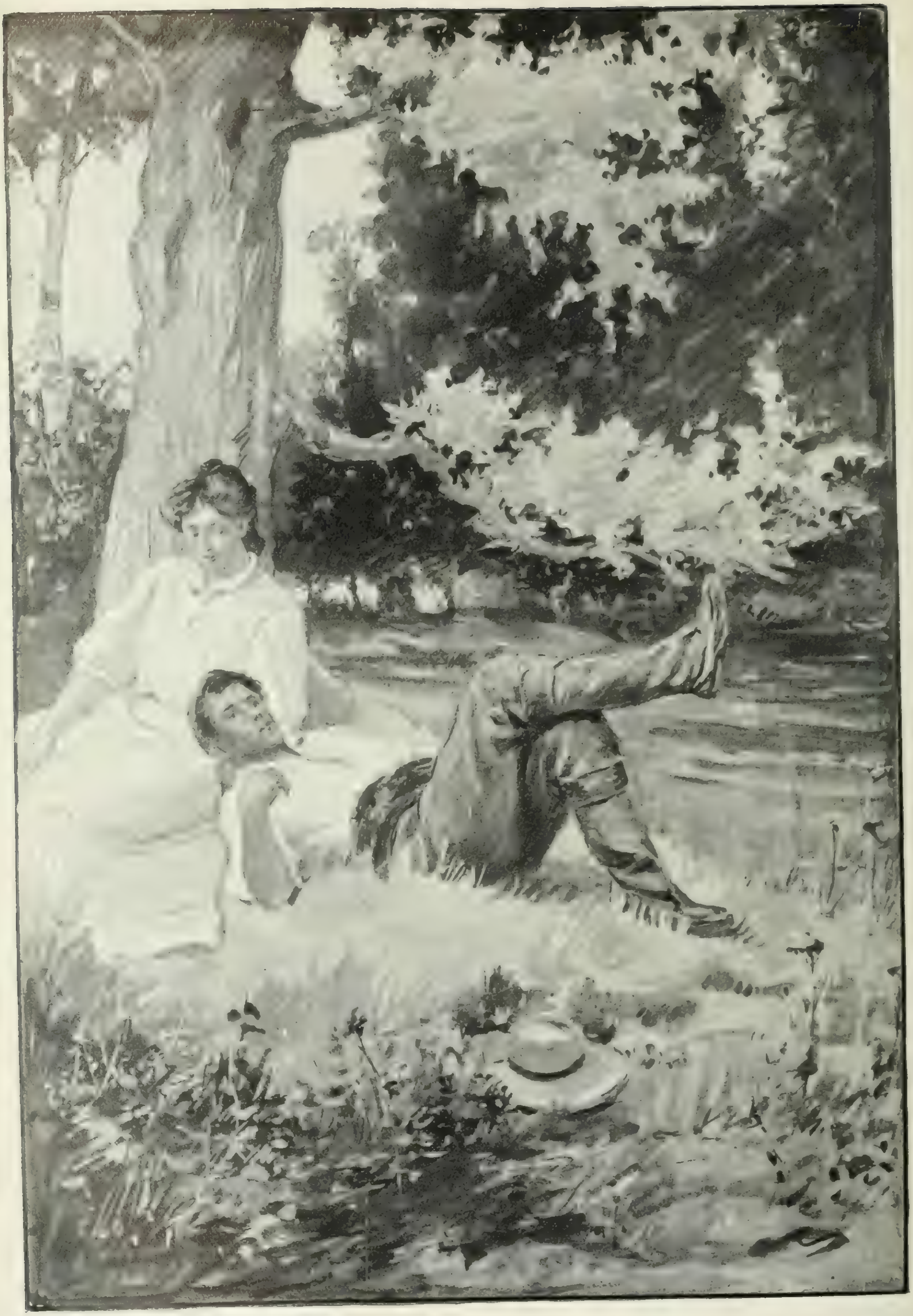
THE HORIZON OF OUR POSSIBILITIES

The service of the valleys
Charms me no longer. Since on the peak I stood,
All that I am has longed to rise, and rise,
Cleaving the mists, until it touched the skies!

It is as though the very youth of May
Gladdened my heart and streamed into my being.
I feel it in my arm—'tis hard as steel;
And in my hand, that, as the eagle's claw,
Clutches at empty air, and shuts again,
Wild with impatience to achieve great deeds.

For, as the hand,
Toiling with tong and hammer, on and on,
To hew the marble, and to guide the chisel,
Now bungles here, now there, yet may not halt,
And nothing, small or great, dare leave to chance,
So do we oftimes lose our passionate faith,
Feel the heart tighten, and the eyes grow dim,
'Till, in the daily round of drudging work,
The clear projection of the soul doth vanish.
For to preserve that Heaven-sent gift is hard.
That lost, all's lost.

Gerhart Hauptmann.



Drawn by F. DeForest Schook. *Plate engraved by The Beal Engraving Co.*

THEY DREAMED THE DREAMS OF LOVERS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.

The Jumping Frenchman—See page 1058

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1908 NUMBER 5

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON G. HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to The West," etc.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE:—The sweep of wide skies, the breath of the wind across unbroken spaces, the touch of new lands not yet taken over—amid these things and in these themes any man may find profit and pleasure. The author, at least, has found in such scenes, now growing rare in his own country, soon to be impossible in any country as the new lands pass, so much interest that he has taken for granted the interest of others in certain conclusions which seem to be attendant on current phenomena to be observed in the only portion of the American continent now entitled to be called the West.

The intent of this work is to view from different angles, personal, governmental, philsophic and utilitarian, the question of bringing civilization to the wilderness. No writer justly can claim wisdom sufficient to solve the age old problems which to-day so greatly complicate the question of colonization. The only answer to such problems lies in the years. None the less, we may not deny the vital interest to-day of the whole question itself. A history of America, so full of splendid successes and deplorable mistakes, but transfers a keener interest in the history of Canada, where such mistakes may yet be avoided.

It is not merely a glib bid for interest which prompts any thinker or writer of to-day to say that Canada is the hope of the world. There is serious truth in that. Any study of Canadian colonization touches the notion of the expansion of an empire. Far more deeply must it be concerned with the wish to extend comfort and content to all those who, under any flag, are weary and heavy-laden. The author hopes to indicate that business and human kindness are not incompatible in private, governmental or national policies. In the affairs of a great government, a great people, they are indeed inseparable, the one indispensable as the other.

Necessarily, in any discussion of colonization two sides appear, the business and the idealistic. Which should preponderate? Were it not possible for the latter *to do so, perhaps one might not so much have cared to undertake this labour. Since he theme may hold both, and since fundamentally and disinterestedly it has to do with taking human beings out of doors, into a wider and more useful human life, and placing them under wider and bluer skies affording a better human horizon, the work offers sufficient interest to enlist the soberest thought of any man. It has afforded keen delight to the author.*

EMERSON HOUGH.

June 1, 1908.

"No praises of the past are hers,
No pains by hallowing time caressed,
No broken arch that ministers
To Time's sad instinct in the breast:

"She builds not on the ground but in the mind
Her open-hearted palaces—

"Her march the plump mow marks, the sleepless wheel;
The golden sheaf, the self-swayed common weal;
The happy homesteads hid in orchard trees,—

"What architect hath bettered these?
With softened eye the western traveler sees
A thousand miles of neighbors side by side;
Holding by toil-won titles, fresh from God,
The land no serf or seigneur ever trod."

CHAPTER I.

THE VERY POOR

"LET there be light!" was the mandate. It could not count cost, could not qualify. There has been light. Sometimes humanity has burned in its own lamp.

Net resultant of many warring forces, there has come what we have been pleased to call progress, what we call civilization. Under these the race as a whole may or may not have been benefitted, the species may or may not in part have deteriorated. Certainly it may be held true that at times civilization needs to correct itself. It needs to look to it that overmuch precious oil be not expended in its flame.

Civilization at any rate has come. It has been ours. We have not cared to evade it, but have sought it blindly, with all our energy, in all the ages of the world. We are what we are, human units, some of us strong, many of us weak, all of us fundamentally—and rightly—disposed to be selfish. We have blindly pressed on, few asking why, toward what we have conceived to be a state of greater comfort, under social systems growing continually more complex. The tribal gathering, loosely formed for the sake of mutual protection, has evolved into the so-called immutable governments of the civilized nations.

We have in one way or another always set above our communities, our tribes, our nations, some sort of government; and then as time has passed, we have customarily found fault with that government, sometimes have execrated it, sometimes have overthrown it, usually have modified it; always because of abuses of the great idea that humanity and the common good is, after all, the greatest of all things. Sometimes, confusing government with conditions which arise under government, we have, seeking to get the world tribal again—that is to say, to turn back the stars in their courses—gone to the desperate extreme of socialism, saying that since governments oppress we should have none, but should divide the products of the world equally, the weak with the strong—the step from socialism to anarchy being an easy and natural one, after touch is lost with the old idea of the survival of each unit through its own efforts, up to its own measure of fitness. This doctrine is on its face absurd, and is one neither for a sane man who has read history nor a strong man who has not.

But certainly we have always, at this or that stage of the earth ferment, had the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor. Finally, in the recent swift development of what we call civilization, we have come upon a transient time of utter selfishness and forgetfulness, a time of unbridled greed. Business triumphs, human kindness fails, the wolf-pack is set on again. And now we have, more than at any time in the world's history, the very poor. Now indeed civilization needs to correct itself.

It is of no use to turn away from the truth. The civilization of the Occident now sadly resembles and parallels the older civilization of the Orient. Suffering and famine we of the Caucasian races also have known in the past. That was as naught to what now faces us in all the proudest capitals of the white man, in the Old World and the New.

The Caucasian has progressed in one sense of the term. He has brought into use many and wonderful discoveries of science; he has developed to an undreamed extent the possibilities of happiness and comfort. But alas, doing this as it were with one hand, with the other he has taken away from the wide majority of human beings all hope of reaching and enjoying such possibilities. He has developed to still greater degree the possibilities and the certainties of human misery and suffering, of torture and doubt and dread; *and he has put these things within reach of all!* These things made the lives of many, of the majority.

Nowhere in any part or period of the world were the two social poles farther apart than now; and this nowhere so much as in the lands we call the most advanced. The world was never quite so rich, nor quite so poor as now.

It is our privilege and our duty to study our own time and to advance with it; but it is none the less our privilege and duty for our own sake to study the story of other ages of the world, to compare our own times with others. No record is more vivid and vital than that of things dead and gone. The hordes of Genghis Khan made history in their day—a story of savagery and glut of blood and little human kindness, but of many new-made maps. The slow splendour of the Byzantine Empire is a thing of august beauty to-day, as once it was. The stories of Rome, of Greece, of Venice in her time of flowered opulence; the story of the Phœnicians and their adventurings afar; the history of the French kings; and the steady and manful story of the rise and dominance of the men who came out of the ancient forests of northern Europe and spread across the world—all these are things which citizens of any nation should know. They teach humility as well as pride.

These are stories of governments and conquests; but at no stage of any conquest, whether of force or peace, was there ever stilled the irrepressible conflict within each government, each nation, each society, each and every collection of those who have given up some individual rights for a common good, and who have in time seen these rights usurped or misused by those who took them over in trust for society. Never has there ceased the war of the individual with the government. No government and no code of laws has ever remained unchanged. New conditions of society continually have arisen for adjustment, and they always will; and adjustment will always come.

Never, let us say with pride, has there ended the old war born of the Saxon's insistence that he is a man, that some individual rights he surrenders to no government and no set of men. Here then indeed is war. Here then indeed is a great problem.

Strongest of men, this old forest-dweller has done more good and more harm, has scored more progress and more retrogression, has gone higher and fallen lower, achieved more and failed more than any other man of the earth's days. His one virtue is that, having failed, he still will try to set right his own wrong deeds. He is always ready to give ear to the demands of justice.

The measure of the Saxon's failure to-day is the total of human suffering in his great cities, here or there, on this or that continent. He has the most splendid cities in the world; and yet they house the largest numbers of the poor. No race has developed so strongly, or is now so threatened with decadence. Yet each of these poor is a human being.

Each has deserved his chance if he could find it. Upon the least of these was laid the iron rule that he could be no bigger than his environment. Heredity can do little for a plant if it have no soil. If a man be starved, he can obtain no stature, mental or bodily. A distinguished American economist, Professor Thomas H. Macbride, thus voices that old truth:

> "It is a commonly accepted dictum among naturalists that every organism, every plant and every animal, is, to some extent, at least, a creature of his surroundings. Every creature has come to be what it is through long use of a particular, stable, or only slowly changing, environment. Conformation to his environment makes him successful, makes him happy. It is thus the fish floats in the ocean, the bird swims in the upper air. Each in the long course of the world's history has come to be perfectly adjusted to the life it leads, and is in so far happy.
>
> "Now the case of man himself is not different. Man too has his natural environment. Into it he has grown; to it he is by nature, we say, adapted; so perfectly adjusted and adapted that life for him under other conditions is inconceivable, is impossible; as much so as for a fish out of water; yea, far more so, by as much as man's relations to the external world are so much more numerous, far-reaching and complicated than those of a fish. The fish has a natural right to water, because he cannot live without it. Now if we concede that there are any such things as *natural* rights for man at all, we must admit that these are first of all based upon and determined by his relation to this external environment. They are *environmental rights*. A man is entitled to that environment which has made him what he is by nature; he has a right to all those surroundings to which by virtue of long habit and association he is so perfectly adapted, the unfolding of daily life in accordance with the natural conditions of successful human living."

For the human plant then, opportunity is as necessary as the very seed of life. The answer to the cry of the poor, to the cry of the city, to the cry of socialism and threatened anarchy is one; and it is as easy as it is complete. The answer is: More land; wider opportunities;—in short, colonization. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we to-day are organized, mentally, governmentally, physically.

From time to time Saxon man has found his opportunity, or taken it, one way or another. In one way or another he has insisted on his individual right, or has wrought revenge on those who have opposed him too far or too long. Guided in good channels, Saxon strength is useful; pent too long in wrong ones, it always will be dangerous. Saxon strength is most dangerous when, clinging to the soil which bore it and which it loves, it finds not soil enough for its own needs, and so dies while it is still alive!

Do not evade that thought, that word. Do not evade it, in England, in America. That word is Decadence.

Opportunity the Saxon man has always sought, and usually while keeping in his mind the old principle that men best win while fighting shoulder to shoulder. He has found his opportunity sometimes in other lands. Resenting even dictation as to how he should worship, he found a new continent for his churches. Followed there by what he fancied was the wrong notion of being taxed without his own consent, he took a large part of that continent for his own, shoulder to shoulder. Differing, as he fancied, from the old country, he builded in America under the name of a Republic a vast swift-mingled empire of his own, and soon shouted to the world to witness the wealth he had won, and the extent of the mis-use to which he could put that wealth. Not much different, save through soil and climate and new daily needs, the American made all the old Saxon mistakes, pretty much as they have continued to be made in the old country whence he came. Professing to be the most humane man in the world, he and his brothers have shown the world, both sides of the sea, the largest and most helpless masses of the very poor! In a reckless and profligate age of unequalled opportunity and unparallelled abuse, he has grown richer and poorer than ever he was before; more luxurious and more dangerously wretched; *and this on both sides of the sea.* Let not England, Canada nor the United States seek to evade that truth.

The long list of industrial successes of prideful America, the vast tally of her balance sheets, the figures of her inordinate and unscrupulous wealth—what do all these mean to any man who will stop to think? They spell only the old struggle in a new age, the old failures where success should have been, the old misuse of opportunities which belong to humanity as a whole and not to a few who in one way or another have grasped them. This sin has been not American alone, not Saxon alone. New York, Berlin, London—it is difficult to choose between them.

In the United States, even in these days of false prosperity, never was life so near being unbearable for those of middle station, so perilously near to unsupportable for the very poor. Correction must come also in America, or there must be one more page written in Saxon history, a page of the same old sort. The spirit which rebelled against unjust taxation will rebel again. In these days of close touch of all the world it matters little on which continent such rebellion must come; but certainly America must pause and ponder, or else soon see revolution. If the republic shall not reconstruct, the republic will perish. The poor and the very poor will erect again their place of judgment and of execution. It is not socialism, and not anarchy which says this. Worse—it is *reason!* There will be no division of property equally among the weak and the strong. There is a difference between Socialism and Saxonism. The United States need not fear the former. The latter she well may dread.

In Germany the very poor exist in swarming thousands. They have little hope, save what offers across seas. That country, called a monarchy, has its own laws. Society is still seeking and still fleeing the center, in the old way, none the less. Socialism in Germany is a fact admitted. It is represented in a political party continually growing. It must be reckoned with as formulating the human discontent, the mutiny now brooding over so much of the world. A Socialist leader in the Reichstag in a recent address showed that in Berlin alone there were over 40,000 unemployed persons. The unemployed must eat. The others must feed them. What horror and what menace lie in that term "unemployed" —what menace exists in the armies of those who feel bitterly that life has not given them their share of opportunity.

Herr Bebel, the Socialist leader, declares that these troubles in Germany were wrought largely by the abolishment of honest competition, the industrial combines, the prevelance of price agreements—the old folly of trying to evade the ancient law of competition; the folly of the present but wholly temporary tendency toward "trusts." He said that the poor could not buy food at prices established under such conditions, declared that Germany was paying the highest prices known in the world for everything she used. The loaf of bread which a year ago weighed four and a half pounds now weighed less than three, and it cost twice as much now as then. The children of the cities were starving, not having enough to keep them strong; and this was true in those most pitiable ranks of life too proud to be called pauperdom. Nearly five thousand school children in Berlin alone were striving to get some sort of education, and to do this were obliged to study without food, to learn the dinnerless day. Many more thousands had nothing better than bread and coffee for any meal. He knew not where the end would be.

And yet that end is perfectly predicable. The remedy is certain and easy. It lies in better equalization of opportunity—cost what that may to a few—or else it lies in blood; as in time it will lie in America, late boaster of opportunities free to all the world and inexhaustible; as it will lie in Old England, ancient and strong, but not ancient and strong enough to be exempt from the law of growth and change.

The story of the pages of history is slow, but very sure. It says inexorably that those who seek to govern, those who seek to remain rulers or officers in any system of organized society, must never undertake to abolish from the world the ancient law of fair play; because there are two who can play at the game of foul play, the oppressor and the oppressed. This truth is written for all the nations to see, whether Republic or Monarchy, Despotism or Democracy.

In the city of Chicago, in the United States, second metropolis of that country, and one of the most swiftly grown capitals of the world, what continuous rush and bustle goes on! Stately buildings arise, occupied by those who do great deeds, vaunted industrial deeds. You and I see these things, but we know nothing of the life which lies beyond them and around them and under them. In the city of New York conditions are even worse, and the swarm of unassimilated millions still comes in. America is no longer a land of opportunities. It is no solution for the troubles of the poor of Europe to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the poor of the United States. That is not to offer opportunity. So much for a Republic.

There are cities worse even than New York. How about the countries of the Old World? Take the city of London, blue focus flame of civilization's blowpipe. London annually feeds on charity an army of eighty to one hundred thousand of the unemployed. She has thirty-five thousand children who know no such thing as home. She has half that many criminals who are homeless; more than an equal number of women on whom sits the worst of all civilization's curses, the curse of unweddedness, of denial of motherhood—the women sacrificed to civilization as we know it. There, then, you have a picture from which we are accustomed to turn away our eyes. *None the less, that picture exists. It is there.* We do not blow it out by turning away our eyes.

Multiply all these unfortunates by two, and you do not reach the total of the tenement dwellers who daily live on the edge of starvation. Each week London has over one hundred thousand persons in her hospitals, her workhouses, her prisons—over one hundred thousand parasites, *the unfed and the hopeless.* Each night an army, greater than the entire military force of the American continent, sleeps unhoused or crowded in cheap lodging dens in this one city of London. What hope of life do such conditions offer? What can these starving thousands do, and what chance have they? One and a quarter million men in London support families on less than five dollars per family each week. It seems incredible, but it is true. What is the end? Why, the end of England, if there be no change.

In these lower classes of humanity the death average is at twenty-nine years. It is long enough. But England dies also thus young; and in an equal torment; and in an equal decadence. Why seek to evade the picture? It is true. And of those who die, *twenty-five per cent.* die in workhouse, jail, asylum, or some other place provided by those more fortunate than the parasites of civilization. Is not this toll of life a dreadful and terrifying thing? Why deny it? It is true.

These poor of this ancient city—of any ancient city--are little, dwindled, crooked men, with no sap in their blood, no stiffness in their bones. Britons never will be slaves? Is that true? They are slaves to-day.

No nation is stronger than its average man. These men may go to the army or navy. Yes, and might be glad to go, for then they would have food with less certainty of death than they have where they are now—in this battle where defeat and death are foregone. But in the army or navy in time they would meet the product of a newer and a cleaner world where food for the ancestors had been more abundant, where oxygen had been more unstinted, where exercise had been more usual. The result of that meeting is written now. Why deny it? It is true. Let us not deny it. Let us see if we cannot take away the truth.

The hope of England rots, dies, stifles, reeks *in the alleys of her cities* No part of the Orient is worse, no human beings are lower in the scale of life than here.

This product of the London slums cannot be saved at all. Its only Kismet is death. No colony could take such offerings free. Canada rightly resents the introduction of such units into her population. To give them to Canada is only to transfer the problem of the parasite.

There is no royal road to making a man. You must begin back in his history. You must feed him for at least two generations.

"When we reflect that the suppression of a single cell at the critical moment may change the direction of an axis or alter the contour of a leaf, it is hard to set too high an estimate upon the possible response made to environmental variations, however delicate. We who study the physiology of the plant, peer into its changing cells, and strive in imagination to reproduce the marvelously intricate reactions—physical, chemical—that forever shift and play within those narrow limits—we need not be told that every cell has in it opportunities a thousand fold to match and meet all the subtle changes suggested by the slow-creeping but implacable forces that work out the physiognomy of this time-worn earth. A little more calcium here, a little more phosphorus there, sulphates, nitrates, and the rest, and the thing is done! But, note you, the call for change at any given instant has not been great; the slow upheaval of these mountains, their peaceful gentle removal by the winds and rain; that is all; but that has changed and is changing the living world. *Where the terrestrial call is rude or sudden, response there is none. Nor could any sudden initiative on the part of the plant avail. To vary save as the environment varies would simply invite disaster. As well the tadpole suddenly assume lungs or the lizard put on feathers.*"

You feed your brood stock on the farm because that stock costs money. The human sort costs only life—and a nations' utter ruin! How shall Saxon human stock be bred and fed? What is colonization? What should it mean?

Four-fifths of England live in towns; one-fifth in the country. *That* is the way England deliberately plots her own ultimate overthrow. It is her own armies that march against her. There is her downfall. There is her invasion. What shall be done with her town dwellers who rot and die, the hopeless poor, the submerged stratum which never can be saved? It were only a fool who would say off-hand that the remedy lies in promiscuous colonization; yet only a worse fool who dare say that it can lie anywhere else than in intelligent colonization.

The focus in London is the result of all of crowded England, the outpourings of all her overcrowded acres. The place to change the pressure is not along the line from slum to prairie, but from slum back to English farms, and from English farms to the prairie of the colonies; because the prairie demands strength and not weakness as a premise for success. On the face of it, this may be unwelcome doctrine to crowded England, who looks to unpeopled Canada for salvation wholesale. But how about *Canada?* And how about humanity?

The frontier takes the strong. The new lands are the birthright of the strong. The heritage of new opportunities belongs to the strong—the strong who have moved out under this or that flag into new lands, and grown *through touch with the soil and sky*;—these may freely laugh at any boast of Old England; they may freely laugh at any claim she may urge to warlike ways, because when they point, they point to England's cities. Men and women do not grow there. Men and women grow like any other animals—out of doors. The British lion will perforce and inevitably ere long be a caged lion, knock-kneed, blear-eyed, his claws freely to be cut by many who may like. The lion of England's colonies is quite a different matter. But as to England the monarchy, oldest and proudest and steadiest of governments, ancient, haughty, stern and strong, rich in worldly goods, richer still in the splendid history of her prowess, and yet again more rich in her history of justice—England, beautiful in her story of art and science and literature, all stately things which should spell benefit to all humanity—what of her?

Alas! *England is worst of all!* Her very poor are the very poorest of the earth. Better be a rice-eating Hindu, dreaming away life on the banks of the Ganges, than one of the very poor of London, greatest city of the earth—London the ancient, London the horrible! The country which proudly calls itself owner of the best government and the greatest people of the globe has made the greatest of all failures. Britain's national hymn we know asserts, "Britons never will be slaves." Let us make bold to repeat that *no song ever was more untrue than that!* No use to deny the denial. Let us accept it, and so set to work to make the denial itself untrue.

The difference between the outcasts of the pent and huddled cities of any continent, the difference between these hopeless damned and yourself and myself, is *only one of human opportunity.* I am free, because chance had it that I was born in America in a day of less crowding than this. I read the pages telling of such misery as is above described, and the remembrance sits on my soul as a thing of horror. You and I, if we were really free-born, if we have really lived free, cannot read these things without feeling come over us a surge of human sympathy. You and I, perhaps, are not able to live save through our own work; but at least fortune has given us the chance to work, and a life wide enough to allow us to feel surprise and horror at facts such as these.

Now turn to another picture—and a happier, one of more hope and greater comfort. Think of the wide free lands you and I have known, of the blue sky sweeping over lands unsodden, where there were no ordered streets, but where only the trails ran wandering. "In the natural environment of man there is a factor which has for ages been silently operating to make man what we find him—the presence of *beauty.* The world is a world of *beauty*, of soft majestic outlines, of harmonious splendour, peaceful and glorious to look upon. Through a thousand generations its waters, its mountains, its forests, its plains, nor less its individual trees and grasses and flowers have brought to man a perpetual environment of *beauty.* To this he has become adapted. Take away the physical beauty of the world and man's better nature, his human nature, his esthetic nature, starves and dies; all the light of joy and affection disappear, and man sinks to the level of the breathing mammal; and the purpose of the world is vain."

See the stately cathedral of the forest, and hear again the organ march of the winds in the pines. Without this, the purpose of the world is vain. Pause to restore in memory the breath of free prairie winds; reflect on hours of freedom in the saddle, in the canoe, with axe or rifle or plough, at the far edge of things. Review visions of many low-lying happy homes in the new countries, homes far apart, but each taking hold strongly upon the soil and upon life, each with its red comfortable hearth fire—some comfortable red Saxon hearth fire at eventime. Without *these* the purpose of the world is indeed vain.

Home! at least I have had so much as that. You, I hope, have had so much as that. But had our fate been birth in these older and unspeakable surroundings, then no matter how much we heard of the sweetness of the world of opportunity beyond, *we could not have reached* that world, for we had lacked means to make the step, had lacked intelligence to guide us, had lacked the final fillip of initiative from some one stronger, not yet pulled down by the crowd of a massed and mistaken humanity. For us, also, had we been so situated, the purpose of the world had indeed been vain!

"But for God's grace," said Bunyan, when he saw a hopeless one pass, "there goes John Bunyan." But for God's grace, there might have been you and I of this New World—where all we could have done would have been to beat at the bars, at last either to curse God and die, or to sink back into an apathy worse than death—worse than death either for a man or for a nation.

The richest man risen from the ranks

in any new country ought not to vaunt himself too much. Had his environment laid him a little more firmly by the heels he might not have risen. Ah, we boast of our success, our strength, we who may at least eat as we wish, and sleep warm of nights. We ascribe our successes to ourselves, comfortably egotistical. What is the truth about it? The truth is that we *found opportunity*. We did not create it.

And yet all the new countries are a perpetual reproach to this manner of misgovernment, this sort of mishandling of humanity. The answer to all this is Opportunity. The human plant, pale and sickly and overcrowded in a hotbed, needs at a certain time to be transplanted into an untouched soil and under a broad natural sky.

Back to the *land!* That is the answer to the despair, the apathy, the decadence of the city, as it is the answer also to the hopelessness of an overcrowded rural life. *More* land! More *room!* That, with no manner of doubt, is the answer of to-day to those who dare not hope. Give England's or America's rural population a chance to multiply its acres, and you multiply also the acres of the city's poor, because the country closest to them, nearest native to them, is the best field for the first transplanting, and that first and easiest transplanting may spell the difference between life and death, hope and despair.

CHAPTER II.

CANADA

NATIONAL pride comes into the make-up of us all. Each dominant nation feels that it has divine right to all the earth; and so indeed, under the most ancient of all law, it has—if it can take it. Against the latter proposition militate many grave forces—geography, heredity, opportunity, the will of other peoples. The distribution of the ownership of the earth's surface is a purely arbitrary thing, indeed an amusing thing if one stop to reason about the matter. But the stubborn truth remains always that some parts of the earth's surface are different from others. There remains also the ancient truth that it is the creature which changes, and not the environment, when it finds a new environment in climate, soil, life, surroundings.

Generations hence, England still may be ruling Canada. The unthinkable reverse may perhaps one day be true. If that seem unthinkable, at least we all may and must agree that no law and no government will avail to leave Canada like England, nor Canadians like Englishmen. Britons, transplanted from the hotbeds of the old country to the fields of the new, will have become wholly unlike the Englishmen they once were. They will have become Americans; which is to say, products of the peculiar conditions of this North American continent—which, as well as Europe, was created once upon a time. Natural environment will work its way, far more than any government can have its way. In fifty years Canada will perhaps and probably resemble the United States more than it will resemble England. That fact should offer no exultation and no grumbling in contemplation. It is not a theory of government, but of *geography*, of *environment*. The great thing of interest is that Canada will have offered meantime to the world just what the world has needed and at the time it has most needed it—Opportunity.

The story of Canada also, since it falls in these swift modern days of rapid transportation and perfect inter-communication, will, of course, far more resemble the story of the United States than the story of Old England. Swift development, general freedom, equality and openness of opportunity—these things come from a purely geographical situation. It is latitude and longitude alone which always rule and which never can be dethroned. While it may hurt English pride to admit it, none the less it would be best for Englishmen and for humanity did Canada in the future less resemble in some smug ways England than the republic to the southward—or rather, let us say, what that republic was intended to be and might have been.

It is Canada's opportunity to show what the United States does not show, a reverence for the law and for justice; and at the same time to show what England does not offer a readiness to meet and master new and interesting problems of swift modern civilization. It is not the question whether England does or does not like this other continent and its ways. Canada will grow, with or without England. The expansion will go on. Government makes not so much difference to man as does his daily bread. "*Ubi bene, ibi patria*"—where a man prospers, there is his country. Men will make their way along the lines of least resistance, as all life progresses. It is not the question how much England can control Canada. The great question is, of how much use can Canada be to England in the way of opportunity? Beyond that all the answers will come not through this or that political party, this or that system of government, but through the working of the law of environment. The great truth is that, one extreme against the other, *the lot of the average man is better in Canada than it is in England.* England is the one to profit by that truth, and not to grow muddled in her grumbling over it. Of how much use may Canada and England be to the *world?* Let us ponder over that.

Once a part of the same mid-continental tract, Canada and the United States lay side by side, separated only by the imaginary line of latitude, and differing only as latitude made them different. One has progressed swiftly, the other very slowly. This difference ought not to be ascribed wholly to differences in governmental system. It was in part topographical. The lower country was the richer in total natural resources; although the profile lines describing all these things would lap here and there in the story of either country. The United States has become a country with over eighty millions of population as against the six millions of Canada! Its wealth is much greater, it is far more of a world power than Canada alone can claim to be. Where was the mistake—in the separation of the United States from England, or in the separation of Canada from the United States? It is interesting when Englishmen and Americans argue this pretty question! Yet nature really settled most of that before Englishmen or Americans were born.

Between the two old colonies there was little difference save an imaginary one, a splitting of hairs over a long-forgotten matter of taxes and no representation—the same thing on which Canada insists in her scheme of government to-day! When England was at war with France, it was the American colonies which aided her. French Canada was gained partly or largely through "Yankee" help. Sir Gilbert Parker has it that a "Yankee" found the way up the Heights of Abraham for General Wolfe in the battle which took Quebec and Canada! Let England look to her historic laurels, and above all, let her be just; because presently we shall show, with indisputable proof, that a second time, and not long ago, it was a "Yankee" who showed the way for England to take a newer and greater Canada, which she had not yet won—*and of whose existence she did not dream!*

There is no more than a faint line between the United States and Canada to-day; and what is still better, there is but a faint line between either and England herself to-day, a line annually growing yet narrower and fainter. Closer and closer together grow these three great regions of the world, England, Canada and the United States. Almost we might say that the greatest of these is the least of these; because more and more urgent each year become the problems of the poor, of the men who need room as their fathers found it before them; and Canada alone has room. History, geography, government, turn their faces now toward Canada. The free lands of the United States have been over-run by an eager population. There is little cheap land left in that country now, and none too much honesty in its disposition. In parts of the United States land is as high as it is in England. What hope is there in any of the older countries either side the Atlantic, for the poor, for the very poor?

But all this time, while mixed populations rushed arcoss the Atlantic, regardless of theories of government—as though any governmental theory were of weight against the somber intent of humanity;—as the human wave flooded along the lines of least resistance, there lay Canada, unknown and unused, waiting until the day of need. Canada was the savings bank of opportunity for the world. Was not America also? Yes, once. But the banking was done on lines partly "wildcat," in ill-advised haste, in absence of all conservatism. To-day, as consequence, the United States is busy enough with Old World problems.

No one knew about Canada. She was shrouded in ignorance; and, of course, the impossible and Homeric truth is that this was an ignorance deliberately fostered. An adventurous but unprogressive French population had long clung to the eastern regions of the Dominion, sending out scouts and couriers to the western wildernesses of pines and prairies, but not preempting them. Farther to the west lay the realm of the ancient Hudson's Bay Company, indefinite, mysterious. The most splendid monopoly of the world, it held its serene way for more than two centuries. It crossed this continent in its march, and it gave England her strongest argument for the possession of more of the Pacific coast than she holds to-day. The story of the Hudson's Bay Company is not repellant; it it magnificent in many ways. Back of it was a splendid sloth, the magnificent indifference and ignorance of Old England itself. While that slow story was unfolding, through national expansion abroad and national crowding and narrowing at home, there grew in numbers the poor, the very poor, those fallen and discarded petals of a great nation's flowering.

Canada was long a land of romance and not of industry. The bold deeds of her voyageurs made interesting reading for men in the older world. There lay the wilderness in all its appeal, but none thought of it as else than a wilderness. Mackenzie and Thompson and Fraser, Harmon and Hearne and the two Alexanders—scores of bold souls—crossed this wide continent by boat and saddle, flitting freely as birds here and there hundreds of years ago; and they wrote that others might read. But they wrote of furs and Indians, of firearms and fire-water, and not of industry of any ordered sort.

Came then the days of sportsmen, many men of Old England faring west in the regions where ploughs now run, and these told of what they saw. One of these was Lord Southesk, who wrote some fifty years ago of his sporting pilgrimage to the Canadian plains and mountains. Southesk reached Winnipeg after passing through the United States to St. Paul, and traveling thence north through Manitoba. He found little in the civilization of the American republic to afford him interest, yet was good enough to foresee the advantages of possible colonization of the western Canadian plains; although apparently he overlooked all intervening stages between the buffalo plains and the green hedges of Old England! He did not know that generations must elapse, even such swift generations as those of to-day, before the full miracle of what we call civilization can be wrought all through a vast new region late an utter wilderness.

Southesk passed up the valley of the Assiniboine, and along its tributary stream, the Q'Appelle River, and found much of his best buffalo hunting near what is now known as the Last Mountain Valley, always a famous hunting ground in Indian days; whence he passed on into the Rockies. But Southesk used the same trail, fifty years ago, which you may see to-day written deep in the soil of the great plains of the Saskatchewan, the ancient trail of the Red River carts of the half-breeds. Canada has not had a pioneer for well nigh three hundred years!

Southesk seemed not to ponder much on transportation, but he did raise in his own mind the big question whether some of this great new country might not be used for colonizing purposes. He had the vague impression that this land might raise some product useful to humanity—humanity to his insular mind of course meaning only England! He wrote, and passed away, to be forgot. You scarcely shall find his book to-day.

Others came after the sportsman had passed. Macoun, observer and scientist, journeyed west in 1870, and his description of the flora and fauna of this vast western land awoke a wider interest. Some sort of dawn began to tinge the eastern sky with gray. At that time, however, no one seriously considered any permanent settlements much farther west than the line of what is now known as Manitoba. Not even the writings of Sir Sandford Fleming did much to enforce a belief that Western Canada was a habitable land. The Heights of Abraham still lay unscaled west of Winnipeg!

Now came the first trans-continental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose promoters had surely an onerous task before them. But, after all, they could not fail. It was fate that in time this great crossing of the continent must be made otherwise than by canoe and Red River cart. It was fate that Canada at the proper hour must open to the world.

Last came all the swift story of many railways, threading over all these western plains. As though a great and noble picture were unveiled, West Canada lay revealed to the world, a thing of unsuspected interest and beauty.

(To be Continued.)

A HUNTING SONG

BY WILLIAM A. McDERMID

THERE'S a mist in the air with the chill of the night,
And the sun is a-gleam o'er the rim of the trees,
And we're up with the lark at the break of the light,
And our hearts are alive with the play of the breeze.

And it's far and away with the whip and the spur,
And the grip of the thighs on the saddle again,
While the crash of our stride sets the pulses astir
As we sweep from the highlands down into the glen.

Oh, the mosses are cool with the dew of the morn,
And the breath of the spring is abroad on the wind,
And the hills answer back the sweet-echoing horn—
Shall we pause for the laggard that lingers behind?

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days, Etc."

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

XXI.

WHEN her and me were here alone, at noon,
And she had bit a pickle square in two,
I set and watched and listened to her chew,
And thought how sweet she was, and pretty soon
She happened to look down at me and say:
"You seem so sad, poor boy; what's wrong with you?"
And then I got to shiverin' all through
And wished that I was forty miles away.

I tried to think of some excuse to make,
But something seemed all whirly in my head,
And so the first blame thing I knew I said:
"It's nothin' only just the stummick ache."
Sometimes I almost wisht that I was dead
For settin' there and makin' such a break.

XXII.

LAST night I heard Jones astin' you to go
To see the opery next Thursday night,
And you said yes—and he'll be settin 'right
Beside you there all through the whole blamed show,
And you'll be touchin' him with your elbow,
And mebby he'll say things that tickle you
And buy a box of chock'luts for you, too,
And I'll not be around nor never know.

I wish I'd be the hero on the stage,
And you was the fair maiden that got stoled,
And he would be the villain that would hold
You frettin' like a song-bird in its cage—
And then I'd come along and smash him one,
And you'd say: "Take me, dear, for what you done."

XXIII.

WHEN I was dustin' off her desk one day,
And she was standin' there, I took the pad
She writes on when she gets dictates and had
A notion to tear a leaf off and lay
It up against my heart at night, when they
Was something made her come to where I stood
And say: "Poor boy," as softly as she could—
It almost seemed to take my breath away.

That night I couldn't sleep at all becuz
The thoughts about them words that she had said
Kep' all the time a-goin' through my head
With thoughts about how beautiful she wuz,
And then I knowed she loved me, too, or she
Would not of cared how hard I worked, you see.

XXIV.

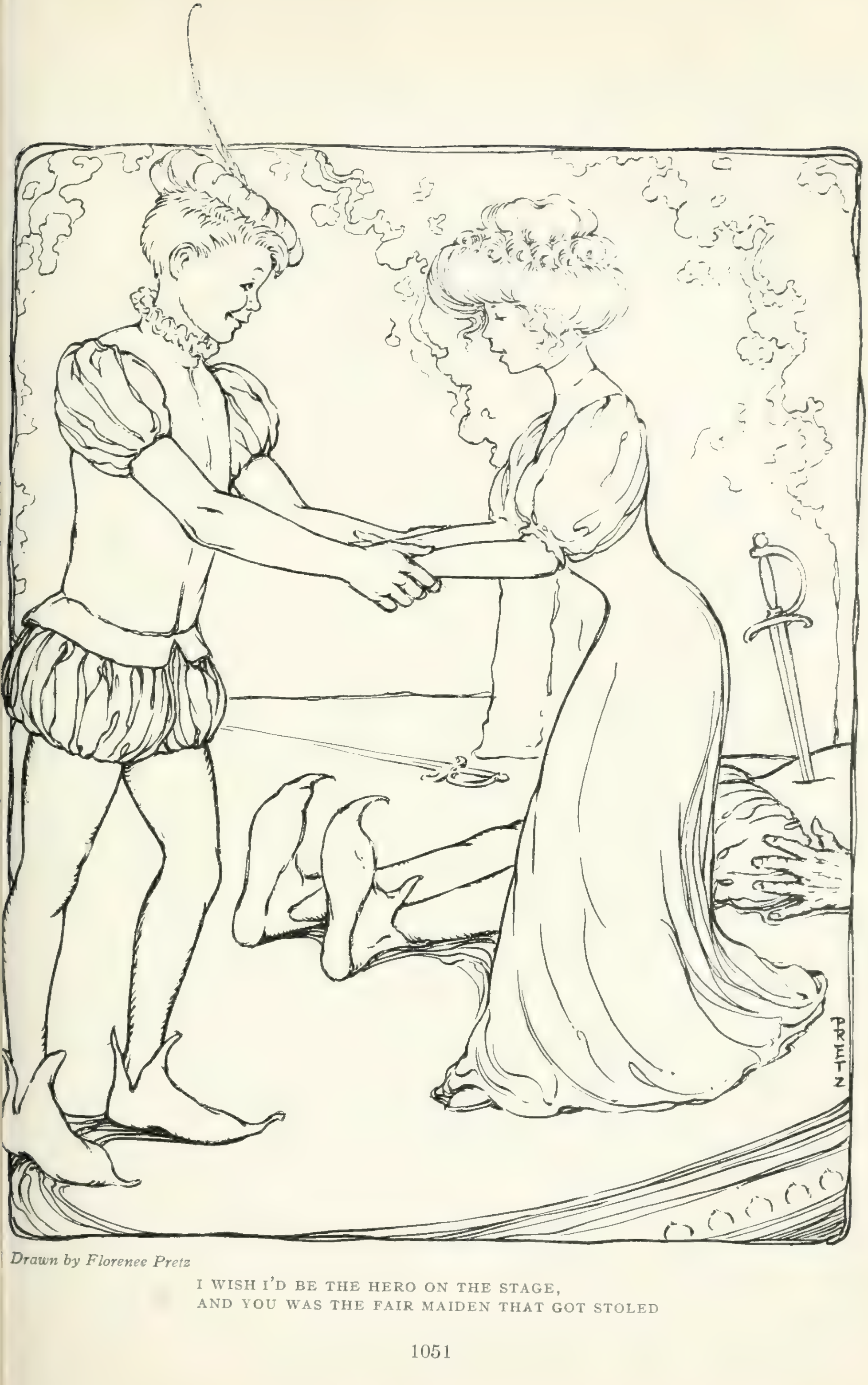
I'D LIKE to have a lock of her brown hair,
For that would be a part of her, you know;
And if she'd tie it with a little bow
Of ribbon, then I'd fasten it somewhere
Clear down inside, next to my heart, to wear,
And fix it over every week or so,
When I changed undershirts, or maw she'd go
And raise a fuss because she found it there.

One day when bizness wasn't on the boom,
She trimmed her finger-nails, and one piece flew
To where I was, almost acrost the room;
I watched the spot where it went tumblin' to,
And now a piece of her is mine; it come
Right from the end of her dear little thumb.

XXV.

I WISH, some day, when she's typewritin', and
I've took a note out for the boss somewhere,
They'd be some outlaws sneak in here and scare
That long-legged clerk to death and then the band
Would steal her, and nobody else would dare
To try to save her, and they'd run away
To where they had their cave, and keep her there,
And ast for more than her folks could pay.

Then I would get a gun and bowie-knife
And take the name of Buckskin Bob or Joe,



Drawn by Florenee Pretz

I WISH I'D BE THE HERO ON THE STAGE,
AND YOU WAS THE FAIR MAIDEN THAT GOT STOLED

And track them to their den, and then I'd go
A-galley whoopin' in, and save her life,
And she would say: "My hero's came at last!"
And we'd stand there and hold each other fast.

XXVI.

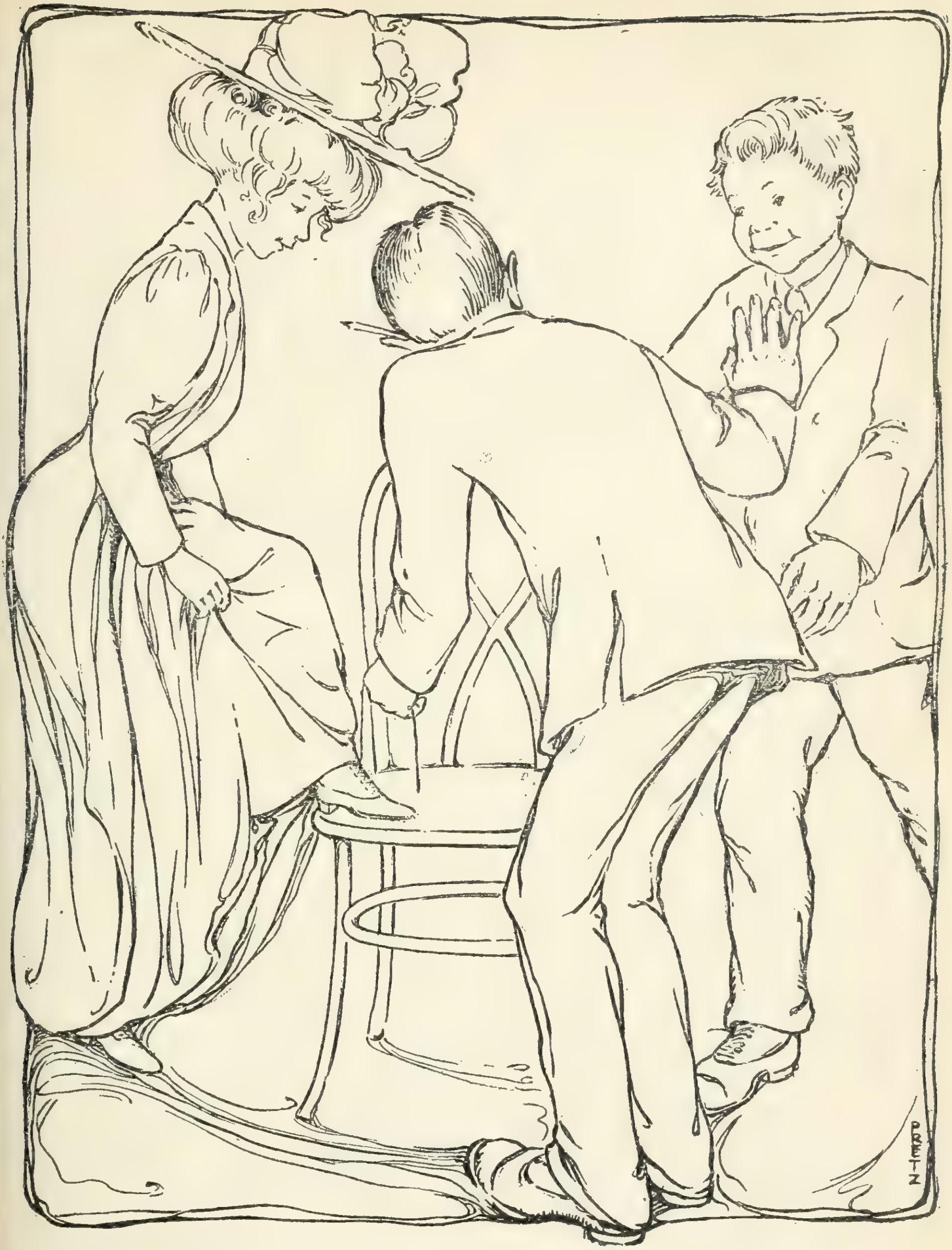
LAST night, when she'd got on her coat and hat
And felt her dress behind and then her hair,
To see if everything was all right there,
She stopped and said: "Well, now just look at that!"
And then put out one foot a little bit,
And says: "Ain't that provokin'? I declare,
The string's untied!" She put it on a chair,
A-motionin' for me to fasten it.

So then that long-legged clerk he pushed me back
And grabbed the shoe-strings that were hangin' down—
I wish I was the strongest man in town—
Oh, wouldn't I of let him have a whack!
And I'd of kicked him so blamed hard I'll bet
He'd wonder what he might come down on yet.

XXVII.

MY DARLING, often when you set and think
Of things that seem to kind of bother you,
You put your pencil in your mouth and chew
Around the wood, and let your sweet teeth sink
Down in it till it's all marked up and split,
And yesterday I seen you when you threw
A stub away that you'd bit up; it flew
Behind the bookcase, where I gobbled it.

I put it in my mouth, the way you'd done,
And I could feel the little holes you made—
The places where your teeth sunk in—I laid
My tongue tight up against them, every one,
And shut my eyes, and then you seemed to be,
There with your lips on mine and kissin' me.



Drawn by Florence Pretz

SO THEN THAT LONG-LEGGED CLERK HE PUSHED ME BACK
AND GRABBED THE SHOE-STRINGS THAT WERE HANGIN' DOWN

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M.A., D.D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

FIFTH PAPER

IN FORMULATING the teaching of the New Testament writers we must first of all realize the Apostolic point of view. No one of them was concerned in building up a philosophy into which the facts of Jesus' life, death and resurrection could be fitted. Their method was precisely the opposite. One might also say it was inductive. They possessed but two groups of facts, and what we may call the doctrine of the Gospel is really drawn from putting these facts into systematic relations. These two sets of facts were, first of all, the life, the death, and the resurrection of Jesus; and second, the indubitable Christian experience which resulted from the acceptance of Jesus as the Christ. When the New Testament teachers began the work of systematizing their thought, they used the facts connected with Jesus as the basis for their simple philosophy concerning the facts of experience.

I.

Starting from the fact of the Christian life with its accompanying assurance of escape at the final judgment, the early Christian found himself face to face with the question, What is the basis of this gracious act on God's part? The Judge was to be, was already, gracious, but had even He the right to be? A man, it is to be recalled, is not said by the New Testament to be justified *on account of* faith, but *through or from* faith. No one of the New Testament writers ever presented the matter of faith in Jesus as actually something which would warrant God's remitting the penalty of an imperfect man. That would have been to be saved by "works of the law." The simple fact of which they were assured was that they had been redeemed. Further questions did not concern themselves, but God. How could God have seen his way to remit the penalty of that unrelieved death which the law attached to sin for the men who had accepted Jesus as Christ? What was the basis upon which he, so to speak, could justify himself in the eyes of a moral world for allowing the wrongdoer to escape from death the penalty of his sin? How could he be just, and the justifier of those who believed in Jesus?

These questions would come to the Jewish Christians inevitably. From childhood they had been taught that God was a sovereign, that the law of God was immutable, and that the soul that sinned should die. Now they were convinced that in their case death was to be overcome, and the terrible curse of the law thereby removed. They could believe God's love because they had experienced its results. Could they believe that God had any moral right to pardon? The question had not been distinctly raised by Jesus, but Paul with his academic turn of mind could not overlook it.

Yet he had a very simple answer to this question. The Christ had himself submitted to death; he had borne the curse laid by the law upon sin. It is here one sees the importance of recognizing the central position of the Messianic element in the New Testament teaching. It was no mere martyr's death that Jesus suffered. It was rather a part of an eternal plan. The cross became a symbol of justified and justifying God, precisely as an empty tomb became the symbol of the Christian's conquest over death.

There is no other tenable explanation

of Paul's words. Law had been graciously given by God that sin might be made exceedingly sinful. But law carried in it the curse of death for those who disobeyed it. To break the power of death, as the believers knew God had done in their own case, raised the suspicion that God had been morally out of accord with himself. Yet this Paul could see was but a matter of human interpretation farthest possible from the truth. God was not indifferent to His own law. The Christ Himself had died. But His death had not resulted from His own sin—it had been merely in behalf of others. He had died for them as their representative, a King for His subjects, a Messiah for His kingdom.

The Apostles never elaborated this fact of the atoning office of Christ's death beyond the use of figures, but all of these—sacrifice, propitiation, redemption, purchase, ransom — give clearly enough the same significance. The death of the Christ made it right for a loving God to forgive those who accepted the Christ. Farthest possible would it be from New Testament thought to hold that in any literal sense an angry God had to be appeased or placated. Without exception, the Apostles held that God Himself originated the plan of salvation. He was a God of love, and the Lamb had been slain before the foundation of the world. Nor is there in the Gospel any thought of an actual transfer of punishment from a man to Jesus. To say that he bore men's sins is no more than a striking figure to indicate that he bore death, the penalty for sin. Penalty cannot be transferred; it can only be abrogated or mitigated. All, whether believers or not, die, and death is all that Jesus is said to have suffered. The significance of His death lies in the fact that it was He, the Christ, who died and rose again. The fact that He died on the cross is, so to speak, only an accident. It is utterly to destroy the perspective of the Pauline thought to make the argument of Galatians about the curse which rested upon a man Who had been hanged, the basis of a theology. It was not the way in which He died, but the fact that He died which made the Christ's death significant. If he had died from any other cause, even from disease, the argument of Paul would have been quite as strong. The fact that He, the pure, the eternal Christ, had suffered that which had been introduced as the penalty of one man's disobedience—the fact that He had died, manifested God's righteousness and enabled Him to be considered righteous while He was acquitting those who accepted Jesus as Christ.

II.

Under this formal question and answer of the early church lay one with which men must forever struggle. The right of a God of law to forgive a repentent soul is but a way of raising that question which grows the more profound as each new province is added to human knowledge. Is the God of law a God of love? Is the God of love a God of law? We know Him in each capacity. Can we know Him in both? Can the God who establishes the forces that break out in murderous volcanos and floods be also the God who cares for the individual? And can the God who answers prayer be also the God whose will is expressed in ever-recurring seasons and in the unswerving calculable march of the planets?

It is hard, terribly hard at times, to believe that He is indeed both. Our faith does, at least in our better moments, transcend its own difficulties, but too often only to be staggered by the apparent indifference of all the beneficent forces of the universe to the well-being of the individual's life. The God of nature we know; the God of love we experience. But is He the same God?

Philosophy at this point gives poor relief. Our help again is in the facts of the Gospel. It is the death of Jesus that really gives us courage, that really helps us to hold to our old ideals, to understand the meaning of our deepest experience, to believe that the God of love is the God of law. It is not merely that Jesus died unconvicted and unrighteously. Such a view will indeed give us courage to bear suffering bravely and to hold fast at all costs to the supremacy of justice and to all things divine; but it is not convincing. Other men have died the same death.

It is the Jesus whom we have accepted as Lord and Christ, whose life we have taken as the supreme revelation of the divine life, who helps us as He helped the early Christian to hold fast to the belief that the law is ruled by love and that love works in law. It is not merely that he dared so much and endured so much that leads us to be certain that God Himself must be one who can be trusted even when we cannot understand Him. It is not merely that we are nerved to suffer or nerved to repentance by His death. Far truer is it that we feel, just because He was what He was, that in His death the two forces of the universe get meaning. Through His death He passed on to the higher life. Then suffering and death that are so inwrought in all life are a part of a process intended for our good! Then God is good, even when He watches us die! The questions that have given us distress may be answered in no utilitarian sense. Their answer lies with us as with the early Christians in a new confidence in God.

We cannot understand the universe, but for the man who looks out upon it as the expression of God whom Jesus revealed there is no fear of evil. He may shrink from suffering, but if he be ready to follow his Master, he does not dread the passage from his present life to the stage ahead. He knows that the God of law is the God of love.

But let us not mistake the source of the new understanding of God. A man has this faith because Jesus has died to reveal His character. Tear out this from history and you tear out confidence in God and implant pessimism and blankest fatalism. If death be, as our science tells us, in universal life, the death of Jesus must be also. Without it the divine plan would be impossible. To say men live that they may die—this is to argue that there is no God of love. In Jesus' death, God's introduction of death, and then His enabling men to overcome death, are seen to be parts of one great process in which all law is love and all love is law. In Jesus and in His resurrection, suffering and death become in the individual what they are known to be in the race—a step towards joy. The cross for the modern man becomes a symbol of victory over the distress and agony of soul born from the struggle to believe that the God who permits the destruction of innocent life by flood or fire is also God of infinite love and tenderness. For him, as for the early Christian, it becomes a revelation of God Himself. If death be necessary in a universe like ours, the death of Jesus was necessary to establish, not only that there is life beyond our present life, but that the God who thus leads men on to higher joys was just when He made death a minister of misery to those who choose the lower way of life. And knowing God thus more truly, we come to Him and are at peace.

AUTUMN

BY JANE ROTHWELL

LIKE tired lids the leaves drop down,
Earth drowsy grows, and on her breast,
Beneath a blanket red and brown,
The weary year lies down to rest.

THE JUMPING FRENCHMAN

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK

EVERY shantyman in the big camp at La Tuque on St. Maurice River knew there was bad blood between Black Michel and the Orphan.

The fact sufficed them, for they were not given to seeking the causes of things. Yet, if some of them had known of the unsatisfied hate that raged between these two the end might have been different. These resourceful men of the big woods have a code of their own which meets most cases.

They comprehended more readily, and with approval, the friendship, like that of David and Jonathan, between the Orphan and Jean Prevost, the Jumper.

They liked and accepted the Orphan, while they feared and distrusted Black Michel. He was arrogant and morose and clearly not one of themselves. He was a mystery to them. He had come in, after the camp opened, with a letter for Red Ritchie, the foreman, and that taciturn ruler of men had treated him with scant ceremony, but had put him to work. Ritchie approved of Black Michel no more than his woodsmen did, but a request was sacred coming from the Seigneur of St. Jacques de Iberville, even if he had fallen from his high estate by being, through misfortune, no longer a big lumberman, but simply a country gentleman. The habitants at St. Jacques still regarded him with liking and respect, not unmixed with fear, though his fortunes had dwindled. but it was as a young and daring lumber operator that he had commanded Ritchie's loyalty.

With his misfortunes Black Michel, his son, was closely connected, as Ritchie knew. He would give the young man countenance and shelter for a time for his father's sake, but he gave Black Michel to see clearly that he need expect no favors for himself.

Ritchie remembered that the Seigneur had attempted to apprentice his son to the woods that he might carry on his extensive operations, but the young man had taken more kindly to the ways of Montreal and Quebec. He had gone such a pace that it was necessary he should disappear from his world for a time. In his struggles with adverse fate, the Seigneur had needed the aid of his son, as Ritchie well knew, having been his right hand man in all his undertakings. Instead of receiving the support he had every right to expect, the old man had been called on to expend vast sums to save the honor of his family and his son from his folly. Now the son was again in hiding, virtually, and Ritchie was willing even to evade the law to befriend the father of this Black Michel whom he despised. Ritchie was a grim, silent man, who had loved his old boss, and the only consolation he had was that the Seignory was left to his friend after the crash. This was much to the old Seigneur, and Ritchie was glad.

When Black Michel and the Orphan had met in the woods, neither gave any sign of recognition. They had always been enemies. They had last met at St. Jacques in personal encounter, and they both remembered that they had quarrelled the first day they met. This was shortly after the Orphan had come to the village by the Richelieu with his friend and foster father, Cure Lonergan. The priest had closed in death the eyes of the Orphan's parents, during an outbreak of smallpox in Quebec, and had taken the yellow-haired Irish son to his home and to his heart. Had not he likewise been adopted by a good French priest when his own Irish parents died of the Immigrants' Fever, as thousands of other unfortunates had died in that sad year, 1848? Father Lonergan cherished a dream of giving his foster son, also, to the beloved Church, even as he himself had been given. The dream faded as years rolled by, but his affection for the boy grew stronger each year. To the countryside his Terrence was known as Le Orphelin, until his own name was almost forgotten. On the first week, after he was made Cure at St. Jacques de Iberville, the priest had taken the boy to call on the wealthy habitant, Joseph Marcel and his bonne femme. This couple deemed it their only misfortune that they had but one child, Adele, but they bowed to the will of the Bone Dieu. Adele was a dark-eyed, elfish child of seven years. She gazed at the Orphan long and earnestly with the direct gaze of a child, and then throwing her arms about his neck, said quietly, "Je t'aime." After this, the quaint, gabled Norman house among the elms was home to the Orphan. In course of time he was adopted into their home, and grew up to be regarded almost as their own son.

Joseph Marcel increased in substance, having interests in cheese factories and other enterprises, and the care of the farm fell naturally to the Orphan.

When, after a number of years, Adele returned from the Convent of The Good Shepherds in Montreal, an accomplished young woman, these two did not find it easy to adjust their former relation to the present. They were no longer boy and girl.

The Seigneur's son also found her beauty attractive, and made excuses to visit the farm. The Seigneur himself was a proud man, his was the best blood of old France and of the New France, but in an alliance of his house with that of the rich habitant he saw a way out of pressing financial difficulties. He swallowed his pride, and with all due Norman formality, he proposed the alliance to Marcel at the celebration of the national fete, St. Jean Baptiste. Sturdy old Marcel, as proud as any Seigneur, was not insensible of the honor done his house, but knowing something of Black Michel's career, consented only on the condition that the marriage should be in every way acceptable to his daughter.

An hour before the Orphan had wandered away from the fete to think over his own unhappiness. Adele, who had been piqued by his coolness since her return, had come upon him, and, seeing his melancholy, had with a return of their old air of comradeship, seated herself by his side and rallied him upon his mood. He was thinking of the future, he said, and turned again to gaze moodily out on the sunlit, swiftly flowing river.

Ah! She was interested in his future, too.

"Do you recall the night," he asked, "when, angered by a reproach of your father at my neglect, I prepared to run away? But you, my dear friend, divined my thoughts, and persuaded me to remain."

"But—Yes." She remembered, and if the Orphan had not found the river so fascinating he might have seen how she blushed, a much fairer sight than the river. More had been said that night than he had implied.

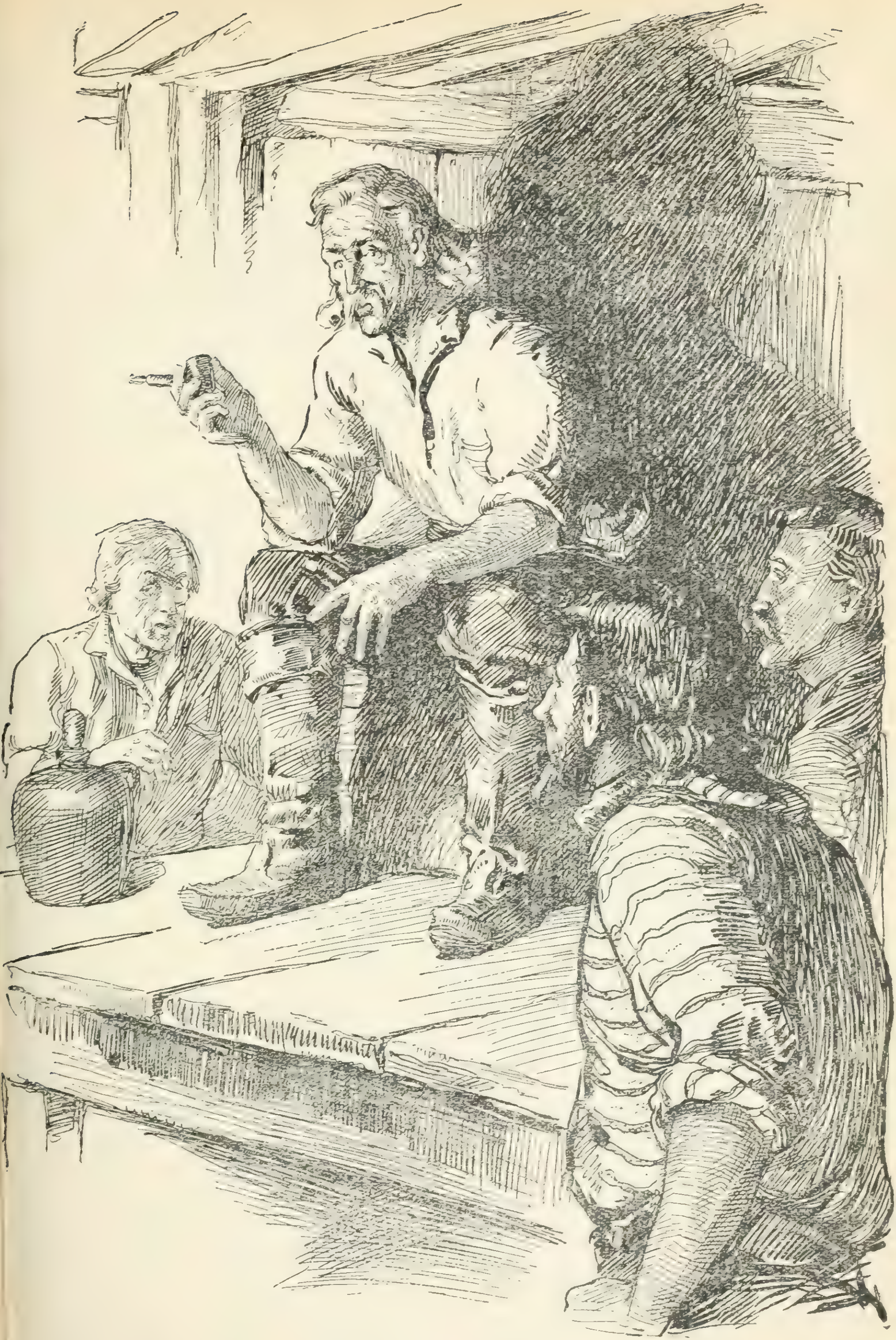
The Orphan, however, continued to look out on the swiftly flowing water, as he said, tremulously, "I stayed then for your sake. I have been thinking I should go away, now, for your sake."

There was a pause, but he did not look up. Then he heard her whisper, "And what if now I should say—say what I did then."

It was all understood between them then, and through that June afternoon they dreamed the dreams of lovers since the world began.

Then the Seigneur and Marcel had come upon them, and at first sight the men had recognized the situation. Marcel was altogether unprepared for any such development. For the first time in his life he was harsh to his daughter, and unjust to the Orphan, who made a manly declaration of his love before these two and Black Michel also, who had just come up, having been searching in a fever of impatience for Adele. Marcel would not hear him, ordered him from his house, and roughly bade Adele to come home at once.

Before them all she had kissed the Orphan, and said proudly, "I love thee, Terrence, and thee only, against everything, and *jusqus, a la mort.*"



Drawn by F. De Forest Schook

OLD PIERRE TELLING THE STORY OF THE LOUP GAROU

Then she had walked away with her father, while the Seigneur followed at a little distance.

Grinding his teeth with rage, Black Michel reproached the Orphan, who answered him not at all. But when the Seigneur's son reflected on his parentage, they fought till they were found and separated by young men of the village.

That night Father Lonergan heard the story from the boy. He placed his hands on his head and blessing him, bade him go away into the outside world for a time. He smiled upon the lad, and encouraged him, but when he had gone the old priest locked his door and wept.

Thus it was that these two met once again, and with rage in the heart of each. The shantymen knew instinctively there was trouble, but as they said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "That is not an affair of ours."

The Orphan's protege, Jean Prevost, who had followed him from St. Jacques, brought about the crisis all unwittingly.

The men soon discovered that Jean was what is known in the woods of Maine as "A Jumping Frenchman." Through some supersensitiveness, or disorder, of the nerves, when suddenly bidden to jump or strike or do any foolish thing he must needs do as bidden. The woodsmen delighted to play upon this weakness, and though they learned to respect his friend's ability as a fighter this could not altogether protect Jean from their torment.

The night of the arrival of the provision train at La Tuque was a fete night. This time it arrived a day ahead of time, and Ritchie was absent at another camp. The driver Pierre, known as Le Corbeau, brought news of the outside world of Three Rivers, of Sorel, Lavaltrie, Berthier en Haut, and even of Quebec. He had letters and there was merry badinage concerning the belles, and also contrary to all prohibition, there were bottles of whisky blanc secreted in his sleigh.

The rough maple logs were piled high on the fire, and clouds of smoke from fragrant tabac Canayan hung about the indented bark of the rafters. The woods rang to the chorus of "Au Claire Fonatine," "Brigadier," and other chansons Normandie, until the wolves gave answer on the frosty air. Then, too, there was such dancing as can be seen only in the big woods when the fiddle issues its call to the true woodsman.

Old Pierre knew every man on the St. Maurice, and then also he was a droll raconteur. Anon he held them spellbound and awoke their superstitious fears as he told how the wicked moonshiner at Radnor, Jules Crepeau, was overtaken by the Loup Garou on his way home at dawn of All Saints' Day.

Jean was listening with eagerness, standing by the table, where sat Black Michel in moody aloofness. Rouge Rene, espying Jean, saw in him a chance to create a diversion, and dispel the gloom of this fearful tale told by Pierre.

"Strike, Jean," he roared.

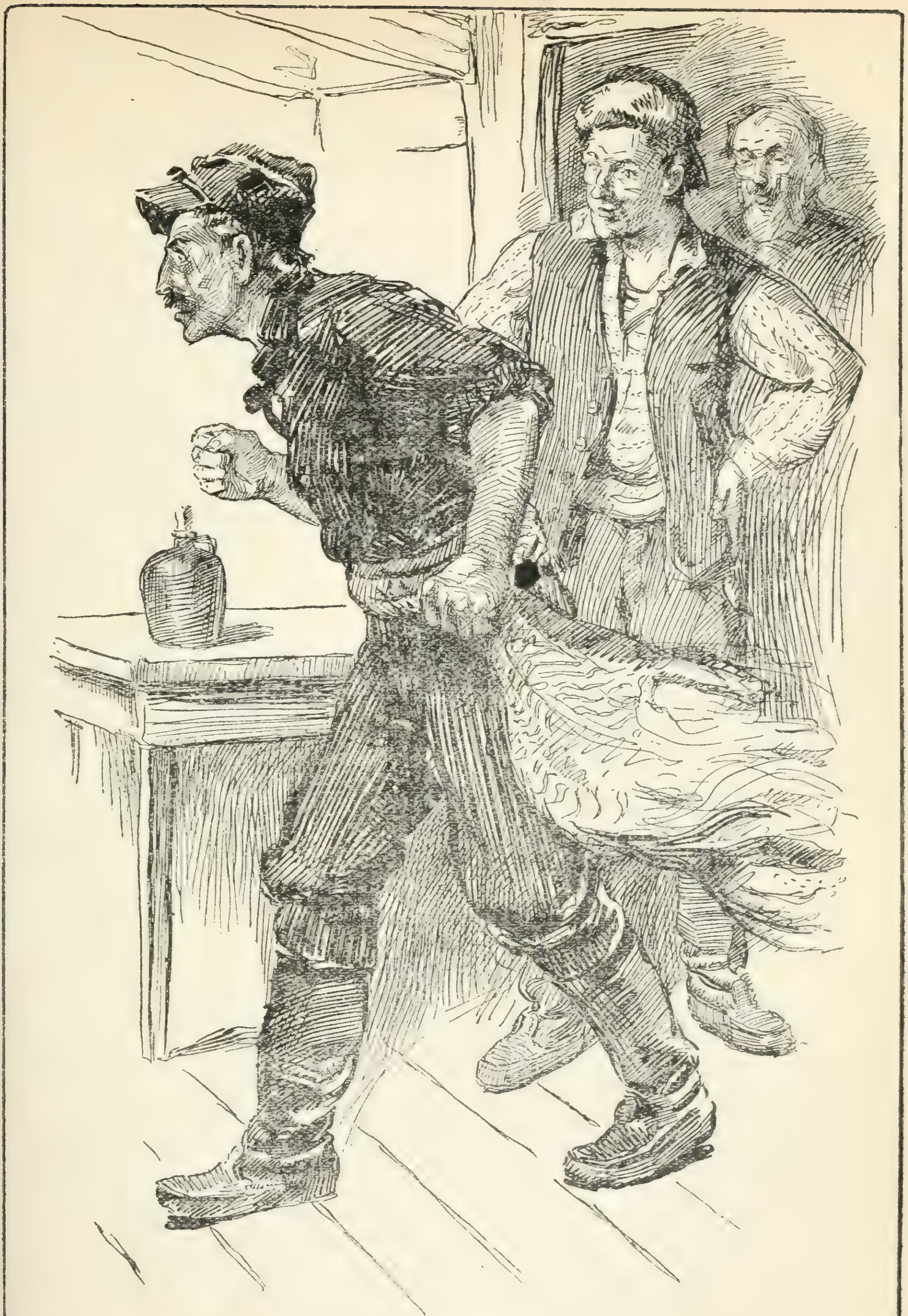
And Jean hit out blindly, the blow falling on the face of Black Michel.

With an oath, he sprang to his feet, and felled the poor jumper with a blow.

"Mon Dieu, he is dead," cried Rouge Rene, in distress, and taking the poor jumper in his arms he spoke words of comfort as to a hurt child.

There was tense silence in the room as the Orphan laid down his violin by the fireplace, and walked across the room to Black Michel.

"Pollision," he said, quietly, and struck him in the face. Not at all unwillingly, the woodsmen formed a circle to watch the fight. These two fought, not as the bullies of the woods, with loud outcry, arms swinging and jumping high in air to strike a blow with their heels, but as trained boxers fight. In effect, this they both were. Black Michel had followed the "fancy" in his city career, and the Orphan had been trained by Father Lonergan, who in his day was respected on the water front in Quebec where fighting was the chief joy. They faced each other grimly, and the silence was broken only by the impact of a blow, the scrape of their boots on the rough boards or the short drawn breaths of the onlookers. Michel was a big, powerful man, while the Orphan was a fair-haired stripling,



Drawn by F. De Forest Schook

"STRIKE, JEAN," HE ROARED

slim, but very agile. He was twice sent reeling across the floor, by sledge hammer blows, but after that he was more wary, and depended on his quickness of eye and lightness of foot to escape the blows showered upon him. That fight has become famous in the woods. At the end of a quarter of an hour Black Michel was becoming unsteady, while the Orphan was cool and confident, though his face was bloody and bruised. There was the light of murder in the eyes of each, for this was no battle for mere glory. Black Michel grunted ominously when a blow with the full body weight behind it fell upon his heart, but a moment later with a mad rush he sent the Orphan staggering across the room with a cut in his forehead.

Jean Prevost cried out, and would have rushed into the fray, but was restrained by Rouge Rene.

The Orphan swept the blood from his eyes with his shirt sleeves, and nimbly eluded the attempts of Black Michel to follow up his advtanage. The pace was telling on Black Michel. The Orphan was punishing him severely, so that he lost all control of himself and rushed upon his opponent like a bull in a rage. In his final rush his left arm glanced harmlessly in air over the shoulder of the Orphan who struck him fair in the throat, causing him to gasp and stagger as one blind. Then the Orphan stepped backward, and with a full swing of his right arm struck him upon the chin, and Black Michel sank limply to the floor.

When Red Ritchie burst in demanding to know the cause of all this, Louis Latour, the bully of the St. Maurice, told him, and added that Black Michel had got what he deserved. The bully of the St. Maurice had learned to love the Orphan that night.

Ritchie, with a gleam in his eyes, contented himself with ordering them all to bed, though he muttered in his beard that they were "a band of pigs," which is a harsh saying in French.

Black Michel came to himself to see the woodsmen crowding about the Orphan with bravos and cries of congratulation. He went silently and morosely to his bunk, and all night lay awake listening to the deep breathing of a hundred men and hating them all. The fire burned low, and strange shadows stalked mysteriously about the vast room, deep gloom falling upon his bunk. They mocked at his humiliation, and hate and lust of revenge consumed him like a flame. The fiend of memory taunted him with every past moment of his intercourse with his enemy, and shouted in derision the words of love spoken by Adele. Then it reiterated Rouge Rene's cry of "Strike, Jean," till the inspiration flashed upon him to use the hand of his enemy's friend in wreaking his revenge.

The opportunity came next morning at dawn. A gang, of which Black Michel was one, was taking out some square timber on the hill across the valley. The men trudged to their work with the stride peculiar to their calling, the Orphan in the lead, followed by Jean with a heavy broad axe on his shoulder. As they topped a little hill covered with white birch the Orphan paused at sight of a deer at attention in the evergreens in the valley. Jean had just seized his broad axe by both hands to transfer it from one shoulder to the other, and as the Orphan paused his lagging steps brought him almost beneath it.

"Strike, Jean," hissed out Black Michel with vehemence.

The axe descended.

* * * *

Two days later the provision train stopped at the last camp on the way out, and something wrapped in a blanket was reverently placed in an outhouse. Two men were left to guard a bound captive by the fire, but before dawn they slept. Then, through the uncertain light a form stole to the fire, and bent over, looking into the eyes of the captive. A piercing shriek of agony went up to heaven, and the shantymen tumbled out of their bunks to see, limned by the fading and uncertain fire, Jean Prevost, the Jumper, holding up a clasp knife, from the point of which there was a red drip, drip, drip.

A STUDY IN HOMESTEAD LAWS

BY L. DARBY

LAND to give away—land in the heart of Canada's settled districts, almost in the middle of towns, to be had by homesteading. This is the practical message of the new Oliver Land Act, taking effect September first. Twenty-eight million acres in the surveyed sections of the Prairie Provinces which have hitherto been held in reserve by the Government are thrown open by the Act. During the last two or three years the homesteader in the West, in many instances, has been obliged to go an inconvenient distance from the railway in order to find available land, but now there will be land, and plenty of it, open to homesteading right in the midst of prosperous agricultural communities, where the soil has been tested and the pioneer stage of life is a thing of the past.

The result of the publishing abroad of this news must be an added impetus to the movement of the land hungry to the Canadian West. The steady stream of settlers will become a torrent, rushing in by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

The organization that will handle this stampede is wonderful in its completeness and efficiency. W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa, is a veteran in immigration work, having served his apprenticeship years ago with the Canadian Pacific Railway. His experience and executive ability will devise means of handling the rush with the absence of friction and the large amount of comfort and satisfaction for which the department is noted. The United States farmer who wishes to take up land in Canada will find at his service the most perfectly organized immigration system in the world. All through the Republic are scattered carefully equipped agencies, under the direction of W. J. White, Superintendent of Agencies, who is an old newspaper man, favorably known to prominent editors throughout the United States. Mr. White knows the people of the States and understands their needs. The Yankee settler has only to drop a postcard to one of these agencies and he will find the way smoothed for him straight to a fertile quarter section of Canadian prairie. In the last two years more than one hundred thousand persons have crossed the International boundary, many of whom were willing to go miles from a railway in order to get free lands. What will happen now, when land may be had for "the asking" in the heart of the settled districts in the finest agricultural country in the world? In the meantime, a brief study of homestead law may be of timely interest.

The homestead law is a product of the New World. It is the expression by young countries of their desire for population and the wealth for which agriculture is the soundest basis. There is no precedent for the law in the codes of the nations of Europe because never, before Columbus doubled the size of the world, were there lands crying out for peopling. The homestead laws of both the Dominion and the United States were framed for the same purpose, namely, the settling of vast areas of vacant country with a prosperous agricultural population. In this enterprise the United States was the pioneer, and Canada has been able to profit by her neighbor's experience. For this reason a comparison of the laws of the United States with this new Dominion Land Act, which is the result of the experience of two nations, is illuminaing.

There is a certain fundamental likeness between the two sets of laws, because in seeking to fill their vast solitudes with a large and thriving population, both have had to guard against the same difficulties. Great tracts of land must not be allowed to fall into the hands of a few individuals—therefore, both have set a limit to the size of the tract which one person may acquire. The individual settler must not be hampered by lack of sufficient land for a competence—therefore, both laws provide a generous allotment, one hundred and sixty acres. The land must be permanently productive—therefore, both laws require cultivation over a period of years to test the prospective owner's good faith.

Theoretically, then, the laws of the two countries are framed to serve the same purpose; practically, both in their provisions and in their enforcement, there is a great difference. For convenience in administration the public lands of the United States were surveyed into blocks six miles square, called townships, and each township was divided into thirty-six sections of six hundred and forty acres each. The Canadian Government, when it found itself with a new empire of wilderness on its hands, followed the same plan. Application for a homestead may be made in both countries by a citizen or by an alien who declares his intention of becoming a citizen, but in the United States five years residence is required before the final naturalization papers are made out, in Canada only three years. In the United States the head of a family (including widows, spinsters and wives who have been deserted) or any male over twenty-one years of age, is eligible for a homestead, while in Canada the head of a family (including widows with dependent minor children, but not spinsters) or any male over eighteen years of age, may make application. The Canadian law thus permits a young man to get an early start in life, while it discriminates against those women whose cultivation of the soil is apt to be perfunctory, and the homesteading a mere investment, and favors those cases where there is a real incentive to the making of a living out of the farm for the dependent children.

In each case application must be made in person (except for certain limited classes) to the land agent in the district in which the homestead is to be taken up, while six months is allowed for the completion of the entry by entering into residence. This application in person is one surety of good faith on the part of the applicant. The expense of filing an entry is nominal in each country. In Canada it is $10.00 in all cases, in the States it varies from $14.00 to $25.00 in different localities. The immigrant with a very limited amount of money considers this difference.

After filing an entry, both laws require a period of residence before a patent is issued for the land, but in the United States this period covers five years and in Canada only three. At the first glance, the law of the States seems more likely to serve the end of placing a permanent population on the soil; but the crux lies in the definition of the term "residence". Canada requires at least six months *continuous* residence during each year, while the letter of the American law is satisfied by a few days in each six months. Thus, the real intent of the Homestead Act can easily be evaded in the United States, while in Canada the more rigorous requirements have no terrors for the man earnestly trying to make a living on his farm and a premium is put on his good faith by the comparatively short period before he receives a fee simple in his home. The American is obliged to build a house on his quarter section and live in it. This house may be a mere shack, but it must be on the one hundred and sixty acres, even if the homesteader's family lives on the next farm. The Canadian may live with his father (or widowed mother) who lives on farm land of not less than eighty acres owned by himself or on a homestead not more than nine miles distant, or the homesteader may live on his own land of not less than eighty acres within the same distance. This is a reasonable provision making for comfort and family life.

Again, in the amount of cultivation, the American law is indefinite, simply requiring cultivation without stating an exact minimum. The Canadian law requires an "amount satisfactory to the Minister," which, prior to June, 1908, the Land Department fixed as the cultivation of fifteen acres by a resident homesteader or of thirty acres by one living in the vicinity. Now the requirement is the breaking of thirty acres (of which twenty must be cropped) by a resident, and the breaking of fifty acres (thirty to be cropped) by a non-resident. A reasonable proportion must be done during each year. In case of land difficult to break because of scrub, the area may be decreased at the discretion of the department. Thus the Canadian law safeguards the Government and the homesteader at the same time; the duties being perfectly clear and definite, there is no debatable ground on which a homestead may be cancelled.

The law of the United States has one feature entirely lacking in the Canadian law: the homesteader, at the end of fourteen months' continuous residence and the cultivation of a large part of the quarter section, may commute the remainder of the residence requirement by a cash payment. Of course this is open only to those who are already citizens and to those who have sufficient means to enable them to break and cultivate a large area the first year. On the other hand, the Canadian law provides for the reservation of land by a boy at the age of seventeen. This has no counterpart in the American law and is a very comfortable arrangement for the farmer who has growing sons to provide for.

A citizen of the States, after securing one quarter section, has entirely exhausted his homestead right while the Canadian, under certain conditions, can secure a second allotment. Anyone who completed his patent by June 1, 1889, may take out another free homestead. In a certain large district in Alberta and Saskatchewan, a homesteader may preempt another quarter section lying adjacent to his homestead. Title is given to homestead and preemption at the end of six years, and the preempted quarter section has to be paid for in cash, one-third in three years from date of entry and the remainder in five annual installments with interest at five per cent.; but the preemptor may pay in full on completion of residence and cultivation duties. Any person who has exhausted his homestead right and is prevented from preempting by the position of his homestead, may purchase a second homestead by paying for it in three installments, the last one due on completion of the regular homestead duties. The purchaser must cultivate fifty acres and build a house costing at least $300.

The portion of the provinces in which preemptions may be taken is a large tract lying in Southwestern Saskatchewan and Alberta, bounded on the south by the International boundary, on the east by the line of the "Soo" railway as far north as its junction with the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Pacific to the 3rd P. M., and the 3rd P. M. on the north by the north line of townships 44, and on the west by the west line of Range 21 West of the 4th P. M.

Such are the principal provisions of the two laws. The American law is very simple—an example of the "go-as-you-please" spirit prevailing in the States at the time it was framed. It says: "File on the land; cultivate it, as much as you please; build a house of any sort you choose and live in it for five years—that is, do not leave it for a full six months at any time." The Canadian law is elaborate; but, as we have seen, its details are such as to safeguard both the Government and the homesteader, and to give it a reasonable elasticity, fitting it to individual cases.

To what lands do these two sets of laws apply—that is, what lands are open for homesteading in the two countries? In the United States there is practically no fertile land left for free homesteading. The Government is reclaiming parts of the arid States by irrigation, and from time to time parcels of these lands are thown open, in plots of from twenty to eighty acres each, a size suitable for an irrigated farm. The rush is so great for these small homesteads that applicants are obliged to register in person long ahead of time at the local land office and then a drawing is held for the privilege of choosing homesteads. Often five thousand persons will register for a few hundred homesteads. Then there are the Indian reservations which are opened occasionally. These lands are sold at from $2.00 to $8.00 an acre in addition to the regular homestead duties. However, payments are on the installment plan, and as the lands are usually worth several times the price, there is a great demand. The same registry and drawing system is used on the Indian lands, and prevents the disgraceful fights which marked the opening of some of the large reservations in the past. But the chance of getting good land for homesteading is very slim. It is only a chance.

But Canada is still so rich in land that she is anxious to give it away, anxious to fill up her prairies with farms. Under the old Land Act only the even numbered sections of a township were available for homesteading, and for a dozen years a steadily-increasing stream of immigrants has been pouring into Western Canada and spreading itself along the railroads, until the available lands, within easy distance of market towns, were well taken up, and this in spite of the marvelous expansion of the great railway systems of the West. Of late colonists have gone into new districts ahead of the railway, knowing that it would come to them sooner or later—but this requires either capital or hardihood, or both. The odd numbered sections were a reserve from which the railways might choose their land grants, and the present Government pushed on the work of selection until all the railway claims were satisfied. The field was clear for the Oliver Land Act, which has just gone into effect. The minister has long cherished the plan of throwing open the reserves, and now he will have the satisfaction of seeing a tremendous stampede for the Canadian West, caused by the opening of these lands in the midst of the settled, prosperous districts.

ZUM WEINEN

BY ELIZABETH MUNGER

IS there no place where I can go
To hide my face and weep—
Where none on earth need ever know
Nor guess the trouble deep—
Is there no place where I can go
And throw me down to weep?

Before me lies the endless street,
All terraced high and steep,
Where dull-eyed houses, staring, greet
My burning wish to weep—
Where restless, ever-passing feet
Cry out, "You must not weep."

A Short Tale of a Rabbit

By Nellie L. McClung

JOHNNY was the only John rabbit in the family that lived in the poplar bluff in the pasture. He had a bold and adventurous spirit, but was sadly hampered by his mother's watchfulness. She was as full of warnings as the signboard at a railway crossing—it was, "Look out for the cars!" all the time with mother. She warned him of dogs and foxes, hawks and snakes, boys and men. It was in vain that Johnny showed her his paces—how he could leap and jump and run. She admitted that he was quite a smart little rabbit for his age, but—oh, well, you know what mothers are like.

Johnny was really tired of it, and then too, Johnny found out that what mother had said about dogs was very much exaggerated. Johnny had met two dogs, so he thought he knew something about them. One was a sleek, fat, black puppy with a vapid smile, called Juno—and the other one was an amber-eyed spaniel with woolly fat legs. They had run after Johnny one day when he was out playing on the road, and he had led them across a ploughed field. Johnny was accustomed to add, as he told the story to the other young rabbits that lived down in the pasture, that he had to spurt around the field a few times after the race was over just to limber up his legs—he was so cramped from sitting around waiting for the dogs. So it came about that Johnny in his poor little foolish heart thought dogs were just a joke.

Johnny's mother told him that all men were bad, and the men who carried guns were worst of all, for guns spit out fire and death. She said there were men who wore coats the color of dead grass, and drove in rigs that rattled and had dogs with them, and they killed ducks and geese that were away up in the air. She said these men drove miles and miles just to kill things, and they lived sometimes in a little house away out near a lake where the ducks stayed, and they didn't mind getting up early in the morning or sitting up at night to get a shot at a duck, and when they got the ducks they just gave them away. If half what old Mrs. Rabbit said about them was true, they certainly were the Bad Men from Bitter Creek! Johnny listened, big-eyed, to all this, and there were times when he was almost afraid to go to bed. Still, when he found out that dogs were not so dangerous, he began to think his mother might have overstated the man question, too.

One day Johnny got away from his mother, when she was busy training the other little rabbits in the old trick of dodging under the wire fence just when the dog is going to grab you. Johnny knew how it was done—it was as easy as rolling off a log for him, and so he ran away. He came up to the Agricultural Grounds. He had often been close to the fence before, but his mother had said decidedly he must never go in.

Just beside the gate he found a bread-crust which was lovely, and there might be more, mightn't there? There wasn't a person in sight, or a dog. Johnny went a little farther in and found a pile of cabbage leaves—a pile of them, mind you—he really didn't know what to think of his mother—she certainly was the limit! Johnny grew bolder; a little farther on he found more bread crumbs and some stray lettuce leaves—he began to feel a little sorry for his mother—lettuce leaves, cabbage leaves and bread crumbs—and she had said: "Don't go in there, Johnny, whatever you do!"

The band was playing, and there were flags in the air, but Johnny didn't notice it. He didn't know, of course, that the final lacrosse match of the season was going to be played that afternoon. Johnny had just gone into one of the cattle sheds to see what was there when a little boy with flopped-out ears and a Cowbrand Soda cap on, stealthily closed the gate. Johnny didn't know he had on a Cowbrand Soda cap, and he didn't know that the gate was shut, but did know that that kind of a yell meant business. He wasn't afraid. Pshaw! he'd give young Mr. Flop-Eears a run for his money. Come on, kid—r-r-r-r-r-r— Johnny ran straight to the gate with a rabbit's unerring instinct and hurled himself against it in vain. The flop-eared boy screamed with laughter. Then there were more Boys. And Dogs. All screaming. The primitive savage in them was awake now. Here was a wild thing who defied them, with all his speed. Johnny was running now with his ears laid back, mad with terror, dogs barking, boys screaming, even men joining in the chase, for the lust for blood was on them. Again Johnny made the circuit of the field—the noise grew—a hundred voices it seemed, not one that was friendly—it was one little throbbing rabbit against the field, with all the odds against him, running for his life, and losing! "Sick him, Togo! Sick him, Collie! Gee! Can't he run! But we've got him this time. He'll soon slow up." A dog snapped at him and his hind leg grew heavy. Some one struck at him with a lacrosse stick, and then ——

He found himself running alone. Behind him a dog yelped with pain, and above the noise someone shouted: "Here, you kids, let up on that! Shame on you! Let him alone! Call off your dogs there! Poor little duffer, let him go. Get back there, Twin!"

Johnny ran dazed and dizzy and once more made the circuit and dashed again for the gate. But this time the gate was open, and Johnny was free! Saved, and by whom?

Well, of course, old Mrs. Rabbit didn't believe a word of it when Johnny went home and told her who called off the dogs and opened the gate for him. She said—well, she talked very plainly to Johnny, but he stuck to it, that he owed his life to one of the Bad Men who wear clothes the color of dead grass, and whose gun spits fire and death. For old Mrs. Rabbit made just the same mistake that many people make of thinking that a man that hunts must be cruel, forgetting that the true sportsman loves the wild things he makes war on, and though he kills them, he does it fairly and openly.

THE IDEAL

BY HUGH COCHRANE

THE song unsung more sweet shall ring,
Than any note that yet has rung;
More sweet than any earthly thing
The song unsung!

A harp that lies, untouched, unstrung
As yet by man, but time shall bring
A player by whose art and tongue
This song shall sound to God the King;
The world shall cling as ne'er it clung
To God and heaven, and all shall sing
The song unsung.

RAILS TO THE PEACE

BY R. W. WILSON

"I WILL, at any time, go among my own people in Quebec and tell them fearlessly that the Canada of to-day is not confined to the St. Lawrence Basin, nor even to a narrow strip of country from east to west along the boundary of the United States. Canada to-day must reach out northward to the utmost limit in which profitable settlement, civilization and enterprise is possible."

Thus spoke Sir Wilfrid Laurier more than two years ago in concluding a notable and singularly eloquent speech in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The occasion was an important one, for Sir Wilfrid then gave the first definite pledge that his government would support a railway from the North Saskatchewan to Churchill, and give every possible assistance to the development of a commercial route for Western produce to Europe via Hudson Bay, a project which had received considerable opposition from the eastern provinces—particularly from Quebec.

In this declaration of a broad Government policy the Premier expressed in eloquent words what William Mackenzie and D. D. Mann have been carrying out in the development of their Canadian Northern Railway system.

It must not, however, for a moment be assumed that in their interest and aspiration for development in the north, these men have in any way neglected the eastern portion of the Dominion. They show their faith, not in words, but in actual work of extending their system, "here a little and there a little,"'till at no distant date the people of Canada and the rest of North America will be startled by a modest announcement that the Canadian Northern is open for through traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The operations of this system are too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it to say that the operations of the Canadian Northern have been the fitting and adequate complement of the western development policy initiated in 1897 by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, and continued by his successor as Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Frank Oliver.

The construction of a railway from the North Saskatchewan River to Churchill on Hudson Bay has been a feature always present to the guiding spirits in laying out the route lines of the Canadian Northern. Had the boundaries of the "postage stamp" Province of Manitoba been extended northward so as to make it the equal in size of Saskatchewan and Alberta at the time when those two provinces were created, there is little doubt that long before this, Canadian Northern steel would have been running into Churchill, the construction bonds being guaranteed by the Manitoba Government in the same way as the earlier Canadian Northern issues. Now that Manitoba's boundaries are being extended to include Fort Churchill, it is probable that more will be heard of the short railway — some ninety miles — which runs from Etoimami to "The Pas" on the North Saskatchewan.

However, the purpose of this article is not to deal with the Canadian Northern generally or its soon-to-be realized aspirations towards Hudson Bay, but to point out the significance and importance of the fact that this company is building a line north from Edmonton to Athabaska Landing. Already the first twenty-five miles of it as far as Morinville are in operation. Between Edmonton and Athabaska Landing there is good productive country, and at the Landing itself there has been of late years a considerable and increasing traffic. The importance of this extension to inland navigation consists in the fact that it is the first distinct railway bid for the trade of the great Peace River district, and an acknowledgment by Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, than whom there are no two better authorities on the Canadian Northwest, that the trade of the Peace River country is worth cultivating.

The term, "The Last Northwest," must now be applied to the Peace River country. It is a misnomer to call the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, "the Canadian Northwest." That name was well enough in the days of the Northwest Territories, but to-day Western Canada is more appropriate, or better still, Central Canada.

In the history of the North American continent there has always been a "West." It has invariably been a "Last and Best West," exercising a fascination for the young and venturesome, the restless and ambitious, and the man who is unhappy away from the frontier of civilization. In mentioning the latter individual it is not intended to convey the idea of the frontier desperado of American fiction. Such a type does not exist in the vast territory patrolled by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and in the Peace River country life and property are as secure as in any part of Manitoba. Some people believe that this great valley of the Peace will some day have a population as large as that of the three prairie provinces, but this is probably an overestimate. However, in its Last Northwest, the Dominion has a great reserve of fertile agricultural land to draw upon when Western Canada shows signs of filling up—and that is looking a long way ahead.

But even before that day there will be a population along the Peace well worth taking into consideration in estimating the growth of Western Canada. Ever since the "gold rush" to the Yukon, settlers have been filtering into the Northland in spite of the difficulties of transportation, and with the establishment of direct communication by rail and boat, this slow filtration will turn into a steady stream that will soon spread civilization from Chippewyan to Hudson's Hope.

The name of the Peace River sounds pleasantly. It conjures up visions of a great valley in which are park-like lands, rolling downs and grassy plains, clumps of trees and bushes, and further back, great dark forests of virgin timber, while through it flows a broad river with numerous tributary streams flowing in from right and left. Well, that is just what the Peace River country is like, and there is a large quantity of it.

A feature of the district is the prevalence of the Chinook winds which have a marked effect on the winter climate. Old residents say that the winters are not more severe than the average winters in Manitoba and that when agricultural settlement has turned up the soil there will be less frost, as has been the case in Southern Manitoba and elsewhere.

A recent visitor to Peace River district writes: "The country has more promise as an agricultural area than the Canadian prairies ever had, especially Manitoba, twenty years ago. It is even superior in some respects to Saskatchewan, one of the future granaries of the world. I found grown at Peace River Landing the finest wheat I ever saw, and learned that a World's Fair prize variety had been grown at Fort Vermilion on the same River several hundred miles farther north. In short, the observations of years show that wheat is grown as far north as sixty-one degrees and barley to the sixty-sixth parallel." It is already established that the whole country is excellent for stock-raising, and that large areas of wheat-producing land are available for cultivation. There is wealth in the forests and also in the fisheries, and to add to the attractions, placer gold is found in the Finlay River and in many of the creeks. This magnet will prove irresistible in attracting population. Perhaps some day there will be a railway far to the north of the new line to Athabaska Landing, straight as the crow flies from the head waters of the Peace to Churchill on Hudson Bay. Who knows?

JOE DICKLING'S PIG

BY JAMES N. MACKINNON

IT WAS a busy scene—typical of the "Great West." Every man in his place while the great threshing machine hummed merrily, and the grain poured out into the brand new cotton bags, scores of which stood about in rows, almost bursting with the weight of the golden prairie wheat. Suddenly something vital gave way and the big thresher stopped, to be repaired, while the men stretched themselves on the sunny side of the straw-stack, around "old Rod," whose reminiscences of the days when the West was young always attracted a crowd.

Stretching himself luxuriously, old Rod took out his well-worn knife and one of the boys brought him a bit of stick—for without whittling the old man could no more tell a yarn than he could whittle without talking. Testing the stick to find how the grain ran, he settled himself and began:

"Now, you fellows may have heard before how Joe Dickling lost his pig and the way he found her again, but you never heard the correct version, and you may take what I am going to tell you as gospel truth.

"As some of you old timers know, Joe in those days lived all alone in a small shanty in the very bottom of the valley of Goose Creek and he had for his nearest neighbor old Hugh Gray or Sombre Hugh, as he was nicknamed from his dour and gloomy looks. Hugh also lived alone away above Joe on the bank, half a mile off, and his cabin was exactly like Joe's.

"The two men were as unlike each other as two men could be, for while Joe was small, round and sparkling, Hugh was large, gaunt and gloomy. Perhaps it was for this very reason they liked to be together. Thus, when Joe's flood-gates of humor broke forth and the bubbles from the plenteous supply of its essence within bade fair to choke him, one look at the forty below zero phiz of his friend was enough to make things normal again. In like manner when Sombre Hugh's chin began to sink into his collar, and the seams and lines of his face began to call a meeting at the root of his nose, then Joe would beam on him and the gloom would disappear like mist before the morning sun.

"Hugh's shanty door on the banks above was in a bee line with Joe's in the valley, and in the winter time, Joe's favorite pastime was to fill up the stove, put the kettle on, leave something nice and tasty in the oven and then walk up the brae to his friend's domicile, haul the old stone-boat to the door, sit on it with his melancholy friend and away they'd shoot down the glen, right to his own door, where things would be in prime condition for their grinders.

"You also know that in those days, pigs were few and far between among the settlers, and therefore the grunters were more esteemed, dead and alive, than they are at present. When Joe got hold of a young, bob-tailed, white porker, his joy knew no bounds, and many an odd moment did he and his friend put in, leaning over the pen, discussing the pig, her probable weight, the day's gain, etc.

"The pen itself was a marvel of ingenuity—a regular Chinese puzzle of a pen—consisting of many small sections of boards so cunningly put together that, without knowing the trick, one could never take it apart without a sledge hammer; but Joe knew the key—a simple pin—to touch which would mean the collapsing of this elaborate pen, like a playhouse of cards.

"To look at Sombre Hugh's face, one would think a dead owl had as much humor in its composition as its owner—yet as he stood with the happy owner of the pig, that animal—had she been more sagacious—could have seen a tiny sparkle in his eye, and also could have seen that he now and again broke the tenth commandment regarding herself.

"It so happened one night that they went out as usual after supper to view the pet and her elaborate cage, and also to give her the remnants of the meal in the hope of its putting an extra tasty streak or two under her well-filled skin. Leaning over the pen, Joe had just exhausted the usual string of high-sounding adjectives he kept specially for praising his pet, and was just beginning to marshal the set he had on hand for lauding the pen when lo and behold! the toe of his boot, which he used in making exclamation points, came in contact with the hidden pin and the whole thing collapsed in a twinkling. Of course, Joe and his friend collapsed too, and Joe found himself on his face with Hugh's large, gaunt form stretched above him. In a sort of gurgling tone that had tinges of anger in it, Joe had to remind his friend that he wasn't a feather bed and that he now wanted to get up if Hugh was quite rested. Joe couldn't be sure, but he thought that just as Hugh was reluctantly taking his weight elsewhere he distinctly heard him smothering a melancholy titter, under cover of a sickly cough.

"Of course they got up after a while but there was no piggie to be seen or even heard, and they, therefore, set forth to look for her. Over hill and dale, through scrub and vale, they went calling, 'Piggie! Piggie!' but all in vain. After wearing out his Sunday shoes (which Joe had taken by mistake) and exhausting nearly all the endearing terms he had acquired from a recently-read sentimental novel, they turned sadly towards their respective homes, about midnight, sadder but not wiser men.

"Reaching his own door—at the unhallowed hour of midnight—Sombre Hugh pushed it open, and had just closed it softly behind him when such a hair-raising din began inside, as to make him think he had opened the portals of a monster bedlam, instead of his own humble door. All the pots and pans seemed endowed with life, and everything appeared to be grunting and hissing till poor Hugh thought the world was surely coming to an end. Hearing the old tin pail coming at him bounding across the floor in that terrible darkness, he bent down with a yell, and grasped a pair of hairy legs. 'God save us!' muttered Hugh, as his hands slipped to their ends. 'There's cloven hoofs on 'em; it's surely the old boy himself!' But the legs putting forth all the strength behind them in one tremendous jerk, left Hugh sprawling on the floor, in which humble posture his reason asserted itself.

"'What a fool I was to be almost scared to death at Joe's pig,' he said aloud, and he lit the little lamp and looked around, but there was no pig to be seen.

"Sombre Hugh felt things crawling along his spine, as he thought of witches, and ghosts, and such gruesome midnight visitors. 'Good Lord!' he ejaculated—as he sat weakly on the stretcher—'has it gone out through the key hole!' But, no, the stretcher began to move, and Hugh, jumping up as if he had been shot, saw that it was indeed the pig.

"In a minute Hugh was transformed, and leaving the pig a prisoner, he went out, and tired as he was, went to work in the bluff behind the shanty with axe and saw, and soon had a stout pen built—an old-fashioned pen this time—for her reception. Hugh had no difficulty in enticing her to the pen, by scratching her with one hand, while he held a piece of toast under her nose with the other. She stretched herself with a grunt of satisfaction on her new bed, while Hugh with a can of black paint and with a broad grin on his face, began to paint her black. She also agreed with a sleepy grunt, when Hugh, after finishing his contract, said: 'Now, your own ma wouldn't know you—but confound that bob-tail of yours! I never thought of that. But ah! I have it!' With these words he went and cut some six inches off his old raw-hide whip and spliced it to the bob-tail, with an expert hand.

"A day or two later he brought Joe Dickling to see his new acquisition, but of course she couldn't compare in any way with the lost bob-tail. 'Only,' added Joe, with a sigh, 'her grunt reminds me of my poor lost one though not at all so clear as poor bob-tail's.'

"For two months Hugh fed her on the fat of the land, and during that time he sympathized deeply with Joe whenever that gentleman alluded to his long lost porker.

"Winter came, and Joe and Hugh's toboggan—or stone-boat slide—was in prime condition. So was Hugh's pet, and the day came when she had to bid farewell to boiled wheat and mashed bran, and everything she held dear on earth.

"On that day Joe received a letter (written by Hugh with his left hand), pretending to be from his long lost pig. This unnatural epistle told him that she was in good shape, though as dead as a herring. 'I am coming home,' it said, 'at eight o'clock to-night, and be sure and have the frying-pan ready, and don't forget to give my old friend Sombre Hugh—(who never made a joke)—my regards and a good generous slice of my best bacon, whenever he calls.'

"When the pig was frozen stiff so that she could stand like life, Hugh put her on the stone-boat on the slide under the window. He then attached a piece of clothes line to the sled behind, put it through the window, and across the table, and then tied it to the leg of the stove. He then lit a piece of candle and set it on the table by the cord, and he calculated that in a quarter of an hour it would burn so low that the flame would burn the cord and let the stone-boat free to shoot down the hill to Joe's door.

"When this was accomplished to his liking, he walked down to his friend's, looking as glum as ever. He found Joe with the letter in his hand and a half-hopeful, half-frightened look on his round face. He gave the letter to his solemn friend, saying: 'Of course, I don't believe it. It's some boy's trick—why it's three minutes to eight now. I'll go out and feed the oxen, while you are reading that thing.'

"He opened the door and was about to step out, when he heard something coming down the hill, and in a twinkling the long lost pig, bob-tail and all, confronted him, in the arc of light at the door.

"Well, when Joe found out the whole story he laughed so much over Sombre Hugh's trick that he had to bandage his jaws.

"There, boys, there's the thresher's whistle. Every man to his place!"

SERENADE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

THE lilies are sweet in thy garden, lady,
The murmuring house tops are still.
A window looks down on thy garden, lady,
Cloud shadows cover the hill;
Ah, the lilies are sweet in thy garden, lady.

WESTWARD BOUND IN '79

BY FANNIE CLARK CLENCH

PART ONE

I WAS one of a large family, a child eleven years old, when my father decided to sell his farm in dear old Essex, Ontario, and seek a new home in far-off Manitoba. A married son and two neighbors, who had also determined to find new homes in the great West, decided to accompany him.

So behold us at the hour of midnight, in the stillness of a lovely June night driving out the old lane, shadowed by cherry and apple trees, through the big gate and over the bridge. Our white covered wagons the only moving objects, the sound of our wheels the only noise that breaks the summer silence. I fancy father's and mother's faces must have been a shade paler (I could hear my sister Clara crying softly) as we rolled slowly past the old familiar places where loving voices and faces had greeted us for so many years; past the dear grandfather's place where we children had been so often petted and feasted. That was the hardest part, and it was well that father had decided to pass quietly by while night's curtain was closely drawn and the old home veiled in shadow. I was too young to realize at that time all the pain of parting that fell to the lot of the older ones, but I keenly felt the sorrow of leaving behind one of my sisters who was to remain in Ontario until such a time as we could send for her.

She had been the ringleader in whatever mischief was afoot. I remember one incident, which has no place here except that it had a Manitoba sequel. Our home was always the headquarters for all the ministers, and we generally had either the school teacher or the minister boarding with us. This time it was a student who was preparing for the ministry. He was red-headed, freckled and stuttered, and of all of the candidates for the ministry we thought him the most unpromising. When father and mother were there, of course, his life was most peaceful and uninteresting, but sometimes it happened they both had to be away together, and then he would find water in the bottom of his top boots, his sermons (he had almost a barrelful) waiting for a match in the stove; and one never-to-be-forgotten day when he asked mother if I could go into the parlor and hear his grammar lesson, she consented and I went. The other two girls, on mischief bent, not hearing any noise in the room (he had just happened to ask me if I said my prayers every night, and that not being in the grammar lesson, I took my own time about answering), the girls began wondering what we were doing. Then one dared the other to get on her knees and look through the keyhole and see. Of course, it was the mischief-loving younger one who proposed it, and the elder one, not stopping to think, immediately dropped on her knees with her hands upon the door and proceeded to apply her eye to the keyhole, whereupon the other softly turned the knob and in came Clara sprawling on her hands and knees, to her unbounded astonishment, my consternation and the minister's great delight. He simply roared with enjoyment, pounding his knees with his fists till the tears streamed down his face. Needless to say, Clara had her revenge when she caught the culprit, who had discreetly fled. It is not many years since the same minister, turned farmer, found us out in Manitoba, where he had also made a home for himself, and made the delightful proposal that one of us (it did not matter which) would marry him, as he had fallen in love with the whole family!

The party that started for the West that night consisted of twenty people, the youngest being a baby seven months old. We had five covered wagons. Crossing the Detroit River at Detroit, our first camping place was on the River Rouge, and very pleasant memories have I of that first camping out experience; of the sleeping with no roof but the sky studded with twinkling stars, the hearing the wind in the grass at one's feet and the knowing that all around was space and nature's silences, which occasionally the tramp of the horses restlessly moving about broke into, only to close more wonderfully when they were quiet again.

We had not been long in possession before a portly old gentleman, taking us for gypsies, came to order us off, but seeing we did not belong to that objectionable tribe, he became quite amiable and had a pleasant little chat.

Soon camp fires were blazing, dishes were rattling, tents were being erected, and our camping ground presented a picturesque and busy appearance. After the evening meal we all gathered around one common fire, where talk and story passed the hours all too quickly until bed time.

Then came the never-to-be-forgotten experience of our first great storm. Seeing it coming we drew up in the shelter of some trees to obtain what protection we could, but how it blew, while flashes of lightning and incessant and deafening peals of thunder shook the earth! We pulled the curtains of the wagons as close as possible and then waited with what patience we could until we were able to proceed on our journey.

To avoid crossing Lake Michigan, we were obliged to go through a corner of Indiana and Illinois. In going through busy Chicago, one of our teamsters came into collison with another one, and while waiting for damages to be ascertained, another was made the victim of one of Chicago's smart men to the amount of five dollars. We made it a point to never camp within a mile or so of any town or city, feeling it safer for many reasons, and between Chicago and our camping place that night we added an additional mile.

It was in Wisconsin we had our first accident. It was getting near camping time so some of the younger men had gone ahead to look for water, thus leaving us short of drivers. While the roads were good this did not matter, and all went well until we came to a hill which, while easy at the top, at the bottom was both steep and sidling. It so happened that when the second team started down the hill there was no one in the wagon excepting two little brothers, six and four years old. Father, who had driven the first wagon down, seeing what a bad hill it was came back, expecting to meet it at the top of the hill, but instead met it about halfway down. He could not get in but took hold of the horse nearest to him, hoping to hold her in and guide them down that way. There being no one in the wagon who could hold them back, they were coming at a good rate, and angry at being checked, the one father was leading started to strike at him. He jerked her head back, and she threw herself over the tongue, which, being a cross-grained affair, broke. Father could do nothing with them now, but he held on until they knocked him down, ran over him, and went tearing down the hill to a curve where over they went, about six feet straight down, the wagon landing on its top. The horses, subdued by their tumble, stood trembling. We, who had been spectators of the accident from the top of the hill now came running down, and after helping father to his feet hurried down the hill, where a sickening sight met our eyes.

The four wheels of the wagon were sticking straight up in the air! The boys were down somewhere underneath it, while from under the side came something trickling dark and red! Our cries of grief and horror soon brought the rest running to our assistance, and they hastily commenced searching for the children. Hardly had they begun when the eldest boy made his appearance, emerging from under the debris at the front, but there was no sign or sound of the other one until, after moving almost everything, they came upon him safe and sound. He had not yet recovered from the surprise of taking such a sudden tumble and looked wonderingly around as he was pulled from the wreck, seemingly none the worse for his fall and rather pleased by the adventure. What we had taken for blood turned out to be a smashed crock of currant jelly. A great many things were so badly broken that they had to be abandoned and a blacksmith had to be found to mend the wagon, so it was some time before we were ready to make another start.

Our next state was Minnesota, then through Dakota without further mishap, and we arrived at last at Emerson, situated on the boundary line. Here we were joined by Mr. Arnold, Captain McIntosh and Dr. Carscaddon. Mr. Arnold had come from Turtle Mountain where he, with my father, had homesteaded the previous year.

The doctor and captain were intending to go farther west, so decided to join our company. The captain was trying to train a cow Mr. Arnold had bought to travel in a Red River cart. It was most amusing to witness the proceeding. The captain could not understand why a cow should not travel in a cart as well as a horse. He had the cow, he could not get a horse; therefore, he argued that the cow must go in the place where the horse ought to be. But the cow was obdurate and deaf to all entreaties. To the nautical command of "Now, heave ahead," she would promptly heave behind, with the result that two or three times she narrowly missed going into the Red River, cart and all. After one particularly narrow escape, the captain reluctantly abandoned the effort and accepted Mr. Arnold's offer of a mule. But the poor man's troubles were not over. This animal, not to be outdone by a cow, took full advantage of the captain's ignorance and led him a daily dance in his effort to get the beast hitched up without either the cart or himself being demolished. One day, on coming to a nasty-looking creek which had to be crossed, his muleship stubbornly refused to proceed. The captain, whose equipage usually led the cavalcade, tried entreaty, then persuasion with a good stout stick, all in vain, the mule remained firm. The captain procured a sharp stick and tried prodding, when up went the mule's head in astonishment—up also went his heels so quickly that the captain, who had been perched on the top bag of the narrow cart load, in trying to get his heels out of reach of the mule's, lost his balance and only saved himself from tumbling off the cart headfirst by frantically gripping the bags on both sides. He presented the appearance of standing on his head, his legs, clad in wide sailor trousers, which had fallen down from them, wildly waving in the air. The mule was careering about while at every jolt the captain would wail beseeching, "Won't somebody catch this mule?" There was some danger of his going over the bank in his panic while the onlookers were almost helpless with laughter. However, they took pity on him as soon as they could, and after getting the mule quieted down, helped the captain from his perilous position. He was pretty well shaken up, but joined in the laugh with the rest as he realized the comical figure he had cut.

On reaching Turtle Mountain, father found that Mr. Arnold intended to go up to the McLeod country, and decided to go, too. So, with the addition of another wagon, a cart and some cows, off we set again for the foothills of the Rockies.

On reaching the Souris River we found the only means of crossing to be a hollowed out log that the Indians had been using. This we turned into a ferry by tying a rope to each end, and in this way conveyed ourselves and our goods across. The wagons were towed across the same way, while the stock had to swim. The river here was about six feet deep; one boatload upset and part of a sewing machine was lost. Along the bank of the Souris we found some wild plums which gave variety to our bill of fare for that day.

We were now getting into the buffalo country and a sharp lookout was kept for any that might chance to come our way; consequently, there was great excitement when a herd was reported quietly feeding within a reasonable distance. A halt was made at once, horses unharnessed, guns got ready and every one who could get a horse to ride was off in a hurry, while the others followed on foot. They all came back about three o'clock in the afternoon and reported having had a very exciting time. After a hard ride they had succeeded in killing one, so after a hasty meal we moved camp for the night over to the dead buffalo. I had been prepared to see a large animal, but was astonished at the bulk of this huge creature. We congratulated ourselves on securing the skin, but were disappointed in the meat. It was so very tough that we came to the conclusion that he must have been a very old inhabitant of the prairie.

While going down one of the ravines I had quite a tumble. My brother was driving, and while looking back to see how the others were crossing, drove right on to a big stone. I was sitting at the back of the wagon with the baby when the wagon hit the stone, and suddenly I found myself flying out of the back with a gun box following me. I had sense enough to give the baby a push to one side as I felt myself going through the curtains, and as I hit the ground, shouted, "Look out for the baby"; but someone had already done this. My brother came in for a good deal of chaffing on account of his driving, which he took in good part, and joined in the laugh at my sudden downfall, of which he was ignorant until I overtook them with the request that someone should go back and pick up the gun box.

Soon after this, another buffalo hunt was organized, and this time the girls thought they would join the sport. So they started off laughingly remarking that should the buffalo come their way they would head him off. It was a pretty place, hills, valleys and lakes, and while going through one of these valleys, what was their surprise to see a large fierce-looking buffalo coming full sail towards them. Did they run? Yes, indeed; for a second only they hesitated, and then ignominiously fled. The hunters had separated him from the rest of the herd and were not far behind, but their horses were not fleet enough to keep up to him and their shots had no effect so, much to their disappointment, he succeeded in getting away.

A few days later we arrived at Wood Mountain, where the police under Major Walsh gave us a warm welcome and a serenade. Our arrival was quite an event as we were the first white families who had ever traveled through that part. They invited us over to the barracks in the evening, where those who went had a very pleasant time. I remember my chagrin because I was considered too young. There were a great many Indians here, half-naked, dirty-looking Sioux, who were just out from the States, where they had taken part in the Custer massacre. Sitting Bull we found to be a very common uninteresting Indian who could not or would not speak a word of French or English. His wife seemed bright and intelligent, also his brother-in-law. They arrived at our camping place just at the dinner hour, so we had the honor of their company, if honor it was.

The people at Wood Mountain had been anxiously looking for a bull train from Benton, Montana, which had been delayed on account of high water, consequently their supplies were getting short. The day after we arrived a policeman brought in word that it was in sight, so we were on the lookout. Presently a long dark object came into sight around one of the hills, followed by others of the same description, which on coming nearer proved to be twelve yoke of oxen hitched to three covered freighter's wagons all coupled together. These were followed by other cattle and wagons, amounting altogether to ninety-six oxen and twenty-four wagons in sections of three. There was one driver on horseback for every section besides a night herder and boss. The tremendous whips they carried were no small part of this procession, and the way they made them crack was awe-inspiring, especially to the cattle.

These trains were all the forts had to depend on for supplies, so they were always a welcome sight. Sometimes when they were delayed, and provisions became scarce, flour would sell as high as twenty dollars per sack, while the poor Indians had to pay most extravagant prices to some unprincipled dealers.

As this supply train was to return in our direction almost to Cypress, our next stopping and supply place, and as they offered to take some of our loads in their empty wagons, we decided to wait for them. We were glad to have them with us, as we were in nightly fear of having our horses stampeded and run off by the Indians, a great many of them being on foot and in need of horses.

Those nightly vigils around the camp fire are a vivid memory to me to-day. A dozen times in the night we would imagine dusky shadows creeping around the hills, and the cold chills came over us as we fancied them coming nearer and nearer. Our first real stampede happened at Cypress, when we were camped on a hill in the midst of a thick brush. Some of the party had gone to bed, and others were getting ready when there came a sudden rattle and crash, then a distant sound of thunder, rapidly dying away. It took but a minute to comprehend what had happened; our horses had bolted! There was no time for shoes or hats. Out every masculine member of the party started just as he was, for should our horses get away, Catastrophe in big letters shone before our eyes. I said the masculine members of the party had gone, but the feminine portion were not far behind them, that is, the majority. I was one of the unfortunates who had to stay at the camp with the younger children. How my imagination called up grizzly bears, Indians, and no end of terrors there in the darkness! I tried to keep my younger brother awake, but alas, no, he absolutely refused to be frightened, though I tried my best with a zeal mother would not have appreciated. Grizzly bears had no terrors for him, as his snores loudly proclaimed. I waited alone there in the darkness, waited and listened! Presently, a new fear assailed me. It was so exceedingly dark, how could they ever find their way back to the camp if they did get their horses? Ah! now I know what my mother meant by lighting that torch; what but to guide them back to camp? There is comfort in the thought. Bye and bye my attention is called to a distant sound of trampling coming nearer and nearer, and I feel my hair beginning to rise; my grizzly is coming! I lift my club preparing to defend myself to the last, when, Oh joy! it is the welcome sound of a human voice I hear, and I know by the tone and the exclamation that the horses have been found and brought back. My brother had overtaken them after a run of about three miles, but as he had gone barefooted he did considerable limping for the next few days. This happened in what is known as Colonel McLeod's Avenue, but what caused the stampede we never found out.

(To be Concluded in the October Number)

A MODERN ANANIAS

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

I HAD occasion to visit the Canadian West a couple of years ago, to inspect some land our company had purchased, and had for a guide one of the pioneers of '82, and a character noted on account of his elastic tongue.

Passing through a magnificent part of the country, well-tilled and showing undoubted prosperity, my companion, pointing with his whip, exclaimed:

"I uster own that section thar. Bill Mullen owned this next to it. They was six of us came out here in '82, from the same place, took up a homestead and pre-emption, and bought a half.

"Times wasn't very good, so we jest sat and watched her grow up with weeds and return to prairie agin, and we hiked away to town, preferrin' to dwell in the midst of alarms than reign in this toilsome place."

"Do you still hold the deed?" I ventured.

"Nope; sold for five an acre, two years back."

"What!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Sold land like that for five dollars an acre! Why, man, it's worth four times that amount at a forced sale any day."

"Oh, yes, I know that now, but it's too late."

"Who purchased it?" I asked.

"A rubber-tongued pill-peddler from Iway. Dr. Jacobs, they calls him, but Judas Ananias, M. D., is his real title. He dropped in amongst us like a chinook after a blizzard, one evenin' at the eatin' house. We was all at supper when in comes his medicineship, and takes a chair at our table with a 'I'd-like-to-be-friendly' grin, chasin' eround his physiog.

"The boys was busy lyin' to each other about shootin' chickens, geese, and other man-eatin' mammals of the fur trade, when the medico lays down his eatin' tools, and, surveyin' the outfit with a 'Won't-you-come-to-my-Sunday-School' air, says: 'Talkin' about shootin' reminds me of the first time I came to Canada. It was down in Southern Manitoba, and the landlord of the hotel invited me and eight others to go out to the lake goose shootin'. Well, sir, I've seen geese, I've heard fellers talk of geese, and I've read of geese, but search me if ever I saw sich a sight. Why, they was millions of 'em, and, after we'd shot enough to fill the spring wagon we started for home, but the know-nuthin' geese was a-circlin' and flutterin' eround in sich a mass that the sun was hid; we couldn't see each other, and had to keep shoutin' so's we wouldn't separate.'

" 'Well,' says he, 'it got so dark I didn't know where I was walkin' and kept trippin' over snags. At last I fell down, and say, my blood chills with the thought, the geese was so thick on the lake that I'd been walkin' over 'em, perhaps for miles.'

" 'Oh,' says he, 'if those geese had taken a notion to fly, nothin' would have saved me from a watery grave, but, by shoutin' to the rest as a guide to land, and steppin' on the strongest geese I was once more on terror-firmer.'

" 'I proposed,' says he, 'to sit down and rest until the pesky things settled down, but the joint-keeper says they ain't no use, that these geese as is flyin' is a new contingent, from the south, jest comin' in, and he'd known 'em to fly like that for weeks. 'No,' says he, 'the only hope there be, is, to all keep firing' in the one spot, until we can make a hole in 'em.'

" 'Well, sir, we started firin' an' firin' for a hour and a half, and then we made a hole in the flock big enough to locate the sun, and give us a glimpse at our watches to see the time of day.'

" 'After we saw the sun we got our

bearin's, and arrived home jist as a search-party with lanterns was startin' out to locate us.'

"Say, mister, after that yarn, none of us et our dessert but the dope-dispenser, hisself, and he finished his'n, and left the table with an 'I-did-it-with-my-little-hatchet' air.

"The boys kinder fought shy of him for a few days, but he had sich a confidin' way with him that they was soon hangin' eround afeard of losin' one of his gems of thought.

"Another time, we was all a-settin' on the edge of the sidewalk, sunnin' ourselves and cursin' the onequal division of the world's wealth, when Liniment arrived on the scene, as usual.

"'Say, you fellers,' says he, 'why don't you raise more poultry in this country? The storekeeper was jist tellin' me that seven-eights of the poultry et in Winnipeg is imported from Eastern Canada and the States.'

"'Why,' says he, 'with all these wheat screenin's goin' to waste, it's a shame.'

"'Poultry's alright,' says Bill Macoun, 'but it's a lot of hard work pluckin' 'em!'

"'Hard work,' says he. 'Hard work nothin! It's dead easy when you get used to it. Why, I know an old chicken farmer down in Iway, and a feller bet me he could kill and pluck a chicken in an echo.'

"'In an echo!' we exclaimed; 'wha' chu mean by an echo?'

"'Well,' he says, 'on the old man's farm was two barns, and they was built in sich a way as to cause a echo. So, when I bet that feller the old man couldn't do it, we drove out to decide the bet. We explained to the old man, and he caught a hen, let her squawk three times, then killed and plucked her and, a second later, we heard the echo say "squawk, squ-awk, sq-u-awk".

"'That's straight, gentlemen,' he says, 'er I wouldn't tell it.'"

"What did you fellows say when he told you that?" I asked.

"Nothin' whatever, jest sighed."

"Another time, when we was brandin' calves for old man Mullen, he fluttered into our midst. We didn't have a proper brandin' chute, and we was jest ropin' 'em and hog-tyin' 'em while the irons het.

"He watched us fer a while, and says he, 'You fellers ain't as expert with the cord as us fellers on the other side. Why,' says he, 'one time down in Iway a elephant got loose from the circus, yes, sir, the biggest elephant in captivity, so the bills said, but none of the circus men could catch him, so my brother offered his services, as he was by. He told 'em our father was dyin' and he was goin' for a doctor, but he'd ketch that Asiatic calf if they wanted him to.'

"'The show boss says, "Catch him fer us before this time next week and you'll be a hundred bucks the richer."'

"'My brother,' says he, 'always carried his lariat even when he was goin' fer a doctor. So he jest uncoiled it, and made a dash fer that India-rubber crittur, threw the rope over his horns, and, in one minute and five seconds, had him hog-tied, and, hitchin' the rope to the pommel of his stock saddle, dragged him back to the circus tent.'"

"Didn't some of you tell him he lied?" I asked.

"Nope, only I thought I heard old man Mullen murmur, 'From all accidents by earthquake, fire and flood, good Lord deliver us.'

"Another day, as we was a -sittin' in the shade of the depot, chewin' the rag about the amount each one of us would have if the world's wealth was divided, Physic loomed on the scene.

"'Say, you fellers,' says he, 'you'll never make the grade sittin' in the shade talkin' about it. Why ain't you up and doin'? Why,' says he, 'I knew three fellers on the other side, and they had some land, jest prairie land,' says he, 'not bearin' 'em a cent of revenue, and they up and sold it for five dollars an acre, took the money and built some houses in town, rented 'em at a big figure, and, at the end of the year, bought four more with the proceeds, and the next year bought eight, and so on till they owned the bank, town-hall, opera house; in fact, the whole town.'

"'With the rent of the town in two years they bought the county, and, I guess, by now they own the state, for,' says he, 'they'd made an offer for the government buildings afore I left. Why don't you sell that land of your'n, and branch out?' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'if we could get a buyer we would try that scheme, but we ain't got no buyers.'

"Well, sir, he stood up with a baby stare that would melt the heart of a railway magnate, and, says he: 'I believe I'll help you fellers out fer you seem energetic, and I believe all you need is a start in the right direction, and y'll be multiplied millionaires in a year or two. I'll buy your land,' says he, 'and give you five an acre for it. I can afford to hold it fer my heirs, and no doubt by that time they'll be able to sell it and receive back that amount. As for the interest, I'm willin' to lose it, pervidin' you fellers gets a square deal on your enterprise.'

"Next day we made out the deeds to Doc, and then he walked over to the station and sent a telegraft to some fellers in Iway, and, two weeks later, sold it to 'em fer twenty-two-fifty per acre."

"What did you fellows do then?" I asked.

"Nothin', jest sighed and took our medicine."

AMONG THE WHEAT

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

HAVE you ever watched the rain among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Have you ever watched the silver arrows beat
On the bosom of the wide earth's breast?
Bending low before the onset, how it shrinks,
Yet how bravely lifts each tall green stem;
While the thirsty soil the precious vintage drinks,
And the spangled drops, the full ears gem.

Have you ever heard the wind among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Making music that is tremulous and sweet,
Far too lovely to be all-expressed.
Low andantes that no ear has ever caught,
Swift crescendos of a strange wild theme;
Subtle harmonies of golden chords, in-wrought
With the glamor of a vague, glad dream.

Have you ever watched the sun among the Wheat,
On the Prairies of the Great Northwest?
Where the sunset and the twilight shadows meet,
On the dim horizon's dusk-crowned crest.
Neath the glory of the flaming banners bright,
All the hungry wail of Want is stilled;
And the air grows full of laughter and delight,
In the promise of a hope fulfilled.

THE GARDEN

BY DOROTHY GREEN

A GARDEN lieth hidden
Close-walled by lichened stone;
None enter there unbidden—
It knoweth well its own.
The breezes, idle vagrants,
Light through the branches blow,
And brush a tangled fragrance
From all the flowers below.

And the sunlight sleepeth
In the garden, in the garden;
And the time slow creepeth,
For the princess cometh not.
But the sundial seemeth
Like a changeless, patient warden,
And the whole place dreameth
Of the princess unforgot.

Long years ago she left it,
The princess fair and blest;
A stranger hand had reft it
Of her it loved the best.
But naught its love abateth;
Unchanged, unseen of men,
The silent garden waiteth
Till she shall come again.

Still the sunlight sleepeth
In the garden, in the garden,
And the time slow creepeth,
For the princess cometh not;
But the sun-dial seemeth
Like a changeless, patient warden,
And the whole place dreameth
Of the princess unforgot.

THE HUNTERS

BY W. R. HOLT

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH

"NO, SIR; Fenimore Cooper was an eloquent writer, but his noble redskin was not the kind of person that I remember, and I lived amongst Indians for twenty years of my life."

We were touring through Ontario, to see something of its timber, its agriculture, and its mines, and a happy fate put me at dinner next to Mr. Lennon, a trader, of Sudbury, who spent the early days of his venturesome life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In his time he was at eight or nine posts in the wild and woody north, buying skins from the trappers and hunters for transhipment to London. His first charge was on Lake Temagami, and there, with a Highland attendant and an Indian servant, he camped for years in the territory of the Algonquins. I was curious to know how the Indians looked to the naked eye, without the warpaint and feathers of romance, and Mr. Lennon was good enough to tell me.

A grim, taciturn person the Indian appears to have been; marvellously skilful in the hunt, but a trifle lazy, leaving all the hard work to the squaws; and cold and ungenerous. Here and there one was discovered who became a good servant, but, as a rule, the Indian was frigidly indifferent to the personal concerns of his master, would dart off like a shot when the woods began to call him, and did not care two straws whether he ever saw his master again. War being denied him, the chase was the passion of his life, and he had refined it to the subtlety of an art.

"There remains in my mind," said the director of the trappers, "a picture very typical of the times. In those days the free traders, as we called them, flourished in the north, and they were always trying to buy up skins under our noses. The Indian did not mind, of course. He was always willing to sell to anybody, providing the price was good and the sale entailed no trouble to himself. We had to go out looking for the big hunters to get in first. There was a fellow named Mukakos, otherwise 'The Keg,' who was the best hunter I ever knew. One winter I followed him for days, in snowshoes, to get his furs. It was the middle of the night, and bright moonlight, when I crossed a low hill and came to the shore of a lake. The snow and the birches shone like silver, and the balsams were a vivid green. On the shore was a painted wigwam, and in front of it stood Mukakos, his wife, his two children and three dogs. The squaw held a blazing bark flambeau over her head. Mukakos, peering into a hole in the ice, was shouting 'Kustcha, Kustcha!' which means 'Catch him!' to his dog. I stopped where I was, bewitched by the picture. Then Mukakos's arm shot into the water. He dragged out two beavers, and the hunt was over. His stock was eighty beaver skins, six bear skins, twenty mink skins, and four otters, and I took them all. Some were useless, for it was hard to persuade the Indian not to catch out of season; but, all the same, the haul was a good one.

"To my mind beaver-catching is the finest sport on earth. It is done in winter, for summer skins are useless. You look about for a small lake with a running stream, and there, near the outlet, you may find a beaver's house, shaped like a haycock, and wonderfully built of wood and mud and stones. Being a clean and tidy animal, the beaver will only build near a stream, so that the refuse and waste wood—he feeds only on bark—will be carrie away from the neighborhood of his house. Across the stream he builds a dam to regulate the height of water in the lake, so that when the frost comes the entrance to his house will be under water, and not blocked up by ice. He is a tender creature, and does not like cold. In case his house is destroyed he cuts about half a dozen tunnels of refuge from the borders of the lake. In each colony there may be half a dozen beavers. The father and mother occupy the lower floor of the house; the young ones are in the upper storey. Touch the dam and the beavers become alarmed immediately.

"The first thing we do, on finding the settlement, is to smash the house with axes. At the first blow the beavers disappear, and swim under the ice. Their only refuge is the tunnels, and it is then that the finesse of the game begins. Our apparatus is an ice-chisel, a crescent stick, and an Indian dog. We tap the edge of the ice with the chisel, and where it sounds hollow there is a tunnel. We break the ice, feel for the walls of the tunnel with the crescent stick, and having found them set a piece of brushwood at the mouth of the opening, and dam the escape to the lake. The moment the brushwood is shifted we know that the beaver is in. We put the dog on the trail, and he scents the animal through the snow and earth, and sits down above him. An Indian taps on the surface. The frightened animal darts for the water, and an Indian catches him with his hand, taking care to grip one of the hind legs. He cracks the head with the tomahawk—and then we go on to another tunnel. The expert can tell what bark the beaver has been feeding on by the flavor of the meat. Occasionally we trap the beaver by setting a baited trap in the water before his house, taking care that the bait is a delicate bark which does not grow in the neighborhood of the house; but trenching is the better sport.

"Bears? Oh, we caught the black bear either with a snare or a deadfall. That is comparatively easy. After his winter hibernation the black bear seeks the streams where the 'suckers' go up to spawn. He steps into the river and throws the fish ashore, to let it become nice and ripe before he eats it. His runway, or trail, becomes as well marked as the King's highway, and along that we lay a snare, weighted with heavy logs, and furnished with a hidden noose, which catches the animal by the neck and suffocates him. Once I saw a bear which had been caught in the middle of the body; the skin was cut right in two.

"It is only during the rutting season, about June, that the bear is dangerous to man. Mukakos, the great hunter, once told me of a remarkable sight he saw in that month. Coming up to the post in his canoe, he heard a great roaring and snarling, and creeping up a mound he saw thirteen bears engaged in a battle royal on the other side—the males fighting for the females. 'Why didn't you shoot one?' I asked. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'I didn't want to let them know I was there.' That is typical of the Indian. He does not take unnecessary risks in the hunt. Mukakos would have been sure of a bear, but the other bears would have been sure of him.

"Give him a fair chance, and the Indian fears nothing. I once had a squaw in my service—a big, raw-boned woman, as strong as a moose. One day she was walking along in her snowshoes, when her small boy saw a bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where she was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out, and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged. I gave her ten dollars for the skin, so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a 'yard'—that is, the snow-clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up, and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort. He crept up and got the female with his tomahawk. The male was driven to fury, and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a hoof would have put him out of business in close order. Having no gun, the Indian improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, stuck his sharp file into

GEORGE H. LENNON
He knows the Indians and the "breeds," the mighty hunters of the north.

the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins, and shot the beast through the heart.

"In one respect the skill of the Indian has not been exaggerated. His woodcraft is marvellous. Set an Englishman in a virgin forest, and he is lost. Put an Indian there, and he takes the straight, easy path. By day he seems to trust to instinct; the set of the foliage and the distribution of the moss give him the points of the compass. By night he reads the stars. He knows every trail there is, he knows the habits of the beasts and the birds, and he can imitate their calls with perfect exactitude. I have seen him make a sort of megaphone out of birch bark, climb a tree, imitate the cry of a moose in the rutting season, and shoot the animals as they came up to answer the call.

"Out in Labrador, on the borderland of the Esquimaux country, the Indians are as yet uncontaminated by white men, and are still mighty hunters. Every August they leave for the tablelands, taking ammunition and food with them. As they penetrate the forest they hang small bags of flour on the trees, to keep them alive on the way back, in case fresh food fails. Their first business is to track the reindeer, to lay up a store of meat for the winter—and also, of course, for the sake of the skins, which feel like velvet when properly dressed by an Indian. Then they trap the marten, whose skin is almost as valuable as a Russian sable, and when the hunt is over they come back laden with precious skins, which go to London to be sold.

"Thirty years ago I remember a sale of buffalo skins in Montreal which produced £14,000. There are no buffaloes now, except for the small herd preserved by the Canadian Government. The buffalo has gone, and the redskin is going. By the natural degeneration of inferior races, he is becoming a half-breed, with all the vices and none of the virtues of his white father and his Indian mother. And, in spite of the vast resources of our virgin forests, it has become necessary to protect the big game of the Dominion. Where the railways go, the beasts dwindle, as the navvies shoot them, regardless of season, for fresh meat. Our forest rangers are now game wardens, invested with the powers of police magistrates, and, by restricting our shooting licenses, and instituting close seasons—even close years—when necessary, we hope to preserve the rich animal life of the country.

"On the shores of Lake Temagami I visited an Indian village. The Hudson's Bay post was at the head of the settlement; the rest of it consisted of the huts and tents of the Indians. The girls trooped down to the quay immediately the steamer was sighted, giggling with the boisterousness of a bank Holiday party. As their gestures showed, they were highly critical of the personal appearance of the visitors, but they were shy and restive when approached by the photographer of the party. With the flux of time they have nearly all become half-breeds, and they bear names which perpetuate the memory of the early Scottish settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. A lithe young woman, whiter than many Britishers, who wore gold bracelets, a pendant gold watch, patent leather shoes, and a Peckham Rye costume, answered to the name of Finn. There were Macleans, McKenzies, Frasers and Fridays, and some of them, in the matter of costume, would have done credit to an Eastertide excursion to Brighton. Yet the men, in spite of their European cloth trousers, retain their old skill in the hunt, and it is to the half-bred Indian of Temagami that the sportsman still turns when he wants to go out into the virgin forest on the trail of the bear, the beaver, and the moose, and it is from the Macleans and the McKenzies that the Hudson's Bay factor still obtains his richest spoils of fur."

OUT OF THE SEA

BY ELIZABETH MUNGOR

SOMETIMES blue at the foot of the cliffs,
Sometimes green 'neath the red sailed skiffs,
Sometimes gray in the offing, lies
The opaline sea under smiling skies.

With the setting sun the glories die
Out of the sea and out of the sky,—
A gleam of light—then grayness falls;
And the troubled sea sends hurrying calls.

Not sky, nor sea, nor heart, nor wave
Can ever the gleam of dear love save;
For the sea sinks back and love will die,
And the light will fade from heart and sky.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

MR. HOUGH *IS* A YANKEE

LIKE a prompt echo from a shot comes a letter from an esteemed Mr. Dean, of Halifax, Nova Scotia—Mr. J. M. Dean—who reads us a lesson in loyalty, being moved thereto by our announcement of Mr. Hough's "The Sowing." This announcement was made in our July number, and the ink of it could not have been much more than dry before Mr. Dean got his, and read it, and was wroth. "I call in question, most seriously," he says, "the propriety of a Canadian magazine lending itself to the propagation of a suggestion from a Yankee that for any reason whatsoever, or at any time, Canada should be shaken in her place as an integer of the Empire," and more to that effect.

Mr. Dean's view of loyalty is of the kind that puts accustomed error above the best good of the country. To be patriotic does not imply being hidebound. The best good of the Empire and all of its integers is to be served by fearless change where change is needed, not by a blind continuance of policies that may be working harm. Open and frank consideration of public questions is the plain duty of all who have at heart the real interests of the Empire and all parts of the Empire, and no subject in the purview of this generation is more vital to the whole country than the one Mr. Hough has chosen for his new work. Mr. Hough *is* a Yankee, but that has nothing to do with the case. No patriotic Englishman or Canadian can afford to deny him a hearing, since the matter comes directly home to the personal interest of every individual in the land. As a Yankee, Mr. Hough is free to say what he likes about the Empire's duty and Canada's place as one of its integers, so long as he speaks with conviction and sincerity. Nobody need fear that he is going to corrupt the loyalty or patriotism of Canada. We cannot shut the lips of an honest man to the expression of an opinion so important to our people. Therefore, Mr. Dean's question of propriety touches not us, and his accusation of a disloyal propagation falls to the ground in the face of the facts. Still we thank him, for objection is an open privilege, and can result only in good, since it promotes discussion where discussion is needed.

CAHOKIA

HERE, in Canada, we are almost as much French as we are English. The French tongue, French customs, French laws, in short French life is as strong as it was in the days of Frontenac. In the United States, beyond the French Quarter in New Orleans and a few parishes in Louisiana, there is practically nothing that is French except a mass of names in the Mississippi Valley and a large number of persons who hardly realize whence come their dark eyes and restless intelligence.

Once the great interior of the whole continent was held by the French, whose natural characteristics seemed more fitted than those of the English to survive in the struggle for the land. The French priests were both brave and tactful. The French settlers combined hardihood with square dealing. But the fortune of war was with the English, especially south of the Great Lakes, and from the Northwest Territory of the United States, the rule of the French has faded away.

FRENCH COURT HOUSE FROM CAHOKIA
The oldest public building in Illinois

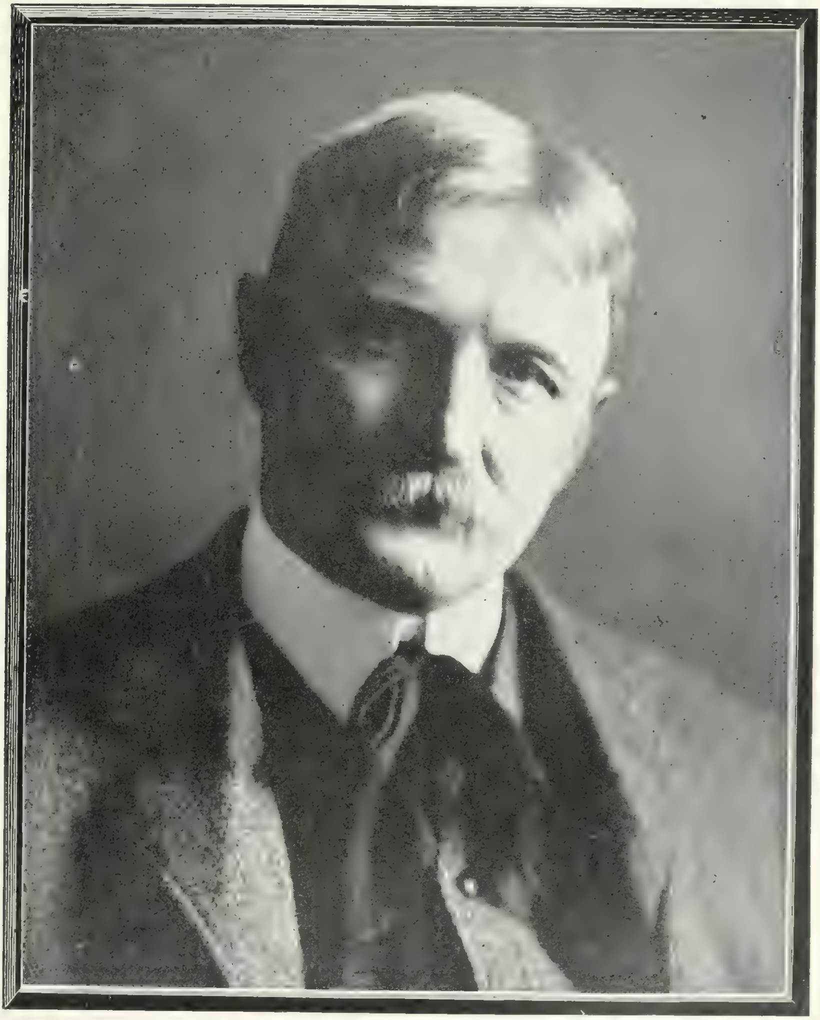
"What's in a name?" The word Cahokia looks queer and sounds queerer. Yet to Canadians who are French as well as English, the name is of interest as that of the last survival of French Empire in the State of Illinois.

In that State the only traces of their empire remain in the name of an occasional street, club, building or town—and Cahokia. Kaskaskia has succumbed to the uncertain Mississippi and Cahokia alone remains, the real survival of French rule in Illinois. This village still retains the law of France in 1700, long since abandoned in France itself, just as the French Canadian still uses many of the expressions of the Norman sailor of the seventeenth century. Cahokia was established under a rule of French Government which required the village commandant to reserve a tract of land for a common field in which each inhabitant had a share according to the size of his family, and to-day the common lands still belong to the village. But, sad to say, after the lapse of these many years, the village is not so prosperous as it was in the good old days when the times of sowing and reaping were subject to the enactment of the village senate. Cahokia is bankrupt. A modern court has enjoined the supervisor, George Lepeich, from collecting the rental of the lands, and a receiver has been appointed.

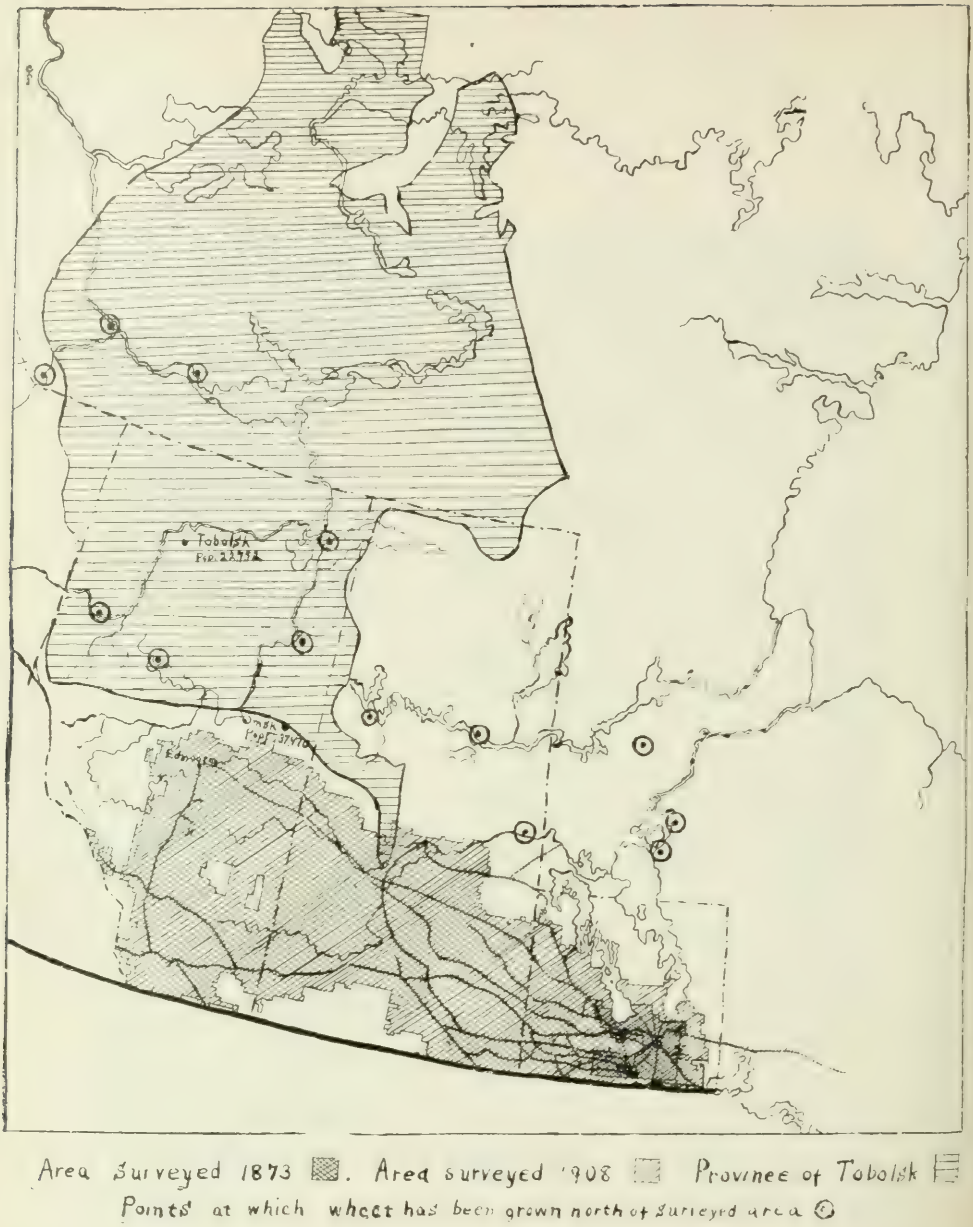
Illinois is the epitome of all that is "American" and new—brand new—but for that very reason the people have a great interest in old things and old customs. Two years ago the Chicago Historical Society moved the court house, the oldest public building in the State, from Cahokia, and placed it under the trees of Jackson Park, where it guards the first public documents of the French, English and United States Governments. Now the plight of Cahokia has roused public interest, and it is probable that this "leaf from a rare old book" will not be allowed to perish. The Frenchman from Canada when he is wearied and homesick in the midst of the hurly-burly of Chicago, can run down to Cahokia, and there find himself at home.

THOSE ISOTHERMAL LINES

THE accompanying map illustrates emphatically the truth that isothermal lines pay no attention to lines of latitude. The Siberian province of Tobolsk, which is shown superposed upon Canada and within its own geographical north-and-south position, is seen to lie wholly north of the settled



EMERSON HOUGH


Tobolsk
Pop. 22,752
Omsk
Pop. 37,470
Edmonton
Area surveyed 1873 ▨. Area surveyed 1908 ☐ Province of Tobolsk ▤
Points at which wheat has been grown north of surveyed area ⊙

Map of Western Canada with the Siberian Province of Tobolsk superposed in its correct degree of longitude

region of Canada West, its southern boundary being about a hundred miles north of Edmonton, or more than five degrees poleward from the United States boundary. In that vast northern region, extending to within the Arctic circle, there is a population of a million and a half, with cities of twenty to thirty thousand people each—all of it and all of them lying in what used to be called the frozen north, and all far beyond the great grain and grazing lands of the Canadian western provinces. There is no "north" in the old sense that north means cold and sterility. This one Russian province, reaching up to the Arctic seas, exceeds in population the whole of the Canadian prairie provinces, and in 1900, the last year for which statistics are available, it raised and marketed 6,480,000 bushels of wheat, 31,130,358 bushels of rye, 972,916 bushels of barley, and 10,617,823 bushels of oats. In that year also it exported $1,500,000 worth of butter.

The weather lines that sweep around the northern hemisphere swing up from the valley of the Ohio, and touch the Arctic edge of Asia, leaving the splendid reaches of the Canadian prairies away to the south, and carrying long summer days of warm and brilliant sunshine far into the Alaskan and Siberian interior. Of all that stretch of country on both sides of the Pacific the westermost Canadian provinces are the more especially favored in climate, because nothing but the Rocky range, thinner and lower there than anywhere else, lies between them and the Pacific waters with their broad warm current from the Sea of Japan, mother of the chinook winds. The valley of the Peace River in Alberta has developed the greatest wheat producing power in the world, yet it lies in what used to be thought the domain of perpetual snow; and far above that are vast plains—both American and Asiatic — where the wheat crop every year presents the most substantial of all possible proofs of the newly discovered fact that below the glacier line that rings the apex of the world, there is no "north."

RECOGNITION FROM AN AUTHORITY

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, who created the *National Magazine*, and by sheer force of personal genius has carried it forward to a very high prosperity, is pleased to congratulate CANADA-WEST upon its quality and popularity. "You have a first-rate magazine for the home, the office and the study," he says, "and every issue of it has a strong meaning for those who are giving thought and effort to building up your big new country. Your success has not been surprising to me, because an earnest public policy and a clean, strong literary tone will always command broad recognition for any publication; but such a perfect blending of these things is not often seen. You have honestly won your success, and you will grow with your opportunities, and up there in your broad new Canada, those opportunities are going to be greater than most of us have realized as yet."

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SOMEHOW GOOD

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN began literary work late in life, but the three novels he has given to the world have placed him among the chosen few who are true interpreters. He is a literary brother of Dickens, Thackeray and George Meredith. When the reader pauses to compare him with any of his predecessors, only the greatest are called to mind. His "Alice-for-Short" and "Joseph Vance" delighted a public weary of insipid or vulgar society novels and exaggerated historical romances. His third and latest novel, "Somehow Good," makes it evident that Mr. DeMorgan has not exhausted his rich vein. He is mining the world about him. He has the seer's insight and a buoyant heart that enable him to go on producing studies from life with a fullness and truth unsurpassed by Dickens or Thackeray.

"Somehow Good" is in every way a remarkable book. It is written with a purpose. The lines on the title page give the author's text. They are:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

The volume is a regular "three-decker," but its length does not pall on the reader. For his purpose the author required a large canvas. The host of people in "Somehow Good" could never have moved about in a narrow world. The story demands concentration of the faculties to thoroughly enjoy it. It is not a book for idle people or idle moments. Every page throbs with life and keen observation illumines all its chapters. It is an oddly told story. The author knows this, and on one occasion makes a finely critical remark on his workmanship.

"Our story," he says ,"is like the scherzo in one respect; it has to be given in detached jerks—literary, not musical—and these jerks don't come at stated intervals at all. . . . . However, it you want to know its remaining particulars, you will have to brace yourself up to tolerating an intermittent style."

Much bracing is not needed. Few will grow impatient of the splendidly natural manner in which the souls in "Somehow Good" are made to reveal themselves; and many will turn to the book a second time to learn life from it.

In his character-drawing, Mr. DeMorgan resembles Dickens; in his reflections on life he recalls Thackeray, although he never sins as does that brilliant cynic by lengthy asides with the "gentle reader." However, without being in any way an imitator, he has fallen into George Meredith's manner of workmanship, but is less obscure and more objective. Indeed he is himself always and only resembles the greatest. He is a true interpreter of life who has taken the English world about him, and by subtle analysis and wise observation made it live on the pages of his book.

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI

CY WARMAN'S new book, "Weiga of Temagami," is a collection of tales of the great north woods, the Highlands of Ontario, and the plains of the new Canadian West. The title is taken from the leading story. All the tales and the lyrics that appear with them have separately seen the light before, but in this collected form they acquire a new meaning, dealing as they do with the primitive peoples and primitive things and conditions that either have passed or are rapidly passing away. The book preserves much of the Indian legend and myth that used to hover over the old wild places. We see Gitche Manitou and Nitche Manitou battling like huge phantoms for the destinies of the wild folk and their country. The stories are sympathetically told, and simply, as befits their elemental kind. Some of them are weirdly fine—such as old Meniseno's account of "How God Made Temagami," and the happenings that kept Pere, the Indian, from being a Christian. The name story of "Weiga" and another, "Belle of Athabaska," are fine examples of purity and simplicity in narration. The whole book is better than interesting. It is a valuable contribution to the records of a people and a time whereof too little is being preserved.

Mr. Warman's name needs no fresh introduction to Canadians. Many of the stories in this new book first appeared in CANADA-WEST, to which he is a frequent and valued contributor.

The volume is handsomely illustrated, beautifully printed and given an attractive and characteristic cover in colors.

THE RED YEAR

THE Indian Mutiny has inspired many writers of tragedy and romance. The latest producer of books to be moved to use this theme is Louis Tracy. His story, "The Red Year," traces the progress of the Mutiny from its outbreak at Meerut to the second relief of Lucknow. The novel is not a great one. As a romance it is weak, and it fails, when critically examined, from the point of view of history. The author has gone over ground that has been ably treated by a hundred historians, but he adds nothing new. His characters are not drawn with a pencil that makes them living realities. It would have been better had he given a brief and popular account of the important incidents of the Mutiny without resorting to romance at all. His story of the love of Frank Malcolm for Winnifred Mayne is lost in a multiplicity of detail. However, it may attract some readers who would not have looked into the book had it boldly announced itself as history. After reading this romance with tragic interludes carefully, one is forced to the conclusion that the Mutiny as depicted in Roberts' "Forty-One Years in India" is far more entertaining reading. But "The Red Year" is a

CY WARMAN

Mr. Warman, who contributed "With the Locating Engineer," "In the Ruins," etc. to CANADA-WEST, has recently published a volume of short stories under the title "Weiga of Temagami."

romance only in title and make-up. It is history, one-sided history at that, with the thinnest sugar-coating of romance to make it palatable.

THE FOLK AFIELD

IT HAS been a subject of reproach to English authors that they have not produced short stories to compare with those by continental writers. There is Kipling, of course—but he stands in a class by himself, without a master and without a famous pupil, although he has had many imitators. France has given the world many brilliant men of talent and genius who, in the compass of a few hundred words, give, with consummate art, emotions, passions and incidents in the rich setting of stories. In "The Folk Afield," a collection of fourteen short stories, Eden Phillpotts challenges comparison with the best writers on similar lines in Europe. He has been a globe-trotter, and in his travels in Italy, France, the Canaries, the Caribbean Sea, Egypt and Syria, his vivid imagination wove romances or tragedies round striking natural objects that appealed to his eye. This collection shows life under various phases in many lands, but it has a unity of purpose. The author aims at showing (and he has succeeded admirably) "how much in common of condition the folk possess, despite essential differences of race and tradition." The volume abounds in romance, tragedy and comedy. There is not a dull page in it, not a story that would not repay close study.

THE BARRIER

THE Yukon is the rugged stage on which the story in "The Barrier" is acted. The reader who is not over-critical will find this romance by Rex Beach an attractive one. There is abundant action, a variety of characters, many descriptive touches of river and mountain scenery, and a love story with a very satisfactory ending. But "The Barrier" is, on the whole, too melodramatic, and the characters act too often after the manner of the dramatis personæ in a third-class theatre. Necia, the heroine, considering her education and environment, is an impossibility. The author, too, frequently sins by putting on the lips of his rude miners language that would be better suited to men of education. However, he has created one admirable character that should make "The Barrier" popular—Poleon Doret, of the Great Heart, a rough voyageur with the "fret of travel" on him. He is thus described by Necia in the opening chapter:

"Do you remember that first day when he drifted, singing, into sight around the bend up yonder? He had paddled his birch-bark from the Chandelar without a thing to eat; hunger and hardship only made him the happier, and the closer he drew his belt the louder he sang."

And at the close when his dream of love was dispelled he paddled away in search of his "New Countree," singing "long and lustily, keeping time to the dip of his flashing paddle, and defying his bursting heart."

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Somehow Good." By William De Morgan. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

"Weiga of Temagami." By Cy Warman. Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Boston: H. M. Caldwell and Co.

"The Red Year." By Louis Tracy Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

"The Folk Afield." By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

"The Barrier." By Rex Beach. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.

PANORAMA OF SUDBURY WITH CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY PROPERTY

TO SUDBURY

BY GRACE WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Canada is almost broken in two by Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes; commercially, this division is emphasized by the wild, rugged character of the picturesque neck of land that lies between the two bodies of water. Yet during several months of the year, when commerce by water is closed by the ice, the only communication between the old Provinces of the East and the growing, thriving West is by rail through the wilds of New Ontario. For many years a single pair of rails was sufficient to direct the flow of Western produce to the East, but with the tremendous rise of agriculture on the prairies, this line has grown entirely inadequate—is being glutted, dammed with grain and cattle from the West. If this line is not given speedy relief by the construction of parallel roads, the rising tide of Western business, checked in its flow toward the East, will find other outlets. Given, on one hand, a deep water-way through the Mississippi and on the other, the operation of the far-seeing sagacity of a James J. Hill, and, presto—the commercial unity of Canada is broken in two.

For this reason the completion of the new Canadian Northern line from Toronto to Sudbury is of much more than local significance, since it reduces by over a third the distance between the terminus of the eastern lines at Toronto and the present converging at Port Arthur of their great network through the western wheat regions; and leaves only a five hundred mile gap in this system which is to carry Winnipeg wheat to the Atlantic.

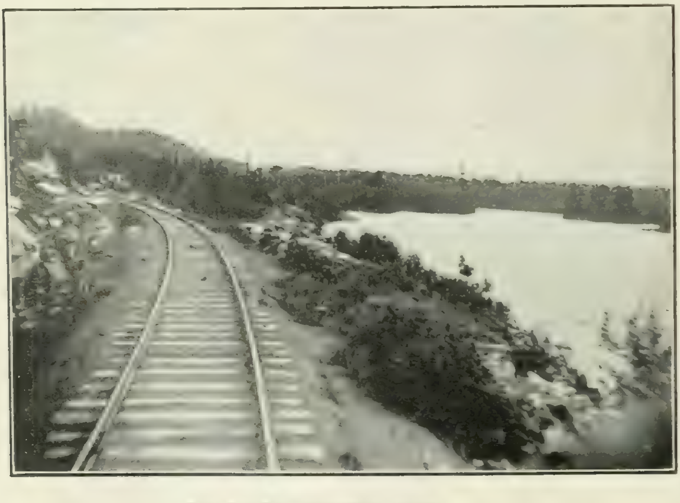
The immediate importance of the new road is, of course, local. It connects Toronto directly with the mineral ranges adjacent to Sudbury, opens up vast forest riches and will be a joy to the sportsman and the seeker after the picturesque.

The construction was accomplished in record time; two years from Toronto to Parry Sound, and eighteen months from Parry Sound to Sudbury; and this too in the face of great natural difficulties. The country is rough and rocky, the rivers that flow into Georgian Bay are broad and deep. Over 2,223,000 pounds of dynamite were used in blasting 1,260,000 cubic yards of solid rock, and between Toronto and Sudbury forty-four steel structure bridges have been erected, aggregating 8,000 feet in length. The cost of construction averaged $45,000 a mile as against $20,000 to $25,000 in the prairie sections of the same system. But the

RAGGED FALLS, WAHNAPITAE RIVER, FROM THE TRAIN

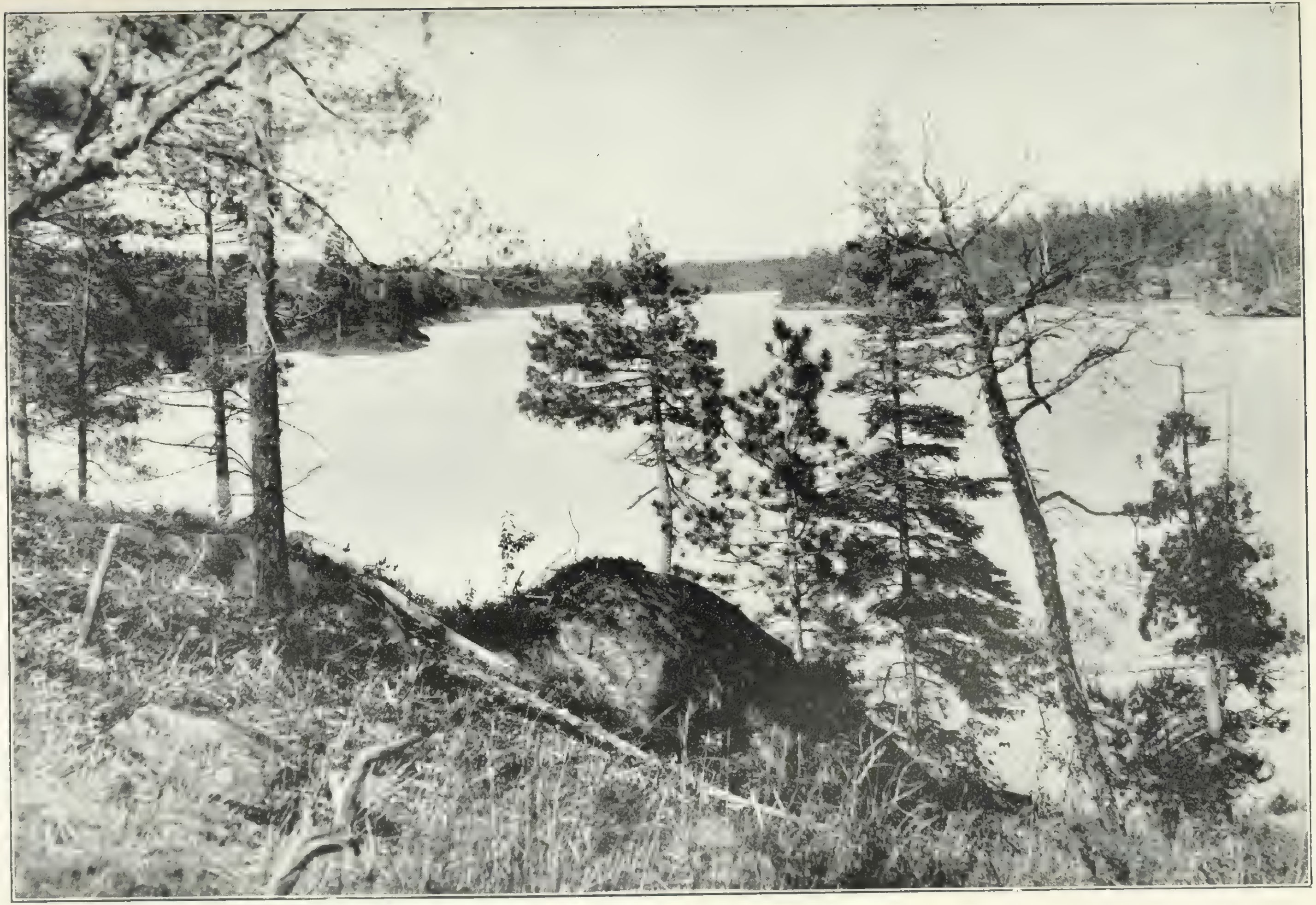
company has its reward; a well-known expert after the first trip over the finished road pronounced it "the finest new road" he had ever seen.

To the business man the most interesting part of the new line is the branch from Sudbury to Moose Mountain—a wonderful little road literally ballasted with gold, and crossing three mineral belts in its thirty short miles. First, the rails span the Vermilion River, whose gold-bearing gravel was used in ballasting the roadbed, then pass over a rich nickel range, and finally end sheer against the solid iron masses of Moose Mountain. Mr. R. H. Ahn, a mining expert of Aurefield near Sudbury, is getting as high as $3.60 a ton from the gravel of the Vermilion, and has examined the nickel range with most satisfactory results.



ONE OF THE UNNAMED LAKES

The Moose Mountain deposit of iron is admittedly one of the best and biggest in the world and is already being extensively worked. In connection with it,



HARTLEY'S BAY, FRENCH RIVER, LOOKING EAST FROM THE BRIDGE

KEY RAPIDS, NEAR KEY INLET CROSSINGS.

the Canadian Northern is developing a port at Key Harbor, sixty miles away on Georgian Bay Here an immense viaduct has been built for unloading ore trains and loading vessels—and the harbor is five hundred miles nearer the ore-receiving ports of Lake Erie than are the mines of Lake Superior. In August the first shipments of ore were made, and with the completion of a smelter at Toronto a great new "home grown" Canadian industry will have been established.

Since the opening of the new line on the fourth of July, tourists and sportsmen have been flocking into this now accessible region. The hundreds of silvery lakes, many of them nameless, the rivers and the woods are a paradise for the fisherman or hunter, while the wild beauty of the Georgian Bay coast, the rocky hills and the dashing rapids and waterfalls have attracted lovers of the picturesque. The route is beautiful even from the beginning. As it leaves Toronto it passes up the valley of the Don with its rich and quiet landscape; then through the lake country to the shore of Georgian Bay. Between Parry Sound and Sudbury, river after river is crossed, each more beautiful than the last; though it is hard to choose between the untouched loveliness of the Still, the restless, rushing waters of the Wahnapitae, and the broad reaches of the mighty French.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE PICKEREL RIVER

But after all, though the new road immediately creates a great industry and exploits the riches of a magnificent mineral range and opens up a region of surpassing beauty, it is as a link in the future transcontinental, as a long step toward Port Arthur and the grain elevators of the West that the Canadian Northern line to Sudbury rejoices the Canadian of loyal vision.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

THE TENNIS GIRL

WITH merry laugh and trip and whirl,
She comes again—the tennis girl!
With ruddy glow upon her face,
Takes once again her wonted place;
She *serves*—ah me, I, too, would serve;
Receives with rare precision met—
If I the ball, 'twould be a *let!*
She loves me, for I heard her say,
"*Love all!*"—it was but yesterday,
And so, because I like the sport,
I stay around the grounds—and *court!*

ALL IN BROGUE

"OI HEAR they do be sindin' messages now widout woires er poles. Faith, it's wondherful toimes we're livin' in, Dinnis!"

"It is, Moike. Shure, th' way things is goin' we'll be able t' thravel widout lavin' home wan av thim days."

A traveller, finding that he had a couple of hours in Dublin, called a cab and told the driver to drive him around for two hours. At first all went well, but soon the driver began to whip up his horse so that they narrowly escaped several collisions.

"What's the matter?" demanded the passenger. "Why are you driving so recklessly? I'm in no hurry."

"Ah, g'wan wid yez," retorted the cabby. "D'ye think I'm goin' to put in the whole day drivin' you around for two hours! Gitup!"

Mrs. Fogarty (in fashionable restaurant)—Now, fer goodness sake, Mike, don't order Irish stew.

Mr. Fogarty—All right, I won't dear. Waither, fetch me ayther some Hibernian Suey, or Celtic Goulash!

Finegan—And was you th' best mon at Muldoon's wedding, Casey?

Casey (with both eyes blacked)—Naw; I only t'ought I was.

Dolan (with magazine)—Begorra! but thot's a strange hallucynation! An ostrich thinks he's out av soight whin he puts his head in th' sand.

Mrs. Dolan—How loike a man whin he puts his head in a silk hat!

"JERRY" KEEPS SUNDAY.

By Osborne Scott.

NOW you know that the Sunday Observance Act in Canada is a very strict measure, and the Grand Trunk Pacific officials have issued instructions that it is to be observed as far as is practicable in laying the road of their new transcontinental railway.

When Cy Warman, the Canadian

railroad story writer, took the managing editor of the *Washington Post* in a private car to show him how they made three miles of railroad a day in Western Canada, "Jerry" Riordan was in charge of the work where the managing editor started sight-seeing. Jerry saw them get off the official car and promptly decided that they were officials. Something Jerry said in his greeting put "Cy" wise to Jerry's mistake, and he was not slow to take advantage of it.

Jerry was explaining to Cy and his friend the different works and how they were accomplished, when Jerry remarked, "When we were puttin' down a frog last Sunday ——"

"What? Sunday!" said Cy.

"Sathurday, Sathurday," replied the old Irishman. "Did Oi say Sunday? Sure it was Sathurday."

"When I had the gang puttin' down that siding—I think it was Sunday——"

"What!" said Cy.

"There, now, you don't care so very much, do you really, if I did do a little turn on Sunday? The work's got to be done, and if Sunday is fine we get busy."

"You're wise," said Cy.

"I'll tell you a story about that same workin' on Sunday," said Jerry.

"It was last Sunday—me and the foreman were puttin' down a frog which just had to go in on Sunday. I was down on me knees when a young farmer with the zeal of ould Wesley in his heart rode into camp.

"When he caught sight of me scrapin' a little dirt to make it go down level, 'Where's the Chief of Police?' says he.

"The foreman pointed to me and says, 'That's our Chief.'

"The farmer rode up on the dump. 'Are ye the Chief of Police?'

"'I am the Chief,' says I, wonderin' what was comin'.

"'Don't ye know,' says he, 'that ye kin be arrested for workin' on Sunday?'

"I gets next and says I in a whisper for him only to hear, 'Don't say a warrd, don't say a warrd; I got seven of them workin' now, by noon I'll have the whole damn gang working, and all in jail by sundown.'

"He went away satisfied."

AN INSATIABLE APPETITE

PUBLICAN — And how do you like being married, John?

John—Don't like it at all.

Publican—Why, what's the matter wi' she, John?

John—Well, first thing in the morning it's money; when I goes 'ome to my dinner it's money again; and at supper it's the same. Nothing but money, money, money!

Publican—Well, I never! What do she do wi' all that money?

John—I dunno. I ain't given her any yet.

DEFINED

"PAW, what is a philosopher?"

"He's a man, my son, who can eat sawdust and make himself think it's ice cream."

"Paw, what is a sociologist?"

"A sociologist, my boy, is a person who can inspect a garbage can and find enough material in it for a long lecture on the needs of society."

PUT OUT OF COMMISSION

ABERNETHY was supposed to influence people by a brusqueness amounting to absolute rudeness. It is related that one day a very voluble lady took her daughter, who was ill, to see him.

"Which of you two wants to consult me?" said Abernethy.

"My daughter," replied the elderly woman.

Abernethy then put a question to the girl. Before she had a chance to reply her mother began a long story. Abernethy told her to be quiet, and repeated his question to the girl. A second time the woman began a story, and a second time he told her to be quiet—then she interrupted him a third time.

"Put your tongue out," he said to the mother.

"But there's nothing the matter with me," she exclaimed.

"Never mind, put your tongue out," he commanded.

Thoroughly overawed, the woman obeyed.

"Now keep it out," said Abernethy, and he proceeded to examine the girl.

CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

Vol. IV. London, October, 1908 No. 6

CONTENTS:

COVER DESIGN by F. D. SCHWALM

The Joys of the Road Decoration.	**Richard Hovey**	**Reverse Frontispiece**
Arthur Stringer Illustrating "The Canada Fakers."	**Arthur William Brown**	**Frontispiece**
The Canada Fakers Illustrated with Photographs	**Arthur Stringer**	1137
The Georgian Bay Canal Illustrated with Photographs.	**Arthur J. Forward**	1148
The Intruders Illustrated by Va-Tier L. Barnes.	**Madge Macbeth**	1153
The Sowing—Part II.	**Emerson Hough**	1159
Dawn Verse	**Arthur M. Dickenson**	1166
The Horse Thieves Fiction Illustrated by Va-Tier L. Barnes.	**J. J. Armstrong**	1167
Westward Bound in '79—Concluded	**Fannie Clark Clench**	1171
More Sonnets of an Office Boy Verse Illustrated by Florence Pretz	**Samuel Ellsworth Kiser**	1175
A Brother of the Sea	**Richard A. Haste**	1180
Modern Man and the Gospel Sixth Paper	**Shailer Matthews, M.A., D.D.**	1182
The Farthest North Greenhouse Illustrated with Photographs.	**Katherine Hughes**	1185
Paradise Verse	**Jane Rothwell**	1187
The Story of the Play Illustrated by Hugh Stuart Campbell.	**Hugh Stuart Campbell**	1188
Secrets Verse	**Agnes Lockhart Hughes**	1195
The Right Angle Illustrated with Photographs.		1196
Chestnuts and Cheese		1200

Issued Monthly. Price: Canada and Great Britain $1.00 a year. 10 cents the copy. United States $1.50 a year. 15 cents the copy.

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second class matter.

Subscriptions and inquiries relative to advertising rates may be sent to

Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, Publishers

SYLVESTER-WILLSON BUILDING, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA Telephone 5322

OFFICES AT

LONDON
382 Clarence St.

TORONTO
68 Victoria St.

MONTREAL
522 Board of Trade Bldg.

CHICAGO
1502 Marquette Bldg.

FUEL SAVING

WITH THE

CANADIAN AIR WARMER

To say that one ton of coal in the Canadian Air Warmer will do the work of two is a pretty strong statement, but when you consider the enormous heating surface and long fire travel, you will see the possibility of this being done.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES:

Absolutely perpendicular fire-pot.
Large circulating capacity for warm air
Great area of prime heating surfaces.
Double revertible smoke flues.
Long down fire travel.
Heavy sectional fire-pot.
Large double fuel doors.
Simply and easily cleaned.
Single cast-iron back pipe.
Burns any kind of fuel properly.
Triangular revolving grates for hard coal.
" Perfection Souris" grate for soft coal.
Special flat grate for wood
Easy to operate. Simple in construction.

The Canadian Air Warmer is all that its name implies, and never fails to please the user.

THE JAS. SMART MFG. CO., Limited

BROCKVILLE, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Long Winter Evenings

Should be put to the Best Possible Advantage
Here are Some Suggestions for Reading:

PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS AND COTTAGES
by Fred. T. Hodgson, architect; cloth binding, 250 pages, 300 illustrations........................ $1.00

HODGSON'S LOW COST HOMES
by Fred. T. Hodgson, architect, cloth binding, 225 pages, 300 illustrations...................... $1.00

FARM ENGINES AND HOW TO RUN THEM
by James H. Stevenson and other Expert Engineers; cloth binding, illustrated.................. .... $1.00

PLAIN GAS ENGINE SENSE
by E. L. Osborne; cloth binding... 50c

PICTURE MAKING, FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT
a treatise on Modern Photography by T. Stith Baldwin; cloth bdg. $1.25

DISEASES OF DOGS—THEIR CAUSES SYMPTONS AND TREATMENT
by Hugh Dalzie; paper cover...... 25c
cloth.......................... 50c

GLEASON HORSE TRAINING MADE EASY
by O. H. Gleason, V. S.; paper cover 25c
.... 50c

Address: THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO., Box 425, Winnipeg, Manitoba

HAMMOND

The Reliable Furrier

◆

Write for our
42nd
Season's
Catalogue

Hammond 430 Main St.
Winnipeg

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA
MAKES PEOPLE INDEPENDENT FOR LIFE

¶ Buy a farm there NOW—Two crops of winter or spring wheat will pay for it.

¶ We have for sale 30,000 acres of choice open prairie, south-east of Lethbridge, at from $10.00 to $12.00 per acre—easy terms.

¶ The top soil is deep chocolate loam, the sub-soil clay. Plenty of coal at $1.75 to $3.00 per ton, and pure water at twenty feet.

¶ Southern Alberta is all right, our land is all right, the price is all right, the time is right—hadn't you better all write, or call on

WATTERWORTH & McCAFFREY
53 Aikins Building, - - WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WE ALSO HAVE FOR SALE MANITOBA AND SASKATCHEWAN LANDS

CANADA-WEST CLASSIFIED

Read by over fifty thousand people every month. Rates: Two cents a word—numbers and initials counted as words. Copy must be in our Winnipeg general offices by the 15th of each month.

REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL

THE E. PETERSON CO.
Real Estate, Insurance, Rents Collected. 317 Portage Avenue, opp. Eaton's. Phone 2807. Winnipeg.

ACREAGE FOR MARKET GARDENING CLOSE TO the G. T. P. shops and yards, Winnipeg, on crop payments. Here is a fortune on a small investment.

FREE MAPS AND PICTURE BOOKS OF WESTERN Canada lands. Write to-day. Burchard-Hulburt Investment Co., St. Paul, Minn., or Winnipeg, Can.

SECURITY LAND COMPANY-IMPROVED FARM of 314 acres, good buildings, between Winnipeg and Portage ia Prairie, for $35 per acre. Also improved quarter-section near Shoho Branch, Sask., for $8 per acre. Security Land Company, Ltd., 706 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.

TO EXCHANGE—GOOD IMPROVED FARM IN Springfield, on electric line near Winnipeg. Will take city improved property for part payment, no cash necessary. Also wild section, has several hundred cords of wood, near Winnipeg. American Land and Loan Co., 14 Nanton block, Winnipeg.

KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS—ADJOINING TOWN, C. P. R. Station and lake, daily trains, splendid creek through property, fishing and hunting A1. Will take city property or agreements of sale in part payment. Kirton Orchard Co., 305 Kennedy Building, Portage avenue, Winnipeg.

WE BUY AGREEMENTS OF SALE. BALLS, DUNCAN & CO., Winnipeg.

WE SPECIALIZE IN FARM LANDS AND RECOMMEND the Winnipeg district. Close to market and no frosts. Our list of bargains (good until December 1st) cannot be equalled. Write for what you want. Harper & McCrae, Edward Building, Winnipeg, Man.

AGREEMENTS OF SALE PURCHASED FOR CASH —Reasonable discount. Crescent Land Co., 209 McIntyre, Winnipeg, Man.

W. J. CHRISTIE & CO.—OFFICES: UNION BANK Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Representing The Ontario Loan and Debenture Co., The London Life Insurance Co. (Loaning Department), The Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Co. Money loaned on improved farm security. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

F. W. HEUBACH, LTD., COR. MAIN & PORTAGE, Winnipeg, Manitoba—Investment brokers, rental and real estate agents. A special feature made of the management and the securing of property for non-residents and manufacturers. Correspondence invited from responsible people.

When writing mention that you saw the Ad. in Canada-West.

INSTRUCTION BY MAIL

WANTED—YOUNG MEN FOR FIREMEN AND brakemen; instruct you at home by mail. For free information send stamp to National Railway Training School (inc.) 400 Robert street, Room 68, St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

PERSONAL

WOULD YOU MARRY IF SUITED? MATRIMONIAL paper with advertisements marriageable people from all sections mailed sealed free. Through its columns you can make many pleasant acquaintances and find a congenial companion. W. Gunnels, Toledo, Ohio.

MEDICAL

KEELEY CURE FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS —No sickness. Permanent cure. The Winnipeg Keeley Institute is finest branch institute in America. Beautiful home in best residential portion of city. One of chain of fifty institutes which belts the world. Every comfort and privacy. Physician always in attendance. Only genuine and authorized dispensers of Keeley Cure in Western Canada. Write for particulars and booklet: "Neurasthenia and Inebriety." All correspondence confidential. Keeley Institute, Old Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

THE EVANS GOLD CURE PERMANENTLY CURES liquor habit in twenty eight days without any detention from business after first week; strictly private; thirteen years in Winnipeg. Information sent sealed in plain envelope. 299 Balmoral Street, Winnipeg. Phone 797.

Also state that you saw the Ad. in Canada-West.

PUBLICITY BUREAUS

COME TO THE FRASER RIVER VALLEY, THE farmers' paradise. Abundant yields of all kinds of fruit and other produce. Send for free booklet to Publicity Association, New Westminster.

WINNIPEG, CANADA—NO OTHER POINT IN Western Canada can present the same combined advantages for the Manufacturer or Investor as Winnipeg. Let us send you full information. Charles F. Roland, Industrial Commissioner, the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT sewing at home; whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance, charges paid; send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

CANVASSERS TO SELL TEAS, ETC., TO THE best families. Alfred Tyler, London Ont.

MEN - DON'T ACCEPT ANY KIND OF WORK until you hear from us. Make $10.00 per day selling the quickest seller on earth; 110,000 sold in Minneapolis; new article; new plan; costs seven cents; sells for 25c. Send 5 cents for two samples. Domestic Mfg. Co., Desk X4, Minneapolis, Minn.

Say you saw the Ad. in Canada-West.

BARBER COLLEGES

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE WANTS MEN TO learn the barber trade. Tools free. Only two months required. Now is an exceptionally good time to enter. Write or call for free illustrated catalogue. Come and see the largest barber shop in Canada. 225 Alexander avenue, Winnipeg.

Be sure you mention Canada-West.

CLOTHING

SUITS AND OVERCOATS ON EASY payment. Made to order in latest style from $25.00 up. Also ready-to-wear from $8.00 up. Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms to suit individual. Goods delivered on first payment. Western Instalment House, Suite 616, Ashdown Block, Winnipeg, Man. Phone 6526.

ERZINGER'S NO. 2 CUT PLUG

The BEST DOLLAR TOBACCO SOLD IN CANADA. If your dealer does not keep it, mail us your order.

JOHN ERZINGER **418 Main Street** **WINNIPEG**

CANADA-WEST CLASSIFIED (Continued)

EDUCATIONAL

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ORATORY, ELOCUTION and Acting—Director: Mr. Gilbert Shorter, late of London, Eng., New York, U. S. A. Thorough course Elocution, Public Speaking and Stage Training. Free Prospectus on application. 228 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

HOTELS

HOTEL CORONA, WINNIPEG, NOTRE DAME AVENUE EAST; rates $2.50 per day and upwards. W. J. O'Connor, proprietor.

TYPEWRITERS

BAKER AND GREGG, THE MONARCH VISIBLE typewriter, and rebuilt machines of all makes. 430½ Main street, Winnipeg.

THE EMPIRE, CANADA'S STANDARD TYPEWRITER; price $60; machines to rent; repairing. Aikens and Pepler, agents, 219 McDermott avenue, Winnipeg.

When writing advertisers mention Canada-West.

LAND
LARGE BLOCKS

LAND
MEDIUM BLOCKS

LAND
QUARTER SECTIONS

There is land and land. We only handle land that is land and we handle it in quantities to meet the requirements of everybody. We can sell you improved and unimproved land from quarter sections up.

It is our business to sell. Make it your business to get in touch with us at once.

Write or call on us for particulars of land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or British Columbia. We have it, and have it right.

Also Timber Limits, Fruit Lands, Coal Lands.

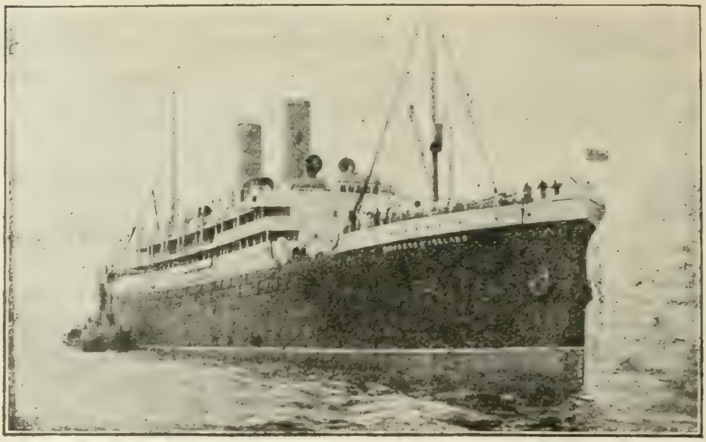
FRUIT & FARM LANDS CO.,
LIMITED,
622 UNION BANK BUILDING "C"
WINNIPEG - - CANADA.

Canadian Pacific Railway Atlantic Steamships

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

LARGEST
FINEST
AND
FASTEST
FROM
CANADIAN
PORTS

WEEKLY
SAILINGS



TWO DAYS
ON THE
ST. LAWRENCE
RIVER.
LESS THAN
FOUR DAYS
AT SEA

XMAS EXCURSIONS

"EMPRESSES"

RECORD PASSAGE: 6 days, 1 hour—port to port.

Length, 570 feet Breadth, 65½ feet Tonnage, 14,500

For sailings, rates and other information, apply to any railway or steamship agent, or to
GEO. McL. BROWN, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM

FOR
MAXIMUM COMFORT
USE
Canada's Double Track Railway

BETWEEN

**Chicago, Toronto, Montreal,
Niagara Falls, New York,
Philadelphia,
Boston**

FINEST ROAD BED.
MODERN & LUXURIOUS EQUIPMENT
UNEXCELLED DINING CAR SERVICE

4
FAST TRAINS
DAILY FROM CHICAGO

For Rates, Reservations, Time Tables, Etc., Apply to

A. E. DUFF

GENERAL AGENT - PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
260 PORTAGE AVE. - - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

FROM PETER JANSEN

TO THE EDITOR:—While I know no more about Mr. Hough's book, "The Sowing," than I have read in the notices and the part already printed, the position he takes and the conclusions he draws are clearly enough shown in these to raise a question whether the dangers he sees are real, and in fact whether events are not so shaping themselves that the danger to which Canada has been subjected by the English colonization idea is not already practically averted. The subject is one that interests me as, indeed, it must interest everyone who has interests in Canada, but my own experience and observation on the ground lead me to an understanding and conclusion different from Mr. Hough's, and not so gloomy.

A little over four years ago I negotiated with the Saskatchewan Valley and Manitoba Land Co. a purchase of Canadian Northern Railway lands about seventy-five miles from Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and took up there about three hundred of my countrymen, most of them the sons and daughters of a colony my father brought over from Southern Russia in the early seventies. I am a Mennonite, as were the colonists who came with me from Russia to Nebraska over thirty years ago. While we came from Russia, we are really a German people, having gone to Russia in the time of Catharine the Second. We are farmers by tradition and inheritance, and German farmers at that. But the colony I took to Saskatchewan was largely made up of men and women born in Nebraska and Kansas, and educated in English, and as much American in every outward thing as any others native here. They are of German descent, but American farmers one and all, and every family is comfortably provided with this world's goods. We went to Saskatchewan because there we could get large farms in a good country at a low price, the same as were found in Nebraska in 1874.

In looking for a place to locate my people, I travelled many thousand miles, especially in Canada, and I saw what was going on. After we had located ourselves, others began to come in around and among us, and some touches of what Mr. Hough seems to think is a threat to the country were not long in making their appearance. But I must say that in the five years since I first went up there, a great change for the better has taken place, and that Canada in my belief is going to show herself entirely able to take care of the English immigrants such as are now coming in, and to get benefit *from* them as well as confer benefit *on* them.

The reason I believe this is that we have a considerable number of city-bred English all around us at our colony, and that while most of them were discouraging to look at when they first came, and completely ignorant of everything about farming, they soon took hold and began to learn. They were honestly ambitious to make good in their new surroundings, and they were willing to work. I must say it seemed almost cruel that people so utterly inexperienced about farming should have been sent so many thousands of miles to a strange life, with the chances all against them, and only themselves to rely upon, so far as they could see, or as those who sent them could know. But there they were, and what was to be done?

Our people took an interest in these strange new neighbors, and as fast as they got acquainted, the new neighbors began to ask questions and advice. I do not think there are any better farmers anywhere than our people, and I know there are none more helpful. By precept and example, as you might say, they have helped these English city-folk to become farmers, and it is a genuine pleasure to me to be able to say they are becoming good farmers, good neighbors and good citizens.

Five years ago this class of immigrants was not so good. Many were pitiably weak, ignorant, poor and—lazy. I am sorry to use that word, but it is true. They did not want to work. Where they were herded in Canada and put together in neighborhoods by themselves, the result was disheartening. They did not stick together, they had none to teach them, they longed for the old life, and a great proportion of them drifted back to the slums of the cities and ports of Canada East. It looked as though English charity were unloading upon Canada, with perhaps the best of intentions, the dead ones of England. If that had been kept up, nobody can tell what the result might have been, but it has not been kept up. I know of neighborhoods and colonies other than the one I am interested in, where the same thing has happened that happened in our case. A good quality in the immigrant and a good neighborhood well farmed are all that is needed to produce good results. It is no use herding useless immigrants together, because then you simply produce a human sink, and it will drain away, leaving a bad smell. The change has been coming through taking better care in the selection of immigrants first, then in looking them over carefully and making sure they are all right before they are allowed to land, and finally in seeing that they get in among neighbors who know how to farm. If these things are followed out, the future will take care of all the rest.

It is just as well to remember, too, that all the poor specimens do not come from England. Canada has been trying to absorb some very hard and hopeless material from Eastern Europe. It is not narrow-spirited to say that while the country is broad, it is not broad enough to be cumbered by human beings who were mere incumbrances of their native soil, and who would be worse off here than there. A spirit of true Christian sympathy and human love would welcome to the Canadian plains the downtrodden, the oppressed, the poor of the world, if by bringing them here any good can be done them. But amongst the poor of the world there are many who are poor because they are the drainings of the race, the pus of great centres of corrupted life, and these we could not help. It is in checking the selection of such as these by the emigration authorities and charities of Europe that we can do good to those who do come. For those who want to work, and who have any strength to work, there is plenty of room in Canada, and plenty of helpful neighbors will lend them cheerful hands when they come.

As showing the way the wind shifts, I copy an Associated Press dispatch which tells its own story:

> St. Petersburg, August 8th.—The Foreign Office has received from the Canadian Government a warning against the emigration of unskilled laborers to Canada. There are openings in Canada for woman servants and experienced farm-hands financially able to purchase and lease land, but there is no work to be had on the railroads.

That shows something is being done in one right direction at least, which I trust will comfort Mr. Hough.

PETER JANSEN.

Jansen, Nebraska, September 8th, 1908.

THE POWER OF ASSIMILATION

To THE EDITOR:—The announcement in your July issue relative to the publication of Emerson Hough's new book, "The Sowing," proves foresight for CANADA-WEST, but lack of insight on the part of the author.

If you and your contributor have read the signs of the times aright, you must realize that the power of assimilation and not the fear of it makes nations.

Canada must develop the educational, social and commercial ability to remake human material if she is ever to deserve, let alone compel, the success of the Roman, Carthaginian or old English Empires.

I agree with you that Canada should decline the receipt of Mafia, Camorra, Whitechapel and Moulin Rouge men, but the healthy, sane and strong—never.

Point out to me the nation that failed to gather the different peoples of all ranks and classes, and unite them in one harmonious, prosperous, aggressive, national individuality, and I'll show you a weakling in the world's history.

I like our Dominion, and I believe one of your advance quotations from "The Sowing": "The newcomer in Canada will not remain Englishman, German, Yankee—he will become Canadian." How does Hough reconcile this statement with a previous one: "Her greatest concern should be over the average of her humanity."

Why fume and fuss about the "average of humanity," when it is admitted that all will become Canadians?

The book will stir up a feeling of uneasiness and arrest an active immigration policy. At the present time Canada is figuratively a hop-toad, consuming almost four times its weight daily, and feeling good over it—why make us feel like a boa constrictor—sleepy from a fullness of undigested food?

The articles you publish on Western Canadian development are more to my liking.

H. K. HARRIS.

Winnipeg, August 27, 1908.

GOVERNMENT ACTION

To THE EDITOR:—Mr. Hough's first article tells a truth where it says the answer to the question of Canadian settlement must be left to the years. But it seems to me the years are getting considerable aid through the action of the Federal Government last winter in stopping the bonus for immigrants who have been townsmen, tradesmen, or artisans, even though they intend to become farmers after their arrival here. The bonus is still paid on those who, in the Old Country, have been used to farming, railway construction work or domestic service, who by reason of their present condition, would be useful in settling and developing the Western Provinces.

New population comes to the cities and towns in the ordinary course of things. It needs no stimulus by immigration. But the prairies want new people, and it is the settled policy of government now to confine the inflow to the sort who would be useful there. The effect of this policy is seen in the decrease in number and increase in quality of those admitted this year. Mr. Hough's criticism of the colonization policy would have had more force if it had taken more notice of that policy. In fact, it would have been a sounder criticism if uttered a year or two ago.

In saying this, I take into account not only what he says in the part already published, but the very strong paragraphs from parts yet to come, which have appeared in the advance notices, particularly those which protest against allowing the philanthropic societies of Great Britain to send here the very poor of their cities. This sort of immigration has already been pretty well stopped, and the policy of the Federal Government is to stop it altogether. It seems to me that the authorities are doing all that can be done to correct the old evil at its source, and that Mr. Hough's kindly meant comments are, therefore, somewhat broad of the mark.

H. J. HUMPHRIES.

Toronto, Sept. 3rd, 1908.

WHAT CY WARMAN THINKS

To The Editor—In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough has sounded a note that ought to vibrate in the head of every economist and the heart of every humanitarian. What shall be done with and for the very poor?

His picture of the awful condition of the poor of the English cities is vivid enough to appal the stoutest, but it is true. It needed to be shown. This condition compels attention and imperatively demands an answer to the question of how it can best be changed. Other questions present themselves too: What are the agencies now at work for its amelioration, and what are those agencies able to show in the way of actual good accomplished? How is this *sirop de cadavre*, that is carrying a clogging death in the veins of nations, to be changed to healthy blood, coursing freely? No question ever needed answer more than that. Mr. Hough has stated its premise with total unreserve, asked it squarely, and shown the only answer that commends itself as natural and complete. He has done this with knowledge, human sympathy and proper courage.

I shall not quote his language. It is there, where all may read. Nothing could be clearer. Nor do I undertake to enlarge his arguments. But they force a feeling that these things need more than admission, or abstract discussion or even loosely-planned action. The kind of action he indicates, or any other that will exercise a genuine saving grace, should begin. It would be adding cruelty to sodden sickness to bring any more of those "pale plants of the city" here to make themselves over into a new growth; but the church, the benevolent associations, the settlement philanthropists, government itself, all should get together and settle a plain working plan for selecting them first, and then giving to each what Mr. Hough calls fitting "environment and opportunity." Canada protests not against these poor, but against a method that does them no good, while it harms the country. Bring them here—there is room enough, and we want the English. But do this with commonsense, as well as with benevolent intent. That is Mr. Hough's inculcation, and who can gainsay its soundness?

Cy Warman.

Montreal, September 10, 1908.

AGAINST CLASS RESTRICTION

To The Editor:—I am distinctly in sympathy with Mr. Hough's views thus far in "The Sowing," and beg to question the action which of late has been giving preference to farm-workers, domestic servants and railway laborers, in selecting immigrants. What we do not want in Canada is the offscourings of London. What we do want is the capable, of all kinds and classes. What we have a right to reject is the incapable, of any class. It is not necessary for an immigrant to be ready to take hold of a farm at once. It is enough if he is in good condition, of good habits, and earnestly wishes to make a new life for himself on the prairies. All such a man needs is the right kind of environment, as Mr. Hough says, and we should be as careful to see that he gets it as that he is made of the stuff that will respond to it.

Canada owes you thanks for giving publicity to Mr. Hough's ideas and arguments. They are sound. I do not like the way he speaks of England and the "lion," but I am a Briton myself, while he is a Yankee, and our opinions may differ as widely as you please on such points as that without there being any difference between us on other things.

Benjamin S. Briggs.

Ottawa, September 10th, 1908.

A Perfect Complexion

The Body May Be Healthy and the Skin Unhealthy

Pompadour Cream

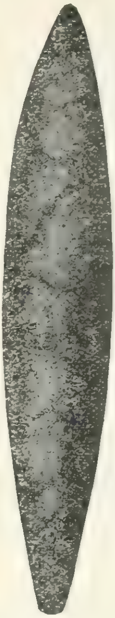
Is a skin food made from a specially prepared form of milk. Its daily use is followed by wonderful results. The skin becomes clear and healthy looking. Freckles, pimples, wrinkles, tan and sunburn disappear.

IT DEVELOPS THE BUST.

Write for our free booklet giving all necessary instructions in simple massage, and the name of the nearest druggist who sells POMPADOUR.

The Continental Drug and Chemical Co.

1432 Notre Dame St. W., MONTREAL



CIGARS At Wholesale Prices

We have decided to cater direct to the consumer, giving him the benefit of the money spent in travellers' salaries, expenses, etc., as well as the profits earned by the jobber and retailer. By dealing direct we are able to spend the various amounts mentioned above in the improvement of quality and the reduction of selling price.

The "BOUQUET" Cigar measures full 4½ inches, and has been sold regularly heretofore at 10 cents each. We have considerably improved the quality of this cigar and offer same to you postpaid in boxes of 25 for $1.50.

We have numerous complimentary letters and repeat orders, so merely solicit a trial. One order means a regular customer.

Remit in postal note, express order or Post Office money order. The appearance of our advt. in this paper is sufficient guarantee of our responsibility.

The Bahama Cigar Co.

Box 143, Winnipeg, Man.

HE
THE "MISSION" ROOM
THE PINK PARLOR
LADIES' PARLOR
CORRESPONDENCE ROOM
THE FAMOUS READING ROOM HOTEL EMPIRE NEW YORK CITY
The Restaurant—Hotel Empire, N. Y. City. One of the Handsomest Rooms of its kind in the Metropolis
HE

HOTEL EMPIRE

Broadway and 63d St.

NEW YORK CITY

In the Very Centre of Everything Worth While.

Rooms, with Detached Bath, $1.50 per day up

Rooms, with Private Bath, $2.00 per day up

Suites, with Private Bath, $3.50 per day up

Elevated Railway and Subway Stations two minutes' walk from our door.

A fine library of choice literature for the exclusive use of our guests.

Send Postal for free Guide of N. Y.

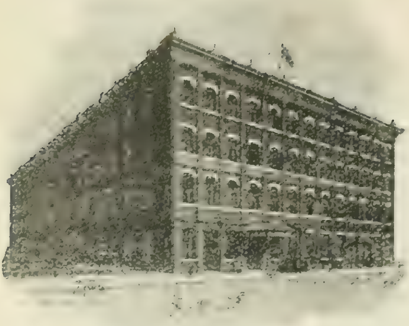
W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop.

Victoria, B. C.

The Paradise of Canada

THE WINTER AND SUMMER HOME FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE GREAT WEST

ROSES BLOOM IN JANUARY
AVERAGE WINTER TEMPERATURE 57



The Dominion Hotel

VICTORIA'S MOST POPULAR FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOSTELRY

$60,000 Spent on Improvements in 1907-08

150 OUTSIDE ROOMS. 50 WITH BATH. ELEVATOR. HOT and COLD WATER. THE ONLY HOTEL IN VICTORIA HAVING BED-ROOM PHONES CONNECTING WITH CITY EXCHANGE.

RATES : American Plan, $2.00 and Up } SPECIAL RATES
European Plan, 75c and Up } BY THE MONTH

Free Bus. Correspondence Solicited. **STEPHEN JONES, Proprietor**

WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT

HOTEL TULLER

NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.
Corner Adams Avenue and Park Street.

EVERY ROOM HAS PRIVATE BATH
EUROPEAN PLAN RATES $1.50 per Day and up

NEWEST AND FINEST GRILL ROOM IN THE CITY.
Music from 6 P.M. to 12 P.M.

In the Center of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District.
A la Carte Cafe.

L. W. TULLER, Prop. M. A. SHAW, Mgr.

Those Contemplating a Visit to the Pacific Coast

Should bespeak accommodation at

The Hamilton

569 Hamilton St.

Vancouver

CENTRAL, MODERN, QUIET and COMFORTABLE ROOMS at MODERATE RATES.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

The Royal Alexandra

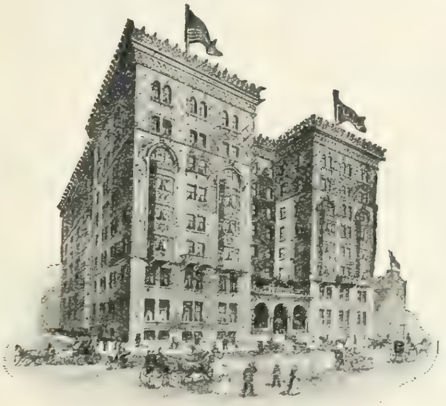
Adjoining C.P.R. Depot
WINNIPEG

¶Under the management of H. W. Wills. A Palatial Home for Tourists and Commercial men.

¶Built by the C.P.R. for the advancement of Winnipeg and the accommodation of the travelling public.

¶European Plan. Rates from $2.00 per day upward. Special Commercial Rates.

The LENOX HOTEL IN BUFFALO



MODERN HIGHEST GRADE FIREPROOF
UNEXCELLED SERVICE THROUGHOUT

OUR OWN RAPID MOTOR CARRIAGES EXCLUSIVELY FOR PATRONS operate continuously every few minutes from Hotel through Business District and to all Depots and Wharves for principal trains and steamers.

EUROPEAN PLAN
$1.50 per day and up
EXCELLENT GOLFING NEARBY
GEORGE DUCHSCHERER, PROPRIETOR

The King's Hotel

Regina

Finest Hotel in Western Canada

Cost $250,000

Hundred Rooms—Many With Bath

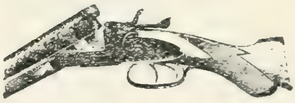
AMERICAN PLAN

$3.00 per Day and Upwards

Why not break your journey here?

L. W. ROLLESTON,
Manager.

GUN No. 1928



Price
$14.50
Express Paid

This is a 12 Gauge Double-Barrel Breech Loading Gun, left barrel choke bored. It is made of INTERCHANGEABLE parts so repairs can be made quickly and cheaply. A good long range gun built for rough usage and guaranteed to be the best in the world at the price. We will pay express charges to any railway point in Canada.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

OUR NEW CALENDAR "J" is now out.
Send for it.

Central Business College

WINNIPEG, MAN.

SPECIAL OFFFR

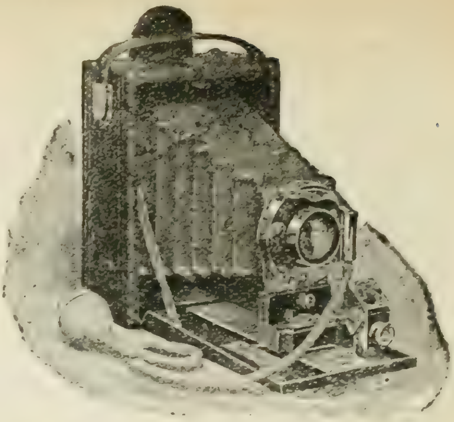
If you are not already a subscriber to

Canada-West

We will send it the balance of this year and all of 1909 for

$1.00

VANDERHOOF-GUNN CO.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



Duffin & Co., Ltd.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Photo Supplies
BOTH PROFESSIONAL
AND AMATEUR
472 Main St. - 208 Bannatyne Ave.
WINNIPEG
Send 2c for Illustrated Catalogue
and Prices.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
TORONTO
A CANADIAN RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Upper and Lower Schools. New Buildings. Separate Junior Residence.
Boys prepared for the Universities and Business. 1004
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Principal.
Calendar sent on application. AUTUMN TERM COMMENCES SEPT. 10 1908

Are You Hard on Socks?

Are they full of holes after you wear them a few times? Nothing like that with

Manheim Mendless Socks
GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

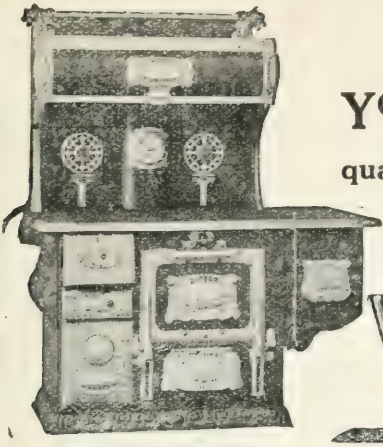
If they need darning within that time, you get new ones free.

6 Pairs, $2.00—No more than you pay for ordinary socks.

Black, Light and Dark Tan, Navy Blue and Grey—Fast Colors.
Sizes 9½ to 11½.

The Gardiner Connolly Mfg. Co.
546 Somerset Block WINNIPEG, MAN.

COPP'S SUPERB EMPIRE RANGE

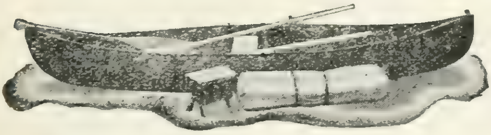


YOU buy a range for merit,—if you are wise,— ours offers every quality in cooking, durability and beauty. Ask your dealer for it, or write us.

THE WESTERN STOVE MAKERS

W. J. COPP SON & Co

Fort William, Ontario.



Mr. Sportsman: Our Boats are best for hunters, best for fishermen, steady to shoot or cast from. Will outlast steel or wood and carry more load. Made of best canvas, galvanized steel frame, with flat bottom and rounding sides. Folds compactly for carrying by hand Checks as baggage. Our boats are noiseless in the weeds. Send for Catalogue O. LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

LUCERNA

Ladies, have you tried the imported Chocolate, "Lucerna"? It is delicious and sustaining. : : Sold by all high-class druggists and confectioners. : Save your outside wrappers and see future issues of this magazine, re solid Gold Diamond Ring Prize.

"LUCERNA"

Canada Head Office : 241 PRINCESS STREET, WINNIPEG

Western Agents
DONNELY, WATSON & BROWN
CALGARY
STANDARD BROKERAGE CO.
VANCOUVER, B.C.

WE WANT YOU

To receive a copy of our handsome new Jewelry Catalogue, which will be issued in a few days. It will assist you in your holidays purchases.

We will mail a copy postpaid on receipt of your name and address. Write to-day.

D. R. DINGWALL, Limited

Jewelers and Silversmiths

WINNIPEG

THE WESTERN CANADA LAND CO.
LIMITED

LANDS FOR SALE

IN THE

Famous Vermillion Valley

AND

CELEBRATED ELK PARK VALLEY

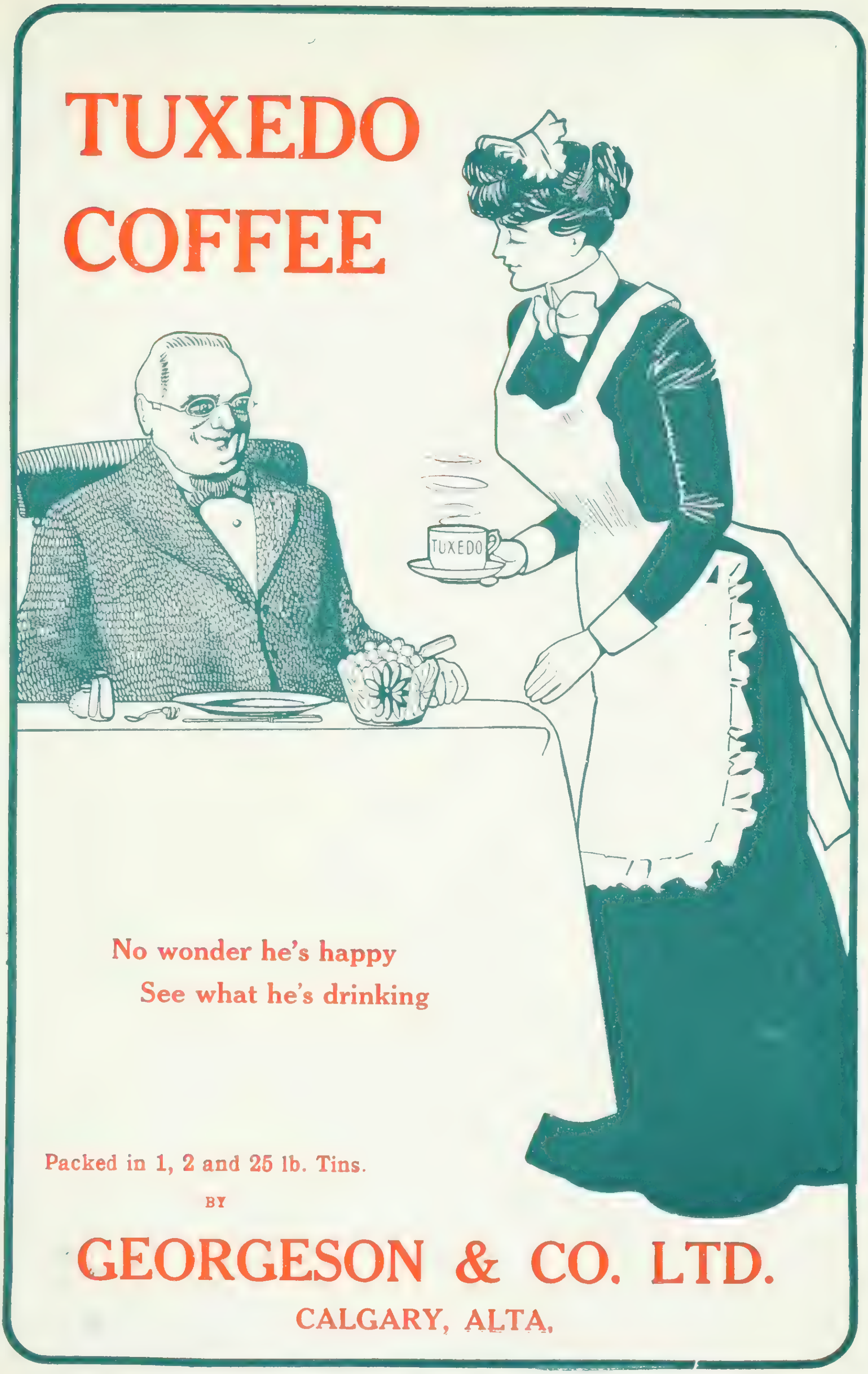
NORTHERN ALBERTA

AT FROM **$8.00** TO **$15.00** AN ACRE

FOR LITERATURE AND MAPS APPLY TO

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK

381 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, CANADA



TUXEDO COFFEE

No wonder he's happy
See what he's drinking

Packed in 1, 2 and 25 lb. Tins.

BY

GEORGESON & CO. LTD.

CALGARY, ALTA.

WALL PLASTER

GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG
Finished with "Empire" Cement Wall Plaster

Plaster manufactured from Gypsum is the only perfect Wall Covering known.

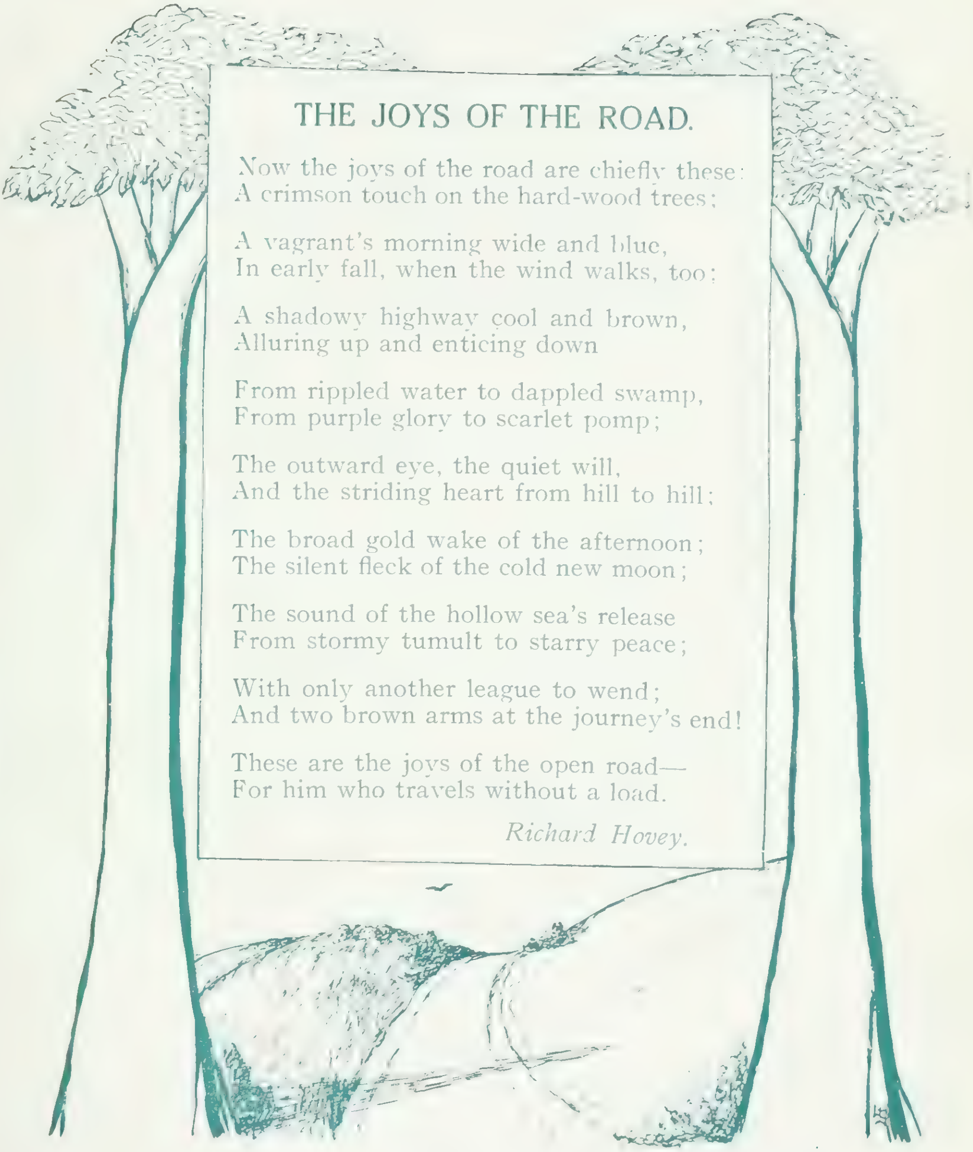
WE MANUFACTURE

"Empire" Wood Fiber Plaster,
"Empire" Cement Wall Plaster,
"Empire" Finish Plaster,
"Gold Dust" Finish Plaster,
"Gilt Edge" Plaster of Paris, and
Other Gypsum Products.

Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

OFFICE AND MILL:

Winnipeg - - - - - Manitoba



THE JOYS OF THE ROAD.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

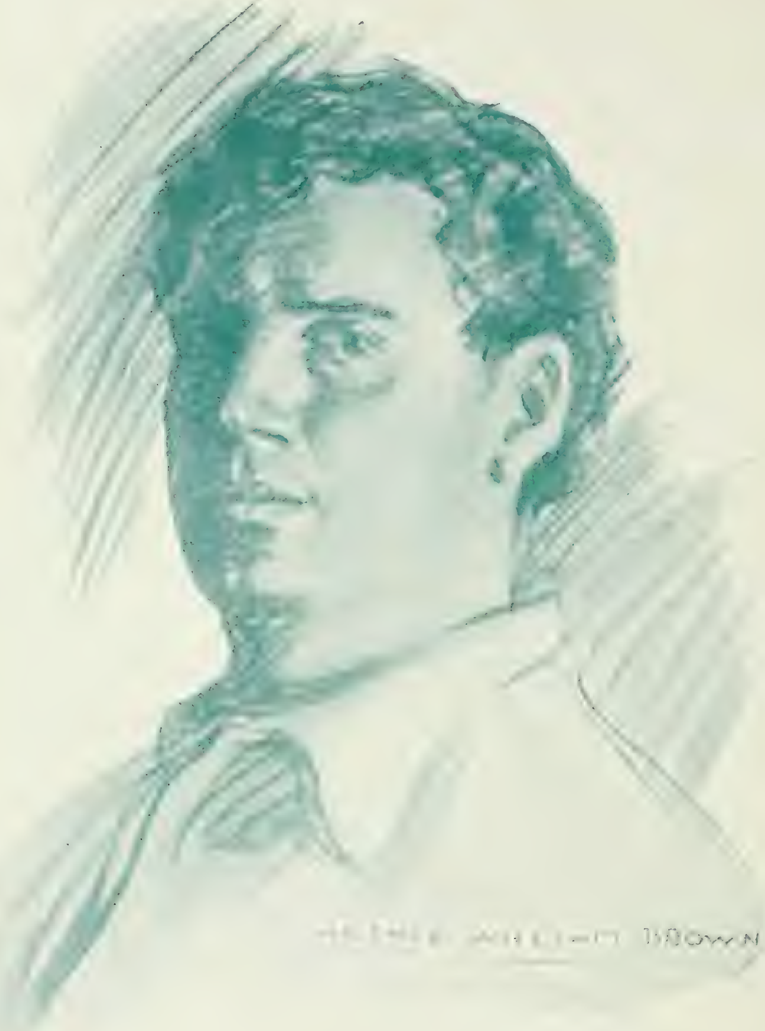
The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

Richard Hovey.



Drawn from life by Arthur William Brown.

ARTHUR STRINGER

The distinguished Canadian author, who sensationally attacks the Canadian romances of Sir Gilbert Parker, Jack London, Stewart Edward White, and others.

CANADA-WEST

VOLUME IV. LONDON, ONT., OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER 6

THE CANADA FAKERS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Woman in the Rain," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian with a respectable knowledge of his own country soon awakens to the fact that there are two Canadas. One is the Canada of fact. The other is the Canada that comes out of ink-wells.

It may be claimed, of course, that misrepresentation of Canada began with its discovery, when the St. Lawrence was written down as the true road to China and the Rapids of "La Chine" were left as a lasting monument to early misjudgment. Then came the era of European misinformation, when Goldsmith's Indians amused themselves by shooting Niagara in their birch-barks and the Red Man of the Americas was interpreted, for the delectation of European readers, as a creature like unto nothing ever beheld on sea or land. Ignorance of the country stood as a partial excuse for these heroic demi-gods of the tomahawk. The American Indian was sufficiently remote from the sphere of the Old World's sorrow to be accepted, when dished up on paper, first as a fiend of Mephistophelian ingenuity, and later as a magnanimous and flowery-tongued Olympian. Very much the same exigency of geography can explain how three shiploads of fresh water were sent out from England to the garrison at Kingston during the War of 1812, when the very stones of that fort were lapped by the pure blue waves of Lake Ontario. I once found it hard to forgive Colonel Richardson for representing the English, in his "Wacousta," as stopping the advance of the Indian canoes by felling trees across the St. Clair River (a stream quite as wide and lordly as the lower Hudson). But I learned to be lenient after coming into personal contact with a band of British gold-seekers, in the early days of the Klondike rush, who were importing several tons of baled hay from Liverpool, as food for their horses on the overland trip from Edmonton to the Yukon. By the time this carefully treasured hay reached Alberta it was worth just eighty-four dollars a ton: in the Edmonton district, of course, were countless acres of the same commodity, which could be picked up, cut and dried, for four dollars a ton. Being prairie grown and cured, it was, obviously, worth twice its weight in coarse-stalked English hay —for fodder, like fiction, is always best when cut and dried at home.

It was but natural that the earlier years should find men more child-like in their belief as to the country, just as they were more uncertain in their aggregate of actual knowledge. But Canada, even in its remoter corners, can no longer be described as a *terra incognita*. It has been traversed and retraversed, from the Circle down to the Great Lakes. There are no vast stretches of it—since Amundsen swung through the North-West Passage and charted the unknown corners of Victoria and Albert Land—to which the foot of explorer and naturalist is now unknown. Much of it, however, remains inaccessible to the casual traveler; delightfully uncertain portions of it lie beyond the trail of the summer-holiday tourist. So the up-to-date novelist, ever in search of pastures liberatingly new, has seized on it as a gamboling ground for his more epical romancing. And the more northerly the territory, the more Hugoesque the romancing. Like Ybarra's spinner of narrative who chose "Southeastern Cappadocia,"

"Because it is a region
  So very far away
That anything I mention
  Nobody can gainsay,"

so the young Dumas' of the twentieth century amble up to the Yukon and the Coppermine and the Subarctics in general, and straightway proceed to splash on the color with truly titanic brush-strokes. They can no longer sentimentalize the Indian; the wielder of the tomahawk has been done to death; ethnic impressarios of the Buffalo-Bill ilk have pricked the bubble of illusion with circus-tentfuls of the real blanket-robed Red Man. So the New World Dumas sets to work to sentimentalize the North, to make it over for purely melodramatic purposes.

The result is a sort of thrice-frapped, cold-storage Ruritania, where the most preposterous things may daily take place, where the laws of nature operate as nowhere else, and where men think and act as never before. It keeps tempting the "large" writer into the familiar trick of pitting puny human passion against the Homeric primordiality and isolation of an empty world. While engaged in this occupation, you will notice, he will glibly enlarge on the Colossal Menace of the Eternal Frost and the White Terror of the Unspeakable Cold which haunts the mind of man like the Shadow of Death itself. In this amiable fashion, for instance, Mr. Robert Service describes the Great Northwest as "The Country God Forgot," and in his "Spell of The Yukon," apostrophizes her as:

"O outcast land! O leper land!
  Let the lone wolf-cry all express
The hate insensate of thy hand,
  Thy heart's abysmal loneliness!"

This, it must be confessed, is very strong writing, and very strong language. But it is also a very fair specimen of what Ruskin has called the Pathetic Fallacy. It's like weeping over a frog because it has nothing better than water to swim in. It's about the same as sympathizing with a polar bear for not having a steam-heated flat to sleep in. It's very hard to remember that the frog and the polar bear are not made as we are. Sentimentally inclined persons, accordingly, waste a great many tears over things in no wise pathetic in themselves. Thus, when a traveller goes up into the North Country determined to be a martyr, he can usually become one. He can make himself suffer a great deal. And if he wishes to pose as a great explorer, overcoming vast difficulties, he can always muck-rake along the bald spots on the map and harrow up sufficient hardships for his self-glorification. Yet travel across this same country has become a commonplace to the men whose duty it is to traverse it, season by season. The New Yorker who decided to desert his Fifth Avenue mansion for a night and tent in Central Park, might put in a very unusual and uncomfortable eight hours of it. Yet the man who is used to the tent and the sleeping-bag would probably prefer that night of open-air to the royal suite at the Plaza Hotel. In the same way the men who really know the far North, who understand and meet its conditions, are practically unanimous in their verdict of its *livability*. The official reports of the North-West Mounted Police, those lonely riders of the plains whose beat takes them up beyond the Arctic Circle itself, show clearly enough the dependability of the climate, just as the development of Alaska has shown that men may live and love and marry and make gardens and homes even beyond that parallel where operates, according to Mr. Kipling's snap judgment, "never a law of man or God." It makes good music-hall ballad material, but if Mr. Kipling even so much as tried to tote a gun about Dawson City, for instance, he would find the strong arm of British justice promptly squeezing the poetic license out of his over-theatrical actions. He might also see the placid cauliflower and cabbage and cucumber growing at Fort Simpson; and from Fort Good Hope, fourteen miles south of the Arctic Circle, he might have purchased seed potatoes grown on the spot.

It is in this way, too, that such a writer as Mr. Caspar Whitney comes to grief—I use the phrase advisedly—in his volume, "On Snowshoes Through the Barren Grounds." Mr. Whitney, who has on more than one occasion evinced an ambition to come in contact with hitherto undiscovered tribes, seems to have started into Northern Canada with the journalistic passion to get a "scoop," if not on tribe-finding, at least on calamity-chasing. He succeeded very well indeed in this search for heroic misadventures. Yet his success is not hard to understand, remembering it was Mr. Whitney's first trip of this kind in the far North and that he was encouragingly and obviously ignorant of the conditions to be faced. So were those narrow-chested, weak-limbed Cockney clerks who poured into Edmonton during the early days of the Klondike stampede and died by the score along the trails of the "Overland Route," while native voyageurs were making the trip with the nonchalant assurance of a man motoring to Albany and back.

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

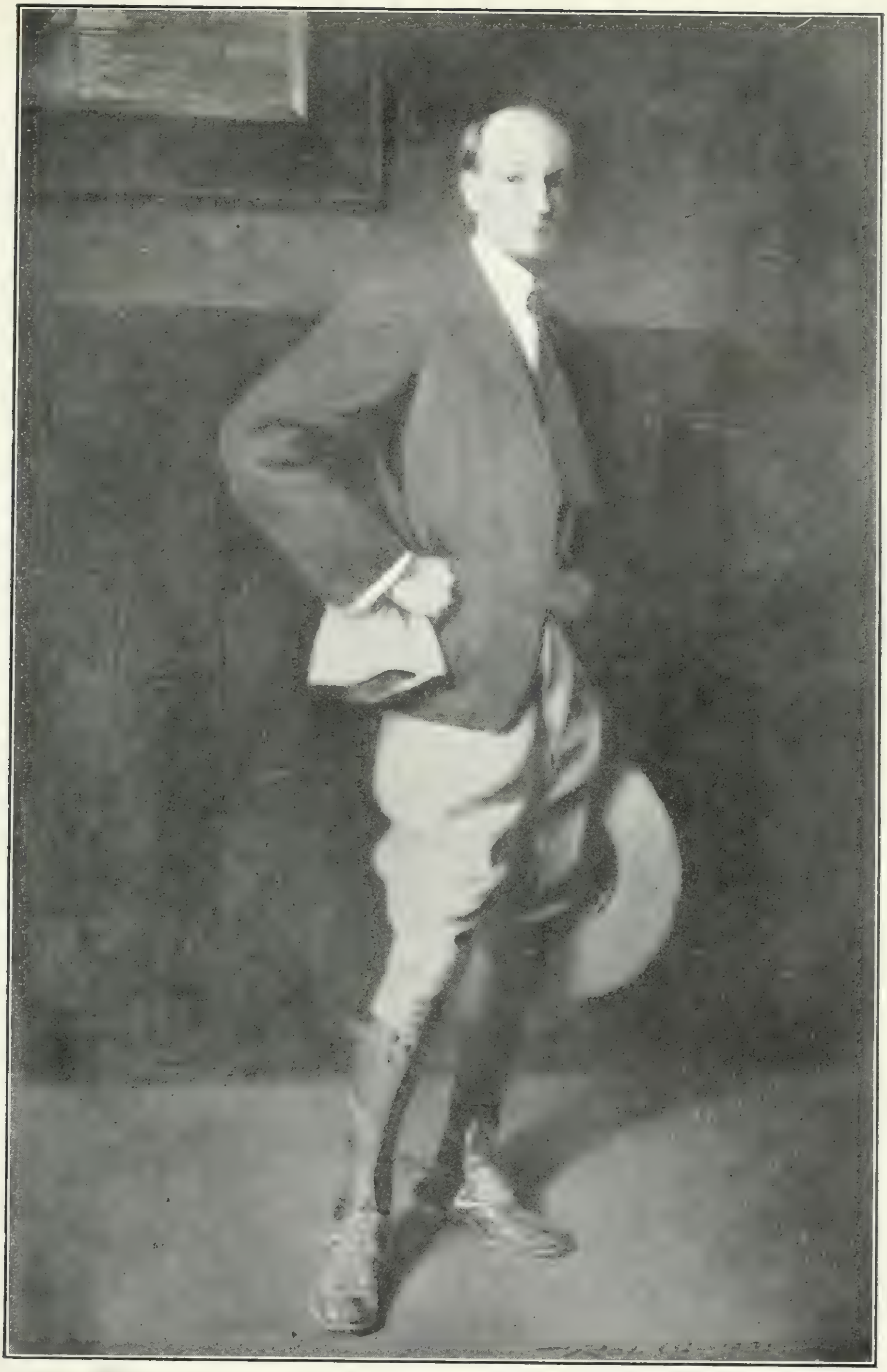
RUDYARD KIPLING

The best of artists, in writing as sincerely and consistently of a country as they may be permitted, are guilty of an occasional slip of the pen. Every now and then, *nolens-volens*, we keep giving our Bohemias a sea-coast, as did our betters before us. But it is not this tendency to add to the mere curiosities of literature that leaves the Northland writers so remarkable. It is the wilful and deliberate distortion of truth, the persistent traducing of a country, the continuous maligning of its name and nature, that leaves the Canada Faker so much in a class by himself. The sad fact is that by far the greatest portion of this fiction about Northern Canada is written by men who do not know the country. A summer excursion to Alaska, a week or two of hunting in the North Woods, a fortnight or so at a Hudson's Bay post, a day or two of heart-to-heart talks with a hotel guide, and your novelist is equipped to write on Canada and Canadian life with all the authority of a New World Josephus. The professional book-reviewer and the preoccupied critic accept and label such outpourings as faithful portraiture. The demigod-like absurdities enacted between the assiduous romancer's book covers are soon accepted and held up as representative of the people and racy of the soil. The result is a breed of New World Hyperboreans that seem to be a cross between a timber-wolf and a sea-otter, and a land of Cold and Terror that is as thrillingly gruesome as a stage with all the green lights turned on.

Prominent among what may be called the Canada Fakers must be placed the name of Mr. Jack London. His claim to distinction, in this connection, does not rest so much on his literary exploitation of the hitherto unknown amphibious fish of the Coppermine Valley as on his definite and clearly discerned method of workmanship. Mr. London, of course, does not always claim to gather his material at first hand. In his "Love of Life," which he naively confesses to have made into "literature" from Mr. Augustus Bridle's wonderfully absorbing and previously published story of the same adventure, Mr. London represents the famished hero as trying to corner this aforementioned obviously amphibious fish in a small and muddy pool. He ends by baling out the pool, which was nearly dry at the end of half an hour. "Not a cupful of water remained," writes the author. "And there was no fish. He (the man) found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day." This leaves us to choose one of two things. Either there are indeed amphibious fish in the Valley of the Coppermine, or the laws of gravitation fail to operate in their usual manner in this strange country of the North. So, in still another story, we must show no surprise when Mr. London's hero finds an open water-hole, chopped through the river-ice, and remaining unfrozen, when the thermometer is registering some seventy-nine degrees of frost. It was necessary, for the melodramatic effect of the story, that this hero should fling to the river-bottom a pile of tainted gold, to lie there and be a mystery to a certain newcomer. But it is only in Northern Canada that you can chop a hole in the ice and see the waterhole remain unfrozen while the spirit-thermometer is flirting with the eighty-below-zero mark!

What leads me to suspect that this author knows much less about the North than he pretends is the fact that in "White Fang," he calmly writes about a *birch-bark sled*. As it is this sled's function to transport some four hundred pounds of freight, why not resort to tar-paper and have something a little more substantial? Now, Mr. London has apparently read or overheard that "birch" was used in the building of northern sleds. Yet if he knew this country as he claims to do, he would never make the fatal mistake of substituting birch-bark for birch-wood. Equally interesting is this author's use of the dog-driver's command of "Mush on!" Invaluable as this advice might prove to the creators of northland literature in general, it is a term to be heard along the Western Coast, as an order to a train of "huskies," but never inland, that is, towards the interior of Northern Canada. The nearest that comes to it is the French word, "Marche!" Mr. Stewart Edward White errs more often than Mr. London in this respect, but he is so staggering in his mistakes as to Canada and Canadian life that he must be reserved for later notice.

The sin that lies darkest at Mr. London's door, let me hasten to add, is



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

not one of mere local color and detail, such as I have mentioned. It is, rather, that general and persistent tendency to "foreigneer" things, to translate everything northern into the lurid. The map of the North must be all-red, or nothing. Everything above the forty-ninth parallel must be written down as blood and raw beef.

Mr. London has been ably seconded in all such attempts by Mr. Rex Beach, whose *penchant* seems to be the transplanting of a Christy Girl in a Nell Brinkley creation of lace and ruffles to a Polar background where The Boy—*she* must always be known as The Girl—tests his god-like sinew against a Frozen Twilight that puts the ninth hell of Dante to shame. The light seems to be always uncertain in this Gehenna-smudged North, inasmuch as Mr. Beach's heroine in "The Barrier," ravishingly beautiful as he has painted her, is for years mistaken for and accepted as a Siwash half-breed. Equally plain is the deduction that Mr. Beach, in his years of arduous prospecting in Alaska, has discovered creek-bottoms where *placer* gold can plainly be picked up with sugar-tongs, for it is in this same volume that he records the finding of "a color that would *ring in the pan*." Even Mr. William de Morgan, leisured and careful workman that he is, describes his hero Fenwick, in "Somehow Good," as freighting a quartz-crusher from San Francisco up to the *placer* mines of the Klondike. This same hero, by the way, lives for some time "*at* Ontario," which is equivalent to saying that he lived some time "*at* Scotland," or spent a winter "*at* Italy." These things are trivial enough in themselves, but they are rooted in an ignorance that is abysmal. Equally trivial is Mr. Beach's attempt to initiate us into the marvellous prophylactic and therapeutic value of the northern potato, conclusively demonstrating as he does how a camp may be saved from the worst form of scurvy by a mere mess or two of "spuds." But less trivial is Mr. Beach's fixed determination to emulate Mr. Jack London in his resolve to give us goose-flesh while dwelling on the awfulness of the Northern Cold—it must always be spelt with a capital "C." The gravest charge against the Yellow Journalist is that his end is not Truth, but Sensation. He may even give us Truth, as he claims, but his very menace lies in that fact that the Truth he gives us is Truth marshalled and colored by a febrile and unstable personality. So the sensational novelist continues to picture the man of the North as a puny spirit, haunted and hounded and eternally harassed by the Never-Sleeping Fear of the Great Frost. He will continue to be drawn against the background of a world of blood and iron, contending in a white-walled arena of the most monstrous and primal of passions, forever ward-heeling an inflated and well-frosted Tenderloin of the New World where there is never a law of man or God—while all the while at the Mission at Fort Providence (latitude 62.30) lies a farm where wheat and oats and barley and peas are quietly grown and the priests may be seen placidly picking blueberries and raspberries and strawberries in the warm sunlight of the twenty-houred day. So these acidulated regurgitations of a Kipling in his colicky mood period may be interesting, may sound big and manly, but they have a tendency to become monotonous, even in modern melodramas and shilling-shockers bound in cloth. The wilderness is always "frowning," the desolation is always "interminable," and the shadows always "fall crimson across the snow," which, mark you, our estimable author intends not to refer to the warmth of the sun-tints, but to the perverse "blugginess" of the territory in general.

Yet the one thing that is freely admitted by the man who knows Northern Canada is, as I have already intimated, the *livableness* of the country. This, too, applies as well to the winter season as to the summer season. A traveller and observer like Arthur Heming, for instance, will seldom expatiate on the hardship of northern living or "tripping." Men who have shown themselves to be not only keen and close investigators but also unbiased reporters of truth, with no megaphonic destinies to fulfill, are unanimous in their verdict that the terror and cold and desolation of the North as pictured by the Canada Fakers are things of the over-wrought imagination and the over-anxious artist in quest of a thrill. As Frederic Irland has said: "There is only one climate in the world more enjoyable than the Canadian summer, and that is the Canadian winter." Mr. Kipling, in his quick and nervous reportorial style, has called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." Canada could have forgiven him for that, had he shown, for instance, that he knew the difference between her native bloodroot and his own English snow-drop. The bloodroot is a very delicate and sensitive little flower, and if Mr. Kipling will show me in what part of Canada it really does show "*white against the draggled drift*," I shall be grateful for so bewildering a treat.

There is one industrious young lady in particular—and chivalry forbids the denomination of this hard-working authoress!—whose mistakes on Canada and the ways of the Northern Canadian and the "Great Company" and the animals that inhabit the country thereof are as strange as they are varied. One instance alone must suffice as an illustration of this lady's powers of observation. The writer in question is speaking of the Land of the Midnight Sun. It is summer time, and she describes the setting of this sun, or, rather, its brief dip behind the polar horizon. The lady, however, instead of having it set in the North, causes it to sink below the Southern skyline, thus out-Joshuaing Joshua himself. When natural history is combined with keenness of observation so delightfully rare the value of the product as a whole can be realized at a glance. It recalls to my mind the solicitude with which an Oxford professor once inquired after my welfare, on hearing that I had but recently come from Canada. He was extremely anxious to know how I was managing on English mutton after so many years of seal-meat and blubber. But then it is in England where the ever-insular novelist consigns the more abandoned children of his creation "to the Colonies" with the same mournfulness which might mark their exile to penal servitude. It serves to explain, somewhat, the fact that Mrs. Humphrey Ward could speak of one of her characters as promenading the banks of the St. Lawrence and at the same time looking out on the mists of Lake Superior—another instance of the truly miraculous conditions which obtain in Canada!

REX BEACH

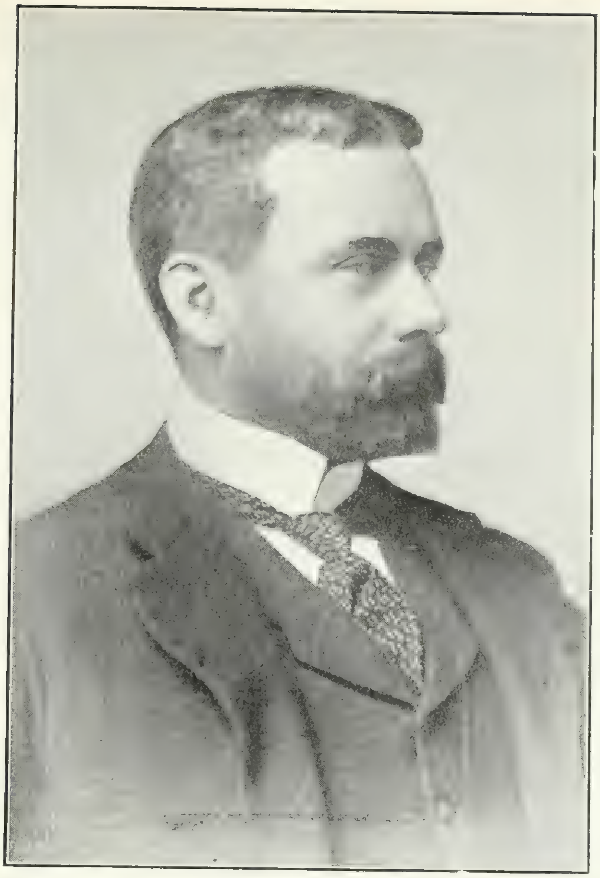
The writer of the New World, however, we expect to be a little more exact in dealing with his own continent. Yet Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in "The Bar Sinister," ventures so far as to give Canada a "Viceroy" (he was, of course, thinking of pith-helmets and India) and place a Government House in Montreal. The inhabitants of this same city, according to our astute observer of international conditions, converse in what may be called a cross between a Liverpool dock-brogue and a Cockney dialect. The currency of Canada is likewise shown to be, not dollars and cents, but pounds, shillings,

WILLIAM DEMORGAN
Author of "Alice-for-short," "Joseph Vance,' and "Somehow Good."

and pence. Why did not Mr. Davis bring in a *corps* of redskins in pith-helmets, or introduce an ant-eater or two on the Laurentians and a crocodile or so along the palm-strewn St. Lawrence?

Equally strange are the errors of Sir Gilbert Parker, who is Canadian-born and was for so many years a school-teacher in his native country. Thus, in his book, "The Chief Factor," he has two of his characters about to fight a duel with swords. It is natural, of course, that two such combatants would search for passably level ground. Sir Gilbert takes them from the Hudson's Bay Company's post and brings them to a moose-yard. Now it is my fixed conviction that the author in question has in some way confounded the word "moose-yard" with "barn-yard." It is equally my conviction that Sir Gilbert has never looked upon a moose-yard, much less tried to travel through one in the winter-time. For a moose-yard is nothing more than an intricate net-work, a wandering maze, of deep tracks, or, rather, of deep gutters, an irregular series of trap-holes two feet and more to the bottom. And a delightfully odd and uncertain place indeed in which to indulge in combat by sword! Still again, Sir Gilbert's tendency to sentimentalize the situation leads him to depict his characters as marching across the snow in the dead of winter while one member of the band blithely defies sub-zero weather and trippingly plays a flute. Now, just how this placid-souled gentleman fingered the stops is a very nice problem, when an unmittened hand will show signs of frost-bite before even the aria of "Annie Laurie" could be rendered. We see the same tendency to render up a goulash of dilettante details spiced with sentiment when Sir Gilbert turns historical and has General Wolfe "eye" his men in the boats on the St. Lawrence, at the turn of the tide, during that eventful night which had already been described as pitch-dark, even while these men were so many, many hundred feet away. Wonderful indeed are the midnights of Canada, for on the same occasion Wolfe observes the bivouacs of Bougainville at Cap Rouge, many miles higher up the river. Equally naive is Sir Gilbert's transplanting of the Castle of St. Louis to the summit of Cape Diamond. He also has the General's boat challenged from "Sillery Heights," without the slightest betrayal to the watchful enemy (who, by the way, were uniformed in *white*, instead of *blue*), although this challenge must have been heard from a cliff six hundred feet high. The Quebec of those days was not girdled with walls, any more than Wolfe did not fight without reserves. Nor is an English court of law ever conducted as that depicted in "The Right of Way"—but neither nature, history nor fact need be tarried over in the sentimentalization of literature.

It is with considerable timidity that one approaches Mr. Stewart Edward White and his treatment of the North. I say this not so much because Mr. White is the master of a fluent and forceful style and has written many stories that are both charming and powerful, but more because so august a personage as the Washington enemy of the Nature Faker himself has placed on Mr. White the seal of his complete



SIR GILBERT PARKER

approval. He writes about only what he knows and sees, we have been told; he is an authority on whom we can always depend. Such an attitude toward an author, and such a commendation of his literary product, renders more or less interesting even a necessarily hurried glance at his treatment of raw material.

Mr. White, as he has every reason to do, knows the life of the river-driver and knows it well. But the life of the Canadian trapper and the ways of the Hudson's Bay Company have not made themselves quite so plain to him. A very cursory glance at "The Silent Places" soon convinces one of this. The basic idea of the story is an especially dramatic one; that is to say, the prolonged and relentless pursuit of a defalcating Indian by two hired agents of "The Honorable The Hudson's Bay Company," offers a very respectable bid for attention. But the story, unfortunately, is based on a fallacy. What is more, it is wrong in its important details and it is preposterous in execution. In the first place, it is not and never was the custom of the Hudson's Bay Company to expend good money for the active pursuit of delinquent trappers, Indian, "breed," or white. They were, from the first, competent masters of the land over which they held commercial sway. Their system of "posts" was so complete, their influence was so widespread, their knowledge of ultimate reckonings was so assured, that the mere "posting" of any half-breed or Indian delinquent, at the different trading-places of the Company, was all that was necessary.

It was, of course, a sort of Rogue's Gallery on a small scale, and until "Wet-Blanket" or "Rain-in-the-Face" wiped out his debt no credit could be extended to him. The result was that the offender, having no outside source of trade or supplies, was as completely subjugated as a garrison cut off from its base. When the offender turned up, as turn up he must, he was made to pay; the Company was great and could bide its time. Then, too, we are told that a blood-hound was used for portions of this great man-hunt. Thrillingly as the mere sound of such a creature's name may fall on metropolitan ears, it must reluctantly be confessed that there are no bloodhounds in the country of which Mr. White so movingly writes. They are not found there, and it would be as foolish to import them as it would be to bring in an army of Uncle Toms to gather cotton from the Moose River bottoms. Then again, Mr. White makes a very serious mistake in intimating that the Northern traveller can veer and tack about this country at his own sweet will. The tide of northland traffic always follows the line of its natural highway; that is, it goes by river and stream and lake. By summer the travel is in canoe; by winter, on snowshoes and sled. Vast detours are made to take advantage of these natural highways. Yet Mr. White sends his men 'cross country, over barriers that might well awe the gentle reader. The trick adds, possibly, to the sense of grim implacability in the hearts of the man-hunters, but the procedure is not feasible. Men do not romp around between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay ignoring all natural highways of travel, except in the pages of romance.

Then Mr. White represents the Ojibways and the Chippewas as engaged in deadly strife. Yet they are one and the same people, and Mr. White might just as well speak of internecine strife between Canucks and Canadians, or New Yorkers and Gothamites. Early in the book a canoe is described as made from a "winter-cut" of birch. Now birch-bark, as the woodsman knows, is not easily separated from the parent trunk until the sap begins to run, and it is in May that such bark can be cut for canoe building. Nor does the Canadian tan northern hare-skins for his blankets. The skins are cut in strips and wound about slender thongs or strings, the fur outside, and then plaited loosely together. Like the phrase "Mush on!" the word "parka" is not used, as Mr. White would have us believe, in the neigborhood of the Hudson Bay. Mr. White ought to know, too, that a desperately hurried man can travel farther, in winter, without dogs than with dogs. The exception to this, of course, is when the trail lies along a string of "posts" or camps or caches where dog-feed, which is embarrassingly bulky and heavy, can be picked up from day to day. Otherwise it pays the man to travel "light" and alone. Then our author is surely thinking of a Jersey snow-storm when he speaks of the snow as coming down in clogging flakes, zigzagging earthward like pieces of paper. This is mild weather snow—yet Mr. White has just spoken of the danger of going unmittened, for even three minutes. Snow does not fall this way in the North, even in March, which may there be regarded as a winter month. Northern snow is usually so fine that it is almost like rime in the air. Nor is it possible, as Mr. White repeatedly intimates, that the man on snowshoes (which, *en passant*, are used until April) betrays his presence by the crunching of such snow as this. Seldom indeed will the sound of a snowshoe carry twenty-five yards. According to "The Silent Places," the Barren Grounds of Canada contains one and only one vast herd of caribou. This solitary herd might prove to be 2,000 miles away and as hard to meet, our author explains, as a school of dolphins at sea. Yet Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, the Canadian explorer and naturalist, has recorded that, during forty days of travel through this same territory by canoe, he was not out of sight of wandering caribou-herds for so much as one day at a time. There are, in fact, thousands of such bands, just as there are actually millions of caribou in this land so inappropriately called "Barren."

The same series of errors stand out

from Mr. White's "Conjurer's House," excellent romancing as it is. The "House" may only too easily be established as Moose Factory, which, I believe, Mr. White visited in the pursuit of local color. But he should have brought away with him the knowledge that sled-dogs are not used in that part of the country. So deep is the snow and so scarce is dog-feed (i. e., fish), that even the mail is not carried in by dog-sled. Dogs are used only on the Bay itself. Yet the novelist records that "red-sashed *voyageurs* forced their exhausted sledge-dogs across the ice from some unseen wilderness trail." Equally erroneous is the assumption that "fur brigades" also indulge in hunting. A "brigade" is a transport party, travelling with canoe or dog, and carrying furs or freight. The breeds and Indians do the hunting; the brigades are the common-carriers of the country. Then Mr. White, like so many writers on the North, is forever sacrificing truth on the altar of the picturesque. He garbs his Hudson's Bay Company men in furs, yet, strange to say, it is a rare exception to see an "H. B. C." man togged out in furs. It would be interesting to know, too, just where the author of "Conjurer's House" beheld Canadian *voyageurs* who were addicted to the practise of smoking cigarettes. Satisfying as it may be to see the nonchalant villain flourish the time-honored cigarette, it must be admitted that the pipe is the Northland's instrument of solace-seeking. To rest "one pipe," during a hard bit of paddling, means to relax that space of time in which one pipeful of tobacco may be smoked.

So, on the whole, it is the passion to make the trails of the north either always picturesque or always tragic that leads to many foolish blunders. Mr. Lawrence Mott has even indited a very moving tale of a man in the throes of starvation. He is struggling and tottering along one of these ever-tragic trails, while over his weakening shoulder hangs the body of a frozen silver fox. The agony of his ever-increasing hunger is most graphically set forth. A very admirable brew of melodrama is made of the situation. But why, in the name of all this over-maligned North, did not this extremely hungry gentleman stop and dine on silver fox? It must have been mere absentmindedness, and no innate sense of delicacy, for in the North of which I speak even skunk is eaten, and eaten with relish. Perhaps it was also absentmindedness which prompted the author of "The Silent Places," in describing the Ojibway method of snowshoe-making, to say that "caribou shrinks when wet." For the very simple experiment of soaking an ordinary snowshoe thong of caribou rawhide and hanging it on a wall will prove that when thus wet it will stretch with its own weight. It was not forgetfulness of factitious and melodramatic values, however, which prompted Mr. White to describe the winter tripping of his two heroes as holding "not an hour of real comfort." This is as much an infringement on poetic license as his description of the northern stars as "crackling in the heavens" with cold. The flower of man's spirit is his adaptability to circumstance. Properly equipped, he can make himself as much at home on the Mackenzie as on the Amazon. With a decent windbreak, and a clear conscience, he can enjoy his after-supper smoke in the Subarctic open beside his own fire quite as much as though he were one of a camping party on Lake atmosphere, so ozonic that it is almost Placid. After his day in an opaline champagne-like in its exhilarating effects, he can luxuriate in the hot air from that fire as serenely as city-folks do in that emanating from north-country romances.

THE CONFLUENCE OF MATTAWA AND OTTAWA RIVERS

THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

BY ARTHUR J. FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WTH PHOTOGRAPHS

TO OPEN a trunk route from the prairies to the sea nearly four hundred miles shorter than existing lines of water carriage—to make seaports of Fort William, Port Arthur and other lake cities—to carry ocean commerce another thousand miles inland and virtually add 5,000 miles to the coast line of the continent—and to accomplish all these results by the annual expenditure for ten years of a sum one-third less than the city of Chicago pays to maintain its schools, is a project that may fairly be classed with such world-known undertakings as the Suez and Panama Canals. Such is the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, which, after four years of surveys by Government engineers, has been reported feasible at a cost of less than $100,000,000.

When it is completed, western grain will reach port at Fort William, nine hundred miles west of Montreal. From that point going eastward through the Sault canal, instead of turning to the south, it will go direct to the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay. Thence, along almost an air line through French River to Lake Nipissing, down the Mattawa River to the Ottawa and via the latter stream to Montreal, the present terminus of ocean navigation. The new connecting link, between Georgian Bay and Montreal, will consist of four hundred miles of open lake and slack-water river navigation, and only thirty miles of canal, affording a safe, direct, protected and commodious channel and constituting throughout an inland waterway of the highest class with a minimum depth of 22 feet and locks 600 feet in length. The economic results which will follow its opening, and especially the benefit to the Northwest, can hardly be exaggerated.

The great problem of the Northwest for years to come may be concretely presented in the question: How can the farmer's share of the dollar paid for his produce by the consumer be increased? Its solution lies in reduction of cost of carriage.

Forty years ago Illinois and the country southwest of Lake Michigan were in that early stage of development through which the Northwest is now passing. All the disabilities of a new country were severely felt, not the least being that of high cost of carriage of their products to an available market. In 1861 out of every dollar paid in Liverpool for corn, 11¼ cents reached the grower, while 88¾ cents

FROM GEORGIAN BAY THE NEW ROUTE WILL PASS UP THE FRENCH RIVER, THE MIGHTY OUTLET OF LAKE NIPISSING

were consumed in getting it to market. In 1905, the lowering of freight rates, due to extension and improvement of transportation facilities, had reached such a point that 26¼ cents out of the dollar paid all costs of carriage, and the grower netted 73¾ cents. While the figures are given for corn alone, they apply in a general way to all that the farmers of that section had to sell or buy. What needs further explanation of the rapid growth of wealth and population in one of the most prosperous agricultural communities in the world, and the rise of a city of over 2,000,000 inhabitants at the south end of Lake Michigan?

The Northwest farmer starts under vastly more favorable circumstances than the Illinois pioneer of half-a-century ago. He stands in exactly the same position as the man in Illinois to-day, and his problem is the same.

It does not follow that his gain must be the loss of the railway companies, who have enabled the Northwest farmer to compete in the markets of the world. But it must be recognized that there is a limit below which profitable operation will not allow rates to fall.

Aid must be looked for along the line of development of waterways, helping the farmer by securing for him lower rates, helping the railway by taking off its hands the heavy, unprofitable traffic, which must have low rates to make it move at all, and increasing the volume of its high-class, better-paying traffic.

The economic effect of the opening of the deep waterway from the Lakes to the Atlantic may perhaps be best gauged in the light of what has been done elsewhere. Freight passing the Sault increased from 1,500,000 tons in 1881, when the ship canal was opened, to 58,000,000 tons last year. An item of 9,000,000 tons of west-bound coal per annum has been created by the demand for return cargo, and indicates what may be expected to occur on the Georgian Bay Canal.

In 1906, 51,750,000 tons of freight passed through the Sault Canals, on which average freight charges paid were at the rate of .84 mills per ton per mile. During the same year American railroads carried 1,610,000,000 tons at an average rate of 7.66 mills per ton per mile, or just *nine times the average*

THE UPPER OTTAWA WHICH THE NEW CANAL WILL MAKE THE WORKSHOP OF AMERICA

water rate. Had the freight passing the Sault been moved by rail at the average rate the additional cost above what was actually paid would have been over $290,000,000, or *more than half the entire valuation of the freight carried.* Of course these figures are not to be taken as an absolute standard of comparison, but even cutting the amount in two the saving effected would make the Sault canals easily the most profitable public works on the continent.

And if the community were the gainers by this traffic, so also were the railways. Thus the cost of transporting 43,600,000,000 mile-tons by water was $36,700,000; while for carrying 216,650,000,000 mile-tons the railways got $1,660,000,000. If the railways had been compelled to carry the traffic of the waterway at the rates actually paid it would have brought down their average earnings from 7.66 mills to 6.51 mills per ton per mile, a comparative reduction of gross earnings of 15 per cent., enough to wipe out the surpluses and a large percentage of the dividends of every railway in the United States for that year.

If the Georgian Bay Canal did no more than to reduce the through rate on grain to Liverpool by two cents a bushel, it would be worth many millions annually to the Northwest. On an output of 100,000,000 bushels, this represents a direct saving of $2,000,000 per annum. But this is only a tithe of the actual result. The price realized for the surplus for export of the staple crop fixes practically the value of everything the farmer has to sell. And while the effect of the lessened rate is to increase the value of what he sells, it also lowers the cost of what he buys. So that his gain is in geometrical proportion to every lowering of traffic cost.

The annual expenditure of $10,000,000 for ten years will construct the canal, while, on an annual traffic of only 5,000,000 tons the direct saving effected in comparison with rail haulage at the lowest through rates will be at least $10,000,000 yearly. In his evidence before the Canadian Senate, the late George Y. Wisner, of the United States Deep Waterways Commission, estimated the initial traffic of the canal at 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons. And as the indirect savings greatly exceed the direct, it is within the bounds of the most careful conservatism to predict that within a decade after the canal is opened for traffic it will be saving upwards of $25,000,000 a year to the people of the Northwest.

Apart from its economic value as a transportation route, a potential source of wealth exists in the 1,000,000 H. P. estimated by the engineers to be developed by the canal. This is so situated in relation to timber and mineral areas that when brought on a main highway of commerce it will make the valley of the Ottawa River, as predicted by the late Walter Shanly, "the workshop of America." The power developed should pay upkeep and interest charges on the investment, making the navigation channel practically free of cost to the country.

A fact sometimes lost sight of is that Eastern Canada will, as population grows and industries multiply, absorb more and more of the surplus of the Northwest. In time, as has been the case in the United States, the export trade will be entirely overshadowed by the domestic traffic. From its location the Georgian Bay Canal is the best of all routes for development of interprovincial commerce, and has, therefore, the double advantage of affording a cheap outlet to foreign markets, and at the same time developing and fostering a domestic trade of national, as well as sectional importance.

Canada has been too much open to the reproach of being described as "length without breadth"—or as one writer has put it, "A fringe of settlement for the defence of a wilderness." This generation, which is looking on at the marvel of the "Great Lone Land" of the Canadian Northwest being peopled by prosperous millions, will witness the final disappearance of the delusion that Eastern Canada consists in a mere strip of land a few miles wide along the St. Lawrence. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shewn his faith in the resources and future of the great "hinterland" of Quebec and Ontario by carrying the new transcontinental railway far to the north of existing settlement. Both these Provinces are

THE MATTAWA RIVER FLOWS DEEP BETWEEN PICTURESQUE BANKS

taking stock of their resources and pushing into the north lands. That narrow and sectional spirit which regarded the riches of the remoter areas as a preserve to be exploited for the benefit of a few people in the southern portion of the Provinces has disappeared, and a new era has set in for the "Northern Districts."

Consistent with this policy and attitude, and with the broader Canadianism prevailing, the Dominion Government must at an early date enter upon the great national work of construction of the Georgian Bay Canal—a direct deep-waterway "from prairie to port," through the heart of the Dominion—a new base-line for railway operations, and therefore a means of broadening out the area of settlement, and "giving the country a backbone," as expressed by the late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie—a source of almost unlimited energy in its waterpowers which will transfigure the face of the country, supporting great industries and a large population—a means whereby economic savings will be effected, the importance of which will many times outweigh its cost, and especially to the people of the Northwest—and the most favorable of all possible routes not only for exportation of the surplus of the western plains, but for the cultivation of that inter-provincial and domestic commerce which in itself will constitute one of the strongest bonds of national unity.

THE OTTAWA RIVER THREE HUNDRED MILES WEST OF MONTREAL

THE INTRUDERS

BY MADGE MACBETH

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

As Marcia Gray crept noiselessly down from the third flat of the Brandons' house, Van McNaughton tip-toed stealthily up from the first. They came face to face in the dimly-lighted hall.

"Oh!" they gasped, in unison, and stepped back a pace, with dark suspicion springing in their eyes.

The hour was late, say half-past eleven—late enough for such an occasion as this; and in the house, like its famous predecessor, not a creature was stirring.

"You did not expect to see me," ventured Marcia, who was the first to recover herself.

"I might say the same to you," retorted Van, watching her with a wary eye.

"In which event, I suppose, we each would answer, vehemently, '*No!*' "

"She has a cool nerve!" thought Van. Aloud, he said, "Precisely."

"Suppose we sit down and talk matters over," suggested Marcia, giving a tilt to her soft felt hat—"that is, if you are in no hurry."

She started forward into the little den which lay directly in front of them, but thinking better of it, caught the man lightly by the sleeve, pulling him with her.

"I always hated the dark," she apologized, "and I don't know where to find the switch."

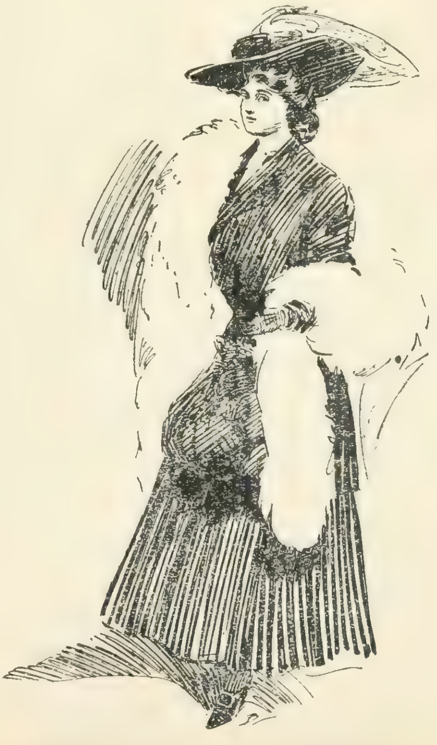
He touched a button and flooded the room with a soft pink glow, then turned and looked curiously at the girl beside him.

"I should think you would be rather at home in the dark," he said gravely.

She shivered. "Not at all; I hate it; and when I go to strange houses, I always carry an electric lantern. Oh, I certainly *hate* the dark," she repeated.

McNaughton looked at her with something very like admiration, and no wonder. He saw a girl of slight and graceful build, dressed becomingly in a dark brown suit—some soft fur nestling close around her shoulders, setting off to great advantage an unusually attractive, thoughtful face.

In her hand, she carried a rather large shopping bag. This seemed to fascinate McNaughton—his eyes were drawn back to it, again and again.



DRESSED BECOMINGLY IN A DARK BROWN SUIT

She swiftly took note of the man's powerful frame, square, determined jaw, restless, observant glance. "Diplomacy must fight my battle," she thought, "force would hardly do."

"We may as well be comfortable," she said, aloud. "Won't you sit down? And perhaps you smoke?"

Sinking carefully into a morris chair, Van put his hands against his two bulging pockets. The slightest knock would destroy the treasures hidden there.

"Dollars to doughnuts, they are the silver spoons," was Marcia's mental comment.

"So you are going to entertain me," suggested McNaughton, with a quizzical smile. He wondered just how far her nerve would stretch.

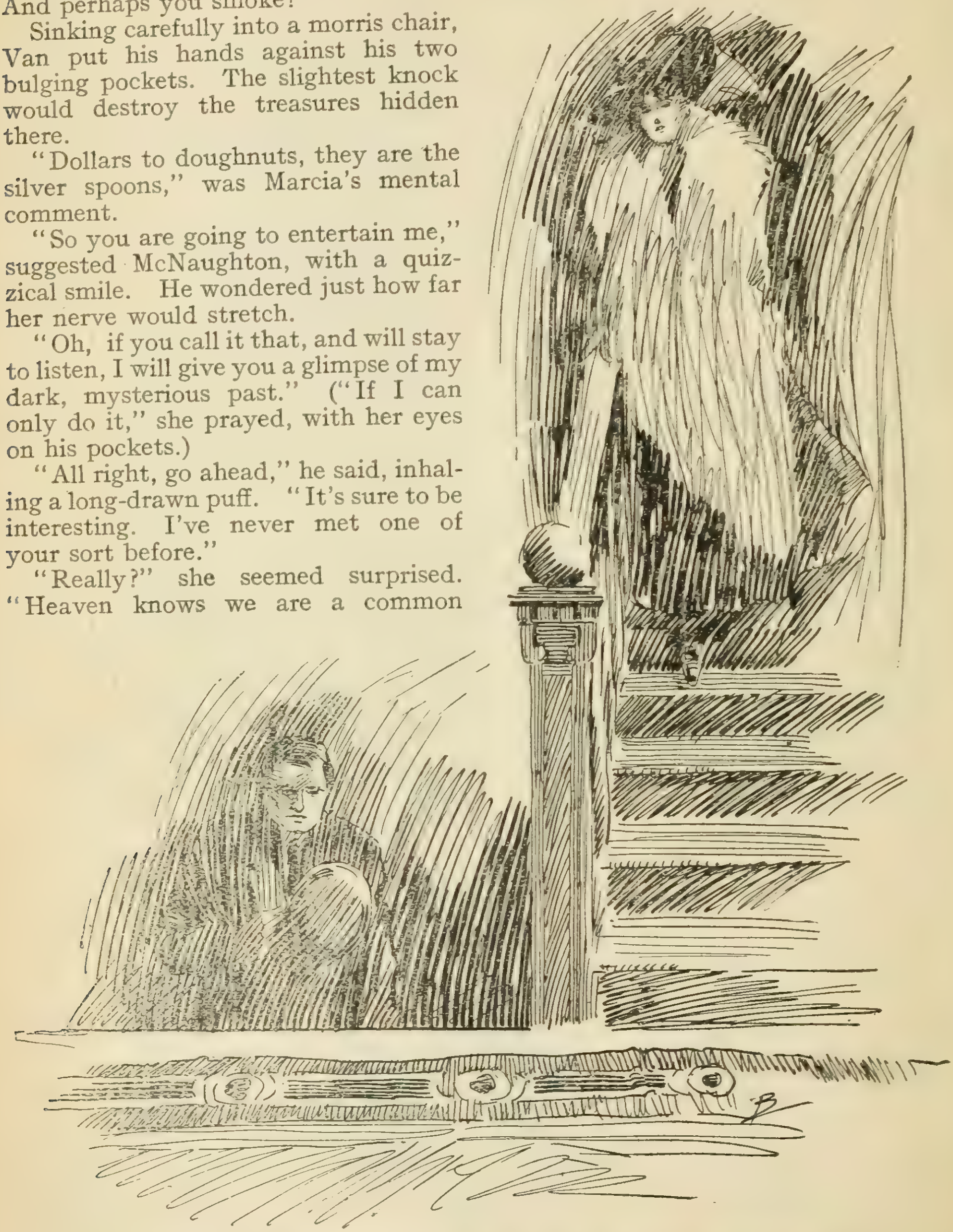
"Oh, if you call it that, and will stay to listen, I will give you a glimpse of my dark, mysterious past." ("If I can only do it," she prayed, with her eyes on his pockets.)

"All right, go ahead," he said, inhaling a long-drawn puff. "It's sure to be interesting. I've never met one of your sort before."

"Really?" she seemed surprised. "Heaven knows we are a common enough variety—the market is drugged with us"—this last a little wistfully. "But I might say the same of you."

He blushed modestly.

"Oh, I am only seemingly *one* of my kind. There are plenty of others, cleverer at the business, by far, than I



AS MARCIA GRAY CREPT NOISELESSLY DOWN FROM THE THIRD FLAT OF BRANDONS' HOUSE VAN M'NAUGHTON TIP-TOED STEALTHILY UP FROM THE FIRST am—I have had what you might call luck."

"Don't you—er—dislike it, sometimes?" asked Marcia, with frank curiosity.

"Well, rather," was the decided answer. "It's rotten, if I may say so!"

The girl nodded her head, approvingly.

"I am glad to hear you say that. To me, it seems dreadful—this prying upon other people—don't be offended—standing for, and working out a principle you *know* is wrong."

McNaughton looked at his companion, curiously.

"Then why do *you*—" he began, and stopped. "But that is not so always," he said. "Sometimes I am right, gloriously right. I gloat over the power of taking from some old miser that which he has gotten wrongfully. I do this, *I*! Again, there is the power to track a criminal—"

"Don't!" Marcia begged, with an appealing gesture. "Please, don't!"

Van's distress was genuine.

"Forgive me," he said, "do! I was not thinking what I said. (The poor little thing, she is evidently disgusted with her job, all right.) You were going to tell me something about yourself," he reminded her, "I am awfully anxious to hear it."

A clock sounded somewhere, striking twelve. The two eyed one another, apprehensively.

"I early developed signs of great genius," began Marcia, flippantly. "At the tender age of three, I read the Bible—"

"Macauley," interrupted Van, mildly.

"Played the Moonlight Sonata at eleven—"

"Blind Tom—" corrected Van, again.

"Oh, well, if you know all about it—"

"I don't—I was only verifying what you said. Later?"

A shadow crossed Marcia's face.

"Seriously?"

"Very seriously."

"Very well, I don't know why I should tell you, but I will."

"I don't know why I should want to hear, but I do."

"After my parents died, I was left to shift for myself, and fortunately, had a rather good drilling in this sort of thing," she waved her hand toward her black bag lying on a chair.

Van winced.

"I couldn't starve, could I?" she seemed to appeal to him.

"No," he admitted, heartily.

"So, no matter how much I hated the thing, I had to do it. See?"

He nodded.

"At first it was awful—going into strange houses, among people who didn't care a rap whether you lived or died—or if they did, would have voted the latter—bungling things in the beginning, perhaps, but sticking to it—then making bigger hauls—what is the matter? don't you like that vulgarism?—being somebody who was recognized for work well done, such as it is. Oh!" she sighed, "I suppose I can't complain. I've had the 'Bigs' and the 'Littles.' "

"The what?"

"The 'Bigs,' and 'Littles,' don't you know them? They are a disease."

"Never had them," Van said, positively.

Marcia smiled.

"Have you never walked down the steps in the morning, with the sickening feeling that you looked like a dried-up caterpillar, and just as small. When your chin seemed to bump against your boots at every step — making a wretched, lumpy bruise in your throat, so that it hurt to swallow—when everyone looked pale and gloomy and you felt as though some disaster hung over you?"

"Dear Lord, haven't I?" Van ejaculated, feelingly.

"That is the 'Littles'," announced Marcia, with professional decision. "The symptoms are more or less violent according to the temperament of the patient."

"And the 'Bigs'?"

A low, throaty laugh escaped her.

"And have you never walked down those same steps, when you could see the sun's glory reflected in everything around you—even the slimy sidewalk, on a rainy day? When your head held itself high and straight, when your heart and your lips *would* smile, when every one looked small, beside you, and you felt it were an easy matter to carelessly flick the insulators on the telegraph poles, as you passed?"

"God, yes," the man breathed.

"That is the 'Bigs'," said Marcia, glowing with the picture she, herself, had conjured.

"How well you know life!" said McNaughton, bitterly.

"I see all phases of it," answered the girl.

The quarter chimed.

"But one good turn deserves another," she added, hastily. "Isn't it my turn to have a chapter or two?"

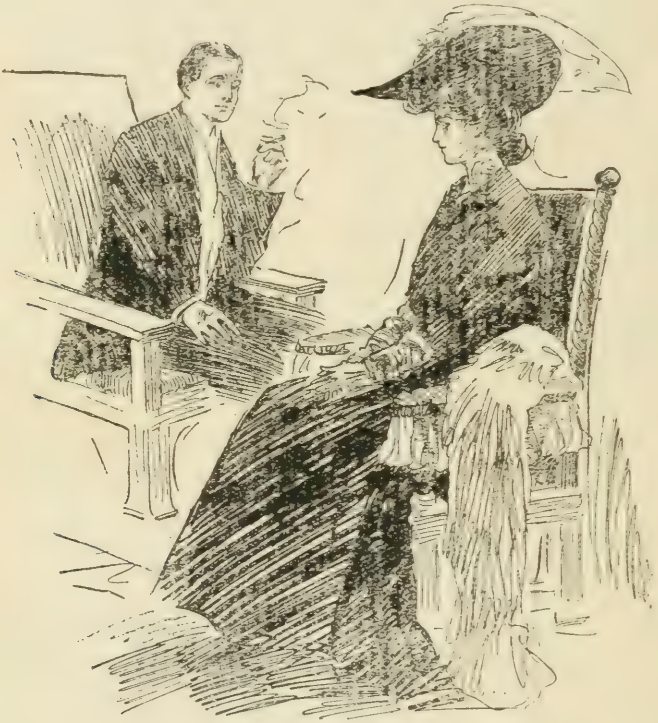
Carefully collecting their individual belongings, they made their way to the darkened dining room. It was Marcia, this time, who found the light.

Van went to the buffet, extracting from it a bottle of famous claret, which he put on the table before his companion.

"Now for the pantry," he said.

"How well he knows the ropes," thought the girl, sadly, as she watched the broad shoulders disappear through the swinging door. And he seems so—he *is* so nice!"

She started to her feet. "Perhaps he will get out," she said.



"I EARLY DEVELOPED SIGNS OF GREAT GENIUS"

"I am thirty, in my stocking feet," began the man, mocking her tone of flippancy, then broke off abruptly. "Oh, come," he said, "you don't want to hear about *me*. Let's forage around, and find something to eat."

The suggestion was most acceptable to Marcia, though its boldness repelled her. She had eaten nothing since her lunch.

Pushing back the door, she came upon him vainly trying to get rid of something in his mouth. In his hand was a tell-tale drum-stick.

"Shame," she jeered, relieved at finding him there, "You're cheating!"

"To the victim belongs what is spoilt," he returned, swallowing the offensive meat, with a wry face. "These people who are fond of *high* game, are too much for me. This partridge has been in cold storage since the stone age, by the taste of it, and that is giving it the benefit of the doubt."

Marcia laughed. "That's uncommonly gallant of you in case it was a lady. I knew a man, once, who said he got married to be emancipated from drum sticks. He had seven older sisters, you see, and was always helped last. They say he has become a terrible epicure in his own home now."

"I would commit murder," growled McNaughton, "to be emancipated from anything like *that!* Here, you take this cake in there, and sit down. I'll find you something—I am more accustomed to these premises than you are."

"The boldness of that!" Marcia gasped.

In the dim light of the pantry her face looked suddenly drawn and white to Van.

"Poor kid, she's tired," he thought. "I'll see if I can't let her down easy."

"Look here, little girl," he said, with a warmth quite unwarrantable to the occasion. "I want to do something to help you. Will you let me?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"You? Why, how can *you* help *me*? I was wondering, if in some small way, I might not be able to give you a hint or two, which might be of service to you." She said these words with no clearly defined idea, herself—only a desire to do something.

Van took her hand and patted it as one would a child's—soothingly.

"You are an awfully good sort," he said. "I'm more pleased than I can say that you have given me so much of your confidence."

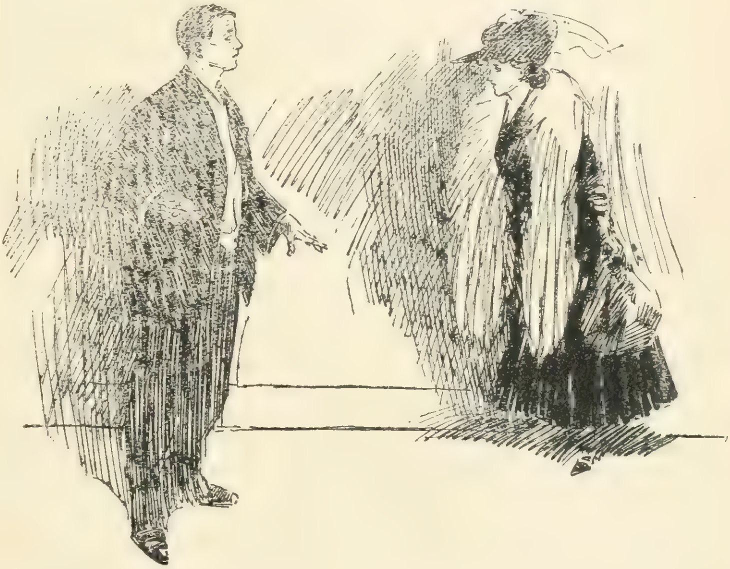
The half hour chimed.

As Marcia passed again into the dining room, her sharp ear detected the sound of a latch-key being fitted in the front door.

Her heart leaped in her throat. It was too late—they were home! Noiselessly she ran into the hall.

"Dolly," she whispered, "don't scream! There's a gentleman highwayman in your pantry—s-s-s-h—I've kept him here—but, oh, Dolly, he's so nice, and—where is Arthur—in the garage? *Don't* let him give the alarm!"

At the time of this whispered conversation, the back door opened, and Arthur Brandon stood in the hallway leading into the pantry



"SHAME," SHE JEERED, RELIEVED AT FINDING HIM THERE, "YOU'RE CHEATING"

Van turned quickly. "Don't make a sound, old man," he said, grasping the other's arm. "I've bagged a little safe-cracker in your absence. But hang me if she's not a good sort. Say we let her down easy, eh, Brandy?"

Marcia led Dolly to the door of the dining room; as they reached it, the green baize swung open, and the two men stood facing them.

"Where is he?" from Mrs. Brandon.

"Where is she?" from Arthur.

"There!" chorused two other voices, unenthusiastic—uncertain.

Peal after peal of laughter followed this announcement. Arthur and Dolly seemed suddenly to have gone mad.

"Oh, this is too good," they shrieked, "too, *too* awfully good!"

"Miss Marcia Gray, allow me to present my husband's very good friend, Mr. Van Tyne McNaughton — State's Attorney," and Dolly vulgarly doubled up on the table, shrieking again.

Although a great wave of relief passed over Van, he was not willing to let matters rest without giving at least one reason upon which he based his circumstantial evidence.

Crossing the room to where Marcia stood, he asked very earnestly, "What have you in that bag?"

"Papers," she answered, simply, "letters, papers, cards, invitations, forms of congratulation, condolence, acceptance and regret. I am a Social Secretary, and am at present staying with Mrs. Carrol Hughson. Her machine got out of order, so I ran over here to Arthur's study to type some letters, which must go out to-morrow. What have you in your pockets?" she asked, raising her solemn eyes to his.

"These," answered Van, pulling two oblong packages out and laying them on the table, "these are two cylinders for Arthur's boy. He has a gramophone, and whenever I come to town I always bring him some harmless, quiet plaything. That is why I am so popular with him." He smiled at Mrs. Brandon. "And here's your key, Brandy—I am sure to get it mixed with mine."

Dolly and her husband managed to control their merriment long enough to gather the import of this short but salient by-play.

Arthur caught his wife's glance and closed his left eye slowly and intelligently.

"If you are going back to Mrs. Hughson's to-night, I had better go with you," Van announced, with an air of proprietorship which Marcia did not seem to resent.

"And see that she doesn't purloin your watch and chain," added Dolly, wickedly, as she closed the door after them.

"Does your distinguished patroness receive on Thursday?" asked McNaughton, bending slightly to catch Marcia's answer.

"Why, yes," she laughed.

"And do callers see the Social Secretary also?" Van asked again.

"If they like," was the shy answer.

"By jove, I feel them coming on," cried Van, in mock despair. "An awful case."

"What?" asked Marcia.

Making a pass at an imaginary object high in the air, Van answered:

"The 'Bigs'—little girl—the 'Bigs'!"

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER III.

NATIVE DAYS IN CANADA WEST

AS RUMORS began to thicken in regard to the possibility of settlements on these western plains, the old plan of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to pass west up the Q'Appelle Valley, along the ancient trail of the Red River carts, making old Fort Q'Appelle, ancient seat of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from time immemorial the central capital of all these wide plains, the new capital of all the province later to be known as Saskatchewan. The exact location of the route, as it was later determined, was a matter of no special importance. The great fact was the conviction that here was a country at least worth crossing if not worth settling.

Opportunity means colonization; and colonization usually means the individual colonizer—the colony built for personal gain alone. Some such sort of beginning seems inevitably necessary for any colonizing nation. The individual starts; the nation follows. The national spirit behind the Canadian Pacific Railway was perhaps as much military as industrial; but this fact as well in time lost all significance. Crowding individual enterprises soon made the Canadian Pacific Railway a purely industrial and commercial highway. For the purpose in hand, however, this great highway serves us as an easy path back to early history, its locations leading the student into much that is wholly typical of Western Canada in the days before the white man came.

North of the Q'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan, well toward its head, there thrusts up out of the level plain a considerable elevation or series of bold highlands, known as the Last Mountain. East of this long range, whose greater axis runs north and south, the plains again roll out, flattening into the level prairies. West of the mountain, and parallelling rudely its greater axis, runs a long narrow lake now known as Last Mountain Lake, once called by the Indians "Long-Lake-where-the-fork-is." One of the most beautiful and typical panoramas of mountain, hill and lake, of plain and stream and broken ground to be found in Western Canada lies here. It has always been prominent in Canadian history.

The River Q'Appelle itself was a stream of mystery in the aboriginal mind, as its very name indicates. The French name only translates the old Indian title. It was always the "River-which-calls"—probably named from the noises made by the gorged ice sometimes piled up in the narrow lakes which mark parts of the stream.

The Indians also ascribed strange qualities to the mountain which lies above the head of this valley. To them the Last Mountain was the home of mysterious and generally evil-minded spirits. The American tribes would never have anything to do with the Yellowstone Park, and for some similar reason the Canadian Indians looked askance at Last Mountain.

Many strange things happened there. The Indian mind finds supernatural explanations for natural phenomena; and when a country grows too strange for the Indian to comprehend, he marks it off his map as being the home of spirits and not fit for human occupancy. The Indian paradise, or heaven, full of buffalo and sweet water and good fuel, was traditionally located somewhere near the head of the Q'Appelle Valley. The Indian hades, place of malicious spirits, also was assigned to these high, rolling, round-topped hills which swell up into Last Mountain range. There was fuel here, and plenty of game. Thinking this region especially suited for purposes of an Indian reservation, the Dominion Government once set it aside as an Indian reserve, but the tribesmen respectfully declined to have anything to do with it, would not live there or even hunt there. They have to this day traditions of a volcanic outbreak or "hot rain," which long ago destroyed a whole village there—a curious story, which must have had some original basis in an unusual phenomenon of nature, which however was so recent as to remain still in the memory or hearsay belief of tribesmen living to-day.

In this neighborhood lay the best of the old northern buffalo range, and hither headed the annual pilgrimage of the half-breeds from the East, bound for a country where they could most easily or surely get their meat. It was not far from here that the last buffalo hunt was made, from which the breeds came back with a few poor hides, saying with sorrow on their faces, "These are the last"; and so set themselves to face another era of the world. Tribes from south of the line sometimes also came to hunt in this region, just as American farmers now come there to farm.

A curious interest has always attached to the country in the minds of its parti-colored population. The central hills make a distinct sort of range, swelling up in a series of rounded eminences, among which, hundreds of feet above the level of the plains, wind scores of little lakes like highland tarns. From these summits, looking to the west across the thin silver line of the long lake, one may see yet another proof of a strange origin in the configuration of the country—the crests of strange kopjes, or butte-like mounds thrusting up above the plains seventy-five miles distant to the westward. Here in ancient days flashed the signal fires of the tribesmen in their times of war or hunting. These peaks and buttes, which lie not far from a little railroad town to-day, were used by the half-breeds as signaling points in the Riel rebellion. They might so be used to-day; although now the fires would flash across a country strangely and irrevocably changed. As this shifting central picture has changed, so has all Western Canada swiftly changed, passing from old ways to new.

CHAPTER IV.

CATTLE DAYS IN CANADA WEST

A COUNTRY does not soon pass from nomad to agricultural. Red nomads are supplanted first by white nomads, almost or quite as savage as their predecessors. The first settlers take with them but few ploughs. The old Hudson's Bay post asked no more than a post garden. The American frontiersman wanted only a little patch of corn. Herds and flocks are the first concern of the west-bound on the American continent. The cow man has always been the first citizen after the hunter, the trader and the frontiersman.

In this way the Canadian cow man was as stubborn and as cunning as the Hudson's Bay Company itself. The cow man wants range. He detests fences. He cannot afford to run cattle over ground that will raise anything but grass; so, loudly and stoutly and continuously the cow man declared that this country of Western Canada would raise nothing but grass! The early ranchers who moved in their spotted buffalo through the McDonald Hills, the Touchwood Hills, the Last Mountain ranges, over all the breaks and coulees and flat levels on both sides of the Q'Appelle Valley—all over Saskatchewan and Alberta, indeed—did not want anyone to believe that the soil would raise anything but grass. The fiction of an icy and inhospitable North, incapable of supporting a population, was stoutly fostered and furthered by the hardy cattle men who first took over the country after the red hunters had left it.

Cattle days in Canada were but little in advance of trading and hunting days. Not even the round-up was a thing of system at first. The cow man could not accurately estimate his herd. Fences he had none. Commonly his house was a hovel, digged into the side of a hill, or perhaps more ambitiously constructed of poles and mud. It was long before the average cow man reached the dignity of stone or sawn boards. By that time he was a baron, able the more strongly to dispute the claims of men practicing the religion of the plough. Such as he was, however, early or late, savage or semi-savage, he filled all the wide ranges of Saskatchewan, as once he filled the trans-Missouri in the American Republic. This cow man was the second, but not the last white man to come. His cattle vanished in part when the clack of the self-binder began in wide fields of yellow grain, which grew where grass had been.

Recently much of west Saskatchewan was, for the purposes of careful study, visited by the writer, in the course of a journey some hundreds of miles in extent. It was a pleasant experience in a pleasant land. There lay the earth, in some part still free and unsubdued. There was the old familiar sweep of the plains and the sky, the expanses of open waters, the beauties of the hills—all the spell of wild lands not yet trammeled by civilization. We saw the native grasses which the buffalo once cropped, not yet replaced by those which follow the white man westward. Here were the shrubs and flowers, the nodding plumes of the prairies, dotting the wide carpet of the grasses; and across these, meeting no obstruction, wound here and there the vague trails of the prairie, showing the wandering imprint of uncharted vehicles; new trails, and quite apart from the deep-set grooves of the old Red River carts, which made almost a half-continental road.

Dearest of all prairie pictures, one might see here again, and almost for the last time in America, that old picture of the "main-travelled road," winding here and there along the easiest grades, type of human life itself, seeking the line of least resistance, self-reliant, finding its own way, depending on itself; and so alluring, inviting on and on to where it vanished on the crest of some distant ridge; leading beyond, one might not doubt, to sown fields and a home, and content and happiness. Who does not love the main-travelled road of the prairies, which just links him loosely to the truth that he is white and civilized, yet does not free him from the thought that he is savage, that he is at the beginning of all things, that all the earth and all of life are before him!

Sometimes our road lay in the Valley of the Q'Appelle, sometimes at the rim of the prairie levels above it. Often it seemed that the white man had not yet come to any of this country. Now and again we saw groups of the Indian tepees, no longer made of hides, but still framed on the old tribal lines, although now their cover is of canvas. These aboriginal abodes were grouped as of yore, at the mouths of the coulees leading down from the flats into the wide valley. In the old days these camps were established at places where the buffalo were forced to drink. One might almost expect the red men even now to send out their scouts to the tops of the bluffs, to spy out whether there might not be a herd of buffalo coming down the coulee to the main valley. It might have been the old tribal life itself we saw sometimes from the high edges of the valley—groups of the conical tepees, smoke atop, seen through a distance mellowed by sudden Scotch mists or swift downpouring slants of rain.

But as we rode along the rim of the valley, passing to the westward, now and again we saw smoke, now and again saw some dot or speck upon the face of the wide sweeping plains. Again they clustered strongly, these habitations of civilized men, farmers, not cattle drovers nor hunters nor adventurers. That black strip across the landscape—it was not the shadow of a passing cloud, but the record of a plough! These yellow gray bands were the fields of stubble already reaped. These other bands of green, of pale yellow, of deep bright yellow—they were the fields of wheat, among which the binders were yet to do their work! The centuries-old soil was finding its first upturned exposure to the sun. Surely the plough had come! There is no more thrilling experience than this, of seeing the ancient wilderness just passing into the first loose fingers of civilized man's occupation.

Here was the wheat, crowding up to the trail, high as the wagon seat as we drove through. At the edge of a grumbling cow man's unowned but long occupied range, we reached down and plucked off ripe wheat in handsful, crumpling out into the palm the full ears of triple-rowed kernels, magnificent grain, the food which the world must have—that grain upon which the whole civilization of the earth seems so strangely to depend; for, when the wheat has come, civilization has taken hold of the land, never again to loose its grasp. One who loves the open air and the wild world cannot suppress a sigh of regret at first thought of the passing plains, at the thought of the dead romance of the rancher; but, none the less, there must come the soberer thought that the wildernesses of this world, as well as the scant fields of the older world, belong to the world and the world's peoples.

In the heart of Saskatchewan one now is never out of touch with the settlements; the traveller *au large* on wheels of his own, camps now and then at the half savage dwelling of some irascible cow man, oftener at the more comfortable abode of some wheat-raising farmer; and at times he sees, miles distant on the horizon, the gaunt arms of a great windmill, supplying a railway tank. Now and again he catches view of a roll of smoke passing, or hears the rumbling signals of a railway train. Parallelling, if not following the old trails, here is the railway, path of the new, permanent trail of the man with the plough, who has wiped out all the paths worn in the soil by the wild or tame herds of days now gone by.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE NEW FRONTIER

EXTENDED personal inquiry in West Saskatchewan in the course of a long journey failed to discover one farmer who was homesick or discontented, or who declared that he was going back to Old England or to the States. Without exception they declared that they were not only contented, but prosperous. In most cases their one or two crops had given them their lands and their first farmstead buildings of rude comfort, at least, fully paid for; *and this land was their own.* No basement life for these settlers, nor for their children, nor their children's children; no rack rents, no struggle with a worn, exhausted soil; no cap-touching to a so-called superior class. Here was a different field for humanity. Is there any difficulty in predicting the difference between the product of such fields and those of the "pent and huddled East"?

Some of this land has been taken under the homestead laws, but much of it has been bought of earlier holders. In scarcely a farm was all the land as yet broken up and so made ready for the wheat; but always now we saw the broad strips of the dark soil, and the wide patches of the yellow wheat upon the landscape.

It was a fascinating sight, this middle land between the old and the new. Most fascinating of all was the air of hope and confidence. Something set the blood tingling in the veins. No one here spoke of despair or discouragement. These men made no repining at their lot as frontier farmers. Their sole and engrossing concern was the question of means of getting out their wheat to the markets—for even in Western Canada farming has run in advance of transportation.

In the marshes which drained into the head of the lakes we saw everywhere uncounted thousands of wild fowl. The Dominion Government wisely has established many game reserves, so that to some extent, at least, the ancient breeding grounds will be preserved—a policy the United States ought to have pursued, but did not. Every care has been taken to conserve this delectable country as a home desirable for red-blooded men and women. Most of the farmers at the time of this particular journey were too busy with their harvesting to pay much attention to sport, but when the necessary work is done, any man hereabout has ready access to countless swarms of wild geese, sand-hill cranes, many species of wild ducks. The wheat lands run up to the edges of long winding marshes, and as is the case in all the northern portions of the United States, the wild fowl readily adjust themselves to the early stages of civilization, the wheat stubble furnishing the best shooting grounds for geese and cranes. Such conditions make strong appeal to sport-loving farmers fresh from Old England.

In such regions as this, one still travels as one likes across country, paying no attention to roads; although now and again one comes upon roads rudely ploughed along the section lines, in some cases, near the railroads, fairly well worked. The time of the "main-travelled road" is passing rapidly, even in Canada. Soon the fences will come along the highways, and all travel will follow the lines bounding artificial rectangles. Exulting in our liberty, for the most part our party continued to travel direct toward a destination. We still held to the prairies; and still on every side of us was wheat, wheat, wheat.

It is thus, in actual contact with the conditions which the colonist must meet, that one arrives most naturally at the ever vital question of *who and what that colonist must be*. Some of our party were Englishmen, and of these one declared his vast surprise that Canada seemed to value an Englishman no more than an American, perhaps not so much! In his belief this ought not to be. At him scoffed yet another of the party, an Englishman born of good family, but for twenty years a Western Canadian farmer. This latter man had been transplanted, had taken root, had flourished in the new environment.

"Why should we do more for an Englishman than for an American?" asked he. "We want farmers who can farm. We need men who can live this frontier life. Why should we favor England if England does not deserve it? We will take you on if you can work, and will pay you for what you actually can do. Why should we pay you for what you cannot do? Why should we not pay better the man who can do more than yourself?"

That is hard doctrine for the new-come Englishman to face, who still feels the homesick pull of the old country at his heart strings. Yet it is doctrine which any man must be prepared to face in any country where everything is new. The frontier knows no flag. It is man for man, and all against the war-front of nature. It is best for any new settler to know this truth in advance. Here then, in these undenied facts, rest the full question and answer of Canadian colonization.

Clean and sane colonization requires and demands that there shall be opportunity, but insists that the intending colonist shall be fit and prepared to avail himself of fair opportunity when offered. This preparation has in the nature of things often been impossible for the new-come Englishman—of course far more often impossible for the English city dweller than for the English farmer. Neither can in reason be expected to know the requirements of the Canadian West. The frontier asks for trained men, skilled men, strong and steady of purpose, ready to adapt themselves to new surroundings, able to endure the deprivations and hardships which for a time are necessary on any frontier. Viewed from one angle, at least, it certainly is this sort of a colonist who is needed to change the wilderness into a farm.

What could the men and women of the huddled Old World cities do for themselves if transplanted to a land like this? Experience already answers that. Farming itself is a profession, and it must be learned. Many fail at it. No work is harder or more constant than that of farming, even in the richest of countries. There is no royal road to success in raising wheat or any other product of the farm. It means work. It costs courage. It requires brains. It demands experience. Western Canada's farms show that the game can be won; but it has only been won at the cost of skill, courage, experience, by means of stark physical hardihood, well-applied knowledge, steady purpose. What would be the fate of the weakened city dweller, fresh from the slums and without preparation, set down in such surroundings, necessarily unskilled in this manner of labor, ignorant of the use of machinery, ignorant of everything, and not yet even physically strong? How can one of the very poor make a living, even if he be given a "start," in a new country such as this? Such a man would miss, first of all, the companionable dirt and grind and hurry of the city which bore him. Worn down by the meagreness, the solitariness, the continual stress, awed by the continual menace of an affronted nature, would he despair, would he grow sick at heart, and so curse God and die? That question is the gravest asked of any land to-day. In time it must be answered—answered by Canada *and* England; assuredly not by England alone.

Hasty experiment of English colonization in Canada has been undertaken in many instances. Many years ago, for one instance, there was located in southern Saskatchewan a colony of typical Londoners, Whitechapel "bird catchers," as they were called, waifs of the London tenement district. These people knew nothing whatever of farming. They did not know how or where to begin. The newness of all their surroundings seemed to work upon them some appalling apathy. They huddled up about the hearths of their wastrel homesteads, and when winter came, they starved, froze and died. None knew the use of weapons. Each needed to be taught how to handle a horse. All was hard, helpless, difficult, useless.

Some of them won through, and, Canadians now, are prosperous and contented citizens. But Canada owes no duty to England which forces her to take such citizens. Not even philanthropy owes a duty to humanity which implies the handling of the very poor in a way like that, so far removed from mere intelligence. Hard indeed is the answer to this problem of the poor, who need opportunity, *but cannot use it!*

Ah, then our story ends here? The failure of such altruism is foregone? Not in the least! The story of true colonization but begins where this conclusion is written by despair.

It is true that Canada owes nothing to England which obliges her to prefer such citizens to others offered ready at hand, bred and trained in the problems of the frontier. But both Canada and England, and the United States as well, owe it as one of the correctives of civilization that Western Canada shall take at least the potentially efficient poor and plant them and nurture them *intelligently*, giving their wasted tendrils holding-place on some manner of support, stage by stage, in Europe or on the American continent—gradually advancing in fitness; until at last the sun and the sky and the soil of this or some other land, east or west of the Atlantic, shall make these tendrils full and strong; until the human plant, transplanted, shall take root, and so offer proof of the virtue of good environment in the production of a human being better and more useful to the world. The *human plant*—that is the question! Not politics, not sentiment, not any foolish talk of empire, or worse than foolish talk of preferring an Englishman to any other man, is what England and Canada alike need to-day to consider.

It is no time for England vaguely to talk of empire as empire. That is not enough. Science, not politics, should govern now. Her greatest concern should be over the *average of her humanity*. No country is stronger than the *average* of its population. Let England take care of her men and women, and her empire will take care of itself. Let her fail to do so, and there can be no ruler, and no system of government, which can assure empire to her flag.

The growth of the House of Commons of England has been steady, generation after generation. As the ages pass, there waxes ever the demand of the *average man*. In time comes the demand that this *average man* must be better and stronger; that there shall not exist extremes too wide between master and slave, between effetely affluent and abjectly poor. This is true for England. It is true for all the world.

"In the shadow of cathedrals, crowned by centuries of story, beneath the very arches of castellated ruin by the Rhine, see the unlettered peasant plowing with the family cow. To such a man, what avail the centuries? How much of life from that old cathedral gilds his toil? Upon his sorrow-dimmed vision what romantic spectacle arises, as round the castle walls in penury he stumbles during the slow-grinding years of human toil? Let us rejoice that fifty years have placed here, under these skies, more happy, simple homes that can be found in any equal area in all the ancient world!" Thus another phrases it. Can you not see his pictures?

Old lands have poor and rich. But what is their *average*? Why feel pride in England's wealth? What is her *average* well-being? My arm is no stronger for the exercise you give to *yours;* my pocket is no richer for the fact that *yours* is full; my happiness does not consist in seeing *your* castle of content. But give me work, give me money I have earned, give me castle of my own that I have earned and may hold—ah, then you make me Saxon, Englishman, American, Canadian. *Best of all, you make me man!*

This is no specific criticism, and we deal here with no specific problem. Such matters are not for England alone. Young as is the United States, the progressive President of that Republic has but this year appointed a commission to look into the very questions now soberly agitating Canada and England. He asks this commission to learn what can best be done to get men out from the cities and on the farms; knowing that that is the next great step in the prosperity and wealth-making of that Republic, as indeed it is of the entire world to-day. Give me castle of my own! That is the Saxon demand. Make me a man! That is to say, give me the chance to make of myself a man!

CHAPTER VI.

OVER SEAS

THE successes of England are those of heredity; but, unless all science be wrong, success of heredity cannot always endure when environment lacks. The greatest of gardeners knows when to transplant. The success of England and of her great men has long been a success up-hill, done in spite of all. So great is England's mighty past, so imperative is her demand upon her sons that they shall rival the deeds of that past, that always great men have grown there, in stature springing to the very glass of their hothouse covering. She has sent many great men abroad. For centuries England has been great in her colonies, great in men who have carried with them the seed of deeds, that yet greater deeds might arise.

England's island horizon inexorably marks delimitation for her ambition. Great men grow there; but that is beside the question. The real question is: What would proper transplanting do for the middle-class or lower-class Englishman? The argument is not upon England's government, not upon her royalty, her House of Lords, her nobility, even her House of Commons. It has to do with the yet larger question *of average* English men and women. The ultimate price of any nation must be in the strength and splendour of its *average* self-reliant man. The glory of a bejeweled crown is nothing to him who starves. The splendour of My Lord's achievement in the forum is naught to her who brings imbeciles into the world.

These truths exist as much for any land as for England, and the swift fashion of these days brings them home now with startling vividness to every nation of the world. Human unrest was never greater. The call of the new lands, where the stress of extremes is not yet so great—that is the sole voice of hope for the over-crowded world to-day. In the wilderness thus far has lain our salvation.

Had there been no American colonies, no transplanting of Englishmen and others to rich new lands offered free by nature, what would be the story of Europe to-day? In the stern fashion of nature, famine and pestilence and ruin would have cleared yonder hot-house long ago. Europe would now have the ways of China. England, plus Canada,—the Old World plus the United States and other new countries, have offered their wider total for the world's development, and proved that all the world's surface was meant for occupancy. They have proved also that the world's good is the good of the *average* man; that the world's governments in time must always adjust themselves to these facts as they arise from varying environments of man. Monarchies for the mixed peoples of the hot-house, self-rule for the self-selected strong of the new countries—no king seems to have been quite able to evade this rule. It works itself out slowly. The greatest king of the earth to-day takes in it the greatest pride. No colonizing nation need to fear it, but rather should find comfort in it.

What the Canadian Government may be a hundred years hence is of no consequence. Whatever it shall be, it will be the proper one, because Canada will have been the growing ground of a strong and virile breed of men, fit to be governed and fit to govern. It is enough to let the years alone. Whether or not a new nation shall have arisen, a new *people* will inexorably and inevitably have arisen. In spite of little theories, in spite of selfish and narrow plans, the world will have advanced a stage in its developments.

That is not to say that we are to sit idly by and watch these matters happen. Each people may be and must be to some extent master of its own destiny. Each nation therefore needs practical idealists, men who have the constructive imagination. All the better if these men of grasp and vision be found in governmental circles. It is not sufficient to reason abstractly, composedly, complacently, thus or so about colonization. The thing is to *do* colonization—to forecast the people's future, and to make plans for it.

(To be continued.)

DAWN

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

TO wake quietly from slumbers of the night,
To gaze upon the East and find it light,
To watch the blushing rose with fragrance rare, each dewy petal open to the air,
To see the placid lake awake from rest, and sparkling wavelets ripple on its breast,
To note the quivering aspen, but now green, tremble and sigh and show a silvery sheen,
Then to arise, with God's great mercy blest, long day has come—past is the hour of rest.

THE HORSE THIEVES

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

I.

AS a gang they were known as the Big Four, amongst the farmers of Dakota and ranchers of Montana. As individuals they went under the cognomens of Walleyed Johnson, Reddy McLeod, Budd McGill and Pinto Smith. Their principal occupation was rustling stock with the cheek of the proverbial canal horse. Both States had offered large rewards for their capture, but as yet no one had come forward to claim the long green, although it was the means of checking their depredations, and caused them to come to the conclusion that Canadian territory would be more safely worked than the American side.

"Therefore, be it resolved," said Walleyed, who was the acknowledged leader of the gang, "that Reddy cross the line, get work on one of them big farms—there's any God's amount of them over there—find out what he can, how many horses they keep, and what they're worth, where the hired help sleep and all sich statistics. The rest of us 'll come later, clean out the whole stable, and then back to Uncle."

Fairview Farm was chosen, and a rendezvous appointed for Reddy to meet the others in a couple of weeks when they would form a plan of action.

Reddy had no difficulty in obtaining the desired employment. Men are scarce in the Canadian West, and the large farmers, although paying two dollars and fifty cents per day and board, are never able to keep a full complement of men, for a great many, as soon as they earn enough, hit the trail for parts where homesteads can be obtained and start on their own hook.

Nobody around the farm saw anything noticeable about Reddy except a disinclination to work, and, when he asked for his time, the manager handed him a cheque, bade him good-bye, and the incident closed.

"Well, what's the chances?" asked Walleyed, when Reddy joined the others.

"Well," drawled Reddy, "it's easy, yet it ain't. They's about seventy horses and twenty mules, and say!—the head push has a team of bloods that will sell away up in Helena or Butte. The hired help sleep in a bunk-house a hundred yards away; the boss goes through the stables about eleven o'clock and then no one goes near till the alarm goes off at five."

"But say," continued Reddy, "I don't like them damn Mounted Police. They're goin' all the time. Y' can't turn around but y'see them comin' on the trail. They have a system, patrol they call it; a police goes around to all the farmers and gets them to sign a paper, and lay any complaints they have, and any suspicious character is picked up and made to give an account of hisself. Why, I never saw a hobo all the time I was there—they don't harbor such cattle. And, the worst of it is, the police is scattered all over the country, from the boundary clean up to Hudson Bay. A ex-police worked on the farm with me and told me all about it. He says it's the hardest place in the world to break the law and escape, for they're given a long course of trainin' before they let them out on detachment, and, if they don't perform their duty, they get a term in the guard-house and are fined. If one of 'em refuses to tackle a tough joint or is afeared to face powder, the other guys on the force jolly 'em so's life ain't worth livin'.

"We ain't running up agin a marshal and posse when we butt up agin 'em, but agin a whole army of trained soldiers."

"Say, kid," exclaimed the leader, impatiently; "drop that whine fer God's sake. Y' make me tired. Why, them damn red-coats is only a few kids, fed and kep' clothed in shinin' rags, so's the people won't fergit Eddie's King."

"Oh, I'm game if the rest be," interposed Reddy. "When will we act?"

"To-night's as good as any," said Pinto, "fer we won't hev t' muffle their feet if the help sleep a hundred yards away."

II.

Inspector Jarvis looked up from the telegram he was reading, and said to the orderly: "Tell Sergeant Hynds I wish to speak with him."

When the Sergeant entered the office, the Inspector, who was walking up and down with the telegram in his hand, turned and, facing the Sergeant, said: "A gang of horse-thieves have made a raid at the Fairview Farm, five miles south of W——. Just received a wire from headquarters to send men in pursuit, and to bring them straight to headquarters, and, if possible, without bloodshed. You had better take Driscoll and Greenley, and proceed in a southwesterly direction, and head them off, as they are making for the boundary. Round them up as soon as possible, Hynds, and teach them they're in Canada."

A few minutes later the Sergeant and the two constables rode out of town, and took the trail in the direction of Wood Mountain.

That night they put up at the house of a rancher, and the following morning, after a brisk trot of ten miles, obtained the first information concerning their quarry.

A cowboy, looking for strays, had seen and talked to four men driving a band of horses and mules south. The description of them was anything but flattering: "The toughest-looking proposition I've seen this side the Cannibal Islands," said the cow-puncher. "Armed to the teeth. They're Americans, for they'd never get naturalization papers this side the international fence, unless they'd change their physiogs."

"A nice outfit to bump up against," said Driscoll, "and four of them to only three of us."

"Well, gintlemen," said the Sergeant, "I'd as lief bump up against them with two good men as a rigiment of poor ones. When y've served yer country as long as I have, y'll understand the craythurs better. A horse-thief is always a coward at heart, if ye could call that ossified organ be that name. Y' see a smart man don't have to steal horses and a brave man won't, so y' see the character iv the men y' have t' dale with in a nutshell. I remember wance, when I was stationed at Fort Walsh—"

"Hello!" interrupted Greenley; "what's that ahead?"

"It's our friends the rustlers," said the Sergeant, after leveling the glasses in that direction.

The police had got within a mile of their men before the fugitives noticed them.

In a second all was activity.

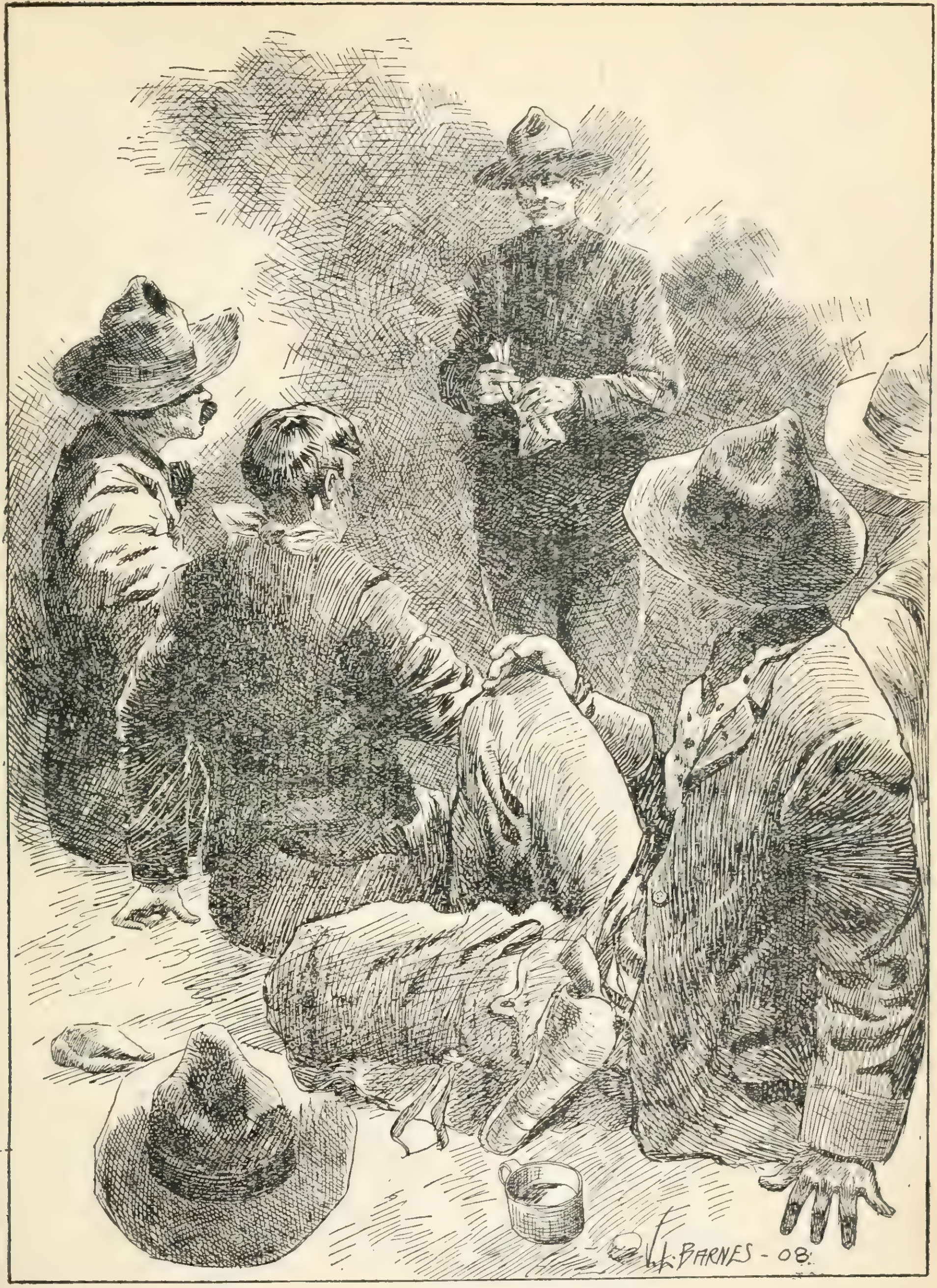
When the police had ridden within five hundred yards, the rustlers sent a bullet amongst them.

"Dismount, men," called out the Sergeant. "No, no, don't do that," ordered the old officer, as Driscoll brought his rifle to position. "The O.C. says to bring them in with their lungs full of good fresh air, and it would be a pity to waste ammunition on such quarry."

The police often wear a blue reefer over the tunic when going a long distance, and, as the Sergeant was leaving the barracks, he placed two revolvers—32-calibre, of the bulldog type—one in each side pocket of the reefer, besides buckling on the regulation Colts in a scabbard, attached to his cartridge belt.

"Now, gintlemen," said the officer to his men, "when they move on, we follow; as they see there are only three of us, they'll get careless, and when they stop to feed, I'll ride forward and interview them."

It was as the Sergeant had said. In two hours the rustlers were pushing the band along as leisurely as though a red-


V. L. BARNES - 08

Drawn by Va-Tier L. Barnes.

"GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT HERE TO TRIFLE," HE SAID coat weren't within a hundred miles of them. At noon they dismounted and started to prepare dinner, with only a casual glance in the direction of the police.

"Now, gintlemen," said Hynds, "you dismount and I'll ride up and interview our friends, and don't come up until you hear a shot, then come as if the divil himself was after ye."

When the Sergeant rode up, the quartette drew their guns, but he paid no attention to their action.

When within twenty yards he dismounted, dropped the reins in front of his horse, unbuckled his cartridge belt to which were attached his side-arms—to show that his intentions were not hostile; then he sauntered forward and joined the group.

The thieves, seeing him unarmed, replaced their guns and sprawled around on the grass.

"Good-day, soldier," said Pinto, "lookin' fer horses?"

"Yes; looking for horses and men, too," replied the Sergeant. "Now, gintlemen," he continued, "I'm a man of few words, and my errand here is t' ask y' to surrender peaceably. I'll guarantee ye a fair trial before an honorable judge, and your term will, no doubt, be lighter than if we hev t' take ye by force. And take ye I will, fer I'll folly ye through the Bad Lands, and bring the whole British Army, if necessary, t' arrest ye. Ye've committed a crime on Canadian soil and, therefore, must be punished."

"Well, soldier," said Budd, with an indulgent grin, "y'd make a first-class missionary if yer nose wasn't so red. I believe y've missed yer callin'."

"This is no joking matter, gintlemen. I mean business, and ask ye to surrender."

"I'm afeared we'll hev t' ask t' be excused t'-day," said one, amidst the laughter of the rest, "our time is limited, y' know. We hev only a short time in which t' dispose of our animals and get back fer more. Harvest will soon be here, and the market reports say a scarcity of horses amongst the grain-growers of Dakota."

"Gintlemen, I'm not here to trifle," said the Celt, angrily.

While he kept up the confab, he kept stepping impatiently around, and holding his gloves in one hand, while he abstractedly smoothed them with the other.

Finally, he rolled each glove up as he harangued, then, in an absent-minded manner placed one in each side pocket of his reefer.

In an instant his hands closed on the two pistols. Drawing them out like a flash he covered the quartette, who were sprawling on the ground around the fire, utterly unprepared for hostilities.

"The first man that moves a muscle, I'll fill him so full of holes the undertaker 'll think he's burying a cullender. Roll over on yer backs, and place yer hands above yer heads. Don't try that, my hearty," snapped the officer, as Pinto made a move towards his gun; "these hair-springs have a nasty way of goin' off accidentally, sometimes, and y' may get hurt."

When his captives were in a satisfactory position, the old officer raised one of his guns a trifle and fired. "Don't get alarmed, me friends," he said, when they started at the report. "I'm just practising. Ye should see me when I'm at the real thing; then I shine like a crimson-beaked missionary."

The two police came up at a gallop when they heard the signal.

"Dismount, men," ordered the Sergeant, "and remove the ornaments and bric-a-brac from their clothes, while I keep them in the hypnotic state."

When the thieves had been duly searched, the officer said, with a sarcastic smile hovering around his sunburned visage: "They're great friends, therefore it would be a pity to separate them. So we'll bind them together with chains of love, and give each a friendship bracelet."

"You ride over to the Mission, Greenley," he continued, "and tell them we want a team, wagon and driver; also a couple of breeds to help drive these horses in. You, Driscoll, can help the breeds push the horses along. Greenley and I will ride on either side of the wagon and guard the prisoners."

WESTWARD BOUND IN '79

BY FANNIE CLARK CLENCH

PART TWO

WE ARRIVED in Cypress on Wednesday, and as our horses were rather thin, decided to stop there for a while to rest and recruit. The following Sunday we attended church parade at the fort, at which the police made a very dashing appearance in their bright uniforms. While there our young people were invited to the wedding of a Miss Graham, which was followed by a grand banquet given by the police. Those who went enjoyed themselves very much, but again I was too young to go.

Our week at Cypress passed all too quickly, but as far as the actual gain to the horses was concerned, it would have been better had we gone on, for one of them got so badly mired that he was all under except his head and back, and we could get no grain for them. They were no better than when we stopped. As it was getting late in the season, some of the party decided to stay there for the winter rather than venture on. Father determined to keep on, but to put the four horses on one wagon and leave the other there with a young man of the party who agreed to sell it for him. We were forced to leave a lot of the contents of the wagon also, books, carpets and other things which we were assured would be safely kept. But in that bookless country the temptation to read and lend was too great to be resisted, and when later we called for them the entire collection had vanished. Also had vanished the young man, and with him the wagon which we afterwards heard he had sold for forty dollars.

Soon we were under way again, over hills and through hollows. Cypress is prettily situated, but the country around is very rough, heavily timbered in many places with spruce. We went down one hill almost perpendicular, where a half-breed boy had started down on a gallop, but the cart, horse and boy came to the bottom in sad plight, the cart smashed, the pony and the boy both killed. We went down with all our wheels locked, and even then we were glad to get safely to the bottom. Then up the other side of the ravine where the road wound along the side and then out on to the level plain.

We were warned at Cypress of the scarcity of water along the trail, and advised to fill up everything at a certain watering place which would be the last we would come to for several days, unless we could find a small pond some distance off the road. About nightfall, travelling at our usual rate, would bring us, we thought, to this watering place, and plans were made to fill everything possible to carry with us for the horses. Fancy our consternation when at last arriving at this water we found it surrounded by a whole tribe of Indians who were moving across country. After a hasty consultation it was decided by the leaders of the party both unwise and dangerous to stop there, as at that time, nearly thirty years ago, the Indians were not as civilized as they now are, and two families of white persons out there alone, miles from human habitation, surrounded by a whole tribe of Indians was no laughing matter. Even while we stopped to consider, they began gathering around the wagons demanding bread, flour and tobacco. We had, perhaps, a sack of flour and more or less bread, but what was that among so many? And to give to some and not to others would be only inviting trouble. Some gathering around the horses started to handle them, which caused them to become very restless, for a white man's horse always hates the smell of an Indian. Father thought it was time to move on and taking the whip to the restless horses, made them start so suddenly that the Indians were compelled to get out of the way.

We vainly hoped we had been mistaken in this being the last water and travelled on, but there was no more water to be found, and we knew that we had indeed started on the dry stretch. We hoped now by some happy chance to find the pond that lay off the road, and kept a sharp lookout. On the second day one of the party thought he saw water some distance off, so a halt was made, the horses unhitched, and they with the cattle started off in the direction of the water with all the grown people following, leaving my sister and me in charge of the wagons and the children. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they started away. They had not been gone long when a wind storm came up. We had bought an Indian lodge, and this we now tried to get up. We managed to get the poles up, but when we started to lift the heavy skins around, the whole thing blew over on top of us. I was quite covered up in the tangle of poles and skins and could not get out until my sister came to my assistance. She got as much of it off as she could and then said, "For mercy sake, crawl out if you can," which I was only too willing to do. I noticed her rubbing her head, but to inquire about slight injuries at such a time seemed nothing less than frivolous, and she regarded the situation as far too serious to make any comment on mere personal bruises. It was now getting dark, and there we were, helpless on the prairie with a couple of horseless wagons and six young children, with nothing to give them but dry pemmican and dry bread. As soon as the cows came back there would be milk for them, but there was no sign of the cows, and the children, beginning to feel hungry, added their note of woe to our melancholy forebodings. The night was hopelessly dark, and so windy that we could hardly hear each other's voices. We could not light a fire, for in such a wind if it did not get away and burn us, it might burn the grown people and the stock, so as a last resource my sister lit a lantern and I took a cow-bell; she stood in the front of one wagon swinging the light, while I stood in the other ringing the cow-bell. We had almost given up hope of being found that night, when close beside me I heard the voice of my sister Clara asking me if I would have a drink. Never was music sweeter to my ears than the sound of that voice. It was so dark that I could not see her, but she pushed something into my hands, and before she added as an afterthought, "Perhaps you better let me strain it," I had a good portion of it down, though it certainly did taste rather thick. The supposed water proved to be a snare and a delusion; what looked to be water was nothing more than a bare patch of alkali ground, which looked from a distance in the rays of the sun, to be water. In the very centre it was rather soft, and when the horses would tread it down, a little water settled in the holes made by their feet. That was the only water they got after their long and tiresome tramp. Poor Clara got so tired that she sat down and begged them to leave her on the prairie. My father did not say a word, but picked her up and put her on the back of one of the horses. When they got back to the trail, it was so dark they could not see which way to go, but by carefully lighting a match and guarding it from the wind they could see there were no tracks on the trail, consequently concluded they must be above the wagons, which proved to be the case. The next day when we stopped for noon the two girls started out again to see if they could find water. They came across another patch similar to that they had found the day before, but having nothing small enough to dip the water with, they were bothered about getting it into the pail 'till one suggested taking off a shoe and using it.

Our progress was slow, and these delays only made us longer on the trail and harder for the stock, so the next time water was reported and another trip proposed, mother said decidedly, "No!" The cattle at least should not go another step out of the way if she could help it, as they were all very tired and footsore and every time they stopped only made it that much longer before they came to the water which we knew was somewhere before us, as for that on the side it might turn out another fraud. So she started on the trail with the cattle and the men started off with the teams for the water, which turned out as before. Every one who has travelled on the prairie knows how hard it is to judge of the distance of an object by sight alone, and it is only by being deceived over and over again that one begins to learn to calculate the true distance of things. The men were gone over two hours on their vain search for water, and by that time mother with the cattle was out of sight. However, as she had announced her intention of keeping on the trail, we knew we would catch up with her in time. It was morning when she started away, but we travelled on mile after mile, hurrying the horses as fast as possible in the hope of overtaking her. Noon came, but still we kept on, too anxious to stop. At last, as we were about to stop and organize a search party, away off to the left we caught sight for a moment of a solitary figure on a high hill; a figure which vanished as quickly as it had appeared. We watched, and it was not long before we saw the cattle coming around the hill with mother after them. The simple explanation was that the thirsty cattle had smelled the water we were so vainly looking for and had gone straight to the spot and had a good drink. Though mother tried to keep them on the trail, she found it was useless and the only thing she could do was to follow them up and try to get them back again, which was not so easy to do. She thought she was lost until, from the top of the hill, she saw the wagons.

It was here we caught our first view of the Rocky Mountains. They appeared at first sight like a long line of thick jagged clouds, but on approaching nearer, they took on a magnificent appearance, with their snow-crowned peaks lost to sight among the clouds that seemed ever hovering around them. Around the base and scattered through the foot hills, are forests of spruce and groves of cotton wood, with here and there a sturdy oak. Here are found a great many different kinds of game, from the grizzly bear down to the mountain sheep, antelope and porcupine. The rivers that flow down from the mountain sides are very swift, fed from the melting snow that is always to be found there.

While we were camped at Hoop Up the Indians killed one of our cows, but we could get no redress for her. That night our camp was in a natural basin about fifteen feet below the level, and fortunately we were up earlier than usual the next morning as we wanted to reach Stand-Off, where we had arranged to spend the winter, in good time that evening. We had breakfast all on the table and were just sitting down when one of the party looking out of the lodge door found we were enveloped by thick black smoke so dense it was impossible to see and to breathe was difficult. The alarm was quickly given, our great anxiety being to find the horses in the confusion and smoke. The breakfast was thrust into the provision box uneaten and all was alarm and consternation. The children ran around crying and rubbing their eyes, and altogether the situation looked pretty serious. There seemed to be no way of helping ourselves except by deserting everything and making our escape, but from the way the smoke came pouring down it was hard to tell which way to go. Just when things seemed hopeless, the smoke lifted enough for us to find the horses; then two of the party discovered that one place remained which the fire had not reached yet, and they succeeded in keeping it back until we got out. That same fire chased us way to the Kootenay River, and when we were in the river it was on the banks only ten feet behind us. We succeeded in getting to the river only by running both horses and cattle.

We stayed that winter at Stand-Off. Father got out timber, intending to take up land and settle there, but when he heard that the land he had picked out was part of an Indian Reserve, he gave up the idea of settling, and the next spring moved up to the Indian supply farm. We were there until the following summer, but we were twenty years too early and did not dream of the broad fields of winter wheat which have since made Southern Alberta world famous. Then it was a ranching country without schools or churches, so father decided to remove his large family back to Manitoba.

The return trip was rather uneventful, but we had one interesting adventure. About eleven o'clock one evening, as Clara and I were watching the horses, we were terrified to hear the sharp pounding of hoofs as of a horse being rapidly ridden towards our camp. Out on that quiet prairie, miles away from any human being, that strange noise was startling enough to cause us to rouse the men who were peacefully slumbering after the continuous driving of the day. The beats were certainly coming nearer and we were decidedly alarmed, as it might be an Indian, but then any one bent on mischief would never come galloping along at that rate. As we began to realize that our fear gave way more and more to surprised curiosity. Jim and father, with most of the others, were thoroughly awake when into camp galloped a lone horse. It was light enough to see that he was a fine-looking animal, and as he was quite willing to be handled, it was not long before father and Jim had a halter on him. After trying vainly to arrive at some conclusion as to where he came from or whom he belonged to, they gave it up, tied him and went back to bed. As morning began to dawn our captive showed signs of restlessness and we roused the camp earlier than usual. The first intimation we had of the nature of the beast was when Jim coming unwarily up behind, received a salute from his heels which, had he not been so close, might have resulted more seriously. The wild horse, a magnificent creature, had decided that it was time he had his freedom and an introduction to the rest of his kind who were now plainly visible. The men were kept busy dodging all of his feet. The question now was what to do with the untamed beautiful creature. How to get away from him was discussed under very exciting circumstances. Finally, it was planned to hobble and then outdistance him. So the horses were quickly brought in and harnessed under difficulties, for that brute would make sudden dashes among them and mix up our five in great confusion. We were driving the two teams tandem and had a dear little saddle horse, a pinto mare, extra for emergencies. Jim was to drive away as fast as possible (after they had succeeded in getting the hobbles on the stranger, which was an exciting piece of work, too). Then father, on the pinto, was to keep the hobbled creature back until the wagon got some distance away, when he thought he could easily overtake us. Well, would you believe it—that horse with his hobbles on got to the wagon just about as soon as father, and though we ran the horses for some miles he nobly followed, and it was with real regret that we saw him at last make his way to the middle of a large slough, where he stood in the water covered with foam. He put up such a good fight and made such a noble effort that to leave him alone again on that wide, wide prairie seemed almost brutal—yet what could we do? Our provisions were getting scarce, we had unfortunately got out of the direct route and had not much of a trail, our only consolation was that we were going in the right direction. As soon as we thought we were a safe distance from our pursuer we stopped for breakfast. This incident happened somewhere between Cypress Hills and Qu'Appelle. We had gone much farther north than we intended, and thus were longer on our journey than we had anticipated, provisions finally getting so short that we were limited to a small slice of bread for each meal. So we were very glad to reach Qu'Appelle and find where we were.

Without further adventures we reached Manitoba, where father was much pleased with the prospects for farmers and took up land on the Assiniboine River. Here he laid the foundations of a pleasant home, which soon became as dear to us as had been the old one back in Essex.

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

XXVIII.

WHEN I was tellin' ma, two days ago,
About our beautiful typewriter girl,
She dropped the dough and give a sudden whirl
And said: "She's twic't as old as you, you know—
She must be twenty-five or six or so.
Don't think about her any more, my dear,
And you and me'll be always happy here—
Besides, she's nothing but an old scarecrow."

It made me sad to hear her talk that way;
My darling's just a little girl almost—
I can't see why ma give her such a roast,
And I could hardly eat my lunch next day,
For every time I took a bite of bread
I almost hated ma for what she said.

XXIX.

THE other day a rusty pen got stuck
Away deep in her finger, and she held
Her poor, dear little hand up then and yelled
For me to hurry over there and suck
The poison out, and when I went I struck
My toe against the old man's cuspidor
And rolled about eight feet along the floor
Before I knew what happened, blame the luck!

When I set up and looked around, at last,
That long-legged, homely clerk was there, and so
He had her finger in his mouth, and, oh,
I'll bet you I'd a' kicked him if I dast!
I never seen the beat the way things go
When there's a chance for me to stand a show.

XXX.

OUR homely clerk took her out for a ride
Last Sunday in a buggy, and they rode
Around all through the parks; I wisht I'd knowed
About it, and the horse would kind of shied,
And then got scared and run and kicked, and I'd
Of been a piece ahead and saw him jump
And leave her hangin' on alone, the chump,
And she'd of been so 'fraid she'd nearly died.

Then I'd of give a spring and caught the bit,
And landed on the horse's back, where all
The people there could see me doin' it,
And when I got her saved the crowd would call
Three cheers for me, and then she'd come and fall
Against my buzzum, and he'd have a fit.

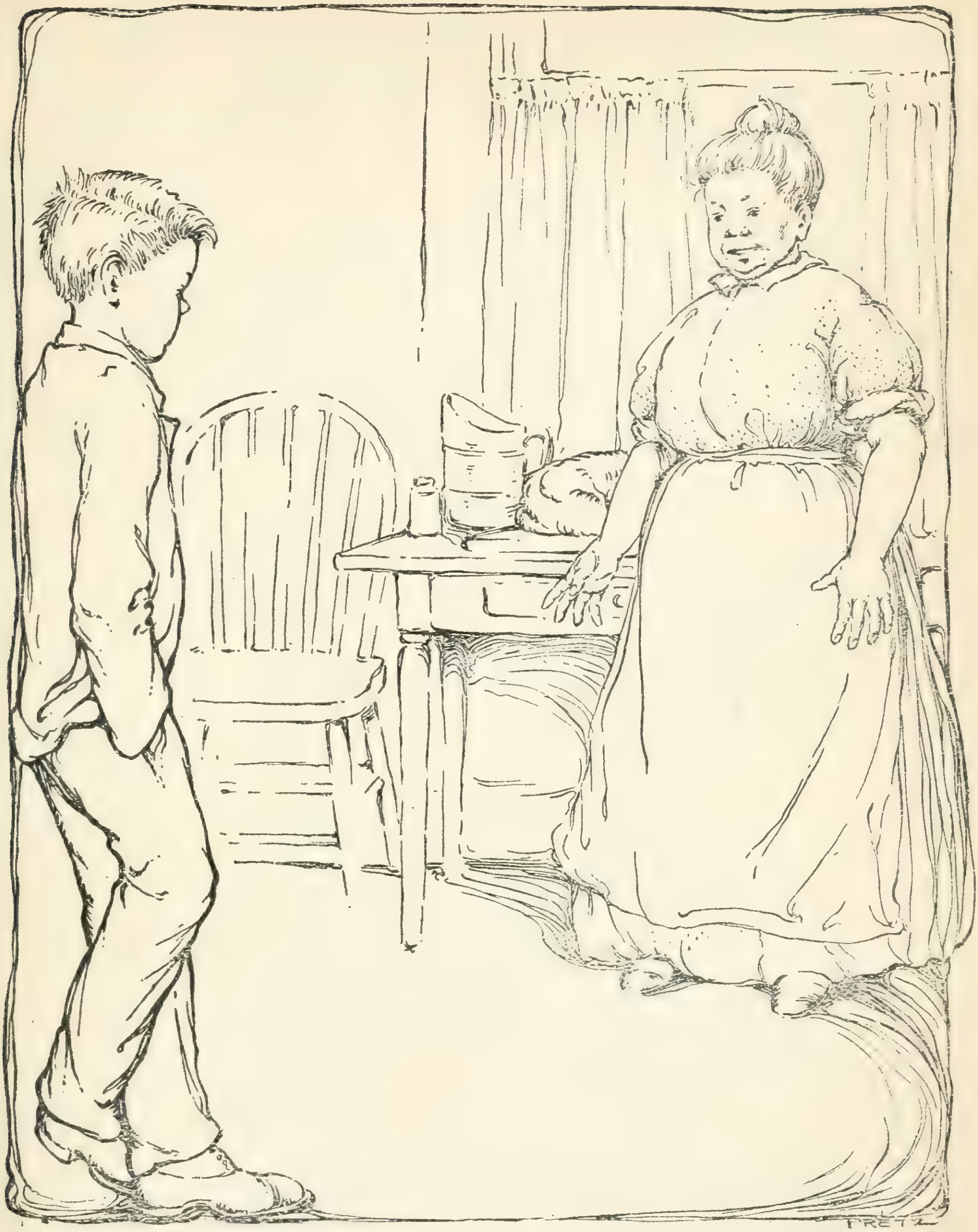
XXXI.

I DON'T care if she's twic't as old as me,
For I've been figgerin' and figgers shows
That I'll grow older faster than she grows,
And when I'm twenty-one or so, why, she
Won't be near twic't as old as me no more,
And then almost the first thing that she knows
I might ketch up to her some day, I s'pose,
And both of us be gladder than before.

When I get whiskers I can let them grow
All up and down my cheeks and on my chin,
And in a little while they might begin
To make me look as old as her, and so
She'd snuggle up to me and call me "paw."
And then I'd call her "pet" instead of "maw."

XXXII.

ONE morning when the boss was out somewhere
And when the clerk was at the bank and me
And her was here alone together, she
Let out a screech and jumped up in the air,
And grabbed her skirts and yelled: "A mouse!" And there
One come a-runnin' right at her, and gee!
They wasn't a blame thing that I could see
To whack it with, except an office chair.



Drawn by Florence Pretz

SHE DROPPED THE DOUGH AND GAVE A SUDDEN WHIRL AND SAID, "SHE'S TWIC'T AS OLD AS YOU, YOU KNOW—"

I grabbed one up and made a smash and hit
Her desk and broke a leg clear off somehow,
And when the boss came back and looked at it
He said that I would have to pay, and now
When ma finds out I know just what I'll git—
Next pay-day there will be an awful row.

XXXIII.

IT'S over now; the blow has fell at last;
It seems as though the sun can't shine no more,
And nothing looks the way it did before;
The glad thoughts that I used to think are past.
Her desk's shut up to-day, the lid's locked fast;
The keys where she typewrote are still; her chair
Looks sad and lonesome standin' empty there—
I'd like to let the tears come if I dast.

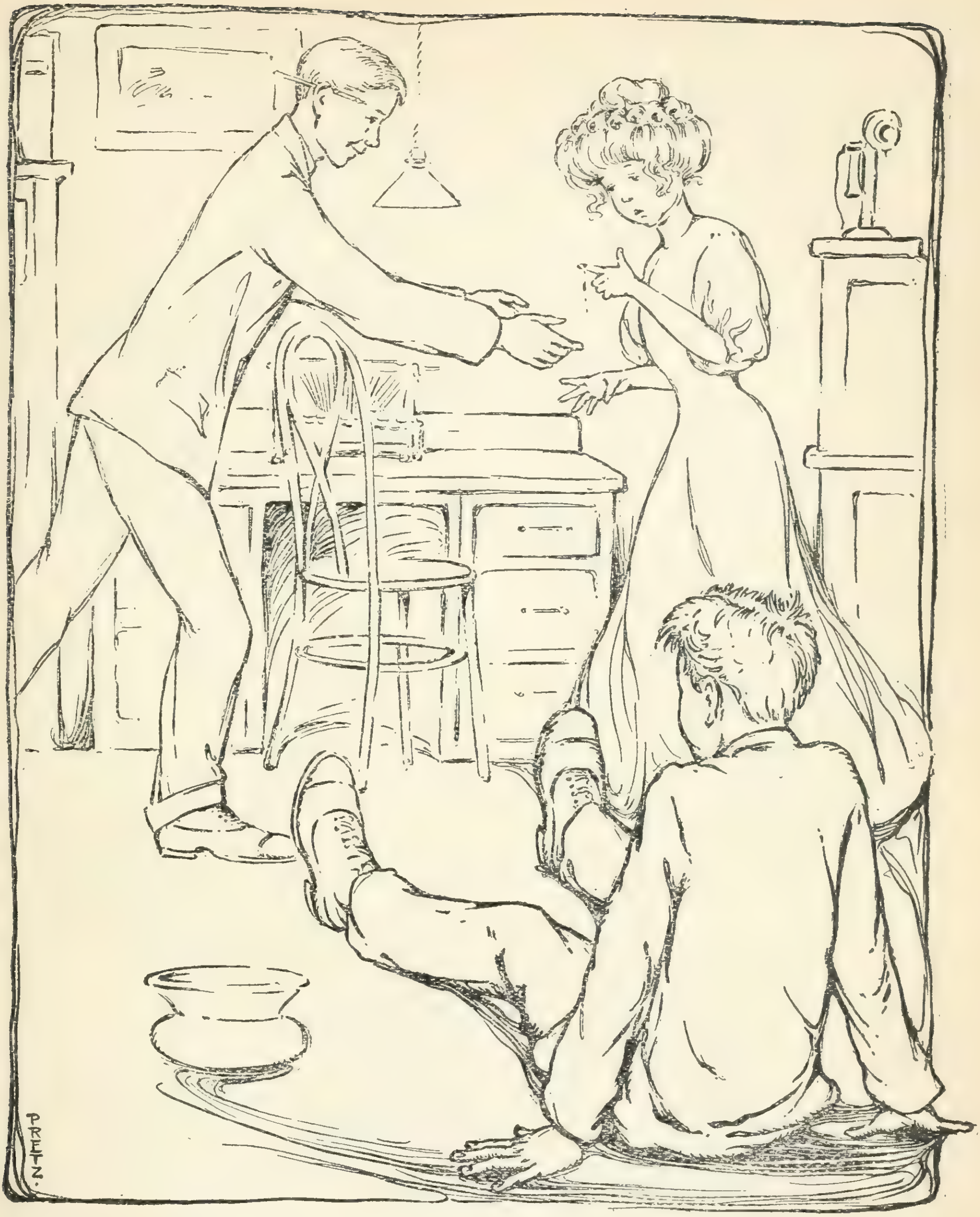
This morning when the boss come in he found
A letter that he'd got from her, and so
He read it over twice and turned around
And said: "The little fool's got married!" Oh,
It seemed as if I'd sink down through the ground,
And never peep no more—I didn't, though.

XXXIV.

THE chap's a beau we didn't know she had,
He come from out of town somewhere, they say;
I hope he's awful homely, and that they
Will fight like cats and dogs and both be sad.
But still there's one thing makes me kind of glad:
The long-legged clerk must stay and work away,
And, though he keeps pretendin' to be gay,
It's plain enough to see he's feelin' bad.

I wish when I'm a man and rich and proud,
She'd see me, tall and handsome then, and be
Blamed sorry that she didn't wait for me,
And that she'd hear the people cheerin' loud
When I went past, and down there in the crowd
I'd see her lookin' at me sorrowf'ly.

THE END



Drawn by Florence Pretz

AND ROLLED ABOUT EIGHT FEET ALONG THE FLOOR
BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAPPENED, BLAME THE LUCK!

A BROTHER OF THE SEA

BY RICHARD A. HASTE

Author of "The Warm Chinook"

WRITING of Lake Superior, Julian Ralph called it "The Brother of the Sea." Why he applied the masculine gender is not quite clear to me. He must have known the great lake in its angry moods, when its strength and its vastness were dominant. To me, and I have known it in all its myriad moods, it is decidedly feminine. Changeable? Yes, but that is not it. It is so bright; at times so soft and caressing, and then so coldly beautiful; always mysterious—incomprehensible.

But we need not quibble over a matter of terminology. Brother of the sea it has been termed—brother of the sea let it remain. It is this kinship with the great deep that impresses one, and the precise nature of that kinship does not matter.

When the summer heat settles chokingly into every nook and crevice of the city and shimmers over the dusty roads and parched fields, visible and scorching; when the southern heavens take on the hue of molten brass; when the leaves droop in the drought and the winds die, have you ever gone to the far north for relief—taken steamer and gone to the upper lake regions; to Georgian Bay, or Isle Royale, or Port Arthur or Duluth? No? Then you have coming one of the most delicious experiences of your life.

What is the peculiar charm? Really, I cannot tell—I cannot name any particular charm any more than I can describe happiness. It is distinctive, yet elusive. It may be the magnetic power of the north that seems to eliminate the past with its worries. You enter upon a new state of being; your nostrils dilate and your pulses throb with a life that is new to you—an exultant, abundant life. You feel that you are at last drinking from the original fountain of life. This indefinable physical elation is not all. The great island sea with its rugged settings appeals to the imagination—it is more than beautiful, it is fascinating.

There is a short stop at the "Soo," a half hour on the rocky shore of the great rapids, or in the beautiful government park that surrounds the canals. There is a rush of seething water as the huge steamer rises to the higher level of Lake Superior—a warning blast of the sonorous whistle, and you hurry aboard to find yourself moving westward over the transparent waters of the Brother of the Sea.

The sun looks warmly down; the breeze blows clear—cool.

Were hours ever so short? Noon has hardly passed when you notice that the day is almost gone. Purple shadows are gathering in the east, and to the west—you are sailing straight into a golden glory of a cloud-flecked sunset. Dark from the underworld rises the crimsoning, paling to orange, barred by purple band-clouds; above are vari-colored streamers flaring to the zenith.

Dreamily you watch the play of color on the water queen, gold, amethyst—a great liquid opal shot with fire—the reflection of the crimson sky on the gently swelling surface of the lake.

Now you realize, if you never did before, why there ever hangs about this "big sea water" a veil of poetry—a wavering mist of weirdly beautiful Indian legends. And you will understand, too, why these legends seem real to you now—as real as they did to the wide-eyed children of the wigwam.

You will find it easy to believe the story of the floating island, and the sleeping giant, and the guarded treasures of the sea, when you see before you a city suspended in mid air, or a castle with its turrets shining in the sun. These you will see, and more. Here are green islands with long tree-covered, wave-washed tongues of land extending far into the blue mist where the sky stoops down behind the shoulder of the sea. These things you will see with your own eyes, and before your eyes they fade away. But to you they will be real in this wonderful world of the north.

The plain history of this region is as fascinating as is its legendary lore. For here in the early dawn of the new world came those picturesque pathfinders of the wilderness, Raddison and Grossillire, Allouez, Dulut, Hennepin, Marquette, and the overpious Father Dablon. They came in search of souls—and beaver skins. They found a world—and what a world! What men they were, and what a revelation this north land and north water must have been to them as they drew their bark canoes upon the shingly beach and built their camp fires under the overhanging forests. What a life that must have been—the life of the Voyageur and the Coureur de Bois! The type is now all but extinct and only a shadow of the life remains about the Hudson's Bay Company posts of the far-north, but on every pass and portage of the upper lake region, on every island and headland these men have left their mark. They have retreated before the advancing step of modern civilization like the beaver, but the forest is still redolent with the life that was theirs. It will all come back to you like a memory, as if you had lived it yourself—the care-free, primitive life of the unsubdued world.

To appreciate this north world you must know something of its history, for little of the actual work of these "Heralds of Empire" is left to the eye. They were not vain, those men of the long trail. They erected no monuments of stone, but we can trace them by what they did leave—their names and their religion.

More than a hundred years ago, Lake Superior with its connecting waters was the great highway of the most remarkable commerce of any country or any age—the trade of the Northwest Fur Company. Few traces of this concern now remain. Even Fort Kaministiquia, the great clearing house of this world-wide enterprise, where once gathered annually a thousand men, factors, agents and voyageurs from the Lake of the Woods, from the land of the Assiniboines, from the great Saskatchewan, from Lake Athabaska, and from far-off Yukon, has been razed to the ground. Where it stood now stand mammoth grain elevators, the storehouses of the modern product of these far-off lands. But its history with the history of the life of which it was the focus is still there and will grip you with the fascination of the north.

Your destination? It matters not a bit. It may be Duluth; Port Arthur, Isle Royale—any place—anywhere. You may take the Northwest and go from the Soo to Duluth with the speed of a limited railway train, or you may take a Canadian Pacific steamer and skirt the north shore, passing Isle Royale and Thunder Cape that guard the twin harbors of Fort William and Port Arthur, the lake termini of great railway systems of Canada. Or you may take one of the lines of steamers that make the south shore, the boats of which stop at dozens of out-of-the-way places nestling close to the water under the pines. These places you may explore while the steamer takes on and discharges freight. They are slow, but who wants speed under such conditions. Day will follow day—you will take no note of time for every hour is filled with the new and the novel. And when the sun has gone and the north is red and you gather with new-made, but congenial friends on the upper deck surrounded by silence and witchery of the night, you will wonder if after all this is but a dream—a mental mirage conjured up by the magic of the Brother of the Sea.

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M. A., D. D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

SIXTH PAPER

WHILE it is true that the Gospel is essentially good news concerning the Kingdom of God, it would be but a partial statement which omitted its insistence upon Christian experience. Throughout the New Testament there are two coordinate results of faith, the removal of the penalty of death and the reception of the Holy Spirit. By way of argument, the first depends upon the second. Whenever the early Christians wished to give final ground for their confidence in their future salvation, they turned to the fact of their new spiritual life. So important is this new morality that it is not strange that we have come to regard it as the central thing in Christianity. A Christian must be a good man or sacrifice all claim to recognition as a follower of Jesus.

I.

At the first reading, it is apparent that the Apostolic teaching concerning the Holy Spirit is genetically connected with the belief as to the two ages of which we have already spoken. The "speaking with tongues" of Pentecost argued the coming of the Spirit which had been promised for the "last days." The Spirit is, in fact, always conceived of as the representative of the ascended Christ. But this is not all; he is the first installment of that age-life which the believers knew to be their great heritage in the coming Kingdom. In a word, the writers of the New Testament conceived of their own times as a sort of intermediate period in which the Christ was temporarily absent, but in which His affairs were cared for by the Holy Spirit.

There were two appreciable results of the coming of this Spirit into the heart of the believer. In the first place, there were the external and morally neutral "gifts" — speaking with tongues, working of miracles, prophesy, teaching, government. A man was no better or worse for such things and their moral value depended wholly upon whether or not they were used by their possessor for edification. It is apart from our purpose to attempt a discussion of these phenomena, but there is no good reason for refusing to believe that they actually occurred. While it may not be as yet possible to account for them psychologically, we have sufficient data at our disposal to lead us to accept the facts as recorded. It is worth noticing, however, that important as these gifts were in the estimation of the rank and file of the Christians, and valuable as they were as evidence of one's acceptance by God as a member of the Kingdom, Paul, who is the only New Testament writer who seriously discusses them, makes them decidedly inferior to love. A man not possessed of love might have them all and still be of little account morally. For this reason, as well as for others, the gifts of the Holy Spirit play a secondary role in New Testament thought, and as Christianity passed out of its early stage of brilliant and possibly abnormal enthusiasm, ceased to appear. The really important knowledge of the new spiritual life of the believer is the "fruit" of the Spirit—the actual traits of character that belonged to spiritual rather than "carnal" life.

To appreciate the Apostolic position at this point, it is necessary to bear in mind the fact that it rests upon a twofold division of the human personality. The Apostles conceived of a man as composed of two elements; the flesh, by which they meant all that allies a man with the animal creation; and the spirit, which is non-corporeal and which is immediately susceptible to the spirit of God. In this psychology, which, though simple, expresses that which has been recognized by practically every thinker, lies the basis of that doctrine of the Spirit which gave its ethical value to Apostolic Christianity. The two natures in a man were opposed to each other, one striving to pull him back to the likeness of the animal, and the other having the capacity to experience and to approach the life of God. To live according to the one meant death; to live according to the other meant life. Sin, which Paul at least almost personifies, plays havoc with a man through taking advantage of the flesh. God would help a man through co-operation with the Spirit.

Stated thus in its lowest terms the problem in moral growth was very simple for the early Christian. He was not to remain passive, waiting for God to make him morally perfect; but he was rather himself to follow the impulses and the thoughts and the truths which were the outcome of the influence of God upon his spirit. He was to struggle against all those passions and desires which sprang from the flesh. Struggling thus, he would at least be victorious when the fleshly body had been replaced by the spiritual body, at the resurrection. Then, with his entire personality quickened by the divine Spirit, he would be in the likeness of his Christ.

The moral obligation under which the Christian lay was accordingly very simple. In the gift of the Spirit and in the resultant life of his own spirit he possessed to some degree the sort of life which would be lived in that heavenly kingdom into which flesh and blood could not enter. He was, therefore, to live that life in an evil world, waging resolutely the conflict which must of necessity ensue. He was to press forward, ever growing in grace and ever living that life of love which characterizes God and Jesus. The kingdom had not come, but eternal life had begun, imperfectly, it is true, but none the less it had begun. The Christian's one imperative was to "walk in the Spirit."

But this new life was not to be lived, could not be lived, without divine help. The very fact that it was lived showed that God was assisting the man. That Spirit which knew of the things of God was taking of the things of God and giving them to the human spirit. As the human life appropriated these new influences, it grew to be more like Jesus as He lived in heaven. With His history before them, the Christians had no need to fear to follow any prompting of the spirit to humility or suffering or self-sacrificing service. Its reward was sure because Jesus lived. Their minds were to be like His mind, their life was to be like His life. Thus, through the short years of struggle and very possibly of suffering which would pass before their death or the coming of the Kingdom, Christians were to grow increasing holy and fit for the kingdom for which they were already prospective citizens.

II.

It is to this Apostolic teaching as to growth in moral strength that the modern man turns with eagerness. Nothing is more characteristic of recent thought than its demand that religion be made ethical. Formal theology will always be necessary for the man who wishes to have an intellectual expression for the facts of religious experience, but the great cry of to-day is not so much for thought as for deeds.

It is not our purpose to argue here that such a reaction against the religious spirit of the past is always defensible. As sometimes presented it simply means that ethics shall take the place of religion, and with this the man who believes in the Gospel can have little sympathy. It is exceedingly interesting, however, to notice that no matter how far removed from current expression may be the phraseology of the New Testament, the facts which the Apostles interpreted are those most akin to the facts which modern thought will emphasize. The distinction between the flesh and the spirit—what is this but the contrast between that animal and higher self with which modern literature is filled? This eternal life which we hope will be completed in the age beyond—what is it but the intimation of the nobler development before us, from which springs the great imperative of duty? This spirit which interpenetrates ours with vivifying and regenerating influence—what is it but that spiritual environment of divine personality in the midst of which we live and move and have our being? And this increase in holiness and likeness to the divine Saviour—what is this but one phase of that regenerative process which we know will be continuous as long as personality, human and divine, continues ?

The striking thing, however, in the New Testament process of moral growth is the derivation of moral imperatives from the certainty of an immortality like that of Jesus. Modern ethics in its scientific form cares next to nothing for immortality. If we can understand its proposals, it is seeking to find a basis for goodness in a scientific paganism. It argues as if there had never been a Christ, a church, or even a desire for immortality. It is this which makes modern evolutionary ethics impotent for practical purposes, just as it is the presence of this passionate belief in the future life that gives real effect to Christianity. While the scientific ethicist in total neglect of immortality has been building up more or less convincing theories to justify the moral imperative, the preacher of the Gospel has actually been making people better by the appeal to immortality. Such an appeal may not be scientific, but it is fortunate for the scientific ethicists that it has been made.

Similarly many scientific ethicists—although their number is far smaller than those who neglect immortality—have been endeavoring to get a morality in which there shall be no God. But Christian civilization has been built up by those who believe in God and individuals in that civilization have grown better and holier, more full of kindly, helpful impulses, because they have believed that there is a God in the universe who recognizes the moral distinctions and who assists moral efforts. And they have made the world better because of this belief. Philosophy and scientific ethics they may have had none, but what they had they have given to an impotent world, and that world has leaped and walked praising God.

If ever there was a time when there was need of the simple doctrine of the Gospel that men actually are helped in their moral strivings by the divine Spirit with whom they live, it is now. Like the Apostles, the modern man will do all that he can to beat back the animal whose tastes and passion and will he has inherited; like the Apostles, he, too, will endeavor to live as if he were immortal, and knowing something of the immortality which he may expect because of the testimony concerning Jesus, he, like them, will endeavor to live the life of the spirit rather than that of the flesh, and above all, like them believing with even more data than were at their disposal, that there is a God in the universe, he will endeavor by following the direction of that great life which embodied God in humanity to live in such a way as to make the interpenetration of the divine life with his own life more possible and effective. He, too, will seek to be led by the Spirit and he, too, will by the Spirit walk.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FAIRY-LIKE INTERIOR

THE FARTHEST NORTH GREENHOUSE

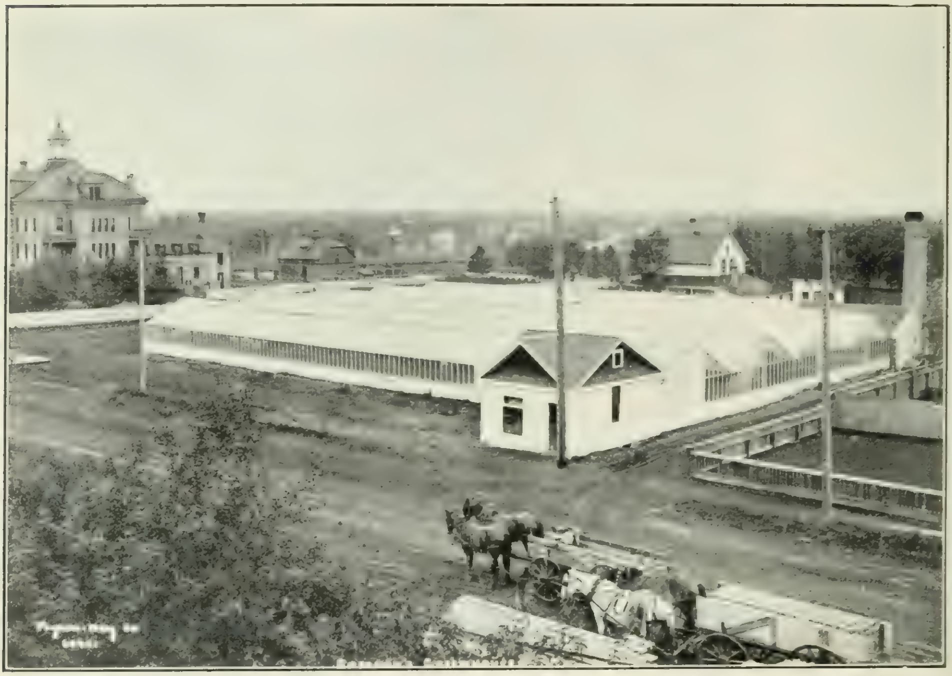
BY KATHERINE HUGHES

THE largest greenhouses in Western Canada are located in Edmonton, the capital of the Province of Alberta. To those who have not yet got away from the old impression that most of the Canadian Northwest lies just under the rim of the Arctic Circle, it will come as a pleasant surprise that these flourishing greenhouses are so favorably situated for flower-growth that their owner finds it difficult even to make his roses and other flowers take the rest they require from blooming at certain seasons. Alberta's sunshine compels flowering.

Even during the first months of 1907, when the entire continent was experiencing the coldest winter on record, the round of receptions and luncheons and dinners that made Edmonton festive were every one graced with beautiful cut flowers from these greenhouses. Four tons of lignite coal were burned daily to heat the greenhouses (which then numbered only five); the thermometer was registering some chilling drops, but within the frost-painted conservatories the air was sweet with heavy earth smells and delicate flower-fragrance, while its long beds of roses and carnations in riotous bloom were visions of delight.

The greenhouses are a direct evolution of the growing needs of Edmonton. The owner, Walter Ramsay, went several years ago from Ontario to become the principal of a public school in the Western frontier town, and because he loved flowers and the scientific study of them, he soon built a small conservatory by his house. The flowers grew there with such luxuriance that the idea of commercial greenhouses sprang into Mr. Ramsay's mind, and finally in 1906 he resigned his principalship and entered on a florist's work.

Each of the five greenhouses built by Mr. Ramsay in 1906 measured 150 feet by 22. In 1908 five others of the same dimensions were added, and at present about an acre of ground is covered with this enterprise for flower-culture. It is Edmonton's boast that not even Winnipeg has greenhouses as large or more modern in construction. They are of the King type, practically built of steel and glass in the ridge and furrow style, which is well adapted for the Edmonton district because of the limited snowfall. The most modern system of ventilation is included, as well as a network of water-pipes for convenient watering of the beds.



RAMSAY'S GREENHHOUSES, EDMONTON. ERECTED IN 1906. FIVE SIMILAR HOUSES HAVE BEEN ADDED AND ARE IN USE THIS SEASON

In June of 1908 these greenhouses, extending in long vistas of bloom and fragrance, were a fairyland of delights. They are always open to visitors, who linger with especial enjoyment in the palm-room, the two houses of roses and that for carnations. In the rose section the deep glow of the Richmond and General McCarthy or the stately American Beauty were well set off by the pale Bride rose and the exquisite coloring of the Canadian Queen and the various tea roses. And again, among the carnations, eight or nine beautiful varieties were vying with each other in loveliness.

Another house is given over to chrysanthemums, which will gladden the late summer with bloom; another to potted plants, another to lilies and sweet peas and other favorites, while at least four houses are devoted to vegetables. All during the past winter several of Edmonton's hotels and private residences were supplied with crisp lettuce and fresh tomatoes and cucumbers from these greenhouses. The tomato plants tower over the heads of visitors, the only difficulty being to keep their growth back that they may have more fruit and less vine.

The potted plants make a wonderfully beautiful section in the variegated loveliness of pelargonium, spiræa, azalea, geranium and many other varieties. The flowers peculiar to each season are as punctiliously cultivated here as in any metropolis of the East. Last Easter the showing of callas and Easter lilies, of violets and daffodils, was superb. At a banquet given in the Legislative Hall in February this year, the scheme of decoration was beautiful. The whole scene would have astounded the eyes of visitors from the East. The tables were gardenlike with nodding daffodils, tulips, cyclamen and other spring bulbs intermingled with tall ferns and palms.

Orders for cut flowers come to Mr. Ramsay from points as far east as Winnipeg and west to Nelson, B. C., while fine plants have been sent three hundred miles north by the freighters to fill orders sent out from Lesser Slave Lake. And as this post is still some hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle it is obvious that these trim greenhouses are a long way distant from that geographical landmark.

They may even look forward in another decade of years to competition with greenhouses at Slave Lake or Fort Vermilion, or other points hundreds of miles nearer the home of the Aurora Borealis.

PARADISE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

PARADISE LOST

THE night we quarrelled was such a night as this.
The leaves scarce stirred with the cool evening air,
The stars were out, and the bright moon shone fair,
A scene from Fairyland. Naught seemed amiss.
And then we quarrelled—some foolish, trivial thing,
Which should—and would—have been forgotten quite,
But wounded pride, roused by mere petty spite,
Made bitter words in sudden anger spring
Unbidden to our lips. And then for me
The world grew dark; all nature seemed to wear
A hideous mask in sky, and earth, and air,
And seemed to mock my cruel misery.

PARADISE REGAINED

THE sky had never seemed so bright to me,
The air so clear, the herbage green, before,
When you, Sweetheart, to punish me forbore,
And mercifully listened to my plea.
And then, as though yet unappeased, you made
Me promise not to move, my eyes to close,
And then I felt a touch, as though a rose,
Bedewed, cool, soft, had on my lips been laid.
I caught you fleeing, a most precious prize,
And kissed in ecstacy your brow, your hair,
Your lips, and looked into your shining eyes,
And looking, found a brighter heaven there.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

BY HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in upon the best new play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production.—The Editor.

CANADA has long been the land of romance for the story-maker. "The Wolf" is the first striking realization of Canadian atmosphere in a play. Eugene Walters, who has given us this clean, bold picture of elemental passions, calls it a melodrama. Rather should it be classed as a romantic drama, so grave, spacious and poetical is the movement. This is no intellectual word-sparring of a silken boudoir, but a conflict in which men "stand on their feet and fight" for supremacy in love. The action culminates in the events of a single day.

Andrew McTavish, granite-hearted, Bible-quoting old Scotchman, believes all women wanton in their love. To remove his motherless daughter, Hilda, from possible friendship with any of the opposite sex, he has built a log hut on the banks of the Wind River, in the northern forests of the Hudson Bay country—in stern determination to "keep her soul white." In spite of the emotional barrenness of her life, the bitter taunts of her father because she resembles the mother who has deserted them, Hilda grows to young womanhood with a heart pure, sweet and patient. The only one who has ever sought to strengthen her with sympathy is a young French Canadian, Jules Beaubien, who prefers the wilderness to Montreal or Quebec, and in his wanderings has come every summer to talk and smoke with old Andrew. B'aptiste le Grand, a Hudson Bay trader and nomad, is his faithful "dog." Jules has the enviable distinction of being the only one who can make Andrew McTavish laugh. So Andrew has smoked and drunk with him and let him see much of Hilda. Besides, "French Canadians are only half-men," so no harm can come from Jules.

This summer Hilda is eighteen and the responsibility of "keeping her soul white" devolves upon herself. In the years that Andrew and his daughter have been isolated from the world, a great change has been taking place in the wilderness, unknown to them. The land of the Hudson's Bay region, reserved for centuries to the hunter and the trapper, had been discovered to be enormously valuable as a wheat producer. The railways have stretched their tentacles rapidly through the wilderness, leaving towns and grain fields in their wake. While directing the surveying for a branch line near the Little Bear River, William McDonald, an American engineer, takes temporary quarters in the McTavish home. With him is George Huntley, a young assistant.

McDonald is familiar with all that ignorant Hilda longs for with the intensity of long-unsatisfied feeling. Even Jules, Hilda's "one friend," as she calls him, does not talk to her of the houses and ladies and magazines of great cities. Jules has been to Montreal and Quebec, even to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, true, but he loves the forests of the north. "A man's heart," he tells Hilda, "calls it where it will, and he can give no reason. I have been told that some love the song of the sea, and some the song of the cities—that men cannot live only where there are thousands of men, and that men cannot live without feeling the roll of the ocean under their feet. But me—I am a French Canadian. For six generations we have borne our children close to nature. To me, Hilda, the forest speaks as my comrade; the blank barrens welcome me to fight them, the snow, the ice, the cold, the dogs, the sledge—they are all part of my heart. The North has been my only bride, and she is always young, with a smile on her face."

Besides, Jules does not think it wise to talk of places one may never visit. So he had never told Hilda of the bustling, varied, multi-colored life of cities. McDonald is not so scrupulous. With his wealth of information, he gains Hilda's attention. Through attracting her interest, he intends to gain her love. This is his pastime, the recompense he allows himself for the difficult life of an engineer. He has a wife and children at home. But he must find someone to amuse him wherever he goes.

Such is the adjustment of relations among the characters of "The Wolf," when the play opens upon a background of autumnal woodland.

In the foreground is the log hut of McTavish, a bear skin drying over the entrance. Rich, full-blooded colors of autumn dominate the scene. The tree boughs hang heavily with crimson leaves, mottled with gold. Endless leagues of forest stretch into the distance, wholly obliterating the horizon and revealing glimpses of a quiet lake.

Andrew McTavish, sitting before his door and whittling leisurely as he listens to B'aptiste Le Grand, feels none of this autumnal beauty. B'aptiste, as is his wont when he has a companion, talks of the American for whom he and Jules search. They have never seen him. His name even is unknown to them. Yet they will find him some day for what he did to Annette, Jules' sister and B'aptiste's sweetheart. She was Jules' half-sister, to be exact, for although they had the same father, Annette's mother was an Ojibway Indian. Annette was a good girl in spite of the fact that she had loved the American and killed herself when he deserted her two years ago. B'aptiste had been far to the north, trapping, when this happened. But he and Jules will find the American some day.

McTavish ridicules B'aptiste's belief in dead Annette's goodness. No, women are all alike. Their hearts are black. Did not his own experience prove it? He had married a young Swede off the streets of Montreal. The least she might have done to repay him had been to give him a son. Had she done it? No. Hilda was his Christmas present, a yellow-haired Swede in her mother's image. The mother had deserted him for a lover. Yellow hair indicated a taint of the original sin, and Hilda too is predestined to destruction.

Hilda, however, finds an aggressive partisan in young Huntley. He and McTavish have a standing dislike for each other because apparently Huntley "ha na respect for gray hairs." In spite of the laziness and love of fun which often temporarily blind him, young Huntley sees clearly that McDonald intends to amuse himself at Hilda's expense. Now he has worked for McDonald many years and looked silently on while McDonald pursued similar methods of pleasure in New York and the villages where his work led him. Hilda is different. This time Huntley resolves to act, though as yet his impulses are not formulated into a definite plan.

He gives her what she needs unconsciously to strengthen her against McDonald's influence; an expression of his belief in her goodness. He has heard her mother's story from the railroad men who dub McTavish the "Madman of the North." "It's a shame the way he treats you. I heard how he married your mother. And she was pretty just like you, and he treated her awful rough. There are some people who are just naturally bad and some, like your mother, who are driven to it. And I believe that those who are driven stand an equal chance with those who are always good."

McDonald has no outward grossness to repel Hilda. He is a clean-cut, vigorous man and an efficient worker. His excellent outward appearance gives authority to what he chooses to tell Hilda. He chooses to tell her that he loves her, that the life she will lead with him will contain pleasure, affection and material comfort. Hilda listens. Is this the response to the "great desire" within her? She sees no outward mark on the man before her to guide her. She knows that the bitter life in the forest with her father cannot be endured longer. She shakes her head: "I cannot answer now. I don't know." Then, as her father's strident voice calls her into the house: "All I know is that I cannot stay here."

Beaubien appears on the path, tall and lithe, wearing his leather clothes and cigarette with characteristic French Canadian grace. He greets McDonald heartily; he has come from his wanderings to spend his customary few weeks near the McTavish home. McDonald frankly likes him, and as they sit under the trees and talk, he frees his thoughts intimately.

The principal fault McDonald finds with the Northern woods is that they have no women.

"No; of course there are no ladies; that is a great disadvantage."

"I have found one even here."

Jules is puzzled for a minute. "You mean—Hilda? She is but a child, an innocent child."

"They are not attractive with the bloom off."

"You—like—her?" Jules querries.

McDonald laughs and folds his arms slowly. "That is—*my*—business."

"Of course," replies Jules, with his soft, pleasant laugh.

"And you," asks McDonald. "Are we rivals? Do you—l-i-k-e—her?"

"That is my business, also."

With this apparent reticence, each man clearly reveals to the other where he stands. Jules has heretofore considered Hilda too young to receive his love. He comes summer after summer until she shall be old enough to realize the desire that is in his heart. McDonald's discernment of the fact that Hilda is beautiful and desirable opens Jules' eyes abruptly to the fact that McDonald has progressed far in Hilda's regard, and that he, Jules, may lose the prize he has waited for.

McDonald is recalling former conquests: "Unless a man is satisfied with a squaw, he is hard put to it for amusement. He himself a few years before had discovered a beautiful half-breed and lived with her until the girl began to talk 'priest and marriage' so strong that he had to leave. She was a beauty, too—an Ojibway—"

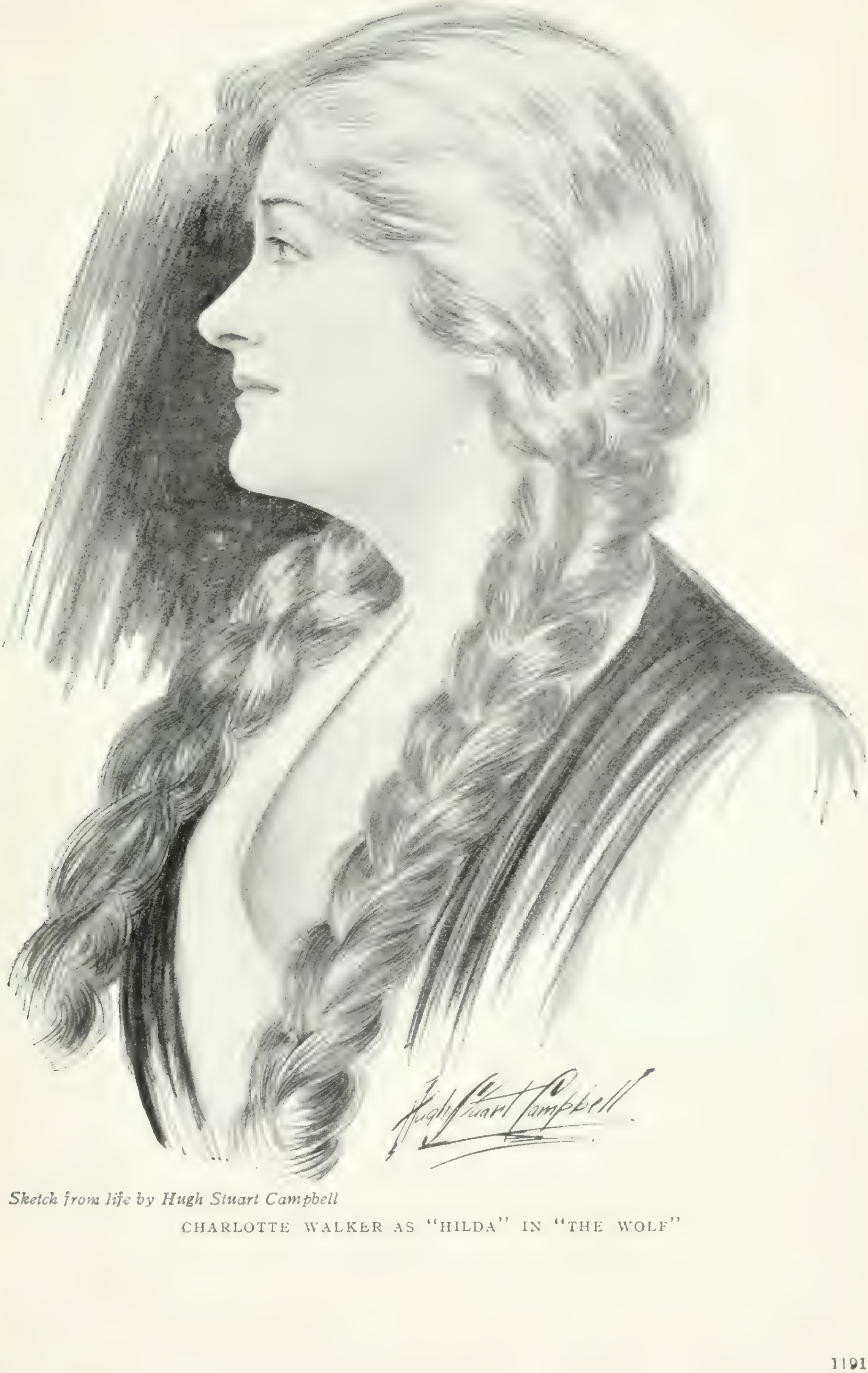
Jules is keen attention. His dead half-sister Annette was an Ojibway. "And what was this girl's name?"

The concentration in Jules' eyes puts McDonald on his guard. He has forgotten the girl's name. At all events, he heard—from what source he knows not—that she killed herself after he left.

"An' you think," Jules approaches him until he quite towers over the sitting McDonald, "that it was right for you to go away and leave this girl alone to die?"

"But I have a wife and children at home. And the girl was only a half-breed—what should I do?"

"I *will tell you*, some time—I, Jules Beaubien, who am speaking to you


Hugh Stuart Campbell

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CHARLOTTE WALKER AS "HILDA" IN "THE WOLF" now, I will tell you what I think," answers Jules.

To avert further unpleasant conversation, McDonald enters the house.

B'aptiste appears. Jules grips his arm.

"B'aptiste—you know—the American for whom we search—I think I have found him."

"Sacre!" mutters B'aptiste.

"If it is he, he is trying to do the same thing to Hilda that he did to Annette. When I find out for sure—" he taps B'aptiste's gun significantly.

"Kill," mutters B'aptiste.

"No, not you—I will kill him. I have the first right. Annette was my sister."

As Jules too enters the house, B'aptiste is left alone. He raises his gun with prayerful hands to heaven and supplicates:

"Please, God, let B'aptiste kill the American."

* * * *

It is afternoon of the same day.

The second act shows the living room of the McTavish house. The left wall is taken up with a fireplace—empty as yet of logs. Through the open casement of the broad window at the rear, leafy boughs of trees are seen. At the right a door leads to the open. A shaft of sunlight streams through a window near the door.

McDonald's arms sprawl over an ample table in the middle of the room as he pores over maps of the country. Huntley interrupts him. He has had a conversation with Jules. At last his impulses toward helping Hilda are going to break into speech.

Never before has he interfered with McDonald. Indeed, his principal asset in his relation to McDonald's work has been not ability but "minding his own business." Now he feels the asset slipping. He warns McDonald that Jules is alert to prevent harm to Hilda, and that "if it comes to a showdown about the girl—I've declared myself—job or no job."

As Huntley leaves, Hilda enters hurriedly. Before she can escape by the opposite door, McDonald calls her back to ask whether she has decided to go with him.

She looks very young and very childish in her rough, shapeless dress and heavy braids as she shakes her head, helplessly. "Still, I don't know."

She has come to one conclusion. If there is to be any shame connected with going away, she will stay, regardless of the bitterness of life here. Her father must not be able to say that her heart is black. People must not talk about her as they did about her mother.

"But if your father consents. If, after I talk with him, he wishes you to go?"

She hesitates, almost convinced. McDonald is promising her all she asks. The desire to live her own life, to be free, to pierce the mysteries which beckon her from the country beyond the pines and barriers, struggles with the instinctive fear of McDonald which has lodged in her heart, she knows not why. Yet uncertainty masters her. "Still I don't know."

McDonald realizes that the sure way to reach Hilda is, after all, through her father. When McTavish comes in, McDonald approaches him adroitly. He begins very far from his object. He offers to let McTavish invest his scanty saving in a "sure thing." The railway for which McDonald surveys is directing its course toward the Little Bear River. When the line is completed, the land at the mouth of the river will be valuable. McDonald has invested there sufficient capital to return him a fortune. If McTavish wishes to invest, he will relieve him of making all arrangements. When McTavish has the money he can travel—he can even go back to visit Scotland.

At the suggestion of Scotland, his "boyland," the old man softens for the only time during the play.

"Mon, I ha dreamt o' Scotland these twenty years. I've dreamt o' it in the long cold night o' winter, and under the pines in the summer time the wind has sung her sweet dear ballads. I hae closed me eyes and me heart's near cracked at the thought o' me bonnie land. Scotland—mon, 'tis the thought of her that hae kept the life in me body these long, lonely, weary years."

Stirred by this prospect, McTavish listens favorably to McDonald's further proposition. When the railroad goes through near their home, there will be many men on the construction gangs. Now, McDonald has a godly mother in New York who would make it her delight to continue the work of guarding Hilda. McDonald himself will gladly take her to New York to place her under his good mother's care.

His words lift a weight of anxiety from McTavish's mind. McDonald has his complete confidence. Freely he consents to the plan and goes to tell Hilda of the change in her circumstances.

At that moment McDonald smells a whiff of cigarette smoke. He wheels abruptly. On the window casement leans Jules.

"In the United States we would call that eavesdropping."

"'Twould be the same in any language. Yet—you have heard 'all is fair in—love—and—war'."

Jules' pleasant voice and soft smile disarm his enemies. One may fight with him but never quarrel.

"Won't you come in?"

"Thanks." Jules leaves the window and reappears at the door.

"You were lying to that old man."

"No. Only following your method—promises."

McDonald eyes him defensively. Suave and courteous as Jules is, Huntley's warning has made McDonald wary.

McDonald makes a generous proposition. He feels his position impregnable. Jules knows that he has a wife back in the States but he cannot use this information against McDonald. Hilda's choice must be the culmination of her own impressions and desire. McDonald proposes that before he sees Hilda, Jules shall have an interview with her, "Though I tell you now—you haven't a shred of a chance."

"Still I take that chance."

* * * *

Jules says not a word to Hilda of his love for her. He tells her of his sister Annette. Love is not always good. It was not good for her.

Hilda cannot explain her own desire for love. When the wolves howl on winter nights near the door, she longs to be one of them, free to choose a mate, and her own way of living. Is this love?

"I do not know, Hilda. All men do not love alike. Love is the great desire and all that live have it. In the spring when the snow melts and the ice crashes down the river, when the pink flowers of the forest peep from under the snowdrifts, then the world is full of love. The ducks and the geese are noisy in their romances. The he-wolf kills night and day to feed the mother of his cubs. The bull-moose bellows in the pride of his fatherhood. The robin watches its bright-eyed mate on the next tree waiting for those three little eggs to bring new life into the world. And all this, Hilda, is the love God wanted man to have. But it is not so, Hilda. Some men, some time have sinned and the great desire is not always good, not always pure. Hilda, I have had the great desire like all men. I have not always been good, but, having been bad, I have learned much and now always I wish to be good. Love comes to a man in his loneliness and tears at his heart like the fangs of a wolf. I have been in the north when at noon the red rim of a distant sun is the only message of warmth and glow of the distant southland. And then, in the cold and loneliness the great desire has come upon me. I loved, and somewhere I knew my mate was waiting for me, and I'd curl up among my dogs and sleep peacefully."

One phrase of Jules lingers longest in Hilda's consciousness. Annette's love was not good; she trusted a man who deceived her; *he was not of her race nor of her tongue.*

When McDonald tells her that her father has consented to her going away with him she shrinks from him. While he dilates on the expanded life this means, she sits at the window, thinking of an old Indian superstition. Last night the wolves formed in a pack. She heard them howling. Did not he know, she asks McDonald, that the wolves never form in a pack in the summer time unless some one is about to die? He laughs at her childish fears. Then, as the shaft of sunlight glorifies her hair and slender face, a passion for her sweeps over him. He catches her in his arms, telling her how much he loves her, *though he is not of her race nor of her tongue.*

The embrace terrifies her. The words awaken the latent resistance to him that Jules has fostered. Now she sees the whole plot. Her father and this man have conspired to blacken her soul.

Her shrieks bring McTavish and Jules. Hilda cowers behind Jules for protection. Believing that Hilda has refused to go to McDonald's mother because Beaubien is her lover, McTavish would tear her with his bare hands.

At this moment B'aptiste's gun appears at the window. He covers McDonald and McTavish until Jules and Hilda have escaped through the door and out into the forest.

* * * *

The third act shows that by evening the fugitives have advanced as far as the portage of the Little Bear. The soft coolness of twilight is creeping up from the river. A red rim of sun still glows dully on the horizon. The vivid forest hues sink in the shadowy light to quiet brown.

Down the rocky path of the hill Jules and Huntley, who has cast his lot with them, carry the canoe. While Hilda, worn by the day's excitement, rests on some blankets near a log, Jules unfolds his plan to B'aptiste and Huntley. They are to take Hilda in the canoe farther down the river, while he waits for McDonald. If Jules does not appear the next day, B'aptiste is to return to complete the work Jules has failed to do. In that event Huntley is to take Hilda to Montreal. Jules has made a rude draft of a will. Huntley is to arrange that Hilda shall possess the modest fortune Jules leaves for her in Montreal.

"Nice, cheerful little document to hand a fellow," mutters Huntley.

The sun has quite disappeared. The only light comes from the fire Jules has kindled for Hilda. The gloomy blackness of night, fast limiting their vision, urges them forward.

The time has come for Jules to bid farewell to Hilda. Her emotions are no longer pale and childish. The revelations of the afternoon, the active resistance to her father; the direct expression of deep feelings, have changed the passivity of a child. She *knows now.* Her "desire" is no longer vague. She loves Jules.

Gently, his arms around her shoulders, Jules tells her that he must wait for the man who follows them.

"Do not be afraid of McDonald. To-morrow at noon, Hilda ma chere, I will meet you at the fork of the Little Bear River, with M'sieu Huntley, and there will be a priest there, and there you will be my wife. Wait until to-morrow, and if, to-morrow at noon at the fork of the Little Bear River, I, Jules Beaubien, do not meet you, remember that I am waiting for you on another river that has no ending, where there is but one father who is a kind father, and where there are no hardships or complaints, and where there are thousands and thousands of canoes and all of them filled with angels and floating in the sunshine for ever on its peaceful waters. Always will I wait there and whenever you come I will be there, to take you in my arms. . . . . Hilda, I love you, I love you."

* * * *

As the soft paddle strokes fade into the night, Jules makes sure that his knife slips readily from his belt and that his revolver is filled with cartridges. Then he waits.

The night is a black wall hiding all but the upward-flickering ribbons of the fire-flame. Jules is a shadow, perceptible only when he moves. In the distance, wolves begin to bark—snarling crescendos of shrill menace. It is the pack that Hilda has heard the night before.

Suddenly, there is a crashing descent on the rocky path. A revolver shot. Quickly, Jules thinks of the fire and hurls himself headlong across the open space to the fire, smothering it by his fall.

A silence.

Then some one stirs — creeping stealthily, warily down the path. Cautiously he approaches the long shadows where, near the log, the fire had burned. He stirs the huddled mass on the ground with his foot. No response.

Suddenly there is a quick uprising. The two men grapple. Back and forth they force one another. In the heavy gloom their faces and forms are indistinguishable. Neither makes a sound; the struggle is intense. Hardened by years of exposure and combating against nature, the men are pitted equally.

Then there is a choking cry. One of the men has the other by the throat. He forces him to his knees, then back until his breast is clear. There is a swift flash of a knife. Another choking gurgle. Then quiet.

The man holding the knife straightens himself with a contented, cheerful grunt. He strikes a match to satisfy completely any doubt of the other's death.

The momentary flame flickers over McDonald's lifeless face.

Jules lifts his voice in a long, resonant, "H-a-l-l-o, B'-a-p-t-i-s-t-e!"

Back over the water echoes a distant, glad, "H-a-l-l-o, J-u-l-e-s!"

SECRETS

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

IN A meadow sweet, the clovers knelt,
Beside some poppies, red;
And the waving corn her tassels shook—
O'er the meek-eyed daisy's head.

The buttercup spilled all her wealth
Of shimmering golden light,
On the little grasses at her feet,
Trembling with glad delight.

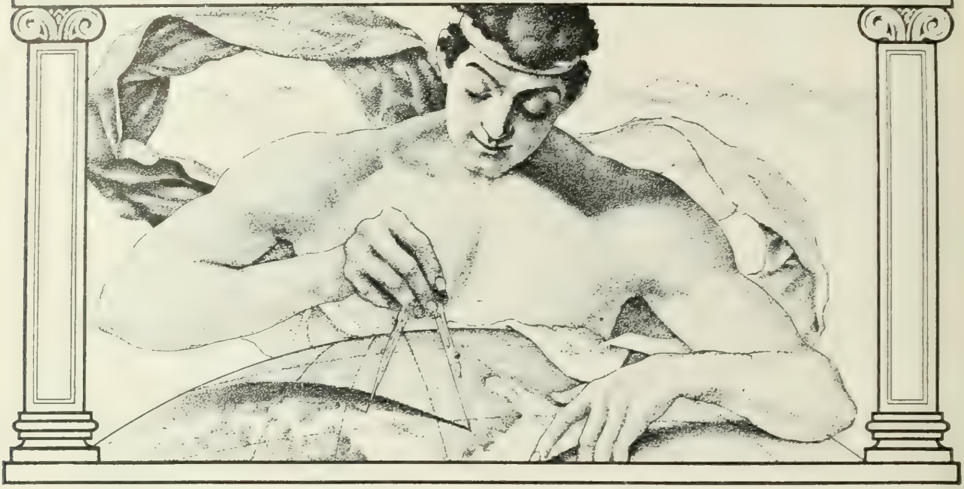
And one walked through the meadow sweet—
Bending her fair head over,
Searching the scented emerald turf—
For the hiding four-leafed clover.

And here, amidst the fragrant blooms,
Luck's emblem sweet she found—
A very queen of clover leaves—
With sparkling dewdrops crowned.

Then love came to the dainty maid—
And whispered in her ear,
But what he said was not for me,
Nor you—dear flowers—to hear.

Adown the meadow lane they went—
The maiden and her lover—
While kneeling clovers kissed her feet—
And poppies—kissed the clover.

THE RIGHT ANGLE



THE UNREAL CANADA OF FICTION

IT IS hard to kill the effect of a romance, or of a spirit of romance that has once diffused itself over a place or a country. Canada was for almost three hundred years a land of mystery, a wild, peopled with wild things, visited only now and then by men who had known the touch of civilized life.

Up to the last half of the nineteenth century all west of Ontario was practically as it had been when the French explorers found it. Only the advance of the wheat-field brought the first real change; but that advance was swift. It transformed the wilderness from a home of fancy to a home of men. It was effected within the activity of literary men who are still writing; but their writing has not changed.

The unknown Canada they made the scene of what they pleased is still to them the same—the Canada of their imagination, a land of muffling snows, and great white silences, and perishing cold, whose people are sullen Indians and crafty half-breeds and dangerous whites qualified only by Scots factors at fur-posts, or sparse and unreal mounted police, or other material of broad drama.

Fiction finds a thousand readers where statistics find one. The Canada of fact thus remains relatively unknown, while the Canada of fiction goes on spreading itself abroad. This is not good for Canada nor for the world that needs Canada and ought to know what Canada is. The Canadian romance, particularly in the short story form, is excellent work considered as romance merely; but it is not good literature in that it is false to concurrent fact, and dangerous in that it works a very real harm to the interests of this young and lusty country.

Our railways have conquered the prairies. Organized governments, thriving cities, opulent farms and rising industries, are forming here the bases of a new empire, already potent in the affairs of a whole continent, and of assured power in the future of mankind. The Canada of snow and song has had its day, yet the same old singers are still singing the same old song of the same old snows—that never were.

That is one reason why CANADA-WEST has the very highest pleasure in presenting Arthur Stringer's arraignment of the Canadian Romancers, which is a feature of this number. Mr. Stringer is a Canadian. His work is familiar to the people of all English-speaking countries. His place among fiction-writers, especially in the short story class, is as high as any, under Kipling. But when he writes about

Moffett Studio
Chicago

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell, the well-known artist, will tell CANADA-WEST readers each month the story of an important play, and sketch from life the leading actor or actress.

Canada, he differs in one first essential from all or any of the others: he knows his subject. He is perfectly familiar with the places and the people and the things he writes about, and he writes of them as they are.

Nobody is any better qualified to protest with point and instance as well as with argument, against the "popular" Canadian story, and we wish there were more of his kind.

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL, the artist, who will tell us the "Story of the Play" each month, and sketch from life the leading actor or actress, has created a new portrait idea. In these times of originality it is no longer necessary to be content with the photograph which, with all its charm of light and shading, is still a product of a machine. In a very short time—two hours at most—Mr. Campbell sketches a portrait in black and white and color, and reproduces this with a new process-etching, which can scarcely be distinguished from a copper-plate etching. This etching, the size of a photograph and the exact duplicate in miniature of the original, may be given to admiring friends and the original retained, thus serving a double purpose.

Mr.Campbell realizes the personality of the sitter intimately while he works, and catching an expression here and there, fuses them; a method vital to the correct portrayal of the sitter's character. The resulting portrait sketch reveals the individual.

"To the painter with the soul of a poet, beauty is always apparent," says Mr. Campbell, in the manner of a man who has a fresh and vital interest in his work. "If the artist be sincere, his picture is not a head or a figure; rather it is mind as expressed by an impression of love, faith, passion or pain.

"A portrait is successful only when the painter gives to it the realism of personality. Sometimes more depth of character may be observed in a portrait than in the living model, whose fleeting and ever-changing expressions temporarily deceive the beholder. 'Truth will out' certainly holds good in a clever portrait. That must be the mental telepathy of painting.

"Mere prettiness in the sitter is not always interesting—a doll may possess a wild-rose complexion and heavy hair. There must be character. There must be something underneath to discern and interpret, something more than mere line and color. I search for the record of some deeply-felt human emotion or the promise of a yet unfolded power. The artist must show the force, the latent energy and spirit stirrings within, to make pictures that live."

Because of Mr. Campbell's ability to chrystalize in a few suggestive lines the personality of the sitter, he has been widely successful in the States. He has now practically given up the illustrating which first brought him into prominence and is devoting his entire time to portrait sketches of men and women well known in society and on the stage.

CANADA'S CENTURY

THE *New York Sun*, careful guardian of New York's financial interests, acknowledges Canada's effective competition in the world's markets:

> "That the nineteenth century belonged to the United States and that the twentieth would be Canada's, has been the jubilant attitude of the Canadians for ten years and more. Now the grain carrying trade of New York is suffering from the competition of Montreal, with the result that the White Star Line has withdrawn five of its freighters from the service at this port. Other lines have taken similar action. Two and one-half cents can be saved on each bushel by shipping by way of Montreal, and the grain trade will follow the line of least resistance.
>
> "It remains to be seen what action can be taken to bring this trade back to the United States. The steamship officials want reductions in railway charges to overcome the present advantages of Montreal. This presupposes the willingness of the shipping men to do their share. Yet, if the natural advantages are with the Canadian port, the effort to compete with it by means of artificial stimulation is not likely to be successful in the long run.
>
> "Has Canada's century begun?"

This quotation from a recent issue of the *Sun* practically admits that the wheat trade is lost to New York. It has found, as all trade is bound to do sooner or later, the line of least resistance, which in this case is a route seven hundred miles shorter than the old one. This fact is being given official recognition by the establishment of a line of grain ships by the International Mercantile Marine.

REST, PERTURBED TUDHOPE!

HERE'S a coil, an't please you: Mr. Melville B. Tudhope, of Orillia, writes that as a subscriber to this magazine he would like to ask if we are familiar with Kipling's tales, because in the June issue there was a story by Edwin Balmer called The Man Who Would Be Prophet, concerning which he says that if Kipling's story of The Man Who Would Be King had been given pure and unadulterated, our subscribers would have enjoyed it. Mr. Tudhope adds that to imitate a work of art is unpardonable, and that he would like us to compare Mr. Balmer's work with Mr. Kipling's, and then tell Mr. Balmer what we think of him. Concerning which, it may be remarked that there is a difference between a parody and a plagiarism, and that to label a parody of a very familiar thing is to import that the reader is unacquainted with the best in English literature, which might with justice in most cases be resented. It would be worse than pedantic to refer to Hamlet in a parody of the soliloquy, or to hint an ignorance of Saint Paul by putting quotation marks around anything about speaking with the tongues of men and of angels. To ask calm consideration of a criticism like Mr. Tudhope's is like bidding one hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus. Shall all the people be supposed so unfamiliar with Kipling, and particularly with that one thing of his which stands forth to the world as the bright particular star of short stories, that a parody of it—with a point—must be headed as such? Surely there be many, with or without a wooden leg, to which all print is open, and who can distinguish a hawk from a hernshaw in any wind. And surely, to one of Mr. Tudhope's receiving, enough is shown, without running quote-marks and credits all over the shop. As to Mr. Balmer, the foremost periodicals in this language think so well of him that they are glad to take his copy. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's*, and others in the forefront of the profession, think well enough of him to feature his stories from month to month. If he describes a horse, the editor does not lead his subscribers up to it and show a sign saying, this is a horse. If he were to do that, the horse would be on him, not on Mr. Balmer. Which remark Mr. Tudhope can take to breakfast, with what appetite he may. And why didn't Mr. Tudhope put quotation marks on the phrase pure and unadulterated, which he wrote as we have quoted it above? Does his omission of quotation marks imply a claim to authorship? In view of his attitude toward Mr. Balmer's story, would it be to consider too curiously to consider so? Possibly, for there are marks and marks, you know, as for instance in the famous picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, where Daniel could be heasily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton embreller vich 'e carried hunder 'is arm.

EDWIN BALMER
Whose story drew the fire of Mr. Tudhope's ire.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

SAD TALE OF A MOTORIST

THERE was a man of modest means,
But inclinations gay,
Who sold a corner lot and bought
A motor car one day.
He closed his business up to ride
Within the big machine,
And parted with his diamond ring
To buy the gasoline.

Before, along the country roads,
The sumac lit its fires,
He put a mortgage on his house
To purchase rubber tires;
And next he auctioned off his beds,
His tables and his chairs
To give the car a coat of paint
And make some slight repairs.

But speeding in the early dusk,
Without his lamps alight,
A man in blue and brass appeared
And stopped his dizzy flight.
He didn't have a single cent
To pay the fine imposed;
They took the auto for the debt,
And so the tale was closed.

ITS ACTIVE PRINCIPLE

"SMOKING may not hurt some people," said Mrs. Lapsling; "but it isn't good for a nervous man like my husband. You know it's the Nicodemus in tobacco that makes it so injurious."

A SPECIOUS EXCUSE

BISHOP PADDOCK, of Eastern Oregon, declared recently that wealth was God-given, that some men were "called" to make money.

"Bishop Paddock," said a Vancouver clergyman the other day, "is always saying wise, true, memorable things. There is no living speaker who is more interesting and more instructive.

"I remember one of his attacks on a wrong that had been speciously defended. He said no amount of talking could make a wrong a right, and he compared the culprits to a boy he knew.

"He said this boy's mother found him playing one Sunday morning in the nursery.

" 'Oh, Johnny,' she said, 'I told you not to play with your tin soldiers on Sunday.'

"The boy looked up, surprised and aggrieved.

" 'But on Sunday,' he said, 'I call 'em the Salvation Army.' "

TRULY MOURNED

STOREKEEPER — "What is the matter, Kastenheimer?"

Kastenheimer (shaking his crepe-wreathed hat sadly) — "Yes, my wife she died. She vas a goot vife, so goot I would rather haf had my best cow die."

GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR